

It is somewhat gratifying to note that the proposed new line of steamships between San Francisco and South American ports will be under the American flag.

A special commission created for that purpose has planted and nourished more than 1000 shade trees in the streets of Charleston, S. C., within the past four years.

The rush to the newly discovered gold fields of the Mojave Desert, California, is the wildest stampede which the West has known since the days of Virginia City, in 1870 and 1871.

Russia has the largest military expense—\$258,000,000 a year. England follows next with \$191,000,000, France with \$185,000,000, Germany with \$134,000,000, Austria \$89,000,000, Italy \$65,000,000.

It is said that unscrupulous pot-hunters in Maryland, in their war on ducks, employ a gun about 12 feet in length, with a bore like a cannon, and using from two to three pounds of shot at each discharge. These guns are arranged on swivels in the bow of a punt, and when used against the birds at night, slaughter them by the hundred. The game wardens, however, are doing effective work in stopping the practice.

It was Hawthorne who alluded once to the finished finesse of the practiced politicians as a craft of men "skilled to adjust those preliminary measures which steal from the people, without its knowledge, the power of choosing its own rulers." If, however, suggests the New York Observer, the people would not so generally and deliberately go to sleep while the politicians plot the latter's craft might be greatly circumscribed, if not concluded altogether.

Upward of 35,000 signatures have already been obtained for the Scottish National Memorial to the Queen, praying that in state documents the words "Great Britain" and "British" should always be substituted for "England" and "English." Among the signers of the memorial are the Duke of Sutherland, many peers, many Members of Parliament and more than eight hundred Provosts and other members of the municipal corporations of Scotland.

Is there anything new under the sun? Yang Ya, late Chinese minister at Washington, says that bicycles were in common use in the Flowery Kingdom 2000 years ago, but as women rode them to the neglect of their families the Emperor stopped the manufacture. The bloomers, however, survived, and now that bicycles have come back even in China, there would seem to be nothing in the way of the almond-eyed damsels resuming their interrupted pastime.

Professor Hallock of Columbia college, New York city, has in hand the project of boring into the earth as far as a drill can be driven. Already a depth of one mile has been reached. As the depth increases the wall grows hotter. It is anticipated that natural steam will be encountered, or the walls become so hot that water can be forced down cold and be pumped up in the form of steam, thus furnishing the power of the future. Gas, found near the surface, operates the drilling engines.

"A man receives a certain term of life," Nicola Tesla, the electrician, said recently, "so many hours to pass on this earth—I mean hours when he is alive; awake; I do not count the hours when he is sleeping; I do not believe they are, strictly speaking, included in his term of life. When a man really lives he is dying hour by hour, but when he sleeps he is accumulating vital forces which will make him go on living. In other words, in measuring out our dose of hours to each one of us, the great time-keeper stops his count while we are sleeping. Therefore, the longer a man sleeps the longer he will remain on earth."

H. R. Chamberlin, formerly of Denver, Col., who died recently in England from a fall from a bicycle, was one of the most unique figures in the West. He made a failure of thirty-six branches of business which he tried, and then started to boom western real estate. When his friends next heard of him, instead of being a penniless youth, he was worth \$1,000,000. He started the Chamberlin Investment company in Denver, and, through his speculations, amassed a fortune. He gave lavishly to charity and founded the fourth largest observatory in the world, besides several churches. When he died he owed \$15,000,000.

### I SURELY OUGHT TO KNOW.

I have the prettiest little wife  
You could meet on the longest day;  
Fair as a rose, gay as a lark,  
And sweet as the flowers of May,  
Many a wife is sweet and fair,  
But it's true, and I don't say "No,"  
But I think my wife more fair than all,  
And I surely ought to know.

I have the dearest little wife:  
She is always busy and clean;  
And it's just a joy, when work is done,  
To come to my home at seven.  
The peace, the comfort I have there  
No money on earth could buy;  
I know it's so—I know it's so!  
And who can judge better than I?

I have the tenderest little wife:  
God grant I may never miss  
Her cooing words, her clinging arms,  
Her night and morning kisses,  
Other men have been dearly loved;  
That's true, and I own it so;  
But I have the tenderest wife of all,  
And I surely ought to know.

The summer comes, the winter comes,  
The days and the years go by;  
She's always loving, neat and sweet;  
Who knows that better than I?  
She changes not, whatever wind  
Of good or evil blow;  
I've proved her now for twenty years,  
And I surely ought to know.

I am not born to power or state,  
I've little money to spare;  
Fortune was kinder far to me,  
For Mary was my share—  
Mary and love and joy and peace,  
A calm and a happy life;  
So I would not take the whole round world  
For my darling little wife.  
—Lillie E. Barr, in New York Ledger.

### ABOVE SUSPICION.

"I never meant he should say a harsh word to me," sighed poor little Blanche Everard as though it were a common possibility for stern husbands to speak quietly to meek little wives. "He would not now if it had not been for his mother. I believe Mrs. Everard has hated me ever since I crossed the threshold."

There was a tap upon the door. "A note!" Blanche ejaculated, with a little flutter of surprise, as she took the soiled and crumpled scrap of paper from the boy's dirty fingers and opened it. Inside was written, scarcely legible:

"I believe I am dying. Could you come to me? The boy will show you the way. Don't tell John."

"E. E."

Blanche turned the billet and glanced at the back. It was certainly directed to "Mrs. Everard," and John and his mother were out for the day, so she could not consult with either, and somebody was dying. She guessed who.

It was the middle of the afternoon, and a biting blast outside, but she swiftly donned her fur cloak and bade the little ragged messenger lead the way.

Her face was quite colorless as she returned to her room several hours later, and the sweet eyes were dimmed as with weeping.

"Are you ill?" demanded her husband.

"I am quite well," answered Blanche, meeting his look sweetly, and replying to Mrs. Everard, Sr.'s remark upon her pallor so unconsciously as almost to disarm that lady of the suspicion which she was generally always on the watch to find grounds for. And Lucy had told her already about one note that had taken Mrs. Everard out of the house for several hours in the afternoon.

"It's more than I ever thought you would submit to, John," she remarked to her son in the evening.

"Don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill, mother," responded John, with the least touch of impatience, and thinking remorsefully of the morning's unkindness to his six months' pet. "I dare say the boy came about some charitable business or other."

"Why didn't she tell us where she had been?" demanded Mrs. Everard, Sr., maliciously.

"Perhaps she was afraid of another lecture upon extravagance. There, mother, I think we had better drop this subject."

Four or five days later she followed her son into the library. By sharp watching she had found that Blanche went out every day at three o'clock, returning barely in time for dinner.

John listened quietly while she told him. It was a little odd that Blanche had never spoken of these afternoon promenades of hers, which seemed such a regular thing too; but his conscience had given him more than one twinge lately in connection with his mother's avowed dislike and distrust of his pretty, unretaliating wife. "It's all right, mother, of course," he said, resuming his book.

"Well, then," she said, with an unwonted pleading mingling with the resentfulness of her tone, "if you are so lenient to her, you will, perhaps, have some kindness to spare your own brother," and she gave him a letter which she had been fingering nervously all the time.

John Everard read the letter through, frowning. "It is the old story," he said, returning it to her. "He is out of money and in debt, and he wants us to foot the bills. I told him the last time I shouldn't do it again. Whenever Ned is ready to settle down to some honorable and useful business I'll do what I can for him in the way I've told him. But I'll pay no more debts, and I wouldn't give him more than a crust if he was starving, as long as he goes on this way."

Mrs. Everard dropped the letter into her pocket, as she turned away, and quitted the room with a gloomy countenance. She was as afraid of her stern, eldest son, in a way, as she was fond of her youngest, and she knew there was no appeal from his decision now.

Her son saw her as she passed through the hall, and he glanced at his watch. It lacked ten minutes of three. In about fifteen minutes he heard his wife's light footfall coming

down from her room. As the front door closed behind her his cheeks flushed slightly, and he passed quickly to the window.

He watched her to the nearest corner, and then, snatching overcoat and hat, darted out and followed at a safe distance, feeling very much ashamed of himself, and more, still, as his mother, evidently having been on the watch, emerged from a milliner's shop ahead. She did not see him.

Poor little Blanche had small suspicion that she was followed, as she passed swiftly on, leading her husband and his mother a pretty chase, till she came to what seemed a tenement house of some respectability.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Everard, Sr., as Blanche entered without knocking, and fitted up the uncarpeted stairs. She hesitated an instant, and then followed.

"I can't stay long today, dear," she heard her daughter-in-law's dulcet tones utter. "John is at home this afternoon, and he will be sure to miss me."

Mrs. Everard, Sr.'s eyes glowed with triumph. She was about to burst into the room, when a heavy breath beside her made her look up, and there was John.

"You must think me an utterly selfish being, Blanche," a voice said; "but if you knew how John hates me, and how much reason I have given him—how I long to get well, and show him that I am in earnest about reforming this time—"

The listeners in the hall knew that voice, and one of them, at least, would not be restrained. Breaking from her son's retaining hand, she dashed into the room, and in a second's time was crying and sobbing upon the neck of a pallid-looking, rather handsome young fellow, who sat by the window.

"My own boy! My darling precious Ned!" she sobbed.

John Everard came slowly, and with a very bewildered face, into the room, and Blanche, after the first start, ran to him eagerly.

"You'll be good friends with him, won't you, dear?" she coaxed. "He has been very ill, indeed, and he sent for his mother one day when she was out. The note was directed simply Mrs. Everard, and I opened it, thinking it was for me."

"Shall we begin again?" said John, smilingly extending his left hand. His right arm clasped the wife's slender waist.

"Oh, John, do you mean it," exclaimed his mother, with a cry of joy. "I mean it, if Ned does," John said, gently.

Ned's mother looked towards Blanche. Then she bent gravely and kissed her; and Blanche knew it was to be peace.

Ned kept his word, and few mothers-in-law are fonder of their son's wives than Mrs. Everard is of Blanche.—The Home Queen.

### AN UNHAPPY MILLIONAIRE.

Charles Broadway Rous's Comment on Reported Cures of Blindness.

The wonderful performances of Divine Healer Miller, in the city of Atlanta, have attracted the attention of the lame, the halt and the blind throughout the country. By the simple laying on of hands he is said to have cured deafness, blindness and almost every ill to which flesh is heir. Some of the most prominent people in the Southern city have gone to him and have been cured.

The most remarkable of his performances have been in opening the eyes of the blind and compelling them to see.

The reports concerning Miller's wonderful cures at last reached the ears of Charles Broadway Rous, the millionaire merchant, but he heard of the miraculous cures without hope for himself.

"I have tried everything," he said, "faith cures, divine healers, Christian Science, etc., and I have been steadily getting worse. Two months ago I could see the two pillars in front of my desk; now I cannot see them. I cannot see you; I cannot see her" (referring to his stenographer), and all that I can see is that there are windows yonder. No; I have lost hope."

"Shall you give this man Miller an opportunity to cure you of blindness?"

Mr. Rous settled back in his chair and interlocked his fingers.

"I have announced that I would give a million dollars to the person who will restore my sight," he said. "I mean it. I would give every cent I own to be able to see. I try everything. Hope is the only thing upon which I live. I will communicate with a friend of mine in Atlanta, and if he reports that this Mr. Miller has any faith in his ability to cure me, I will give him the opportunity."

"Will you go to Atlanta?"

"If necessary, yes."

"If he should succeed in restoring your eyesight permanently will you give him the million dollars?"

"Cheerfully! Gladly! I would be glad to start today, old as I am, without a penny, if I had eyes to see with."—New York World.

### Raised Photographs.

Cecil Lawrence has just been showing me a picture of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in the "new photograph." It is a vivid likeness of the Prince, but the startling thing about this new process is that every rise of the feature or dress is reproduced by similar risings in the picture. It looks like an "inflated" platinotype, and reminds you at once of those maps where the mountains swell from the smooth surface. They are very expensive photographs—but they are bound to be a hit. Cecil Lawrence and Mr. Frank McNaughten represent a syndicate, of which, I understand, Lord Rothschild is a member.—London Figaro.

### WAVE SLIDING.

The Successor of the Aquatic Sport of Surf Riding in Hawaii.

An added attraction has been created for visitors at our lovely Waikiki Beach, says a Honolulu letter to the Washington Star. A number of expert native canoeists have been organized into a company for the purpose of treating the visitors to the sport of wave sliding, which is midway between surf riding and snow-hill coasting. A light canoe and an expert paddler are furnished, who will take his passenger out through a passage to the outer surf, where the incoming billows begin to comb over.

Selecting a high wave just on the point of breaking, he lets it rise under the stern of the canoe, at the same moment paddling vigorously, so as to keep from being dropped behind the wave, but balancing the canoe on the exact point on the front of the combing wave where it will be impelled forward at highest speed. A swift rush of a fourth of a mile to the beach may thus be made in a few moments, with the tossing comb of the wave overhanging the stern. The charge for this sport is \$1 an hour, time enough for several repetitions of the ride. Very rarely might one get upset by a careless stroke of the paddle. But the Kanakas are like fish in the water, and never let any one drown. The canoes are hollowed from single logs, beautifully modelled and smoothed, with a light outrigger. This sport is very popular.

The practice of surf riding has become nearly obsolete in these islands. The natives came to prefer horses to surf boards, and are now taking to bicycles. Up to fifty years ago, before horses became cheap, one could find no beach with outer surf near a village where at any time many might not be seen at this play, of both sexes and all ages. With the long, thin board of rounded ends under the arm, they breasted the waves to the outer surf, diving momentarily under each great breaker as it smote down upon them, and so evading its crushing blow.

When outside, watching for a wave at the first moment of its combing, the rider mounts his board, face downward on the front of the billow, and with a few sharp thrusts of the hands and feet gets in motion on the mighty comb, which shoots him forward to the shore. It was a very lively, and to a stranger an exciting spectacle to see the riders thus come flying in on the high green fronts of the great combers, with the water spurting aside from the fronts of their boards as from the stem of a swift ship.

After the first start, which had to be made in a recumbent posture, so as to ply hand and foot in the water, it was usual for all practised operators to rise into at least a crouching posture on hands and knees on the boards. The more skilled would rise to an erect posture, standing on the board as they shot forward, guiding it unerringly by automatic muscular action, like a practiced cyclist, with his arms locked. The "hee hah" or wave sliding, was the favorite sport of royal princes as well as of the common people. In the entrance of the Bishop Museum are two immense planks, carefully shaped to thin edges, which were the favorite surf boards of the royal chiefs at Lahaina sixty years ago. They are made of the cork-like wilivili (weely weely) wood, very rarely found of such a size. Their royal riders were men and women of great stature, like all the chiefs, and averaged 300 pounds apiece.

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### Women as Professional Entertainers.

A few years ago an occasional woman won admiration by setting herself resolutely at work when financial disaster overtook her and hers, and earning a good income by some fortunate accomplishment which she found a way of using to advantage. To the old resources of womanhood in the way of millinery and dressmaking were thus added the possibilities in the way of assisting people to avoid boring one another. The advance made in this direction is shown by the fact that at a dinner given the other evening at a club to women all the entertaining was done by women not of the vaudeville type. One young woman told humorous stories in an effective manner, another gave recitations in dialect, a third whistled, and so on, and in addition the inevitable speeches at a dinner of this character were made by women, one of whom was a lawyer by profession. The entertainment was enjoyed by the guests not only on account of its novel character, but also because of its merits.

Some of the red men were afoot, some on ponies, and others on bicycles. A novel feature of the bicycle brigade was two old squaws, one in the latest cut bloomers and the other wearing only a breechcloth. Each carried a little black-eyed papoose, strapped strongly to its mother's back; and, although the thermometer was hovering between the freezing and zero mark, it had no apparent effect upon their good nature, for all the while the little fellows were busily engaged jabbering at each other in their native tongue.—Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

### Single Breasted Jackets.

A visit to the tailor reveals the fact that single breasted jackets are preferred just now to the double breasted. The short braided Etons are pretty in themselves, but not becoming to everyone. They shorten the figure considerably. The single breasted jacket with a fly front and flat braiding (not hussar frogs) is a good model if you have not many wraps in your wardrobe. If you have more than two purchase one of the braided velvet jackets; they are extraordinarily sweet and generally becoming. On other than black velvet braiding is not advisable. It has been so much used that already it has a wint-y air, suggestive of several months' wear having been taken from it. The unmillitary braided jackets look more spring like and those with strapped seams best of all.—New Orleans Picayune.

### When One Week Old.

Few will believe it possible for a three-months-old child to talk. However, such is the case, and any one can verify the truthfulness of this statement with very little trouble.

The parents of the child are Richard and Frankie Cleveland, colored, living at 17 Short street, and the child has been talking since it was one week old. Hundreds have visited the little wonder and have left the house completely mystified at what they have seen and heard.

The child is a girl, and differs only from other babies in that it can talk as plainly and be understood as distinctly as a grown person. The voice, of course, is naturally weak, but has none of the baby prattle about it. In addition to the child's talking propensities, it seems to be possessed of superior intelligence and gives voice to utterances most astounding, coming as they do from one so young.

Rev. G. W. Martin, a colored preacher who has a church in the vicinity, and a majority of his flock, called at the house to convince themselves of the truth of the rumors which have been circulated concerning the child. The little one seemed to enjoy the presence of the crowd for a while, but, soon tiring, remarked to its mother in a voice audible to all present: "I wish all these folks would go home, as I am tired." The callers took the hint and soon departed.

Officer Baker has also seen the wonderful child, as have many others, and they all tell remarkable stories of the loquacious youngster.—Nashville Banner.

### Folding Beds and Rockers.

We manufacture furniture worth over \$100,000,000 every year in this country. The folding bed, which is 100 years old in Europe, had a prosperous time a few years ago, but is now going out of use. The rocking chair, on the other hand, was almost unknown in Europe ten years ago, and is "little" used there now. It was patented in the United States in 1830, so there is not much chance to build up a family on a rocker. The old Southern beds are the things, with their rope springs which had to be tightened occasionally and their screws which held post and panel together, their canopies of lace and their mosquito bars.—New York Press.



### The Summer Girl's Paradox.

The latest caprice among fashionable girls is to have wrought in silver on the handle of their parasols a fac simile of the owner's writing or her name. The lettering is neither large nor conspicuous, but the fancy cannot be considered in the best taste, since it calls public attention to a detail of personality which should be reserved for one's circle of intimate friends.

### American Women Students Abroad.

A year or two ago the women students at the University of Zurich organized a society whose objects are to promote friendly intercourse, disseminate useful information, and lend a helping hand to new or prospective arrivals. A circular just issued by this society calls attention to the enviable position of women in the University of Zurich, as compared with the German universities. It says, however, that no woman should go to Zurich until she can speak German and has had a thorough college training.

### Some Beauty Hints.

Do not wash the face in hard water. If possible, use filtered rainwater, but as this is not so easy to get, soften the water by artificial means. Half an ounce of California borax, three ounces of finely ground oatmeal may be mixed together in a cheesecloth bag and dropped into a bowl of water. This will soften it, and the complexion will be found much improved in consequence. An ounce of powdered orris root may be added to the mixture, giving it an odor of violets.

To cure redness of the hands, beat together one ounce of clear honey, one ounce of almond oil, the juice of a lemon and the yolk of a raw egg. Apply at night to the hands and cover with old gloves slit across the palms.

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### Squaws on Bicycles.

A band of fifteen or twenty North Carolina full blood Cherokee Indians passed through Mansfield, Mo., the other day, en route to the Indian territory, where they expect to spend the winter among their western brothers and in trying to induce some friendly tribe to sell them a body of land that they can hold in common, as they have become dissatisfied with their allotments back East and desire a change.

Some of the red men were afoot, some on ponies, and others on bicycles. A novel feature of the bicycle brigade was two old squaws, one in the latest cut bloomers and the other wearing only a breechcloth. Each carried a little black-eyed papoose, strapped strongly to its mother's back; and, although the thermometer was hovering between the freezing and zero mark, it had no apparent effect upon their good nature, for all the while the little fellows were busily engaged jabbering at each other in their native tongue.—Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

### The "Girls' School."

The Minnesota girls' school of agriculture is now in successful operation. Its pupils are nearly all country girls, and the instructors are de-

lighted with their intellectual standard, their industry, their progress and enthusiasm. This is not only complimentary to the girls, but goes a long way toward justifying the inauguration of complete co-education in the school of agriculture. This will be the last summer school for girls, for next winter they will attend the regular school for the full school year. Plans have been drawn and other preliminary arrangements made for the immediate erection of a building expressly for the girls, and other necessary steps will be taken to start the school right and make it another decided advance in that practical agricultural education for which Minnesota is both admired and envied. The regents of the university assume the duties and responsibilities that the new department imposes upon them with a determination to make it a success in every respect.—Farm, Stock and Home.

### When You Select Your Shirt Waist.

From the crush at the counters it is fair to suppose, just at this particular season, that every third woman, who enters a store in search of shirt waists, and many and most bewildering are the styles offered to the would-be buyer.

The wise virgins try to find some definite idea of what they want before they leave home, but even in the face of a decided preference, the thing that they have fixed upon is invariably eclipsed by some new device never dreamed of before. But to buy in haste is just as dangerous as to wed in a hurry—you are certain to repent at leisure, and where shirt waists are concerned, late regrets mean dissatisfaction with one's toilet, which is about the sorest trial a woman can have.

The thing, then, is to purchase with care, and a hint or two will not come amiss. First of all, the price must be settled before a single waist is seen, for there are dozens of fabrics, scores of cuts and the figures on the tags run all the way from fifty cents to \$5. If, then, my fair maid or madame, your purse demands for the time that the lower-priced ones are most available, don't waste your time and serenity by turning over the expensive kinds and wishing they were to be had. Go straight to the counter that suits your present need and then begin to look about you. From the first chaotic impression you will by-and-by evolve a clear idea that two-thirds of the patterns are not for you; a few moments more will narrow your choice to a select group, and one or two doubts will at last resolve themselves into a decision, and the waist is yours.

But the material and the color are only some of the things to be thought about; others are the cuffs, the collar, the back, the front, the yoke and the sleeves, every one of which has its importance. Movable cuffs have proven to be a delusion and a snare to most wearers, but adjustable collars have come to stay. The new yoke that comes over the shoulders gives a very pretty effect to some waists, but they are not best for round shoulders, since the tendency is to make the chest look narrow. Some figures look well in full sleeves, and others look dowdy, so it is quite important to know what yours will do. Then there is the choice of buttons or studs, and it is worth thinking about. Lastly, the question, "Will it wash?" and when this and all the other points are covered, the waists bought after such care should be models of beauty and comfort.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Fashion Notes.

Many hats show a combination of black and golden yellow.

Waists of black net show wavy lines of silver running crosswise.

Parasols of chiffon are decorated with deep red artificial roses.

Stock collars combine a frill of the material to fall over the gown.

Shoulder capes of changeable taffeta are trimmed with lace edged frills.

Boleros of white satin are enriched with embroidery and mock jewels.

Skirts of grenadine are draped to show the silk underlap at one side.

A new skirt supporter promises to solve the problem of shirt waists and skirts.

Change purses of leather are now long and narrow instead of nearly square.

Yokes with epaulette finish of finely plaited silk, lace edge, are much sought.

Striking gowns of pure white organdie trimmed with narrow bands of black are seen.

A combination of sage green and black, with cream lace at the neck and wrists is stylish.

A hat of pale green straw, with giant sprouting primulas and shaded ribbons repeating the flower tints, has a charming effect. Flowers are made to imitate nature as closely as possible, and the art of arranging green leaves is more carefully studied.

Many green hats are trimmed with up-standing ends and branches—no flowers.