

SWINGING ON THE GATE.

I can see a picture painted. I can smell the drying hay.
Where the hay mowers rattle through the "dry summer" days;
I can see the binary plowbody working through the plowed corn,
With exponent ear to windward, listening to the dinner horn;
While unconscious of necessity, the future or of fate,
I make wondrous childish journeys as I swing upon the gate.

Strange how back among the many recollections of the past
Memory will grope and wander till it brings to us at last
Some poor, foolish, fond remembrance, seeming hardly worth the while
Yet somehow made wondrous potent, like a tender teasing smile,
Fleeting, gone, and soon forgotten—yet remembered by and by
With a swelling in the bosom and a dimming of the eye.

Now my temples fast are graving and my eyes have sober grown
With the years of varied happiness and sorrow I have known;
Still I sometimes hear the echo, when the evening lights are low
And without my darkened casement ghostly breezes serried blow,
Of the friendly, rusty rattle of the hatchet as when late
In the lazy, lazy summertime we swung upon the gate.

—Lowell Otis Reese, in Leslie's Weekly.



The Captain of the Fire-Brigade.

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

I am hard to tell you how I disliked the self-government idea so much at first. I suppose it was because we thought it was Esther Horneck's idea. And we disliked Esther Horneck. It is a little hard after you have been three years in a school, and you and your "crowd" have had things pretty much your own way, to have a new girl come in and turn everything topsy-turvy.

Esther started a dramatic society and a debating society and a literary society the first month. Imagine the work! And also she talked self-government. She had two sisters in college, and did not see why boarding-schools should not have self-government like colleges.

Now self-government is not any fun, at least, that is what we thought then. So long as you have a teacher to watch and see that you do not break the rules all you have to do is just to see that you do not get caught. But if you are on your honor, then you have to keep every rule all the time.

Now Esther is attractive and enthusiastic, and she was very popular with all the new girls, and with the faculty, too. And she talked and talked, until at last Mrs. Sinclair herself said we might try self-government, that is, try it in some particular first.

Our crowd did not want it, but Esther's crowd got the majority. All of our old girls were angry enough to find that the school was going to be run by a majority. We did not think it was fair. At the school meeting, when it was all decided, Esther's crowd was beaming. They had heard that Mrs. Sinclair was going to let us have self-government, and the question was, What should be the thing in which we were to make the experiment first?

Should it be promptness at meals, or going to bed at ten, or order at opening exercises, or what? Some people said that Esther had a grand, new idea about this, too. In a racket of clapping, Esther got up to speak.

She does speak well. Her eyes get shiny and her cheeks get red, and she certainly can talk. Sometimes you almost forget that it is Esther.

She said a lot first about what a grand thing self-government is, how much more womanly it is to watch our selves than to allow ourselves just to be watched. She said that the colleges had shown how well girls could govern themselves, and why could not boarding-schools follow their example?

Of course, she said, we were not to have the entire discipline of the school at first. But if we showed that we could manage some one department of school government, then we could go and take up others.

Pretty soon she came to her proposal as to what this department should be, and what do you think she proposed? A fire-drill, of all misadventures!

She said we ought to have a systematic fire-drill. It was dangerous not to have an organized fire-brigade in such a large school. Of course, as this was Esther's idea, it was elected by Esther's crowd, made into a motion, voted on, and carried before we had a chance to turn round.

Then Esther rose and talked some more. There was a good deal of talk in the school, she said, about the different cliques, and how unfortunate it was that they should pull apart as they did. She said that in literary they called cliques parties and factions, and we all knew how injurious those were to good government. It was just the same with a school. She wished that when it came to school questions we could put aside our personal opinions, and care more for the school than for ourselves.

Esther sat down in a perfect storm of cheers, but everybody was not cheering and clapping, although it sounded like it. I saw Natalie Jewett getting ready to clap, but I frowned at her, and she did not dare.

So we were in for fire-drills. And Esther herself was in for chief fire captain.

Perhaps you think you would have liked it. To be sitting peacefully studying in study hour, with three "cliques" ahead for the next day, and one of Carol Turner's 2 x 4 spreads behind you, and then to hear whik, bang, clang! All the corridor bells breaking loose together! You dropped your books, rushed to your room, clapped down the windows, banged the transoms, snatched up a towel, slammed the door and flew into the hall. There, every twenty feet, a girl would be standing, repeating like a cuckoo-clock: "Rally on third corridor north" or "Rally in the dining-room" or "Rally in main hall, first floor!"

And you must instantly fall into orderly line, and march to the aforementioned destination, wherever it might happen to be, and you must be perfectly quiet in the line, and obey your corridor captain just as if she had been a teacher, or Esther would be after her—and after you!

And Esther allowed just one hundred and twenty-five seconds between the first clanging of the corridor bell and the assembling of the entire school at the rally, and if you were late! We did not much enjoy being scolded and ordered about by Esther and Esther's corridor captains. Just girls like ourselves!

At night, perhaps just after we were all in bed, and out we would all have to scramble, and rush to the rally, kimonos and towels and hair all flying.

As likely as not, this evening parade would end on the fire-wall staircase. There was one at each end of the building, where the wings join the main corridor. The staircase is a little narrow, winding affair of iron, and it is shut in by iron walls, and has sliding doors of sheet iron on every floor. The fire-wall stairs are chilly and narrow—there's just room to go down in single file. Sometimes, no matter how sleepy and cross we were, Esther would keep us marching up and down those stairs, and actually out-of-doors when we got to the bottom, until I really believe we could have done it in our sleep.

It grew to be awful tiresome. I believe even some of the teachers thought Esther was too energetic, and went to Mrs. Sinclair about it; but she would not interfere, and she would not let any of the teachers be present at a fire-drill. We were to have it all our own way, or rather Esther was to have it all her own way.

You may imagine our crowd was not very nice to Esther at this time. But no matter what you did or said to Esther, she never seemed to notice; she was so full of her old notions about self-government and school spirit and the fire-drills that she did not seem to feel anything for herself at all.

One night a lot of our girls were in my room, and we just dozed then and there that we would not put up with it any longer. The next time those old bells rang for fire-drill, we would not go. Who in the world could make us?

We did not have long to wait. That very night, just as I had fallen to sleep, all those bells suddenly went off like mad. Sheer force of habit pulled me out of bed and into my kimono, will too sleepy to know what I was doing.

I was taking up my towel when I remembered our resolution, and sat down on the edge of the bed wide awake and determined not to budge. I found afterward that exactly twenty girls were acting in just the same way, all our third corridor, in fact.

I could hear the girls scurrying out over our heads. Out in our corridor I could hear the hall guards repeating, "Rally on the third north, fire-wall stairs!" Fire-wall stairs, and it was as cold as Christmas!

Pretty soon came a pounding at the doors. Nancy Voorhees, our corridor captain shouted:

"Girls, girls, wake up! Didn't you hear the bells? Where are you?"

Then the doors began to open. "Oh, you are awake!" cried Nancy. "Do hurry!"

Nobody stirred. Nancy's face looked queer. "What is the matter, girls?"

We began to come out of our rooms and gathered together. "We aren't coming!" I said.

Nancy looked at us, then turned and flew. An instant afterward we saw Esther's red bathrobe come scudding down the corridor toward us. She stopped a second because Miss Edgerton had appeared, and had said in her usual fussy way:

"Can I help you, Esther?"

Esther laughed back at her.

"No, indeed, Miss Edgerton. We are not used to having you at fire-drills. The poor little dears might think it was a real fire if you came."

Then Esther stood before us, her red bathrobe tied in tight about her waist, her long braids falling over her shoulders. I shall never forget her face. It was all ablaze with color, and her eyes were like steel, and her lips had a regular Napoleonian set. At first she was going to make us go!

If she had ordered us to go then, I do not know what would have happened—for we would not have moved. Then her face changed. I never saw any face look quite so sweet; it was as if all the self in it just went out.

"Girls," she said, "won't you please come? I'm not ordering, I'm just asking, just as a favor, this once, please."

And we went, but we were pretty sulky.

We marched to the third-floor fire-wall staircase. The fire-wall doors on the third had been drawn; one of them was left open just enough for us to squeeze through to the little dark, cold staircase. The door down on the first floor, leading right out-of-doors, was open, and the wind whistled up.

Half the girls were already down and out when we started from the top. Esther was at the very end, as usual. As we went down, she called in that ringing voice of hers:

"When you get down, shut the fire-wall doors into the first-floor corridor!" She was ordering us again! "Let's not!" I said to the girls behind me, and we did not. Esther was still on the third floor. We were all shivering in the night air outside at the bottom. Esther opened the window, just as she was about to start down, and called, "Is everybody down safe?"

"Yes," somebody answered.

We could see Esther just as she put her hand on the door to squeeze through to the stairway. Then there was a sudden report and roar, and a great sheet of flame went surging up the fire-wall stairs as if through a great funnel!

It was a real fire! It had spread from

the cellar to the first floor, and there, fanned by the wind from the open door, it had licked its way through the corridor doors we had left open!

And where was Esther? We looked. We did not make a sound. Only Natalie turned, covered her eyes, and laid her head on my shoulder. I could feel her shiver all over. It seemed as if in an instant all the wing was ablaze.

Then we saw Esther! We saw her running, running, past window after window. But flames ran, too, over her and under her. It all depended on whether she could reach the main staircase before they did. The main staircase is only of wood. She reached it. She got down. She was not hurt a bit. Only when she saw her, Natalie and I both sank down on the ground. I felt as if I was going to faint.

Esther came right over to us. "Why didn't you shut those doors?" she asked.

We did not answer, but Esther knew why. Suddenly her face began to work so queerly, there in the red light of the fire.

"If the fire had come a minute sooner when you were all on the stairs!" she said, and she put out her hands as if she could not see, and were feeling for something. Then Mrs. Sinclair stepped out from somewhere, and put her arms round her.

The fire was not so bad as it looked at first, and the slow old Mayside Hose Company did arrive, and put it out after a while. About thirty of us had to board in the village for the rest of the year, but now we are all under one roof again.

We have self-government this year, and Esther is president. The vote for self-government was unanimous, and so was the vote for president. It was the first time anything unanimous ever happened in this school.—Youth's Companion.

Introducing the "Talent."
The lecturer who was to address the natives of Cedarby in their town hall on the subject of radium stepped forward with a preparatory smile at the request of the chairman of the Star Entertainment Committee.

"This is Professor Brown," said the chairman, with a sidewise wave of his hand, "and he's going to give a talk on radium. I guess you all know that we ran behind with our finances last year, and we concluded to try a new tack this year. Previously we've tried to amuse and entertain you, and we've paid high prices. This year we're going to try no entertainment, but lectures from cheaper talent, and if that don't work all right the committee will disband. So if Cedarby wants to have some first-class entertainments next year all you've got to do is to come to these lectures and bring your friends, and make them a financial success. I now present to you once more, Professor Brown."

Expensive Practical Jokes.
"A practical joke," said Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, "was played on me last season. I had my revenge, though. The practical joke took the form of a telegram. It was a telegram from a friend of mine traveling in Italy. It came 'collect'; it cost me \$7 and when I opened it all I read was: 'I am well.'"

"To get back on my friend for playing such an expensive trick on me I went out into the road and found a cobblestone. I wrapped this stone in an excelsior and pink paper, sealed it up in a handsome box, and sent it by express 'collect' to my friend abroad. It cost my friend \$8 for the box, and on opening it he found, along with the stone, a note from me that said: 'On receipt of the news that you were in good health the accompanying load pulled off my heart.'—New York Tribune.

The Hired Man Problem.
This question is becoming a more serious one each year. Many young men are buying land and making farms for themselves. In discussing this matter a writer in Wallace's Farmer says:

There are more sides to the hired man problem than there should be. In the first place, there are men on both sides that are not satisfied with justice.

The hired man should be satisfied to do just what is right, and his employer should be satisfied if he gets just service from his man. Then if each can encourage the other to do a little better in cases of emergencies both should be satisfied. But the hired man who has to spend his time in town until a late hour for three or four nights in the week and has to have several lost days in a month will be in very poor shape to give his employer satisfaction.

On the other hand, the farmer that wants his man to work from four o'clock in the morning till eight or nine at night with only time to eat his three meals per day should not have any hope. I was a hired man "way back in the '90's, and know whereof I affirm.

Also I have hired considerable help in the last thirty-five years on the farm. I have also had many men under me in the building business in the last thirty-four years (I am a mechanic as well as a farmer), and I know there is a great difference in men on both sides.

Last summer I let my sixteen-year-old boy work out eight months, and as it was his first season away from home he probably did about as other young men in his work, but he only had three days' lost time—on one of these days he was sick.

He saved and brought to me \$80 to pay on a small farm which he will have clear of debt in four years more, when he is twenty-one years old, if he does right the next four years. Hired men could save good money if they would. They do not realize what the small sum of \$50 per year will amount to in forty years at six per cent. compound interest, keeping the interest and principal working together and adding each year another \$50. But it would buy a good farm home of 120 acres at \$50 per acre, stock it with fifteen good cows, two or three good horses and all necessary farm machinery.

There are thousands of men who have been throwing away the \$50 per year for the last forty years that now would be glad to have forty acres and a common team and two or three cows.

Time For Feeding Mash.
An Indiana Farmer reader writes us, asking when is the best time to feed laying hens warm mash. This question is now being warmly contested by a number of experienced breeders and we believe the majority of them prefer feeding the mash at night. Personally we much prefer feeding mash at night, from the fact that if fowls are fed a warm mash in the morning they are likely to become gorged with food early in the day and then take to the roost, which promptly produces sluggish, lazy, over-fat hens, and lays

a grain ration in the morning in litter and the hens are required to scratch and work for their food all day long, which gives exercise, and exercise produces health and warmth; health produces eggs and eggs produce a profitable flock of fowls. Hence I can not see any question as to the proper time to feed warm mash to laying hens.

Beyond a reasonable doubt evening is the proper time to feed the mash; but some object to feeding mash at night because it becomes quickly digested and the birds have not sufficient food to last during the long winter night. But this trouble can be quickly overcome by feeding corn or other grains in the feeding hopper promptly after the mash meal has been served, which only enables the fowls to get a limited amount before nightfall, assuming that no trouble will arise from over-feeding grain, but promptly puts the fowl in constant exercise, which gives most satisfactory results. There is no question in my mind, however, but that if layers are fed mash at night and grain in litter in morning there would be but little doubt but the average farmer would receive a reasonable number of eggs and especially liver trouble and other troubles arising from over-gorging fowls with soft fattening foods.—J. C. Clipp, in Indiana Farmer.

Small Pen For Hogs.
Here is a plan of a pig pen of suitable size to accommodate two brood sows and the fattening litters from these. The pen is to be built of stone and to stand east and west.

In the accompanying plan there is provision for a partition in the brood sows for the little pigs to go in to feed; the partition is one foot from the floor so that the pigs can go under to be fed separate from the sow. The trough should not be over four inches high for the little pigs; the other troughs should be six inches high.

The windows in all the pens can be placed above the doors—that is, the upper part a window, and the lower

The Farm

Improving the Corn Crop.

The testing of seed corn is very important and no farmer should plant seed of doubtful germinating quality. Good seed should give a test of ninety-five per cent, or above and show vigorous germination. When purchasing seed corn, the farmer should insist on its being shipped in the ear. It may be difficult to get it from our seedmen at this time, but they must be educated to the fact that the scoop-shovel method of selecting seed corn is not the method desired by farmers. Practically all the seed corn will soon be put on the market in the ear, as the time has arrived when the corn growers insist on having their seed corn shipped in this way.

The greatest immediate improvement in the corn crop will probably be brought about by grading up promising varieties already grown within our State. By testing other varieties that seem especially adapted to our soil and climate, we may secure some standard varieties that will be of great value to our farmers a few years hence.

The greatest advancement in corn growing in other States has been brought about by the individual farmer planting from year to year the same variety of corn and practicing right selection of seed ears. It seems advisable for the farmer to have a portion of the corn field for his seed patch. This may be one of several acres, but must be that portion where extra care has been exercised in the selection of seed. From time to time during the growing period, the farmer should carefully study the plants of this portion of the field, remove or detassel the barren stalks, and note the uniformity of stand and character of the plants in general. At the time the tassels begin to turn yellow, if the farmer will occasionally go through his seed patch and try a string around each ear he desires he can select ears of early maturity and at the same time study the character of the stalk and mark ears only that grow upon vigorous stalks with medium shanks and having other desirable characteristics. He may desire to grow a good fodder corn, as well as grain-producing corn, hence should pay considerable attention to the leafiness of the plant. Some farmers make a mistake by going into the field and picking the early ears and retaining them for seed. The ear should merely be marked and then left until fully ripened. It can then be distinguished from the other ears by the string previously tied to it.

By selecting each year from our seed patch one or two hundred ears in this manner, supplemented by the test for uniformity and high oil and protein content, we will have valuable corn for use on our farm the following year. The corn for the general crop should be also selected from that portion of the field that has been planted with this carefully selected seed, but we do not need to spend so much time on the selection of that seed as on that which we desire to plant for our special seed patch.—Prof. R. A. Moore, in Massachusetts Ploughman.

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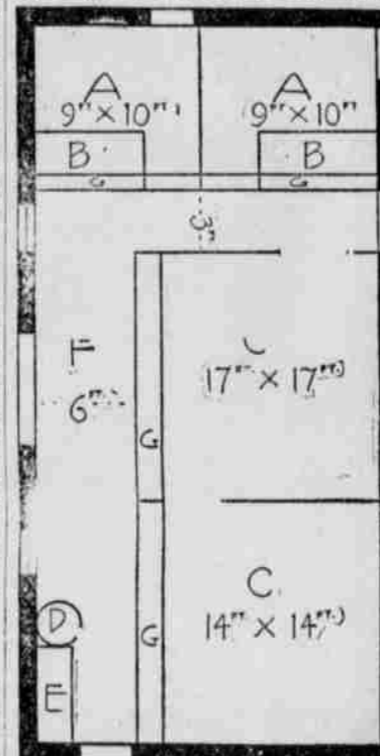
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GROUND FLOOR PLAN.
A, brood sow pens; B, pens for litters to feed in; C, pens for fattening hogs; D, water barrel; E, feed box; F, feed alley; G, troughs.

part a door. It is a good plan to hang the doors on hinges at top, so they can swing either in or out, so that the doors will always remain closed and pigs can go in or out at any time. If the doors are required to be kept open all the time they can be hung up by a wire to the joist. By having a windlass above the feed alley it can be used for a slaughter room, and when not used as such it may be closed by having trap doors above.

The Culture of Asparagus.
There is no reason why any one having suitable land for gardening should not grow his own asparagus. If "sets" are not procurable, he may easily raise it from the seed. Being a slow plant to come up, he will do well to mix them with radish seed and sow in drills. He can then tell where to cultivate and thus prevent weeds from getting the start of young asparagus plants. In other words, the radishes will do double duty, by first serving as a guide and afterwards making good table vegetables. When one year old, the asparagus plants may be transplanted to the permanent bed. This should be done by plowing out trenches eight inches deep and about three feet apart. Having sprinkled in the bottom of them from one to two inches of well rotted manure, cover with about one inch of soil, on which set the plants eighteen inches apart, with their roots well spread out in all directions, and cover them with two inches under the surface. Cultivate and hoe frequently, and as the plants grow, fill in around them until the trenches are even with the surface of the garden. In the fall all the top growth wants to be cut and burned, and the bed then covered with a heavy coating of fine, well-rotted manure, to be carefully forked into the ground early the next spring. The second season clean cultivation should be given, and the top dressing of manure repeated again in the fall. The third spring some of the crop may be cut for use, provided it is painstakingly done and not continued too late in the season. Cutting off all growth and top dressing with manure should, of course, take place again late in autumn. And as a spring top dressing for the bed, potash salts are excellent both as a fertilizer and having the ability to assist in holding moisture, including the extermination of a large number of weeds, while doing no harm to the asparagus. Salt alone will do likewise, except that it furnishes no fertility. A light soil, well enriched, is preferable on which to make the bed, but if a heavy soil is thoroughly under-drained and deeply plowed, it will answer just as well and, indeed, may continue to produce a crop longer than the one on a light soil.—Fred O. Sibley, in The Epitomeist.



New York City.—The loose coat has certain advantages over every other sort and is greatly in vogue at the



Embroidered Waists.
Women who are skilled in embroidery are employing their talent for the decoration of shirt waists and tussore silk is a most effective medium. One such waist recently embroidered by a clever artist is a pale blue green in tone and sea weed is the decorative motif, being carried out in shades of sea green and pale pinkish brown. The waist buttons in the back and the front, cuffs and collar are embroidered in the sea weed design.

Novelty in Linen.
A novelty in linen is the three-quarter coats of all-over broderie anglaise. One of these seen recently was belted at the waist line and was fastened with large black velvet buttons. There was a touch of black velvet ribbon on the front of the blouse, and the gauntlet cuffs were edged with velvet.

Tulle Hats.
Very dashing are the black and colored tulle hats on braid foundation. The shapes approximate to the small, short-back sailor, and the tulle is put on in huge ruffles and rosettes.

Fancy Blouse Waists.
The waist that has a chemisette effect makes one of the smartest and best liked of the season, and renders possible many attractive combinations. This one is adapted to almost all seasonable materials and would be equally effective in soft silk and soft wool, with the chemisette either of lace or of embroidered muslin, but in the illustration, shows pale green messaline satin combined with ecru lace over chiffon only, and trimmed with bands of taffeta. The long lines given by the box pleats at the front mean a slender effect to the figure, while the shirring

moment, both for the separate wrap and for the costume. This one is designed for young girls and is adapted to all the fashionable suitings, Siellian, silk, voiling and linen, but as illustrated is made of dark blue mohair, with the collar of silk, and is simply stitched with corticelli silk, the skirt being made to match. The flat collar makes a most satisfactory finish for the neck and the double breasted closing allows of using the handsome buttons, which are so much in vogue and which always add to the effect, while the pockets made with flaps are among the smartest of all smart things. The back can be either plain or seamed at

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



at the shoulders provide fashionable folds. The sleeves are among the very latest and are so shirred as to avoid excessive breadth of figure.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted foundation, which can be cut away beneath the chemisette and cuffs when a transparent effect is desired. The closing is made invisibly at the left of the front, and there is a softly draped belt which also is closed at the left side.

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

Hats of the Season.
Straw leads the way, and there will be much clip as the season proceeds. The fashionable straw is hard and somewhat rough, made up in broad pleats, and the shapes in these do not yield to the head. Tricorons and those with the sides quite distinct, one turning up, the other not, are features, says the London Queen. Roses and violets blend well together. It is fascinating, entirely composed of flowers. The hats that Marie Antoinette is represented as wearing at the Trianon have been revived, encircled with roses, and these are often large, some after the turn-down mushroom order, some flowing outward at the side. Some of the turned-up brim of toques are covered with close-set roses, the leaves of the flowers employed for the crown, and many are lifted from the head by a double row of roses at the back. We have roses of every hue, possible and impossible—the milliner is no botanist.

The Belt Craze.
No accessory of dress is made more of lately than the belt. The craze for ribbons is partially responsible, but every variety of linen belt and girdle is also being shown. A new idea is to have a matching stock and belt in two colors of linen. Blue and white is the prettiest combination, but all colors are to be had.

at the shoulders provide fashionable folds. The sleeves are among the very latest and are so shirred as to avoid excessive breadth of figure.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted foundation, which can be cut away beneath the chemisette and cuffs when a transparent effect is desired. The closing is made invisibly at the left of the front, and there is a softly draped belt which also is closed at the left side.

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

Hats of the Season.
Straw leads the way, and there will be much clip as the season proceeds. The fashionable straw is hard and somewhat rough, made up in broad pleats, and the shapes in these do not yield to the head. Tricorons and those with the sides quite distinct, one turning up, the other not, are features, says the London Queen. Roses and violets blend well together. It is fascinating, entirely composed of flowers. The hats that Marie Antoinette is represented as wearing at the Trianon have been revived, encircled with roses, and these are often large, some after the turn-down mushroom order, some flowing outward at the side. Some of the turned-up brim of toques are covered with close-set roses, the leaves of the flowers employed for the crown, and many are lifted from the head by a double row of roses at the back. We have roses of every hue, possible and impossible—the milliner is no botanist.