



Securing Wavy Hair.

A simple contrivance for producing soft waves in the hair is made of rubber in colors to match the shade of the hair. It is flat, about a quarter of an inch at the widest part. At one end is a tiny knob and at the other a small ring, while through the center runs a narrow slit. Through this opening the strand of hair is drawn and the hair wound around the curler. A rubber cord loops into the ring and is pulled over and caught on the opposite knob. The waviness is secured much more quickly than by other methods, and the rubber does not in any way injure the hair.—New York Sun.

Summer Hats.

There are some exceedingly smart hats in a shape that looks like the old-fashioned shepherdess shape, trimmed with flowers, folds of tulle, and light taffeta ribbons. These are very attractive, as are also the hats of pink heather made over pink tulle.

There are two sizes in smart summer hats, one much smaller than has been worn for some time, and another exaggeratedly large. The small one is worn off the face, and is like a toque in shape, and there is something of the French bonnet about it. The large hat is flat, sometimes has the brim turned up at one side, is quite short at the back, and is very elaborate in its trimmings. The pretty boy at the back of the hat is not nearly so fashionable as it was, and is now rarely seen excepting made of lace or velvet, for, strangely enough, velvet is coming in as a fashionable summer trimming.—Harper's Bazar.

She Remembers Ella.

Probably Mrs. Coe of London is the only person living in England who has personal recollections of Charles Lamb, says the New York Mail and Express. More than seventy years ago she was a little girl living at the Widdow water mill, and because of her quickness in catching a mischievous idea she was a great favorite with the genial essayist. Some of her recollections Mr. E. V. Lucas, the well-known Lamb scholar, has transcribed as the result of recent conversations with her. She remembers Lamb's affected conviction that her hair curled up by artificial means, and his repeated warnings at bedtime that she must not forget to put it in papers. To beggars, she says, he always gave just what his hand happened to draw from his pocket. He was fond of treating the village children to candy, his favorite confection being "Gibraltar rock." Here is a pen picture of him as he appeared to the child:

His clothes were rusty and shabby, like a poor dissenting minister's. He was very thin and looked half-starved, partly the effect of high cheek-bones. He wore knee breeches and gaiters and a high stock. He carried a walking stick, with which he used to strike at pebbles. He smoked a black clay pipe. No one would have taken him for what he was, but he was clearly a man apart. He took a pleasure in looking eccentric.

Smart Outing Modes.

Outing gowns are such a prominent part of the feminine wardrobe just now that a few of the very latest and most correct suggestions are interesting.

Of course, all outing gowns these days have a short skirt, not an unbecomingly short one, but just the right length for comfort. Side and box pleated models are the latest, but those with tucks, so stitched that they stimulate pleats while being perfectly flat, are most popular. These tucks run almost to the foot of the skirt, where they are allowed to flare.

In materials, pique, linen, galatea, denim and duck are the most favored wash fabrics. Wash silks; so much cooler than the stuff that need starch, yet bearing laundering quite as well; make ideal outing suits.

Pongee, so fashionable this season, is also found among the desirable fabrics for outing and is now to be had in so many attractive colorings that many very smart suits may be made from it. Gray, dark blue or tan pongee piped in white both looks and is delightfully cool.

While many outing costumes, exceedingly swaggy ones, too, are made perfectly plain, yet braid in two or three flat rows is a much used garniture. Hercules braid is used on the woolsen stuffs, while any one of the innumerable kinds of wash or cotton braids are used on the "tub" gowns. Broad for the moment is better style than stitched bands for trimming. But, touch, are all small, and are of pearl, silver or gilt.

The Home Instinct in College Girls.

The home-making instinct is delightfully evident in the social life of colleges for girls, writes Jeannette A. Marks in Good Housekeeping. All the little Sunday evening suppers in their own rooms from which they rise saying: "Well, hasn't this been quiet and homelike!" and all the attempts to make home out of one or two rooms, are evidences of this instinct. Society houses or society rooms are simply larger efforts to make larger homes. As in the case with any home, these houses which the members of a so-

cleyt build and carry on afford a wholesome problem; the economical making of an attractive place which shall be comfortably furnished and arranged. College girls frequently have means but seldom wealth. There is necessity for economy, and these unfledged home-makers learn to spend money wisely. They do not give five dollars for a two-inch bronze pug dog and ninety-five cents for a flimsy, spindle-legged chair intended for gilding. They discover that durability as well as expenditure is a part of economy.

It is well that these homes are not controlled by the tastes of two or three members, but by the entire society. The advantages of such a republic are many; no bad taste, no eccentricity, no extravagance of furnishing can predominate, and at least a "happy medium" of good taste is the result. Responsibility for such a house, whether it be in the process of evolution or complete, has a direct educational value. The student quickly discovers that she has the latchkey to a house which is Old Dutch, or Renaissance, Italian, or Elizabethan, or colonial in architecture. And she soon learns, too, not only the characteristics of the architecture, but also of the furniture and general arrangements.

Why Women Like Fiction.

Do women find in fiction the romantic element they crave, and perhaps do not find in sufficient quantity in life? How otherwise are we to account for their devotion to novels, without which the story-writer would fare but ill upon the slim diet of an unfilled purse, and the publisher share the disaster? If Mr. Carnegie should be able to keep out of libraries, as he suggested, all fiction under three years old, it might safely be said that the women would be against him—which means that they could not be done. Women like new fiction; they want the book that is "just out." If it is a historical novel, they feel that they are gathering information. Heaven bless them! If it is a romance, pure and simple, they forget over its pages the domestic trials of the morning or the afternoon. It does them no more harm than has been done for countless generations. For women are nourished upon fiction from the days of their birth. Our girls are reared in an atmosphere rarefied and cleared from all impurities. The world is shown them through a rose-tinted glass. "Here, dearest, is a city, a wonderful city of happy homes, of beautiful art, of heavenly aspirants. And these—these are men, noble, high-minded beings who will always guide and teach and protect you. These other are women, lovelier than everything else." And so on. Fiction without discrimination is fed to the girl who looks with heaven-given trust into the eyes of her well-meaning teachers. And when she becomes a woman, the habit has sent its roots into her soul, and she is happy or pensive, she reads fiction. With men it is different; they do not expect from life what women do. When they read novels it is to forget the rigors of business, to enter deliberately a region which they know does not exist. But women can seldom quite believe that it does not exist. To them life is romance. If it does not turn out well, so much the worse for life, and they turn to books, where the happy ending is fairly sure to be counted upon. In women's love for fiction there is something more than superficially apparent.—Harper's Weekly.



Among new ribbons is one of crepe de Chine.

Bands of cloth trim some stylish gowns of mohair.

Sashes of tucked chiffon are dainty touches to wear with thin summery gowns.

Summer negligees of thin lawn are trimmed with wide bands of Valenciennes lace.

Short stole ends finish the front of some of the round turn-down collars, the kind the grandmothers used to wear.

A dainty accessory for the summer evening gown is a sash of tulle trimmed with lace insertion and finished with a lace ruffle.

Black currants and their foliage are used for hat decoration, while a wreath of heliotrope and white poppies makes an effective garniture for a black lace hat.

Batiste comes with flowered borders and with borders of a contrasting shade embroidered in white. Gowns of this are usually made with a double skirt.

Hop sacking is worn to a considerable extent and in the delicate tones makes an especially effective costume. Ivory tinted hopsack patterned with little bunches of violets represents one of the newest designs.

A new wrist bag of silver has a round of silver bracelet to slip on over the hand, and from it two silver chains extend to the bag, which is long and narrow. Another peculiarity of the bag is that on the front of it, and attached to the frame, is a change purse in silver.

The smartest dressmakers are using woolsen laces in profusion for all kinds of lightweight cloth gowns. They are sometimes white, sometimes cream or sometimes match the gown in color, and are found in the form of insets, yokes, trimmings, and even as whole coats mounted on satin or taffeta. It is much like the old fashioned Yak lace, which might be used instead if one chanced to have any laid away.

PIECESFUL SLEEP.

He put a stick of dynamite inside a stove to heat. He didn't dream at all that night. His sleep was calm and sweet. Some of him slept upon the hill. Some of him in the vale. And some beside the twinkling mill That bubbles through the dale. —Portland Oregonian.

HUMOROUS.

"Fly with me!" cried the lover, passionately. "Where's your airship?" asked the practical maiden.

Tommy—Pop, what is an Idealist? Tommy's Pop—An Idealist, my son, is an unmarried man who thinks all women are angels.

Parson—And do you think it is possible to die happy, little boy? Boy—Sure, if yer happen to die from eatin' too much ice cream.

Wigg—Gotrox takes up with all the fashionable fads, doesn't he? Wagg—Yes, I believe his latest is an operation for perityphlitis.

Borrowell—They tell me you are looking for a wife? Harduppe—Well, I'm sort of keeping my eyes peeled for a rich father-in-law.

They were in the shooting gallery. "Did you ever hit a bull's eye?" she asked. "No; but I hit a cow once, and it cost me \$50," he replied.

Muggins—The trouble with my wife is that she doesn't understand me. Buggins—The trouble with mine is that she does understand me.

Judge—What proof have we that this man is absent-minded? Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a watering fountain.

Housewife—You say you wouldn't care how soon the horse becomes extinct. Do you mean the carriage horse? Tramp—No, mum; de saw-horse.

"Is this a good thermometer?" asked the prospective purchaser. Yes, indeed, replied the obliging salesman, enthusiastically. "We guarantee those thermometers never to vary."

Scribbler—I'm disgusted with poetry. Scrawler—What's the matter? Scribbler—I started to write a sonnet to my lady's dimple, and the only rhymes I could get were pimple and simple.

Barber—Shave or hair cut, sir? Customer—I don't care which. I'm feeling lonely today. My wife's away, you know. "I don't understand you," "I just thought I'd like to hear some one talking incessantly."

"Yes," said Mrs. Parvenu, "the Latin motto on our family crest means: 'One good turn deserves another.'" "How appropriate!" exclaimed Mrs. Kestique. "Your grandfather, I believe, was an acrobat in the circus."

"I don't suppose," said the ministerial-looking new boarder, "that you ever think of grace at this table." "Don't we, though?" exclaimed Mr. Flanigan; "sure, there's so much gr'ase on I'veything yez can't help thinkin' av it."

Sillius—That fellow's head over heels in love with his girl. I wonder they've not been married months ago. Cynicus—Probably he hasn't reached the stage where he finds himself more miserable without his loved one than he could be with her.

The boy walked boldly up to his employer's desk. "Boss," he said, twirling his cap, "my grandmother ain't dead, an' I want de afternoon to go to de baseball game." The employer was so amazed that he gave the boy a ticket to the grand-stand and a dime for peanuts. Thus is another traditional jest shattered.

Metaphor of the Sea.

"Let me put in my oar," said a gentleman as he joined three of his acquaintances in the Waldorf-Astoria and cafe the other night and took a seat at a table with them.

"That is about the twentieth metaphor of that sort that I have heard tonight," answered one of the others, "and it seems so very strange that we should borrow so many of our figures from the sea. I never thought of it before, but it is curious. I have never been closely associated with the water, and I don't believe that any of you have and yet we are using sea terms all of the time. They are wonderfully expressive, too, and I don't know what we would do without them."

"You want to put in 'your oar,' a moment ago some one talked about being 'all adrift,' and I admitted that I was 'at sea.' We talk about our 'weather eye,' being 'spliced,' our 'mainstay' and all that sort of stuff. We know what it is to 'cast an anchor to the windward,' to 'back and fill,' to 'steer through,' to be 'taken aback' and to have 'the wind taken out of our sails.' 'We spin a yarn,' try 'the other tack,' 'launch' enterprises, get them 'under full sail,' and often 'wreck' them. We cry for 'any port in a storm,' 'take in a reef,' get to our rope's end,' 'run before the wind' and sometimes 'keel over.' So it goes on until I believe we can talk about almost everything in the language of the sea."—New York Herald.

Their Skins Light Selves.

The blue and green colors of frogs, lizards, certain fishes and other vertebrates have been investigated. A black pigment causes the blue color by what Pouchet called "ceruleescence," or kind of fluorescence, and the green color is due to a mixture of black and yellow pigments. The colored skins seem to serve as sieves for separating useful and harmful light. The useful red heat rays are allowed to pass, but the violet and the ultra-violet, which induce skin diseases or other ill-effects, are reflected.

The average woman can run up a bill without getting out of breath.



Coverings for Polished Tables. If the summer coverings for polished tables are made at home, it should be remembered that a close fitting cover of some soft fabric of the flannel variety should first be fitted over the polished top and corners. The domestic flannel or white cotton flannel is suitable for the purpose. This prevents the stiff holland from scratching the surface, as might otherwise be the case. The high finish of the piano top needs similar protection.

Care of Brushes and Combs.

A girl's idea of neatness is sometimes like the ostrich's idea of concealment—he will hide his head in the sand and rest in the comfort that he has eluded observation. Often girls who wash their hair persistently give never a thought to the care of the brushes and combs. A specialist says that hair brushes should be washed once a week at least, and if used on hair in which there is much dandruff, twice a week is not too often.

The Waste of Summer Lemons.

In using the juice of lemons for the iced lemonade so much in demand at this season, and to give the acid flavor to various summer cookery, there will be quantities of rind and pulp left to go to waste unless one knows how to utilize it. Although the practical housewife of today takes advantage of this season to prepare her stock of candied lemon peel, there is still a certain amount of pulp to go to waste, and this will be found the best possible polish for the faucets in kitchen and bathroom. Simply rub the faucets with the lemon pulp and rinse off with clean water, and they will shine like new metal.

The Rubber Plant.

When in good condition a rubber plant is one of the most effective of house plants, its dark green, glossy foliage being particularly decorative. But it is or appears to be in many cases a difficult matter to keep a plant in full foliage, and benefit of its lower leaves, with scraggly stems topped by dull, yellow spotted leaves, is far from being an object of beauty. An authority suggests the following method of caring for the plant and guarantees successful results if the directions are faithfully followed: "Every spring the plant should be repotted in good soil, each time in a larger pot, and during the summer months kept in the shady part of the house, away from the sun, and watered daily. In winter the plant should be kept in a light place in the house, but should not have too much sun. Once each week the entire pot should be thoroughly immersed in a bucket or tub of water and allowed to soak over night, giving the water ample opportunity to soak to its centre. Next morning take the pot out of its bathtub and allow it to drain a while and do not give it any more water for two or three days; then let it have a drink each morning, until time for its next bath. By carefully following this plan the large, glossy leaves will acquire a beautiful lustre and there will be no trouble with falling leaves."



Maple Ice Cream.—Scald one and a half cups of milk, add one cup of hot maple syrup; add this slowly to the yolks of two well beaten eggs; turn all into the double boiler and cook until the consistency of a soft custard or thick cream; strain, then add one tablespoonful of vanilla and one pint of cream freeze.

Scalloped Tomatoes and Rice.—Scald half a cupful of rice; let it soak for two hours; put in the bottom of a baking dish a layer of stewed tomatoes, then a sprinkle of the uncooked rice; season with salt and pepper, then another layer of tomatoes and rice, and so on, until the dish is full; bake for 30 to 40 minutes in a quick oven.

Pineapple Sherbet.—Peel and remove the eyes from a medium sized pineapple, then grate it. Put in a bowl with two cups of sugar, add the juice of two lemons and one orange, the grated rind of half the orange and one quart of water. Let it stand two hours and run through a fine sieve. Put it in the freezer and when partly frozen add the whites of the eggs and finish freezing.

Scotch Shortcake.—Cream one cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, add two eggs well beaten; one teaspoon of vanilla and work in gradually one pound of sifted flour; turn the dough out on a floured board; roll out; cut in rounds or squares; ornament each with strips of candied lemon peel or sugared caraway seeds; put them in ungreased tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Salmon Curry.—Chop fine half a medium sized onion and fry in one tablespoonful of butter until a little browned; add to it the liquor from the can of salmon and half a cup of water; simmer five minutes, strain and return to the fire; add half a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water, one teaspoon of curry powder, one teaspoon of lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste; when boiling add the fish broken in large pieces.

WING SHOOTING.

Graveyard Errors of Men Who Are Not Used to Hunting.

"Men who are not in the habit of hunting a great deal," said an old disciple of Nimrod, "make the most grievous errors in the matter of shooting at things on the wing, as we say. As a rule, most men who have little experience in such matters, and who never take the trouble to think, shoot too quickly. The fact of the business is, the very things they shoot at fly more slowly than many of the birds of a smaller variety. Observers have made calculations in this country, and in England and France, which show the speed of birds of different kinds, and they have reached the conclusion that there is a deal of deception about the business. Take the humming bird, for instance, the smallest thing in the kingdom of birds—he seems to simply pass like a flash, and yet he does not make the speed of many birds that are larger and more awkward in appearance. It is estimated that the common crow will fly 25 miles an hour. Probably the next lowest thing in the list is the quail, which flies at about the rate of 35 miles an hour. The prairie chicken flies at about the same rate of speed. Duck, elder and wild geese go at a gait of about 40 miles, mallards and canvasbacks reaching an average a little higher, making about 45 miles. Teal ducks over 50 miles in an hour. Carrier pigeons make about the same time. The marten flies at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and the swallow probably reaches the highest average in making 65 miles an hour which is a little above a mile a minute. You can get some idea of the expenditure of muscular energy necessary when you understand that birds in rapid flight must overcome an atmospheric pressure of anywhere from 120 to 130 pounds to the square foot. These averages have been generally accepted by men who have studied the question, and they are no doubt approximately correct. Most men who are without experience and training, in hunting quail particularly, shoot at the first flutter of the wings. They simply shoot at the sound, and miss it, of course. They seem to think the bird is flying so rapidly that it will soon be out of the gun's range. This is a grave and fatal error. There is plenty of time. The thing to do is to keep cool, take aim and fire at your leisure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Result of a Love Fetter.

The following humorous story of how nuptial festivities are sometimes disturbed in Berlin is worth recording. Recently, after the performance of the civil function, at the register's office, and after the pastor had administered the blessing of the church, an engraver and his young bride were sitting with the wedding guests in the parlor of the bride's father, sipping their after-dinner coffee. The bride happened to be of a superstitious nature, and had procured from some old dame, cunning in the dark science, a powder which was to insure the constant love of her husband. The bride surreptitiously produced the packet of powder, and emptied into her spouse's cup, unobserved by him, as she thought. To her pleasant surprise, however, he had no sooner tasted the nauseous draught than he spat it out again, and gave his better half a loud box on the ear. The bride was not accustomed to delicate attentions of this kind, and her brothers resented it by rushing at her husband and giving him a thorough good pummeling. Very soon the fight became general, and tables and chairs were upset in all directions. Finally peace was restored, but the combatants had to get their heads bound up. The young bride was so disgusted, however, that she refused to accompany her husband to their new home, so he had to proceed thither alone, all covered with wounds."—New York Tribune.

Italians in Argentina.

We have no immigration from the north of Europe. All attempts to secure it have failed, for reasons which are not difficult to understand. Immigrants from the north of Europe do not fit in well with the conditions here. The Irish colonists, the American colonists, the Welsh colonists and the Mennonite colonists have all shown that this kind of immigration on any large scale does not prosper, while the Italian does. He is industrious, he is saving, he is a hard worker, he is a peaceable man, he is modest in his demands on the country, he is a family man, and while he may be ignorant, he wants his children to have an education and he affiliates with the native Argentine and identifies himself with the country as no one from the north of Europe does."—Buenos Ayres Herald.

Queer Caravans of Worms.

As D. C. Mismar was passing the Dillsboro bank he saw upon the sidewalk what he thought was a snake about a yard in length and of a peculiar slate color. He struck at the supposed reptile with his walking stick, and was surprised when the "snake" parted in twain. Upon examination it was ascertained that the peculiar looking object was made up of myriads of small, wiry worms, each about an inch in length. The mass was formed exactly like a snake and was moving along about as rapidly as a snail. Later in the day Mrs. Sarah Ketcham, residing north of the town, found a similar mass of wriggling worms in her dooryard.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Horse Census.

The Bulletin des Halles (Paris) estimates the number of horses in the world at 75,000,000, the number of rules and asses at 12,100,000.



New York City.—At this season of the year much attention is given to the making of comfortable house garments and dressing saques. Something cool



LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE.

and loose is most desirable, and yet many women wish them to have a neat appearance also.

A sacque that combines all these requirements is illustrated here, made of white wash silk, with lace and embroidery for trimming.

It is fitted to the figure with backs and under-arm gores, and is plain across the shoulders in front. The neck is cut slightly low and square, finished with a band of lace. The full fronts are gathered at the

are not altogether simple in the making; especially do they take on kinks when one attempts to adorn a flaring flounce with them. This is really enough to test the best of tempers, and the sensible ones get around it by laying on rows of overlapping bias folds. The amateur will find her hands quite full enough with letting a few of these tormentors into the blouse. One thing they eat up an immense amount of material whichever way one manages.

Hand-Painted Ribbons.

Most delectable are the white satin ribbon sashes, hand-painted with graceful bunches of daisies or violets, at the ends and single blossoms scattered artistically over them, or those covered with sprays of the most natural-looking wild roses.

Pretty Little Dangling Ornaments.

Pendant ornaments of all kinds are in high vogue. Very pretty little dangling things are made of taffeta and silk cord and shaped like a fuchsia.

Buckle Fastenings.

A pretty thing in a belt buckle is made of two disks, each a little larger than a quarter, with a fleur de lys in purple enamel.

An Attractive Waist.

Sheer tan batiste is used for this attractive waist, with ecru lace collar and wristbands. It is made over a glove-fitted, featherboned lining of green taffeta that closes in the centre-back.



LADIES' GARDEN PARTY GOWN.

upper edge and arranged on the lace. If preferred beading may be used to finish the neck and upper edge of front and ribbons drawn through the beading, tied in a bow at the neck.

The sacque is trimmed with a band of embroidery at the lower edge. The sleeves are shaped with inside seams only, have comfortable fulness on the shoulders, and have a casing attached about three inches from the lower edge. Elastic run through this casing draws the sleeve close to the arm below the elbow, the lower portion forming a ruffle. Narrow lace is applied over the casing.

Stylish saques in this mode may be made of lawn, Swiss or dimity, with pretty ribbons and lace for trimming. It is also appropriate for albatross, veiling, silk crepe, cashmere or any soft woolen fabric with bands of taffeta to take the place of lace or embroidery.

To make the sacque in the medium size will require three yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

Gown For a Garden Party.

The gown illustrated is made of pale green satin foulard, with spots in a darker shade. It is trimmed with ecru lace and white liberty satin.

The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted featherboned lining that closes in the centre front. The foulard is drawn plainly across the shoulders in the back and displays slight gathers at the belt. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The skirt is shaped with five gores, narrow front and sides, and wide backs, fitted smoothly around the waist and over the hips without darts. The fulness in the centre back is arranged in an underlying pleat at each side of the closing.

To make the waist in the medium size will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with three-quarter yard of contracting material for puffs and plastron, and five-eighth yard of all-over lace.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

Folds Manquerade as Tucks. Broad tucks boost a certain style, but

The green shows through the batiste, lending a pleasing contrast to the neutral tint of the fabric.

Three forward turning tucks are arranged at each side of the centre front. The third tucks are attached from neck to belt to simulate a vest, while the others terminate half way down, providing a stylish fulness that blouses over the green satin belt.

The closing is made invisibly at the centre-back under a box pleat, the waist fitting smoothly in the back and under the arms.

A transparent lace collar completes the neck. These collars are especially popular during the summer, as they are much cooler and more comfortable than those lined with stiffening.

The elbow sleeves are shaped with inside seams and tucked to fit the upper arms closely. The fulness between the point where the tucks stop and the lower edge forms a puff that is gathered and arranged on a narrow lace elbow band.

The mode may be developed in Swiss.



TUCKED BLOUSE WITH ELBOW SLEEVES.

dimity, lawn, organdie or any sheer wash fabric with lace trimmings.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two yards of forty-two-inch material.