WOMAN AND FASHION

New Five Hundred Button Dress. Decidedly the most radical creation of fashion was exhibited by Miss Elizabeth A. C. White at the opening of the dressmakers' convention at Masonic temple, New York. It was a Pari sian gown of ecclesiastical design having 500 buttons. In fact, there was such a buttony effect on all the exhibits that when several inquisitive men wandered into the exhibition and be-



GOWN WORN BY MISS WHITE.

held their wives take a fancy to the gowns with the many hundred buttons they fled in dismay.

This style of gown is said to have met with success in Paris. If it becomes popular in this country it will serve to relegate Colonel Hooker to the background, for even with the most nimble fingers and with the aid of a button hook it takes over an hour to button the dress.

The buttons begin at the neck and wander up and down, finally ending with a flourish at the end of the train. The particular gown with 500 buttons was made of Salome silk.

The Question of Collars.

There has been so much talk about the elimination of the turnover linen collar that girls are interested to know just how the matter stands. The shops say they have sold as many this season as ever before, but the wide preference is given to the transparent collar. The stiff mannish one, no matter how handsome, has been relegated to second place.

Irish lace, real or imitation, and point de venise, which is a filet lace. are both used and give quite a smart touch to any kind of blouse.

blouse than a color does.

In the cause of cleanliness it should be detached that it may be sent to the wash after a day's wearing.

If a girl adopts the fashion of stocks rather than collars she should make two at least for each blouse.

The Ultra New Hat.

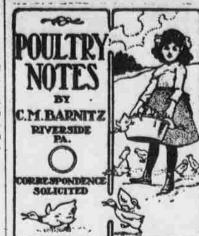
In the millinery openings the hat shown in the sketch has a dominant place. That it is ugly no one doubts, That it is fashionable every one accepts. This one is of ecru straw, rather loosely plaited and open. It is lined with pink silk, as it is quite the fash-



UGLY, BUT SMART.

ion to put a colored lining in a straw hat of open weave. There is a wreath of wide open pink roses at the base with very little foliage between them. At the left front is a scanty black aigret caught under one of the roses. This hat is worn without a veil and has a false crown which goes straight across the hat with a slight opening in the

Wider Skirts In Vogue. Skirts all show a tendency to widen, this effect being obtained either by panels of narrow plaits running to the waist in front or back or in godet folds set in at intervals around the bottom. In one model these folds, which are formed of a pointed piece of material with blas edges, are repeated at the bottom of the long redingote, each fold being braided in heavy soutache in a wide conventional pattern.



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SHIP THE BOYS: GRANDPAP'S READY.

Mutilda, when you git to town Lay in some colic cure ur Susan Ellen jist writ down Her boys are comin' sure.

Them kids will climb the apple tree An' cat green apple snits. They'll double to a horseshoe curve An' git the cramps an' fits.

Be sure to buy some camphor, too, An' git the very best.
Them boys, you bet, will git bunged up
In fightin' hornets' nests.

Yes, git some real strong arnica.
I fear that yaller mule
Is apt to kick our Susan's kids
When they around him fool.

An' no an' see ole Dr. Brown About our gran'sons' comin'.
Tell him he'll have a job or two
When they git things to humn

Tell him to git a ready on To come out on the fly. He'd better keep his hoss hitched up To git here offul spry.

Fur when our John an' Henry come There's surely somethin' doin'. They've got us laughin' till we cry Or else they've got us stewin'.

But I wouldn't give a burned red cent Fur boys that ain't like colts— A-kickin', rippin', roarin' round Like human thunderboits.

THE SINGLE COMB BLACK MI-NORCA.

If you breed pure Black Minorcas you certainly should be mobbed for eggs at a bon ton price, for these perfectly built egg machines do lay beautiful big white eggs.

Why, it's nothing for a fancier with a correct strain to get 180 eggs per hen per year, these eggs averaging six

to eight to the pound. You're just right, the S. C. Black Minorca man will be in it when eggs

are sold by weight. The S. C. Blacks weigh one pound more than the Rose Comb Blacks and the Whites, and their history is traced back over 100 years to the isle of Minorca, in the blue Mediterranean.

Here's a chance for those folks that want great layers, but discard Leghorns because they can fly over a church steeple and aren't larger than a skeeter (not a Jersey skeeter) when

you come to eat 'em. Minorcas are built somewhat on a Leghorn style, weigh nearly twice as much, are not so restless, lay as many eggs by weight, and their juicy, tender, close fibered, pink flesh is declared by epicures to be as sweet and

succulent as turkey. S. C. BLACK MINORCA WEIGHTS.



THE STOLEN NEST-MODEL MINORCA SHAPE.

This beautiful hen is a perfectly shaped egg machine as she stands guard over her nest of big eggs, hidden among the fragrant ferns and flowers.

Are you a Minorca enthusiast? Can't plame you for shouting for a breed that has been a favorite for over a century.

Nete following particulars in breeding: Male should have medium long, deep head, carried high; firm, large, straight, even six long pointed single comb following nape of neck; dark hazel eyes, black beak, red face and long, round wattles; large white almond shaped ear lobes, broad, sloping back, broad chest, full round body, stout thighs, long, strong, dark slate shanks and toes, tail medium size, moderately spread, carried at an angle of forty degrees, and plumage shining greenish black.

For hens breed like our illustration, and you'll win cups "like all creation."

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

It's a mighty careless squab breeder who allows rats to multiply, overrun the pigeon plant and mangle the breasts of poor, defenseless squabs. This is the case when sills ale right on the ground instead of two feet above.

The hopper that prevents fowls from wasting feed has not been invented. Our main objections to hopper feeding of ground feed are: Rainy weather molds the feed, chickens scatter it on the ground and also carry it to the water vessels and the water gets sour.

POINTERS FOR EGG FADDISTS. Some persons really believe that the rolor of an eggshell controls the quality of its contents.

But, no; the age and surroundings of the egg and the health, feeding and environment of the hen decide the matter.

Boston wants brown eggs, New York wants them white, while some customers wish both colons.

Fortunately for the egg farmer there are twenty-nine breeds with eightyfour varieties that lay these colors, so if you are an egg faddist and are selecting hens to lay your favorite color just select from the following list, and you'll get what you want: Breeds that lay white eges: Anco-

nas, Andalusians, Crevecoeurs, Games, Hamburgs, Houdans, La Fleche, Leghorns, Minoreas, Polish, Red Caps, Silkies, Spanish, Sultans, Sumatras,

Breeds that lay brown eggs: Brahmas, Buckeyes, Cochins, Dominiques, Dorkings, Faverolles, Indian Games, Javas, Langshans, Malays, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds,

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS Q. Will you please solve a hard puzzle for me? My white chickens will get yellow. If I buy the whitest birds in the fall they stay white till spring. Then, when turned on range, in a few

months they are yellow and spoiled do likewise. for show. I send you feathers from the same fowl, plucked in winter and summer, and you can see the difference. My birds are shaded and get no yellow corn. If you can give the cause you will be the first.

A. Send gravel from your farm to chemist. It likely has an excess of iron that affects the plumage. Sorry, but fear you must change location or variety. Better change from White to Buff Rock.

Q. Will you please inform me what White Wyandotte eggs should weigh? How do you keep your Wyandottes white? Do you wash them for county fairs?

A. We notice an egg schedule in Farm Poultry gives 23.5 ounces to the dozen. This is without doubt correct for the strain from which eggs were secured, but we have a number of hens whose eggs weigh two pounds to the dozen. Our Dottes are the silvery shien stay white kind. Not always. When head, breast and legs only are solled we wash those parts only. Remember, fairs come at molting time. and you must be careful, for a cold then often kills.

Q. Can you tell why I can't batch two chicks from a double volk egg? I tried six last summer and failed.

A. The main reason why two chicks cannot be hatched is because there isn't enough air for two in the shell. Q. Why do my chicks come from the shell weak, thin and smeared with egg?

A. It is likely the fault of your incubator. The heat has not been even and up where it should be. Hence a chill affects intestines of chick, they do not draw in yolk, yolk smears chick, and chick, not getting yolk, is If you have run machine acthin. cording to rules you had better throw it out, for both machine and chicks are N. G.

Q. Can you tell me how to get a larger proportion of pullets than males in hatching? A. We have found more pullets come

from matings where the sexes are

DON'TS.

Don't be like John Bughouse, who raises every variety of lice.

low, or off with the rats the corn will

Don't keep wheat in the heat. The weevil will hatch, destroy your feed and overrun the place. Don't feed strong smelling meat

scrap or tainted meat and cut bone. That brings deadly limberneck. Don't think you know it all. You will surely get a fall, and then you'll feel so small.

Don't forget to put up booths for shade, and always keep the water vessels in a cool spot.

Don't neglect to sow sunflower seed. It will beautify your place and add to the ration. Don't publish your failures or hang

your profits "on everybody's nose." Plod to prosperity. Don't fail to provide for next winter's cut clover crop. It cortainly is

the tonic to make the eyes drop.

Don't spend your time criticising the other fellow's stock. If yours is so superior, why doesn't he buy a block? Don't forget to mark your chickens

with a web punch. If stolen you can easily identify them by your mark. Don't feed your young turkeys any salted meat. Like sour cornmeal, it is their finish.

Don't let mice lodge in the pigeon nest. It means cold eggs and deserted Don't let the clucks eat cut bone,

clucks is very rash. Don't let the pigeons bathe in the

crealin in for lice. breds, nor sell bum Dottes, Rocks nor Reds.

but "Honesty the only policy." Then rocks had been left I would have writyou'll not be a skinner, but a first prize business winner.

Don't breed a Barred Rock just for fine feathers. We like juley breast meat and fat drumsticks.

Don't buy high priced strioins at throw in the farm." 20 cents and sell chickens to the Mr. Ellwood grinned appreciatively. butcher at 12.

How They Struck Oil

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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AD Cleely's aunt died and left her the farm in midwinter, when the mercury stood at zero and the wind was howling around the street corners, it is more than probable that the outcome would have been different.

But the news of her inheritance reached her early in the spring, when the buds were swelling on the trees and the corner groceryman was selling radishes not as big as the end of your thumb for 5 cents a bunch-five in a bunch. It was the radishes that finally decided Cicely. She had read of women who had made fabulous sums out of just such radishes, together with lettuce and peas and new laid eggs and young broilers. Cicely was filled with a strong desire to go and

She resigned from the ki > garten where she taught, and she induced her dearest friend, Madge Carton, who worked in a downtown office, to do likewise. Madge had been born on a farm, so naturally she would be a most desirable partner in the chicken

raising and truck gardening industry. On the journey Cicely was dreamy and pensive. Occasionally she wept a little. She had never liked her aunt and she had fancled her dislike returned with interest. Now she suf-

fered the pangs of remorse. When after two days and nights of travel they reached the farm she wept again, tears of good, honest rage.

"I always knew Aunt Harriet disliked me," she wailed, "but I didn't suppose she hated me like this."

The outlook was certainly discouraging. The farm was for the most part rocks, the kind that go deep down under the surface and multiply as they go. The house was no bigger than it should be to shelter two people and no better than it had to be to keep from tumbling down over their heads.

Madge undoubtedly would have wept, oo, had she not recognized the necessity for at least one of them keeping up a good, stiff front.

When Cicely's angry sobs had subsided into pathetic gulps they started on a tour of investigation. Flowers or shrubbery there were none and but one tree, a forlorn and stunted maple with a few sickly green leaves struggling out on its bare branches. Half a dozen bedraggled fowls were scratch ing about its roots, and a dejected mule was biting at its lower branches. He was thin and hungry looking, but in him Madge saw possibilities.

"He's our only hope," she "We'll fatten him up and sell him. Perhaps he'll bring enough to get us back home."

Cicely sniffed dolefully, and they went back to the house. At the back door they found a man waiting for them. He said his name was Victor Ellwood and that he lived on the farm next theirs. He was a young fellow, tall and broad shouldered. His hands were the hands of one who tolls, and his face was tanned by sun and wind. But his eyes were humorous and kindly, and his smile warmed you through Don't lay those cornerib sills down and through. His arms were full of for favor. His own little place took suggestive brown paper packages.

"Some groceries the last people left here," he explained, "I took them home with me for-er-safe keeping. He was drawing somewhat upon his magination, but the two girls, lonely



"OH, YES, I KNOW," SAID MADGE.

grass and soft mash. Such feed for and homesick and hungry, blessed him for his kindly tact and forethought. "They told me in the village," he same water twice, and be sure to put went on, "that you had come." His eyes rested on Cleely, small and sien-Don't expect culls to breed thorough- der and dainty as a Dresden shepherd-"It's a shame," he blurted out indignantly, "a howling outrage! If Don't say "Honesty the best policy." I had known to whom this pile of

> Clealy's lips began to quiver, and Madge hastily interposed.

ten you not to come."

"We're going to fatten up the mule," she said, "and sell him for money to go back on. And," she added, "we'll

The only hope has played us a shabby "That's a good scheme," he said. "And while he's being fattened wouldn't you like to make him self supporting?" "Yes." said Madge, "we would, par-

ticularly if he has a large appetite."

"Then," said Mr. Ellwood, "with your permission I'll take bim home with me. You see," be explained, "I have a lawn, and if he'll eat the grass for me it will save cutting it."

Madge thanked him and invited him to stay for supper. In view of the fact that he had furnished the supper she could not well do otherwise, even had she so desired, which most emphatkeally she did not.

He looked at Cicely a good deal while they ate-Cicely was very good to look upon-but his conversation was addressed for the most part to Madge. As a matter of fact, it had to be that way. Cicely's accumulated woes pressed so heavily upon her that she was utterly incapable of anything beyond an occasional subdued "Yes" and

Madge, however, chatted gayly. To her mind the situation was decidedly tolerable and growing more so every minute. And when next she looked upon the bleak vista of rocks that made up the immediate landscape she found it almost attractive.

. . . "The only hope," observed Madge, "has come home again."

Cicely joined her in the doorway. "And he's thinner than ever," she declared pessimistically.

Then Mr. Ellwood came into view He was doing an elaborate imitation of a man who has been running fast. "He got loose," he panted. "And I've been following"-

"Yes," Madge broke in genially. "I know you have. I've been watching you down the road for the last five minutes." She waved a hand toward the mule. "I never in all my life," she said, "saw anybody so reluctant to take advantage of a handicap. How on earth did you induce him to get here first?"

Mr. Ellwood had the grace to blush. "It-it's a very warm day," he stammered, tactfully trying to shift the conversation to a safe topic of general Interest.

"It is," Madge agreed. "And I don't believe so much exercise is good for the mule. Besides, it will take a lot of your time to lead him home with you every night and dri-follow him back here every morning. Why don't you bring his meals to him?"

"Every day?" inquired Mr. Ellwood hopefully.
"Well, I really think he ought to be

fed every day, but I'll leave that to you. Cicely, who wondered miserably at her friend's high spirits, had retired into the other room, mopping her eyes, "She doesn't like it," Madge observed confidentially to Mr. Ellwood.

"And no wonder," he rejoined sympathetically. "You're going to stay?" he added. 'We must," said Madge, "for we've

no money to get away on. And anyway," she added after a moment's pause, "I believe it isn't going to be half bad."

"If I can help it," said Mr. Ellwood heartily, "it's not." He was as good as his word, and better. For Cicely he brought a ham-

mock and flowers in pots and many little comforts that helped to render her life more tolerable. He treated her as might an elder brother a lovable but incapable sister.

But Madge was his comrade and friend. She had assumed the burdens Cicely was incapable of bearing, and he very naturally thought her the owner of the farm. He liked her pluck that wrested her hardly won garden from the rocky soil and her sturdy independence that always returned favor on an added value because she had approved it. He gave the house a new coat of paint and planned when the crops should have been imrvested to build a bigger porch. And he evolved little conveniences for the kitchen, shelves and closets and a flour bin, things of which his masculine housekeeping had not felt the need. He whistled as he worked, and before him there was ever a girl's face, a laughing face growing daily rosler and more sunburned-and happier.

"The only hope," observed Cicely complacently, "is certainly growing fat. If we could sell him by the pound as they do 'beef on the hoof,' I think they call it, we'd get quite a lot for

him." "He's too fat," Madge objected. "He looks stuffed. I think you feed him too much, Cicely. If Mr. Ellwood were at home I'd ask him to take a look at him. I'm quite certain his eyes ought not to have that glassy stare."

Later in the day the only hope succumbed.

"I don't really blame him for dying." said Cicely, who was weeping over the remains. "I suppose he was just naturally tired and discouraged and didn't care whether he lived or died-I've felt that way myself-but I do think it was most inconsiderate of him."

"He might at least," said Madge, "have gone off and done it somewhere else. Then we could have pretended he wasn't ours. As it is, we'll have to bury him, and how on earth we're ever going to dig a hole big enough to hold him I'm sure I don't know.'

'We'll leave it to Mr. Ellwood." Cicely suggested. "We can wait till he gets back." "I suppose we can," said Madge, "but

there are reasons why the only hope cannot. I'm going to the village to secure expert assistance." It was growing dusk when she re-

turned. She was dusty and disheveled,

but in her eyes was the light of triumph. "I have exchanged half the chickens," she announced, "for a stick of dynamite and a man to set it off.

class funeral, little as he deserves it." The next morning the man came, bringing the dynamite. The explosion rent the rocks and shattered all the

windows. Then things began to hap

"There's such a peculiar oder," said Madge, who was first to venture out of doors. "Don't you notice it, Cicely?" But Cicely, divining what had happened, thrust her friend aside and sped on ahead. Madge found ber staring down into a ragged hole from which there oozed up something that decidedly was not water.

Cicely turned and threw herself into the other girl's arms.

"Oh, Madgel" she cried hysterically. "Oh, Madge, we've 'struck ile!' The only hope has saved us!"

"It'll make you a mint of money," said Mr. Ellwood glumly.

"You don't seem at all glad," said Madge, who always went straight to the heart of things,

"I'm not," said Mr. Ellwood bitterly. "You'll be rich, and you'll go away.



I'm a beast and a cad, and I know it, but I can't help it. I don't want you to be rich. I was glad you were poor, All summer long we've worked to-gether and helped each other. And I wanted it to go on just that way, for I loved you, Madge, and I wanted you to stay-with me. But now"

A cool little hand slipped into his. "I'm just as poor as ever I was," a voice whispered very close beside him. Didn't you know? The farm and the oil and the money are Cicely's. And if you want me, dear"-

Victor Ellwood turned and swept her into his arms. "If I want you!" he said. "Oh, Madge!"

No Wonder He Felt Hurt. John Jeffs, who was remarkable for his large ears, has had a falling out with Miss Esmeralda Strype, toward whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Strype were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap hire for any woman who called

"I can't believe that Miss Strype would call any gentleman a donkey," was the reply. "Well, she didn't exactly say that I

well have said so. She hinted that much." What did she say?", "We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I felt a rain-

was a donkey, but she might just as

pose she said?" "I have no idea." "Well," she said, 'The rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off."-London Tit-Bits.

drop on my ear, and what do you sup-

Had None to Spare.

The boy had been taking plano lessons for just a week. Then his mother went to the musical college, hunted up his teacher and complained that, though her son had received three lessons, he could not yet play a single The instructor politely explained that it was necessary to first teach scales, then exercises and after these were mastered his mother's wish could be gratified. The fond parent was not satisfied, but she concluded to try it awhile longer. At the end of another week she was back again and loud in her denunciation of the teacher and his methods because, so far as she could see, her son had made no advancement.

"Weil, madam," said the exasperated professor, "I can teach your boy some thing, but I cannot give him brains."

"No," answered the mother scornfully, "you poor man, you don't look as if you had any to spare."

Civility of Cornish Folk.

It is pleasant to travel about in the country districts in Cornwall. Few of the people you meet cross your path without passing the time of day. It you ask the way you are invariably answered civilly. You are not told to go straight on and then ask again. No, you are directed with great minuteness of detail as to the proper course you should take. As likely as not, so I have found it, your casually trick, but he's going to have a first picked up friend will say after an elaborate explanation of the right way that you will never find it alone and set off with you to the point you wish to gain .- Antiquary.