

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come
without warning.
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before
you.
Light is my heart since the day we were
plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was
blighted.
The green of the trees looks far greener
than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers
don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you
choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on
my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to
inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't
tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the sum-
mer-weathered farmer,
Or saunter and shieft to a knight without
armor.
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise
above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence,
to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and
the river,
We'll tread round the path on the path of
the river,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to
the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you
can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchange-
ably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly
streaming,
Till the stars of Heaven above us shall
quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's
river."

So come in the evening, or come in the
morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come
without warning.
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before
you.
Light is my heart since the day we were
plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was
blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener
than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers
don't sever!"

—New York Weekly.

"SINJER," By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

TALKING of knowing dogs," the Indian trader, when the subject came up in his store one evening, "the most remarkable I've ever seen was a big mongrel that looked like a cross between a deerhound and a buffalo dog."

"That dog belonged to 'Barefoot' Kelley, who used to trap along the Missouri hereabouts. Kelley went barefoot six months in the year. He always trapped out all winter by himself, bringing his catch up or down the river when the ice ran out."

"One spring, as he pulled in at our landing, he had company in his boat, a big, rough dog with a coat of spotted gray and yellow."

"This is Sinjer, my partner," he said, when he came into the store with the dog at his heels. "He came to my shack in a blizzard."

"At first Sinjer was just a dog to us, but it was only a week or two until he did a feat which made him a character."

"Barefoot had come down early, when the ice was still running, and a cold snap came on about the middle of April and closed the river. A day or two later, when the trapper and his dog were loading inside the store, I stepped out of doors on some errand."

"I had gone but a rod or two when I noticed a wolf trotting across the river about a quarter of a mile distant. I called back to Barefoot that here was a mark for his rifle. He came to the door and followed my finger with his eye, then called to his dog. Sinjer responded promptly, and Barefoot ran down to the river bank, pointing toward the wolf. The dog gave chase and went across the ice like a yellow streak. The wolf gave him a single contemptuous look, and trotted on out of rifle shot."

"Not until Sinjer was almost upon him did the wolf pay any attention. Then he turned in a flash, and I expected to see a dead dog in less than twenty seconds. Instead of that, after a minute or so of as pretty fighting as I ever saw, there was a dead wolf lying on the ice and a yellow dog sitting on his haunches, howling for his master to come and take the spoil."

"That's Sinjer," said Barefoot, as proud as a peacock, "the best wailer on the Missouri!"

"The interest of everybody at the post had been roused by this time. Barefoot went out and dragged in the dog's catch, and showed a group of us that the wolf's fore legs were both broken and its throat neatly cut."

"The trapper then told us that this was the seventh wolf or coyote he had killed, and that every wolf Sinjer had killed had one or both fore legs broken. His dog would as soon tackle a buffalo as a jackrabbit, and he would easily believe him."

"Sinjer's points came out one by one. It was hard to tell, we used to say, whether Barefoot had taken Sinjer into partnership or whether the dog had adopted the trapper. Sinjer was a perfect bodyguard. No man could touch a thing belonging to Barefoot unless he was ready to fight that dog. And there were some things Barefoot himself couldn't do without punishment."

"One hot day, when the dog was lying sound asleep in the store, Barefoot got up softly and stole on tiptoe out of the door, motioning me to follow and note what would happen."

"Barefoot went to the river bank some rods away, and began walking back and forth. Then Sinjer walked out past my legs. The dog no sooner saw Barefoot than he ran at him, growling, whining and yelping, with queer wags of the head. He scolded as plainly as any terrier of a squaw. But he wasn't content with scolding; he ran in behind Barefoot, and slyly nipped the calf of his leg, until the man cried out with pain."

"Then back that dog came, dropping into his old place under a counter, and growling in a surly fashion until Barefoot entered and took his seat on a barrel."

"He always does that when I sneak away from him," said Barefoot. "I always get pinched," and he rubbed his leg and grinned like a schoolboy who had been switched."

"So for three or four years Barefoot and Sinjer came and loafed and went on as regularly as the seasons. The dog killed wolves until, in a wicked fight, he broke two front teeth and got a whipping. After that he ignored wolves, and ceased even to chase coyotes."

"Then one April day Barefoot drifted down the river, and there was no dog in his boat."

"Where's Sinjer?" everybody asked; and Barefoot, with a face as sober as if he'd lost a brother, answered, "Dead!"

"That was all he would say about the dog for a long time, and he sat about the store listlessly, until one evening, prompted to do his dog justice, I reckon, he told me his story."

"He had built a shack in the Bad

lands the fall before, on a creek where he had found other plentiful. During the month of November he had taken ten nearly prime pelts. Then one morning, as he was making the rounds of his traps, he suddenly missed Sinjer, and remembered that the dog had not been with him since he had left the shack."

"It was Sinjer's habit to take a run after rabbits when they first went out of doors at daylight. But the dog had never before failed to overtake him within a mile or two. The trapper felt uneasy, and after tramping the creek a bit farther, he went back without finish the round of his traps."

"When he reached the shack he found his door burst in. His extra gun, a shotgun, had been taken, his pack of traps and his store of sugar and coffee. All was as he had left it, but the dog was nowhere about, nor was there any sign of him."

"Thieves, white or red, had robbed his camp, and Sinjer had discovered them, followed, and been shot. So much was clear to Barefoot. Circling about his cabin, he found the tracks of the thieves. Three pairs of moccasins had come up the creek and gone down again."

"Fort Union was three days' travel distant, and at that post lived a family of half-breeds, the Des Champs, whose livelihood was chiefly gained by thieving. These fellows were in the habit of prowling about the country on foot, the better to hide themselves, robbing traps and the camps of hunters. Barefoot had no doubt that three of these scoundrels were the men who had robbed him. As it was not yet noon, their trail was a warm one, and Barefoot determined to follow, overtake them at their night camp, and secure their booty, if chance should offer."

"The fellows would not, of course, expect him to return so soon, and might possibly be taken off their guard."

"No snow had fallen yet, and recent fires had burned over much of the grass lands, so that the moccasin tracks were often plainly to be seen. Where they were easily followed Barefoot traveled at a swinging trot."

"At first he had expected to find the body of his dog at no great distance from the shack; but as he put the miles behind him, and still found no trace of Sinjer, he was much puzzled in mind. He began to hope that the dog was alive, but if so, where was he?"

"This matter was settled at the mouth of the creek some ten miles below his cabin. Here, upon a newly burned tract, he found dog tracks which he knew to be Sinjer's! Ten minutes of careful trailing disclosed the astonishing fact that Sinjer was going in company with the thieves. Sometimes their moccasins fell directly upon the dog's tracks, and again the prints of his toes fell within a human footprint, proving beyond question that Sinjer had been trotting both before and behind the men."

"And now a theory dashed into Barefoot's mind. He had camped in these same Bad Lands when the dog came to him in a snow storm. Here Sinjer had lost his old master and here he had found him again! This was the puzzle neatly unraveled."

"Yet this discovery only whetted Barefoot's desire to follow. The pelts were of little account compared with Sinjer. So he followed on as tireless as a coyote. At the mouth of the creek the robbers' trail led directly down the Little Missouri. They were headed for Fort Union, and were making good time, too."

"At dark Barefoot could no longer see their tracks, and he was disheartened lest they should turn aside into some creek valley. He pushed ahead, holding to the river for a couple of hours longer, and then he caught a glimmer of a campfire among the trunks of some cottonwoods."

"On the ice of the river, hugging its near bank, Barefoot crept toward them until he could hide in a clump of willows and look out on their camp. As he had suspected, the men were a Des Champs whom he knew."

"The three had eaten supper and were resting, squatted about their fire. They were smoking their pipes quietly, and close at hand, near the fire, lay Sinjer, sound asleep!"

"Barefoot watched the thieves until two of them rolled into their blankets, and the third, putting fresh logs on the fire, squatted on guard. With his one dog to assist the fellows in a night vigil, Barefoot felt that prudence required him to keep out of their camp."

"The trapper's only hope of recovering his property now lay in watching the camp from a distance, and in the chance of whistling Sinjer off, if the dog should go scouting round in the morning."

"So he dropped down the river a half-mile, where he hid in a willow thicket, ate some scraps of venison, and rolled in for the night. He was awakened at daylight by the boom of a gun up the river. Peering out of his thicket, he saw two figures, a quarter-mile away, coming at a run. One was a four-foot Sinjer—and the other a man in blue."

"The dog was tugging something in his teeth which retarded his progress, and the man could now be heard yelling, 'Yah! yah! yah!'"

"The dog came nearer, and then Barefoot saw that Sinjer had snatched his master's pack of otter skins—beyond doubt at the first chance that had offered—and was making for home as fast as he could. He had caught the head of one skin in his teeth, and the bundle flapped and banged at his legs at every jump."

"Barefoot leaped out of the brush and ran to the rescue."

"Come on, Sinjer! Good boy! Fetch! fetch!" he shouted, fairly wild with excitement.

"Only one of the half-breeds was in sight, and this man was closing in on the dog, loading his old Northwest musket as he ran. He saw Barefoot, and turning his head, cried for the others to come on."

"As the dog was coming toward him, Barefoot had the advantage in their race, and he and Sinjer came together some rods in front of the half-breed. The dog dropped his pack and leaped upon his master with a joyful yelp."

"I could have hugged him," said Barefoot.

"The half-breed halted. He had just finished loading his gun, and he looked ugly as he turned and called to his fellows to make haste. Very likely they had gone out to shoot some game while he had stayed to make coffee."

"Keep your distance!" said Barefoot, holding his gun at a ready, while his old dog whined and cowered about his legs. The half-breed was maddened. He shouted, swore French oaths, and flourished his gun in a threatening manner, and Sinjer, irritated by all this, made at him in a savage rush."

"Barefoot yelled in vain to call the dog off, and the half-breed, scared and angry, leveled his gun and riddled Sinjer with slugs."

"As his faithful dog fell lifeless, Barefoot said that the temptation to take a man's life was never so strong upon him. But he contented himself, and showing the half-breed his rifle, patted its breech and told the fellow to be gone and to be quick about it."

"Then, as the man took the hint, Barefoot picked up his otter skins, and never once looking back at his dog, struck out for his camp. I suspect that he didn't see the trail well for a time, for his eyes were blurred with tears when he had finished his story."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

THE BEAUTY CHASE
Some of the Things Society Women Do to Attain Fulfillment.

Here are some of the things that society women really do or have done in the mad chase for beauty:

They take milk baths.
They bathe their faces daily in real sweet cream.

They have their entire faces skinned, so that a new skin may grow over the old surface.

They have their noses shaped.
They shave their eyebrows into a perfect arch.

They have their lips shaped into a cupid's bow.
They have all nature's fine hairs removed from the skin by electrolysis.

They have real dimples cut in their cheeks and chins.
They have good strong crooked teeth removed and artificial straight ones screwed on to the stumps.

They go into complete retirement for six months at a time, are "done over," and emerge perfect beauties.

They have artificial figures built in their frocks and artificial insteps made in their slippers.

But it is not all wasted time. Never has the world been so crowded with beautiful women! Never have there been so many unbeautiful women who have produced the illusion of beauty.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Things Taught by Animals.
The following facts remind us that many of our human devices are not original with us:

The woodpecker has a powerful little trip-hammer.
The jaws of the tortoise and turtle are natural scissors.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring.
The squirrel carries a chisel in his mouth and the bee the carpenter's plane.

The great fashions its eggs in the shape of a lifeboat. You cannot sink them without tearing them to pieces.
The diving-bell imitates the water-spider. It constructs a small cell under the water, claps a bubble of water between its legs, dives down into the submarine chamber with the bubble, displacing the water gradually, until its abode contains a large, airy room surrounded by water.—Detroit Tribune.

Health of the Children.
The School Board of Cincinnati has issued the "Syllabus of Hygiene," by which it is hoped the teachers may instill into the hearts and minds of their charges the doctrine of health and cleanliness.

Among others there are also the following precepts:
Go to bed early at a regular hour.
Do not drink very cold water when overheated.

Eat less meat and more vegetables.
Brush the teeth every morning; rinse the mouth after every meal.

Dirt should be removed from finger nails daily; poisonous germs gather under the nails.
Wash the hair with water and soap; brush it frequently.

The temperature of a room in cold weather should be about seventy degrees.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dog Hitting Post.
Everyone has seen the dog that rides behind its master on horseback, and the dog that leads the old blind man, and the one that carries his master's cane or paper, and the dog that can do tricks, but it has been left to an up-town expressman to utilize his little animal as a hitching post. Almost every day he may be seen seated by his master's side, with a strap attached to a collar he wears. When the team stops and the expressman has to go into the house the dog jumps down and his master fastens the strap to the horse's bridle. The dog will then sit down and look up into the horse's face and remain in that position till the expressman releases him. At this he leaps into the wagon and they drive away.—Philadelphia Press.

Woman's Realm.

Rest For the Mother.
You cannot serve your family better than by resting yourself. An over-tired mother cannot make sunshine in the home. Try to take even half an hour of complete rest some time during the afternoon, says Woman's Life. It will often be hard to get away, but make a duty of it and you will accomplish it. If you were ill the children would have to get on without you; let them do it while you are keeping well for their sakes. Think over the things that can best go undone, and leave some of them while you sleep. Rest is much cheaper and more agreeable than a doctor's bill, and if you do not have one you will surely have the other.

Destructive Dress Trimming.
If a hostess has an uncertain smile and a wandering glance when greeting a guest, it is safe to suspect that she is looking for sharp buckles and buttons before venturing to seat the newcomer in one of her mahogany chairs. If signs of these tabooed ornaments are discovered the wearer is gently persuaded to try a seat padded and cushioned. With feminine perversity she usually manages to wriggle into the latest bit of polished carved wood while the hostess is momentarily distracted by watching another arrival. In this connection it is interesting to note that the popularity of cut steel and jet is as unabated as that of mahogany.—Nebraska State Journal.

Unemployed London Women.
Women as well as men are suffering from lack of employment. Many women are casual or irregularly employed workers; many women's trades are peculiarly seasonal fluctuations.

That some provision for unemployed women, as distinguished from unemployed men, is required, can be doubted by no person acquainted with the conditions of industrial life; and if such provision is to be really helpful it must be built—just as any such provision for men needs to be—upon a basis of careful examination and classification.

Certain differences in the industrial positions of men and women were recently dealt with by Miss Wyatt Papworth, who pointed out: (1) The way of escape provided for women by various forms of domestic service; (2) the fact that, because many women are not dependent upon their own earnings, the wages of women often tend to be calculated upon what may be termed a "parasitic" basis; (3) the willingness of women to accept forms of work and rates of pay to which men will not stoop. Touching lightly upon the facts that the total proportion of employed women to that of employed men slightly but steadily declines, while that of women in factory work increases, the paper went on to classify unemployed women under four heads: (1) Casual or irregular workers; (2) workers in seasonal trades; (3) workers not wanted in the callings they attempt; (4) workers personally defective or economically inefficient—a group which might include "large numbers of women over forty." With the genuine lady—the female counterpart of the laborer and the tramp—Miss Papworth did not deal; and the omission is just, for such women soon drop out of even the lowest ranks of labor; their case forms, indeed, a serious social problem, but the problem is not industrial.

Next came references to the various existing agencies for meeting the trouble, and a remark upon the necessarily misleading character of statistics derived from registries and employment bureaus, as at present arranged, since the figures cannot possibly show either the degree of overlapping or the degree to which the clients of these institutions are merely actuated by desire for change of employment.

None of these agencies, however, most of which exist for other ends, can claim to have solved the problem. Miss Papworth classifies suggested remedies under three heads: (1) Those dealing with improved conditions of work; (2) those dealing with improved education and training; (3) those dealing with the provision of work or of opportunities. It was justly pointed out that "physical degeneracy is the most irremedial cause, and the effect also, of unemployment. Therefore anything that is done to improve the national physique is a direct contribution toward the solution of the problem. Among such measures were noted the prevention of child labor, and the leveling up of the conditions of home work by registration and inspection. Shortened hours and better pay conduce also to physical efficiency."

What we need, first of all, is to bring order into the chaos of industrial competition, to make, as Germany has made, centres of communication between the work-seeking worker and the work-seeking employment.—Clementina Black, in the London Chronicle.

Let's Brush Up.
Too many women when they become wives and mothers cease their reading as they forget their songs. Bright speech and a good story may be told over the coffee with much better effect than the recital of the household worries and the ways of the handmaiden, topics in high favor with most women when the man of the house returns at evening. There is nothing as fascinating to the masculine nature as the element of uncertainty in life, in business and all the contingencies of life. That is why he gambles in great things and in small. Chance is the modern Cereus. And well do women know this, yet it is experience alone that teaches them the only way to hold the love and interest of a man is to keep him guessing what chameleon trick she will next spring upon him. Once realizing and acting upon this knowledge, she holds the key of the citadel, his heart, and may defy the world.

New Thin Goods.
The shop windows now blossom with the thinnest and daintiest of fabrics, the first offerings of spring and summer cottons. These patterns are of the choicest and very often are exclusive and not to be duplicated later. For that reason rather high prices are usually asked for them.

If one may judge by the first cottons shown, the coming year will be notable for the number and the beauty of tub gowns worn. The old favorites, organdies, dimities and flowered muslins, are on hand, as usual. Organdies with deep borders are sure to attract attention. The old rose designs are beautiful in these bordered patterns, and there are many new designs. One in apple blossoms was lovely. The colors were green, brown and white, just touched with bright pink, as the real apple blossoms are. An arbutus design was also charming.

The new ginghams are very attractive. Besides the ordinary thing, there are silk ginghams as fine and as lustrous as foulards, although laundering might somewhat diminish the gloss of the surface. There are lace ginghams, some of them as sheer as net. These are not expensive, and will make pretty morning and house gowns.

There is a new cotton voile very like gingham in texture, which comes at a low price. It is to be had in white and nearly all common colors. The light blue is especially good. They are admirable for shirt waist suits.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Woman's Pocket.
For one blessing man is enviable—his pockets. Woman occasionally has a pocket, but she can't use it. "Put in a pocket," she pleads, and the dress-maker sends home the new skirt with a pocket stowed away in the recesses of a hook-up pocket hole. It is not a workable pocket for three reasons:

First, it bulges if there is even a handkerchief in it, destroying the symmetry of the outline.
Second, things aimed at it rarely succeed in forcing an entrance, but fall alongside, downward with a whack on the floor.

Third, who could fumble through a whole row of hooks and eyes, placed in the centre of the seam at the back? As a trifling obstacle in the way of blind manipulation it may be mentioned that such hooks are usually of a tricky patent, or they would not stay fastened at all.

At the hem of the garment, under the "foundation" frill, pockets like a tiny crescent-shaped pouch may also be tucked lurking. A handkerchief can repose in one in safety, merely involving some suppleness in the owner, who must execute a kind of dive in withdrawing and reinserting it. A silk foundation sometimes accommodates quite a practical-looking receptacle, to

which the unwary at first intrusts even a purse or a pocket knife. But hard objects dangling on a level with the knee are ill companions, and those who have once knelt on a latchkey never desire to repeat the experience.

"I asked for pockets and they gave me handbags," is the plaint of the petticoated throng, who wonder who will invent them a third hand for their umbrellas while they guard their money with their right and with their left keep their garments from the mud.

In the meantime, says the London Graphic, while fashion is decreeing that sovereigns shall jingle in jeweled coats of mail from the end of a slender chain, apparently designed for the ready pliers of the thief, womanhood, more cunning than they seem, are carving a way out of the difficulty. They may carry their purse for all the world to see, and a handkerchief peeps out of their sleeves, but in many a silken undershirt, where it will not interfere with the act, is a pocket, roomy and secure. There it is that the wise woman keeps her gold and her love letters.

Unemployed London Women.
Women as well as men are suffering from lack of employment. Many women are casual or irregularly employed workers; many women's trades are peculiarly seasonal fluctuations.

That some provision for unemployed women, as distinguished from unemployed men, is required, can be doubted by no person acquainted with the conditions of industrial life; and if such provision is to be really helpful it must be built—just as any such provision for men needs to be—upon a basis of careful examination and classification.

Certain differences in the industrial positions of men and women were recently dealt with by Miss Wyatt Papworth, who pointed out: (1) The way of escape provided for women by various forms of domestic service; (2) the fact that, because many women are not dependent upon their own earnings, the wages of women often tend to be calculated upon what may be termed a "parasitic" basis; (3) the willingness of women to accept forms of work and rates of pay to which men will not stoop. Touching lightly upon the facts that the total proportion of employed women to that of employed men slightly but steadily declines, while that of women in factory work increases, the paper went on to classify unemployed women under four heads: (1) Casual or irregular workers; (2) workers in seasonal trades; (3) workers not wanted in the callings they attempt; (4) workers personally defective or economically inefficient—a group which might include "large numbers of women over forty." With the genuine lady—the female counterpart of the laborer and the tramp—Miss Papworth did not deal; and the omission is just, for such women soon drop out of even the lowest ranks of labor; their case forms, indeed, a serious social problem, but the problem is not industrial.

Next came references to the various existing agencies for meeting the trouble, and a remark upon the necessarily misleading character of statistics derived from registries and employment bureaus, as at present arranged, since the figures cannot possibly show either the degree of overlapping or the degree to which the clients of these institutions are merely actuated by desire for change of employment.

None of these agencies, however, most of which exist for other ends, can claim to have solved the problem. Miss Papworth classifies suggested remedies under three heads: (1) Those dealing with improved conditions of work; (2) those dealing with improved education and training; (3) those dealing with the provision of work or of opportunities. It was justly pointed out that "physical degeneracy is the most irremedial cause, and the effect also, of unemployment. Therefore anything that is done to improve the national physique is a direct contribution toward the solution of the problem. Among such measures were noted the prevention of child labor, and the leveling up of the conditions of home work by registration and inspection. Shortened hours and better pay conduce also to physical efficiency."

What we need, first of all, is to bring order into the chaos of industrial competition, to make, as Germany has made, centres of communication between the work-seeking worker and the work-seeking employment.—Clementina Black, in the London Chronicle.

Let's Brush Up.
Too many women when they become wives and mothers cease their reading as they forget their songs. Bright speech and a good story may be told over the coffee with much better effect than the recital of the household worries and the ways of the handmaiden, topics in high favor with most women when the man of the house returns at evening. There is nothing as fascinating to the masculine nature as the element of uncertainty in life, in business and all the contingencies of life. That is why he gambles in great things and in small. Chance is the modern Cereus. And well do women know this, yet it is experience alone that teaches them the only way to hold the love and interest of a man is to keep him guessing what chameleon trick she will next spring upon him. Once realizing and acting upon this knowledge, she holds the key of the citadel, his heart, and may defy the world.

New Thin Goods.
The shop windows now blossom with the thinnest and daintiest of fabrics, the first offerings of spring and summer cottons. These patterns are of the choicest and very often are exclusive and not to be duplicated later. For that reason rather high prices are usually asked for them.

If one may judge by the first cottons shown, the coming year will be notable for the number and the beauty of tub gowns worn. The old favorites, organdies, dimities and flowered muslins, are on hand, as usual. Organdies with deep borders are sure to attract attention. The old rose designs are beautiful in these bordered patterns, and there are many new designs. One in apple blossoms was lovely. The colors were green, brown and white, just touched with bright pink, as the real apple blossoms are. An arbutus design was also charming.

The new ginghams are very attractive. Besides the ordinary thing, there are silk ginghams as fine and as lustrous as foulards, although laundering might somewhat diminish the gloss of the surface. There are lace ginghams, some of them as sheer as net. These are not expensive, and will make pretty morning and house gowns.

There is a new cotton voile very like gingham in texture, which comes at a low price. It is to be had in white and nearly all common colors. The light blue is especially good. They are admirable for shirt waist suits.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Woman's Pocket.
For one blessing man is enviable—his pockets. Woman occasionally has a pocket, but she can't use it. "Put in a pocket," she pleads, and the dress-maker sends home the new skirt with a pocket stowed away in the recesses of a hook-up pocket hole. It is not a workable pocket for three reasons:

First, it bulges if there is even a handkerchief in it, destroying the symmetry of the outline.
Second, things aimed at it rarely succeed in forcing an entrance, but fall alongside, downward with a whack on the floor.

Third, who could fumble through a whole row of hooks and eyes, placed in the centre of the seam at the back? As a trifling obstacle in the way of blind manipulation it may be mentioned that such hooks are usually of a tricky patent, or they would not stay fastened at all.

At the hem of the garment, under the "foundation" frill, pockets like a tiny crescent-shaped pouch may also be tucked lurking. A handkerchief can repose in one in safety, merely involving some suppleness in the owner, who must execute a kind of dive in withdrawing and reinserting it. A silk foundation sometimes accommodates quite a practical-looking receptacle, to

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City.—Blouse jackets made with postillion effects are among the latest the season has to offer and are exceedingly chic and fashionable. This one is made in box pleats that give exceptionally good lines to the figure, and

Again the shirt waist. Evidently the shirt waist suit is to be as good as ever. It is certainly trim and smart and positively distinguished as compared with skirt and waists totally unrelated to each other. In white lawn there are dainty affairs as fetching as they will be suitable. Fine tucks, Valenciennes lace, embroidery and French knots are noted in the decoration of these crisp suits. There are cape-yoke effects and there are straight up-and-down effects. The skirts show only enough trimming to keep them in countenance with the waist.

This Hat is Stylish. A round black mullin hat is one of the mushroom order. This hat was built up enormously in the back, tilting it far forward, and including it slightly to the left on the wearer's forehead. The under part of the brim on the back and sides was filled in with a profusion of primroses in many tones of pink and dull red. The flowers were without foliage, and were crushed together in a mass of glowing color.

This is Silk Year. This is a silk year, and ribbons of great beauty are used lavishly on the new hats. As a rule they are of the softest and most pliable silks, and are put on, not in stiff bows, but folded and crushed into rosettes. Several tones of a color are used in these rosettes, giving a flower-like effect.

Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist. Dainty waists made of fine lawn and tucked in lingerie style are among the most attractive of the season and are shown in many variations. This one is eminently simple and can be laundered with ease at the same time that it is smart and attractive. As illustrated, the material is Persian lawn, the tie and belt being of pale blue, but the waist is adapted both to similar thin materials and to all those suited to tucks, whether of silk, wool or cotton. The sleeves are quite novel and are tucked at the wrists where they are joined to the straight cuffs. The waist is made with fronts and back, the back being plain, simply being drawn down in gathers at the

is shown in chiffon broadcloth with vest and cuffs of velvet, revers and turnover cuffs of heavy lace, a combination that always is satisfactory and effective. The design, however, is appropriate for all seasons of the year, and when velvet is too heavy, silk or any contrasting material that may be preferred can be substituted. The postillion with basque extension is separate and can be used or omitted as preferred.

The jacket consists of the fitted lining, fronts, back, vest and revers, which are stitched to the fronts, their under edges being extended to give the stole effect. Both fronts and back are box pleated and are joined to the belt. The sleeves are arranged over linings, which are faced to form the cuffs, and are full above the elbows, with rolling flare cuffs that give an exceedingly

BLOUSE JACKET.