GUARDING A RAILROAD IN THE "BANDIT BELT."

By William MacLeod Raine.

[For years train robbery has been a lucrative and flourishing industry in the United States, and of late "hold-ups" have occurred with alarming frequency. Recently, however, the Union Pacific Railroad resolved to exterminate the outlaws who systematically preyed upon its trains, and the plan adopted is likely to have far-reaching results. Mr. Raine describes the way in which the Union Pacific "bandit belt" is now safeguarded.]

NOT long ago train robbery was a lucrative profession in the Western States of America. To-day it is on its last legs. Several factors have contributed to this desirable result. The extension of the long distance telephone to the ranch lands, followed hard upon the heels of the settlement of the cow country, was the first set back to the flourishing industry. Now the Union Pacific Railroad has put another stumbling block in the way of the outlaw. It was not enough that the whereabouts of the escaping desperadoes could be telephoned from point to point ahead of them, which necessitated their confining operations to the wilder parts of the country. The Union Pacific had a plan to put them out of business altogether, and the fiat has gone forth from headquarters that the organized bands of train robbers which have been operating in the "bandit belts" are to be exterminated.

The territory of the different "bandit belts" throughout the western half of the United States has for a long time been clearly defined. One stretches across Texas to Arizona, along the Southern Pacific line; another zigzags through the Colorado Mountains to the country about the well-known Robbers' Roost. A third—and the most dangerous of all—belts Wyoming in the rough cow district, where lies the notorious Hole-in-the-Wall country. Here, among the Teton Mountains, far from the reach of the long arm of the law, there lurked for many years a nomadic population composed of cattle rustlers, highwaymen and fugitives from justice. The district was a natural fortification, and every settler in it had a grudge against the law. Here desperadoes were safe from a sheriff's posse; the wings of the wind whispered the approach of officers, and long before the emissaries of justice had reached the spot their quarry had fled.

The Hole-in-the-Wall is a valley situated in the Western part of Natrona County, Wyoming. It lies among the foothills southeast of the Big Horn Mountains. The nearest railroad point is more than a hundred miles away. Casper, Cody and Rawlins are the nearest towns, and these are about one hundred and fifty miles distant. Circled by inaccessible mountains, inhabited by desperate cut-throats, and situate beyond the utmost rim of civilization, for long the Hole-in-the-Wall was a safe haven for the flotsam and jetsam of Western crime.

It was from this place that the famous "Butch" Cassidy gang sallied forth at intervals to hold up trains, dynamite banks and rob stages. After each lawless outrage the desperadoes, hotly pursued by posses of officials, dashed back toward their mountain fastnesses. Here, once hidden in the impenetrable caves, they were secure from arrest.

This gang formed a veritable trust in outlawry, but slowly and surely the forces of the law have exacted payment from them for their misdeeds. Out of all the desperate dozen of fearless men who made up the band but two are at liberty. They are "Butch" Cassidy himself and Harry Longbaugh, "The Sun-Dance Kid," and both of these have been forced to leave the country. The others are either dead or in prison.

The well-known "Black Jack" Ketchum and his brother Sam, both as desperate ruffians as ever existed; handsome Ben Kilpatrick, whose dashing ways and beautiful eyes made him a favorite with women; the Curry brothers, fearless men and lawless, both of them; Matt Warner, Tom O'Day, David Lentz, Elza Say, Bill Carver and others belonged to this redoubtable band of robbers. Each of them was a dead shot and ever ready to shoot. It naturally followed that every railroad within reach was held up by this precious gang.

At Wilcox, Wyoming, on June 2d, 1899, a Union Pacific train was stopped by a half dozen armed men. They forced the engineer and train crew to uncouple the engine and express car from the train. Then they ran the locomotive down the line for a mile, blew up the express car, and looted it. Their haul was only three thousand dollars.

Immediately on hearing of the robbery Sheriff Hazen, of Converse County, set out in pursuit. It was believed that the robbers would be headed off by the Platte River, which was in the flood, but they succeeded in swimming it on stolen horses. Where they went Sheriff Hazen could go, and his posse took the water as well. It was a close race, but Hazen won.

The flying robbers were forced to turn and fight at Elk Mountain. It was a rough and broken country, and the outlaws had the advantage of knowing every inch of it. From behind boulders and brushwood they held off the posse—five men against two hundred. Hazen exposed himself, and next moment reeled back with a bullet through his heart. Darkness fell, and the gang slipped away across the mountains into the Hole-in-the-Wall. George Curry, Harvey Logan and Bob Lee were all known to be in this affair.

Then came another daring train robbery on the Union Pacific line. At Tipton, Wyoming, on August 29th, 1900, Harvey Logan, George Kilpatrick and "Bill" Cruzan headed the masked hold-ups who stopped a passenger train. Again the mail and express car was uncoupled, run up the line, and blown up with dynamite. Fortunately the safe was practically empty, so that the robbers only got thirty dollars. Joe La Fors took the trail at once with a posse. For days the trail was followed, but was finally lost in the heavy timber near the Utah line. The bandits had disappeared somewhere in the notorious Robbers' Roost country.

Then came energetic action at the Union Pacific headquarters. A body of Rangers were organized to defend the line, under the command of Tim Kelliher. From that day to this travel through the "bandit belt" on the Union Pacific line, so far as robbers go, has been as safe as taking a journey from London to Liverpool. Every train carries with it one or more armed guards. They ride on the engine, in the baggage car, on the dry coaches, or in the sleepers, being instructed not to stay always at one point of the train. Any gang of bandits attacking a Union Pacific train now will know it has to reckon on a stiff fight, for not only is each train guarded, but somewhere up or down the line is the patrol body of Rangers, ready to be shipped to the danger zone as fast as steam can carry them.

Through the Hole-in-the-Wall runs a telephone line, which has made it untenable for the outlaws, and Robbers' Roost will soon be no safer. The organization of Kelliher's Rangers is the beginning of the end. Other railroads will follow the example of the enterprising "U. P." and take similar precautions for the safety of their express cars and passengers.

At Parachute, Colorado, the "Butch" Cassidy gang recently gave evidence of its continued activity. On June 7th, 1904, a train was held up, but no booty secured. An untiring pursuit was instituted and the robbers were run down near Rifle, Colorado. In the fusillade that followed the outlaw leader was badly wounded.

He was heard to shout to his comrades, "Don't wait for me, boys. I'm all in. Good-bye." Next moment he sent a bullet through his own brain. The notorious "Kid" Curry had gone to his last account. The other men escaped for the time, but this attempt marks nearly the close of what was once a very flourishing industry.

The personnel of Tim Kelliher's Rangers practically ensures the efficiency of the corps. First there is Tim Kelliher himself, a big man, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, who is nevertheless as lithe and sinewy as a cat. He is modest to an unusual degree, but is as brave as a lion. Kelliher is the chief of the Wyoming branch of the Union Pacific secret service. He inaugurated his acceptance of the position by breaking up at once an organized band of train employes who were preying on the company and robbing it of thousands of dollars. Four of these employes went to prison, ten of them were confined in the county gaol and fined, twenty of them lost their positions. Kelliher was a much hated man, but he went on quietly with his work.

The rest of the Ranger company are as noteworthy as their chief. Joe La Fors is a deputy United States marshal and cattle detective known all over the West. He it was who brought to justice the notorious Tom Horn, who was hanged at Cheyenne for killing settlers at so much per head for the big cattle companies. La Fors, Tom Meggeson and Pat Lawson are among the best trailers in the country. Indeed, Kelliher says that La Fors can follow a trail at a hand gallop. Fink was sheriff of Buffalo County, Nevada, George Hiatt is an ex-deputy sheriff, and Jeff Carr has been a law officer at Cheyenne ever since the town was a frontier cattle camp. All of them are dead shots and "as game as wild-cats."

At Cheyenne may be found the headquarters of the Rangers. At this place their specially fitted car is kept when it is not on the road. In point of fact, it is nothing more than a baggage car prepared to accommodate them. In one end of it stand the horses, while at the other is accommodation for the men. A number of folding cots, a score of blankets, half a dozen cow punchers' saddles, a pack saddle, a rack for arms, some canteens, a tin stove, and a pantry are all packed into this narrow compass. This pantry contains such necessaries as coffee, bacon, flour, canned goods and salt. Sometimes, while on the trail, the Rangers kill a cow and cook it on their camp fires. Of course, these cots and other impediments are not carried while actually following outlaws. Then the men travel as light as possible, their heaviest baggage being the arsenal of weapons which each one has with him.

Chief Kelliher keeps in close touch with all his men, and can, within thirty minutes of the time of receiving a wire, get his car under way for the scene of the hold-up. A special engine stands ready in the yards at Cheyenne. The men are summoned, the horses are hurried from their stable by the gang-plank, and into the night goes steaming the Rangers' special, with a clear right of way over every train on the track. Within six hours they can be at any point of attack within the "bandit belt." Suppose a train to be attacked at midnight. By daybreak Joe La Fors and Meggeson will be following the trail with eagle eyes.

The horses also are picked out of a hundred candidates. They are native Westerners like their riders, and each of them is as tireless as his master. Strong legged and wiry, they never look for the end of the road.

The district which is patrolled lies between Medicine Bow, one hundred miles west of Cheyenne and Green River, Wyoming. It covers about one hundred and fifty miles of broken rock country, which is very little known and sparsely settled. Here the line swings through the bad lands about Point of Rocks, Wamsutter, Fort Steele and Red Desert. If the day is clear enough the mountains surrounding the Hole-in-the-Wall may be seen in the distance. The worst parts of the line are, of course, patrolled most. Red Desert is a sheep grazing country, and is not used by the herders in summer. Riding swiftly across this desert, a band of train robbers could reach the railroad with being detected. It is to forestall this that the Rangers ride the line.

Both men and horses are kept in constant requisition to patrol the line and watch for suspicious characters. Occasionally the car is sent out to Medicine Bow or Point of Rocks as the case may be. Here the Rangers and their horses are unloaded. They ride along the line, watching for suspicious characters of whom they may have heard. Meanwhile their special follows a parallel course, keeping in touch with the men and picking them up at any point agreed upon. At no time do the men get more than a mile or two from their wheeled base of supplies, unless they are on an actual chase.—The Wide World Magazine

CROWS FOLLOWING A HAWK.

The Hawk Eats the Sparrow and the Crow Comes to the Rescue.

In Bennington, Vt., the severe and long continued cold has driven a number of hawks from the surrounding country into the city, where they prey upon English sparrows. The hawks have been seen to take sparrows from the piazzas of dwelling houses, and in one or two instances even in business thoroughfares.

Hawks do not, however, completely rule the sky. A week or two ago some of the residents of Dorchester, in the vicinity of Columbia road, witnessed a terrific battle between a large hawk and a number of crows. The crows followed the hawk continually, diving down at his back and evidently striking him with their bills. When their attack became unbearable, the hawk would turn and try to bring them within reach of his talons.

The crows, doubtless, had a good idea of the power which he thus possessed, and they would dodge away from him, only to return for a fresh attack as soon as he started flying, or rather sailing, on a straight course. At least a score of crows were engaged in this attack on a single hawk, and they followed him for more than a mile, making his life so miserable that he took shelter in a thick evergreen, where his enemies with such sharp beaks could not reach him.

For over an hour afterward the crows circled round this tree, waiting for the hawk to again take wing. He knew enough to wait until darkness would cover his movements and permit his escape. Therefore, even if the hawk does find an easy prey in the English sparrow, he has reasons to fear the concerted attack of a flock of crows, while they, in turn, are sometimes put to rout, we believe, by their far smaller enemy, the kingbird.—Boston Herald.

Consolations.

Now it happened that the philosopher, taking his walks abroad, was confronted by a young man of a morose and sullen aspect.

"It would seem," said the philosopher, "that something has occurred to annoy you."

"Yes," said the young man: "the season of the year annoys me. I hate cold, I loathe the winter, and the weather we are having now is particularly filthy. Therefore, I do well to be angry."

"Not so, my dear young friend," said the philosopher gently. "Far from it. For all depends upon the way in which it is regarded. Live in the future. All during the winter count each day as bringing you nearer to summer, and so winter itself shall have its charm for you."

"Good idea," said the young man. "Always look forward. But what am I to do in the summer?"

"Sorry I can't stop," said the philosopher.—Harper's Magazine.

Lost in the Capitol.

Senator McLaurin, while walking through the long basement corridor, encountered a frenzied woman.

"I am lost. I am lost," she cried. "Please show me the way out of this horrid building."

The Senator very courteously pointed the way, after inquiring where she wished to go.

"It reminds me," said he to his companion, "of an incident down in the Mississippi woods. A negro lumberman became lost in the immense forest and could not find his way back to camp. A searching party finally located him wandering about.

"'Are you lost?' asked one of the rescuers.

"'Lost, boss; no, 'deed, sah,' was his reply, 'but dat camp am lost.'"—Washington Post.

Babu Stickler For Precise English.

One of the oldest contributors of the Pioneer now in India is disturbed at the increasing license of language that he is constrained to observe in its advertisement columns. It is painful to his sense of literary propriety to encounter such expressions as a "reversed hide gentleman's saddle" or a "second-hand gentleman's overalls," but when it comes to an "old but serviceable lady's wardrobe," or (how shall we print it?) "a fast lady's Arab pony," he believes it is time for a word of protest. Even though applicants are not likely to be misled, it is well that things should be put as they are meant.—Lahore Tribune.

Distemper Has a Microbe, Too.

"Distemper" in dogs is now believed to be caused by a microbe, but the microbes found in the blood of distempered dogs are, according to M. Roux, in a paper to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, not the real cause of the disease. The true microbe of distemper is, he thinks, invisible, for after filtering out the larger visible microbes found in the blood it still produces the disease by inoculation.—London Globe.

The Bulldog's Nose.

Froude told Dr. Boyd an interesting little anecdote of an Oxford undergraduate who was asked in an examination in Paley's "Evidences" if he could mention a solitary instance of the divine goodness which he had discovered for himself. "Yes," he replied, "the conformation of the nose of the bulldog. Its nose is so retracted that it can hang on to the bull and yet breathe freely. But for this it would soon have to let go."—T. P.'s Weekly.

The Farm

Rations For Army Horses.

Experimental feeding in the United States Army has resulted in establishing the following ration of forage for horses: Twelve pounds of oats and fourteen pounds of hay every day, with a salted bran mash twice a week. This may be the best way to feed an army horse, but a shipper who wants to put a high stepper in condition for the market usually feeds him all he will eat of a steam-cooked mixture made up of one part cracked corn, one part oats, two parts bran and one-half part whole flaxseed. An experienced feeder says this ration, with hay, will transform a thin horse into a fat, sleek, high-lifed one, quicker than anything he ever saw.

Time and Butter.

A Chicago dairy paper has something of interest to butter makers, in which it says that it doesn't always pay to send butter too fresh from the churn, as a butter maker who exhibited at the recent Illinois convention found out. His butter was made two days before being scored, and the judge found in it a very decided barn flavor. Otherwise the butter was well made and was scored perfect on other points than flavor, but that fault carried it below ninety. The next day, at the solicitation of the exhibitor, the judge again looked at the butter and found it showed considerable improvement. As the judge explained, the acid in the butter had developed so that the barn flavor was almost entirely overcome. Had the judge been scoring the butter that day, he stated, he would mark it up on flavor three points, bringing the butter into the ninety class and close to the market score of an extra.—Weekly Witness.

Oat Sowing Notes.

Early seeding as a rule is preferable. The advantage of an early start of two or three or even one week is evidenced nearly every year for the crop is making itself under most favorable conditions—those existing in June. If the weather permits and the soil is in good condition, seeding from the tenth to fifteenth of March is best. Sometimes we were not able to finish sowing then on account of rain and not until a month later were able to finish. As a result there were yields of from one-third to one-half more in favor of the early seeding. Late sowings usually make short crops. A good seed bed is essential. Turning the ground is preferable, and need not be over four inches, but often pressure at other work prevents this, as it takes considerable time. The next best thing to do is to use the disc harrow liberally and sow with a disc drill crosswise of the discing. Usually the drill (out of gear) in lieu of a disc harrow works well. If grass and clover is to be sown it should be done at one operation if one has such an attachment on his drill. Sometimes a drill can not be had, when one has to sow by hand and plow or disc in the oats, which usually leaves the ground rough and corrugated. This can and should be remedied by running a harrow, light drag or roller over after sowing. Good seed oats are as essential as good seed corn. Sowing common white or black oats bought on the market is a bad practice. There are much heavier sorts, heavier in grain and yield, within your reach.—E. W. Jones, in The Epitomist.

Silver-Laced Wyandottes.

While giving a sketch of Barred and Buff Plymouth Rocks, as ideal all-purpose fowls, we cannot refrain from giving a short history of Wyandottes, which, by test, have shown themselves the equal of all other breeds, when considered from the standpoint of money-makers at all seasons of the year.

The Wyandottes, though hardly as large as the Barred Plymouth Rocks, meet the demands of the market man and are equally sought after by those who endeavor to supply fowls of superior quality.

Both male and female will usually average about one pound less than the Plymouth Rocks, but the bodies are so plump and fleshy that the difference is not noticeable. Like the Plymouth Rocks, they have clean yellow shanks, yellow beaks, and, best of all, a scarcely perceptible rose comb, which in cold climates never becomes frosted, as will always be the case with fowls that have large combs.

They are very docile and easily confined, and will do well in a very small yard, though like all other breeds of poultry they prefer a good range.

The young chicks are hardy and grow rapidly, and are ready for market at from eight to ten weeks old.

We have now in the Wyandotte family the Silver Laced, the Buff, the White and the Partridge, all of which are pretty popular, and all will unquestionably hold first place in the ranks of good and profitable all-purpose fowls.—Indianapolis News.

What Potash Will Do For Corn.

At the Illinois station the need of potash on some soils by corn was made very clear as the result of several experiments. The stalks required to grow a crop of 100 bushels of corn contain fifty-two pounds of potash, while the grain contains nineteen pounds, or seventy-one in all. As the stalks grow before the ears are formed, they will exhaust the potash in the soil, if it is deficient, so that when the ears are made there is little potash left for them. The result will be small and imperfect ears and poor grain. One Illinois farmer gave a good illustration of this. His soil was a black peat, sixteen inches deep. The experiment station used potash and among other chemicals used potash at the rate of 200 pounds muriate per acre. The result was that no ear corn was produced where no potash was used, while in every case where potash was added, alone or with other chemicals, from thirty-six to sixty bushels of corn per acre were grown. The owner of this farm saw how potash produced corn, and he was so impressed with the results that he decided to use potash again. The following year he used fifty pounds of muriate of potash per acre. The result was a good crop of stalks, but no ear corn. We can readily see the reason for this. There was little or no available potash in the soil. The corn crop was obliged to depend upon what was added in the muriate of potash. The stalks alone required fifty-two pounds of potash to make a full growth. The fifty pounds of muriate containing twenty-five pounds of pure potash added less than enough to grow the stalks, and there was absolutely none left to provide for the ears. This shows the necessity of using at least 200 pounds of muriate per acre on such soils.—Weekly Witness.

Gardening.

Every farmer should plan to have a good garden, as it affords a large share of the living for a family. Our garden spot is not large, but it provides many luxuries for the table. Tomato and early cabbage seeds should be started in the house, but the rest may be planted in the ground. Some make the mistake of planting their garden seeds before the ground is warm enough for them to start well. This does not pay, as one will not have the garden stuff to use any earlier and it is never so good. Lettuce, radish and onion seeds are always the first that I try to put in the ground, then comes the beets, peas, parsnips, carrots and later the late cabbage, cucumbers, melons, etc. If the season is favorable, May 15 the time for planting sweet corn and pop corn. Our cabbage plants are grown from seventy-five to a hundred cabbage heads; the most of them would fill a large pail, and I doubt if some of them would go in a half bushel measure. One of my neighbors said that she never saw such large cabbages. They were cultivated several times and hoed, the morning generally being the time for this purpose. When the worms came they were sprinkled with dry, air-slaked lime. I never saw anything in the cabbage line grow so fast after this treatment, and the most of them were sold as cabbage heads could be. There were also many fine heads of cauliflower and of as fine flavor as one could wish in the eating line. Tomatoes—well, I had thought that we could never get sick of them, but we had more than a plenty and lots to spare. I did not get them started in boxes until in April and set them in the ground in the latter part of May and they never stopped growing. When they began to set tomatoes I pruned away about one-half of the vines, so they were large and nice. The garden should not be neglected, as the land that is used for this purpose pays relatively more profit than the rest of the farm.—Mrs. Rena A. Osborn, in The Epitomist.

Improving Horses.

The high-grade horse, bringing the best price, is a scarce article on the farm. If the buyer wants a salable drafter, a fancy roadster or a stylish saddler, he is compelled to look over a large territory to find one. The vast majority of horses grown on the farms go into the inferior grades when sent to market. The supply in their class is greater than the demand, hence the farmer gets medium or low prices for his horses.

Farmers do not give enough consideration to the breeding of horses. The additional spring work of cropping compels many farmers to keep extra teams to assist in this rushing work. These teams that work only through the crop season might just as well be brood mares. They could raise a colt and do the work required of them during the summer months.

A definite plan of straight-line breeding is necessary to develop a salable horse that has the marks of a well-bred animal. No stylish trotter can be the offspring of the mongrels of the farm. Just because a small horse has the gait of a large, heavy drafter, it is no indication that he will bring the high prices commanded by the heavy draft horses. He has none of their high-priced qualities. The breeding must be along definite lines. If it is to the farmer's fancy to breed draft horses, let him select, as nearly as possible, mares having the characteristics of the particular draft breed that he fancies.

In the process of breeding up to get high-grade animals, the changing of breeds is, as a rule, detrimental. All breeds live because they possess desirable qualities peculiarly their own. To cross them with other breeds is to lose these desirable qualities. To change the breed of the sire in producing high-grade animals is a backward step. A horse having in him the blood of a Kentucky trotter, a high-stepping coach or Percheron, does not entitle him to a high class in the city markets. The good blood in him must count for something, and only by straightline breeding can it be made to count.

Stock companies organized for the improvement of live stock are not only commendable, but are of great value to a locality if their business is properly conducted. If they organize with a definite aim in view, if they know what they want and will get it at the market price, all sharing alike, they will be doing a noble work. But they must not wait for an agent to come and organize them to buy a horse the agent has to sell. One time they will buy a coach and follow him with a Percheron. Stock companies should be leaders in the breeding business—men who are familiar with the principles of breeding and who know the evil effects of violating the underlying principles. Let the farmers select the breed they like, and stick to it from generation to generation, and they will surely get a horse the market demands.—W. B. Anderson, in Indianapolis News.

Berlin has about 300 miles of paved streets.

Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—There is a peculiar charm and daintiness about the waist utilized for the finer cotton and linen materials which are in no sense washa-

that allows of wearing with a chemisette that is apparent at a glance and that is largely accountable for its marked popularity. No model of the spring is better liked and none is better suited to the fashionable soft materials. The one illustrated is most graceful and attractive, and is adapted to many combinations. As shown, the material is chiffon veiling, hydrangea blue in color, combined with cream lace over chiffon, but it would be equally effective made of any other soft wool, or from the many fashionable thin silks, either with lace or contrasting silk for the

lace gowns trimmed with velvet. A model of heavy Irish lace has a skirt trimmed with three rows of cords covered with emerald green velvet, heading the lace flounce. On the bodice the velvet faces little revers that frame a chemisette of tucked white mull, and the cording is used again to trim the big sleeves.

The Kimono to-Date.

Now, before the more important decisions are to be made, many a fair one is considering that humble garment, the wrapper. Very wonderful is the room gown attained by one fashionable. It is of pastel violet Oriental silk, embroidered all over with camelia sprays, and bordered with a plain band of deep violet silk. In cut it is a glorified kimono. The elongated pocket sleeves are shirred on the shoulders quite up to the neck. There are clusters of tucks back and front and the garment trails. It is so ample as to lap over well at the front.

With Stitched Pleats.

Most of the shirt waists are furnished with stitched pleats running far out over the shoulders, to give the figure breadth. There is hardly a suggestion of a blouse effect at the waist. Sleeves are usually full, with narrow cuff bands and often high, fitted cuffs. These are lovely in the thin lingerie blouses, as they furnish a surface for exquisite embroideries and needlework.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.

No matter how many fancy shirt waists a woman may have, she always finds a place for an additional plain one, and this model is so exceptionally attractive as to be sure of being included in the list. As illustrated, the ma-

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

chemisette and cuffs. Also it can be ble, embroidery or lace, as preferred, being used for chemisette and cuffs.

The lining is smoothly fitted and closes at the centre front. The chemisette is arranged over it, and can be rendered transparent by cutting away beneath when that effect is desired. The waist itself is full, shirred to give the band effect. The sleeves are peculiarly graceful and shirred to form three puffs, but can be varied by being left without the shirrings, forming single puffs. At the waist is a shaped belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards twenty-one, five yards twenty-seven, or three and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with one and three-eighth yards of all-over lace, and five-eighth yard of silk for belt.

"Alice Blue."

Miss Roosevelt is credited with having fine taste in dress and an unerring eye for color, and it is now given out that it was she who selected the color and quality of the much-talked-of inauguration gown worn by Mrs. Roosevelt. The story is this, says the Springfield Republican: During the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Miss Roosevelt visited the American silk exhibit, and among the fabrics which showed the best America could do she noted a peculiar shade of blue, which pleased her so much that she begged a sample. To give samples was, of course, a thing not heard of, but the agents would not deny the daughter of the President. Mrs. Roosevelt was equally well pleased and chose it as the color of her inauguration gown, combining it with gold. Across the silk at regular intervals is a flight of birds done in one of the great Paterson mills, New Jersey, and the color has been named, in compliment to Miss Roosevelt, "Alice blue," and is to be the fashionable color of the season. It somewhat resembles gobelin blue, but is much softer, inclining rather toward the gray blues.

Lace Gowns.

Among the very latest creations are

terial is white dotted madras, but the waist is one well adapted to almost all waistings, and can be made up effectively in any of the cotton and linen materials of the present season, in the wash flannels that are so popular for cooler days, and in the simpler silk waistings.

The model is an eminently simple one, and can be made either with or without the applied yoke at the back. The back is plain, simply drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are laid in three narrow pleats at the top of each four at the waist line, but if preferred they can be left free at the waist line and adjusted to suit the individual. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that are in shirt waist style, but full at the shoulders, and finished with straight cuffs.

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