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That Italian brigand who has killed off
the judge who tried him, the wit-
nesses who appeared against him, the
jurors who convicted him and the
soldiers who guarded him, ought to go
far in rescuing his profession from its
count-opera condition.

A Kansas Indian claims to be the
original Belgian hair-raiser of the United
States. More than 30 years ago he
met a native of Belgium, owing to
the fact that the latter had been look-
ing the other way. Upon that occa-
sion the first Belgian hair was raised
in America.

Compared with other countries few
papers are published in Russia. A to-
tal of 1779 periodicals is reported, print-
ed in eight languages. Russian ab-
solutism does not thrive where free-
dom of the press is allowed. In this
respect Turkey is only too faithful an
imitator of Russian methods.

The broom-handle seems to have
been the favorite weapon of offense,
said instrument having been wielded
by 186 women. Hair brushes, hat pins,
stove lid lifters and rolling pins figured
conspicuously in the feminine armory,
and even the innocent nursing bottle
was effectively employed by one Ama-
zon.

Uncle Sam launched a new torpedo
boat the other day at Elizabethport,
N. J. It is painted green, and called
the O'Brien. Incidentally it is the first
vessel in the new navy named after an
Irishman. If it lives up to the reputa-
tion of its name it should be a first
class fighting machine. Faugh-a-bal-
lah!

The Japanese are making rapid
strides in their march towards West-
ern culture. The latest innovation is
the formation of commercial schools
for the training of female clerks, and
one of the largest railway companies
in Nippon has intimated that after a
certain date women only will be em-
ployed in the clerical department.

The discovery of the North Pole itself
will settle the problem as to the ellipti-
city of the earth's surface, which en-
ters into every computation of area or
direction. Until the exact figure of the
earth is known no boundary lines can
be run with precision and dangerous
rocks and shoals cannot be indicated
with accuracy. Until then tables in
nautical calculations cannot be
settled.

In a practical article in a current
periodical, a well known specialist dis-
cusses the human eye and how to care
for it. He urges suitable care in the
arrangement of light for reading and
studying both in schoolrooms and in
houses, and points out the future eye-
ills bestowed upon helpless children
through the ignorance of their guard-
ians from infancy and on through
childhood. Babies wearing shadeless
caps and riding in perambulators with-
out parasols, or with those of dazzling
white, the sun blazing into their shrink-
ing eyes, are a daily sight in the
streets. School-children are subjected
constantly to a worse eye strain. Light
should come upon work or book over
the left shoulder, artificial light prefer-
ably from a little above and at the
left. Incandescent light is the best of
the artificial lights. In coal-oil lamps
the variety known as the student's is
recommended.

Train robberies have become so fre-
quent in the West that one railroad, the
Oregon Railroad & Navigation Com-
pany, regards an investment in blood-
hounds advisable. A litter of puppies
has been distributed among the agents
along the line, with instructions to rear
them for the sole purpose of man-catch-
ing.

There are 20,000 locomotives on the
railways of the United Kingdom, and
their cost has been about £60,000,000.

THE PIE HABIT.

In spring men sigh
For cherry pie
To soothe their tastes capricious;
'Tis with delight
They slowly bite,
And say that it's delicious.

But later on,
Ere spring is gone,
They want a change from cherries,
And then they try
The fragrant pie
That's stuffed with luscious berries.

In summer days
The same old craze
For pie a new trick teaches;
With strong desire
Men then inquire
For pastry filled with peaches.

In chilly fall
For pie they call,
But this time it is noted
They want the kind
In which they find
Sweet pumpkin thickly coated.

In winter drear
They persevere,
For pie they still are scheming;
But when it's brought
They want it hot,
And packed with mince-meat steaming.

Thus all year round
Can pie be found,
And men are quick to grab it;
Advise they spurn,
For pie they yearn,
And won't give up the habit.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

MISS ALLYN'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY MARJORIE BURNS.

THE little china clock on the
mantel chimed four, and
Etnel and Edith Adrian
rusted down stairs, all
ready for Mrs. Campbell's garden-
party.

They were tall, slender girls, with
be-frizzled yellow hair, and looked
like twin Undines in their pale-green
lawns, lit by the moony gleam of fish-
scale jewelry.

"All ready, girls?" said Daisy Dacre,
blithely, as she sprang up, shaking
scraps of colored paper from her limp
lawn dress, dotted with rosebuds that
were vanishing like phantoms with
much washing.

"There, now, you're going to leave
me!" whined a sickly-looking child,
with slender yellow braids and large,
sullen, brown eyes. "Ma said you
must amuse me, for I'm so delicate.
You've got to stay and make my
paper-dolls some more dresses. So,
now, Daisy Dacre!"

"I've made your dollies dozens of
dresses already. Won't you let cousin
go just this once?" pleaded Daisy.

"If you go once, you'll want to be
going again. I think you're very sel-
fish to want to go and leave your little
sick cousin," said Rosabel, reproach-
fully.

"I don't see how you can reconcile
it to your conscience to go and leave
that child, when she begs you to stay
with her," chimed in Ethel, severely.
"Come, Edith, let's go, Mrs. Campbell
said that Miss Allyn's nephew, from
Boston, Roy Fabian, would be there
to-day. You know he's quite a cele-
brated artist and as handsome as a
prince, they say."

And Ethel and Edith went down the
front walk, with their rose-lined
parasols tipped at the most becom-
ing angle, leaving Daisy to whisk
away a surreptitious tear or two, swal-
low a couple of sobs, and give all her
energies to the task of entertaining a
spoiled child.

She was Mrs. Adrian's orphan niece,
pretty and poor, and had impercepti-
bly glided into the position of genteel
drudge in her aunt's family, with a
salary of cast-off dresses and fault-
finding.

But she had a loving nature, which
twined itself around even her domes-
tic tyrants, and she had grown up
among her petty persecutions as
daintily-sweet as a briar-rose among
its besetting thorns.

After their early tea, in-door enter-
tainment waxed tame.

"I think we'll go to walk. Mamma
says I need exercise. Not too much,
but just enough to relax my nerves
and give me an appetite," said Rosa-
bel, who had all her mother's pet
phrases at her tongue's end.

"Very well, dear. Shall we go to
the cemetery?" inquired Daisy, who
was well acquainted with Rosabel's
ghoul-like proclivities for roaming
among the tombs and meditating on
an early death.

"Yes," assented Rosabel, "I should
like to look at the stone they have
just been putting up at Julia May-
berry's grave."

It was only a short distance to the
beautiful old cemetery, which over-
looked the valley of the river with
low-lying blue hills beyond, and the
two girls soon reached it.

Rosabel proceeded at once to the
grave of Julia Mayberry, the patron
child-saint of the neighborhood, and
seating herself on the base of the
stone, began slowly tracing the in-
scription with a saw-like finger-tip,
while Daisy took possession of a
rustic seat, and bent in absorption
over a book of poems.

It was only a cheap paper-bound
edition, but Daisy looked quite as
pretty bending over it as if it had
been bound in blue velvet and studded
with diamonds.

And so thought at least one of a pair
of unseen spectators.

They were an oddly-assorted couple.
The man was young, tall, straight as
a dart, and singularly handsome,
with hazel eyes that could glow into
gold and flash into black, and crisp,
dark hair.

The woman—a quaint, pretty, richly-
dressed, little old lady, with a
brisk walk and eyes that flashed like
black diamonds—had her thick knot
of silver hair fastened with a gold
comb, and carried a gold-headed cane
in one of her little, withered, ivory
hands.

"Just look at that girl sitting there,
reading! Isn't she a beauty, with her
fluffy, red-gold hair lit up like a saint's
halo by the sunset?"

"It's just like you, Roy, to be falling
in love with every pretty girl you see!"
laughed Miss Allyn.

"With whom should I fall in love,

auntie—the homely girls?" was the
saucy answer. "But hasn't she lovely
eyes, though? Just look at them as
she raises them from her book!"

"Blue, blue, as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

"If you know her, do, do introduce
me, auntie!" begged Roy, in an atti-
tude of melodramatic pleading.

"You bid you, you know very well
that you've made such a fool of your
aunt that she can't refuse you any-
thing. Come along!" said Miss Al-
lyn, playfully tapping her nephew's
broad shoulder with her cane.

The introduction was soon accom-
plished, and then Roy noticed the
meditative little figure at Julia May-
berry's tomb.

"How do you do, 'Patience on a
monument?" he said, playfully.

"You are mistaken in the person, sir
—my name is Rosabel Adrian," said
Rosabel, with much dignity; "and I
don't do well at all. I don't expect
to live very long, and I've been think-
ing about what I want put on my
tombstone. Which do you like best—

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze?"

"Or,

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise?"

she added, appealing to the company
at large with would-be melancholy
sweetness.

"I think you will have to grow con-
siderably more angelic than you are
now before either of those inscrip-
tions would be appropriate. Oh, I've
heard of you!" said Miss Allyn, wax-
ing wrathful. "You and your sisters
make your pretty cousin a slave to all
four whims. I'll wager that she had
to stay away from Mrs. Campbell's
party to amuse you. Confess, now!
Didn't she?"

"Yes," blushed Rosabel.

"Well," said Miss Allyn, "I don't
know that I should lecture you, for
I'm a selfish old thing myself. I know
that all the girls at the garden-party
were dying to see this handsome
nephew of mine, but I kept him at
home to talk to me, and then we
thought we'd stroll out here to see the
sunset. Come, we two selfish things
will go, and I'll tell you a story of
a lovely princess, who was kept in
captivity by an ogress and her three
daughters, while we leave these two
generous souls to talk about the sun-
set and poetry and all the pretty
things young folks like."

So Rosabel went eagerly away with
Miss Allyn, to listen, with tear-
dimmed eyes, to the sorrows of the
captive princess, in whom she did not
recognize her pretty cousin, and Daisy
and Roy were left to talk.

And they took full advantage of
their privilege. Daisy hungered for
all beautiful things, and Roy had
traveled extensively and seen all the
Old World loveliness with the eyes
of an artist, and could talk about it
with the tongue of a poet.

"How beautiful it is!" Daisy's heart
kept saying, in the pauses of their
talk, as they watched the sunset fling
its surplus roses into the river and
drape the pale-blue sky with pink-
and-gold banners.

"How beautiful she is!" Roy said to
himself a dozen times, before the pale
moon crept up behind the pines like a
ghost, and Miss Allyn returned with
Rosabel and said it was time to go
home.

The twins were at home when Daisy
and Rosabel returned, and Rosabel
immediately proceeded to empty her
bursting budget of news.

"So that's the reason you didn't
want to go to the lawn-party—you
preferred a moonlight tete-a-tete with
Roy Fabian? Oh, you sty minx!" said
Ethel, white with wrath.

And she and Edith swept from the
room like two pale-green storm-
clouds, utterly ignoring the fact that
Daisy had been very anxious to go
to the party.

The next day Miss Allyn came, and
personally invited the three girls to a
lawn-party, insisting that Daisy
should go.

"I've been a selfish old thing, never
giving a party, because it was too
much trouble; but I must brighten up
things a little for that nephew of mine.
Besides, I owe him amends for keep-
ing him at home from Mrs. Camp-
bell's."

So Miss Allyn's beautiful embroi-
dered furniture emerged from its
shroudings, the two stately peacocks
had the great lawn to themselves
gave place to rainbow-hued groups of
daintily-dressed ladies, and the old
elms ring with merry laughter.

But Roy Fabian had eyes only for
a girlish figure in faded lawn.

Miss Allyn bloomed out unexpect-
edly as a projector of all sorts of
gaieties. Picnics, teas and dances fol-
lowed each other in short and sweet
sequences, and in all the merry pub-
lic meetings, the sweeter and quieter
private ones, Daisy's heart was slowly
opening "its red leaves love-love" be-
neath the sunshine of Roy's hazel
eyes.

"Daisy Dacre is the sweetest girl in
the world! I made up my mind, that
first night in the cemetery, that you
should marry her, if she'd have you;
and if you don't propose to her before
you leave, I've a mind to cut you off
with a dollar!" said Miss Allyn to her
nephew, one evening, when the heavy
scent of tube-roses betokened sum-
mer's death and Roy's flitting.

"For once 'great minds run in the
same channels,' auntie!" laughed Roy.
"I think that Daisy Dacre is the sweet-
est girl in the world! I made up my
mind that first night in the cemetery
that I'd marry her if she'd have me.
And I've already proposed to her and
been accepted!" he concluded, triumph-
antly.

"Bless you, my darling boy!"

And Miss Allyn threw down her cane
and half smothered Roy in an ecstatic
embrace.

But the Adrians were not so well
pleased with the turn events had
taken.

"How selfish of her to get married
and leave me when she understands
my ways better than any one else!"
moaned Rosabel.

"So she had to have an artist, and
that rich Miss Allyn's heir. As if any
one wouldn't have been good enough
for that little beggar!" sneered Ethel.

"Warm a serpent in your bosom, and
it will turn and sting you," moralized
Edith.

"Ungrateful as she has proved, I
shall never regret what I have done
for her," said Mrs. Adrian, with pious
satisfaction.

But little ere Roy and Daisy for-
gave unkind comments as they walk
in love's paradise.—Saturday Night.

STATUES OF SNOW.

Effects Produced by Copper Pipes and
Liquefied Carbonic Acid.

A Paris sculptor, with an appreciation
for and the power to satisfy the
demand of the minute, has lit upon
the novel scheme of turning out "snow
statues" for such of his patrons as
lean to the unique in art. Statues of
any required shape are made and add
greatly to the appearance of drawing
rooms in the French capital. To all
intents and purposes these statues are
carved out of the compactly welded
fleece. As a matter of fact, they are
only coated with snow, the under part
being made up of copper pipes, thin
and light.

The discovery, which has resulted in
a mass of orders reaching the sculp-
tor and a consequent substantial in-
crease in his revenues—for he charges
"top story" prices for his products—
came in the nature of an accident. It
was while the artist was being shown
the method of ice making by machin-
ery that the plan presented itself to
him. The liquefied gases, he noticed,
in their trip through the copper pipes
produced on the outside an appearance
unmistakably that of snow. This had
been caused by the disposition of the
water vapor of the atmosphere on the
metal and freezing of it by the action
of the acid.

This system, reasoned the sculptor,
might be applied to statuary. And
he applied it. A statue of thin copper
was quickly constructed and a box of
liquefied carbonic acid placed in the
case. When this gas evaporated the
effect of freezing was produced, the
moisture in the air attracted to the
copper sides and quickly frozen into
the semblance of snow. Many beau-
tiful designs have been turned out in
pursuance of this principle, and the
sculptor is said to be reaping a golden
reward for his snow discovery.

Facts About Contemporary Business.

Facts prove that about ninety-five
per cent. of business men fail to suc-
ceed, and only five per cent. of the
wholes have sufficient "all round" busi-
ness ability to sustain themselves in-
dependently. Severe competition has
forced the large business concerns to
be co-operative in their methods. The
modern establishment is so co-opera-
tive in its workings that most success-
ful business men must frankly admit
that their success has been due to it.

Statistics show that the best organ-
ized and most favorably located man-
ufacturing and mercantile institutions
do not make over two and a half to
three and a half per cent. on sales.
Even if they give the customers goods
at cost, they would not benefit them
much in a pecuniary way.

If a straightforward customer be-
comes involved, we endeavor to assist
him as far as we can consistently. If
a firm meets with adversity and makes
an honest failure, it is almost the uni-
versal custom for mercantile credi-
tors to say: "Pay what you feel you
are able to. Attempt no more."
—A St. Louis Business Man, in the In-
ternational Journal of Ethics.

Follow Race Horses in an Automobile.

The latest and most novel use to
which the automobile is being applied
comes from St. Louis. It is proposed
at the new race track in that city to
have the patrol judge follow the
horses entirely around the course in
a motor vehicle. For this purpose it
is proposed to build an elevated track
entirely around the track, near the in-
side rail, and it is said the vehicle will
have no difficulty in keeping pace with
the horses. Under this plan the pa-
trol judge could keep his eye on the
jockeys and horses all the way around,
and it would seem that much truer
racing is likely to be the result.—Chi-
cago Inter Ocean.

Talks About Womankind

Old Styles in Sleeves Revived.
Two old styles of sleeves are being
now revived—the bishop sleeve of mus-
lin, with ruching round the wrist, and
the pagoda sleeve, of a thicker mate-
rial, which is worn over it. Jackets
also are now seen with pagoda sleeves,
made somewhat large and short, to slip
easily over the bishop sleeve of the
dress bodice beneath. Jeweled sleeves
of lace are also seen with some even-
ing dresses and are fastened to the
shoulders with jewels. This is much
prettier than the "no-sleeve" style,
which some women continue to adopt
for evening.

Velvet Bows and Rosettes.
The up-to-date woman keeps on hand
a collection of velvet bows and rosettes
for wear with her different gowns.
The rosettes are placed on one side of
the neck on the bodice at some becom-
ing angle or on the waist line, wher-
ever they can add to the beauty of a
gown. The large ones used at the
waist line have a series of irregular
loops and ends hanging half way down
the skirt. In Paris it is the fashion
to tag these loops with tiny crystal
drops, cut jewels, pear shaped pearls
and such-like. The smaller bows are
more effective when wired.

Some Beautiful Diamonds.
Lady Loudoun has some very beau-
tiful jewels. The Loudoun diamonds
are very fine, and on gala occasions
seem almost overwhelming for their
magnificent wearer. There is a parure
of particular beauty, quite three-quar-
ters of a yard long, of large pansies
and leaves, each of which separately
forms a more than ordinary large or-
nament for the front of a dinner
dress. Lady Loudoun, however, is not
fond of loading herself down with jew-
els, and only displays her diamonds on
very rare occasions. She is a great
gardener, and spends much of her time
supervising gardening operations.—
London M. A. P.

Helen of Troy's Secret.

Tradition says that no woman who
ever lived had such a beautiful com-
plexion as Helen of Troy, and now we
are informed she attained this distinc-
tion by using a very simple salve or
lotion on her skin. The ingredients of
this salve are an egg, a citron and some
seltzer water. How the beauteous
Helen contrived to obtain seltzer water
we are not told, but the discoverer of
the recipe assures us that a water very
similar to it was well known in ancient
times. The citron, after being cut in
two lengthwise, is freed from its pulp,
and the two halves are put together so
as to form a small cup, into which the
yolk of the egg is poured after being
carefully separated from the white.

The mixture is allowed to stand for
an hour and is then put on the face,
where it should remain for half an
hour, after which time it may be re-
moved by spraying the skin with the
contents of a siphon of seltzer water.
By repeating this operation daily wrinkles
will soon be removed, and the com-
plexion will become fair and brilli-
ant.

How One Woman Earns a Living.

A young woman living in a town in
which one of the largest American uni-
versities is situated has hit upon an
excellent method of earning her own
living. Her skill in making "fudges,"
those toothsome chocolate sweets that
are said to have originated at Vassar,
had often been praised by her friends,
and it occurred to her one day that
what she did for pleasure might be
turned to profit. She made a few
boxes of the sweetmeats, and induced
a neighboring druggist to let them be
on sale in his store. The first boxes, and
afterward a second and larger lot,
were quickly disposed of, and orders
for more were received, chiefly from
the collegians. Her next step was to
get some plain white boxes, pack the
fudges in them and tie the boxes with
a broad ribbon of the college color.
Having some little skill with the brush
she decorated each ribbon band with
the college name, and put this fudge
on the market.

An assistant helps in the unskilled
part of the process, and she herself
works every day, and often until late
in the night in an effort to supply the
demand for her goods. She has es-
tablished agencies throughout the town
and in a neighboring city, and is prob-
ably building up a permanent and ex-
cellent business.

An Amusing Indoor Diversion.

A pleasant way for a party of young
people to entertain themselves at an
informal gathering is for them to try
to distinguish each other by seeing the
eyes alone, says the Philadelphia In-
quirer. Pin a shawl across the door-
way about five feet from the floor. Cut
two holes in a large sheet of wrapping
paper, or a newspaper will answer the
same purpose, which will show the
eyes distinctly, but will not expose any
other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent
for drawing, the paper which is to
serve as a mask could be decorated
with a mouth and nose, put on with a
brush dipped in India ink. This would
add to the grotesque appearance
which the shawl, surmounted by the
mask, will present. Eyebrows might
also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the
shawl the company should be divided
into two parties, one to remain in the
room as spectators and guessers, and
the other to go "behind the scenes"
(otherwise the shawl) as performers.
If there are over half a dozen of the
latter a line should be formed; the one
at the head stands behind the mask,
so that his eyes are distinctly seen by
those in the room, and another of the
performers asks:

"Who owns the eyes?"
If a correct response is given the per-
formers clap their hands. Then the
one who has taken his turn goes to the
foot of the line, and number two
takes his or her place behind the
screen. Aftertime the parties change
places, and the fun is renewed.

Boydor CHAT

Women have been made eligible to
serve on the new labor councils just
established by the French Govern-
ment.

China has produced a woman dra-
matist, Wionew. She is under thirty
years of age and has already written
several plays.

There are not many people aware
of the fact that the beautiful Countess
of Warwick owns a millinery and
dressmaking establishment in London.

Miss Louise Trux, a seventeen-
year-old great-great-granddaughter
of Ethan Allen has captivated New York
society with her ability as a whistler
and imitator of birds.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who re-
cently married young Lieutenant West,
announces that she will drop her title,
and will be known henceforth as Mrs.
George Cornwallis West.

Mrs. James Brown Potter's latest
claim to fame is as the inventor of a
new pocket handkerchief. The idea
is to have one small enough to tuck
into the wrist of the new waistband
sleeve.

Miss Cowen, daughter of the late
millionaire, Joseph Cowen, of New-
castle, England, is to have the sole
charge of the business and editorial
departments of the Weekly Chronicle,
formerly owned by her father.

Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, a
daughter of former Governor Bullock
of Massachusetts has just completed
a bicycle tour of the Indian Jungle
country, and last year made a record
in climbing among the Himalayas.

It was a famous milliner of Paris,
Mlle. Bertin, who flourished in the
reign of Louis XVI., that was the au-
thor of one of the truest of all say-
ings in regard to fashion: "The new-
est things are only the old come back."

Mrs. John Freyer, of San Francisco,
is probably the only American woman
who ranks as the wife of a Chinese
mandarin. Mandarin Freyer is an
Englishman, and was given this rank
because of valuable translations made
by him. Mrs. Freyer lived in China
with her husband twelve years.

"The Academy of Lost Arts" is the
name given to a school where the
young women of the University of
California are taught sewing and other
domestic occupations, which Mrs.
Hearst has established at Berkeley. It
is intended to make the institution
self-supporting by selling the work ac-
complished by the students.

One of the champion swimmers of
England is Lady Constance Mackenzie,
who is sixteen, pretty and petite. She
swims under water for a length and a
half, waltzes and excels in the ex-
tremely difficult feat called "shadow
swimming," which consists of swim-
ming under water and keeping perfect
time with another swimmer above.

CLEANINGS Shops

Double circular capes of scarlet ker-
sey.

Figured cheviot plaid in bright color-
ings.

Waistcoats are rapidly gaining in
favor.

Camel-hair zibeline in the new self
colorings.

Turquoise holds its place, even in-
creases in favor.

Epingline is the foremost dress ma-
terial of the season.

Pebble granite in weaves more pro-
nounced than formerly.

One of the newest of chevriots is
called cheviot granler.

Chiffon capes for evening wear in
new and pretty patterns.

Velvet is seen on all sides as a trim-
ming, either in folds or ribbon.

Skirts with shaped flounces, some-
times plain or pleated, are shown.

Silk and wool brocade velours, in
combinations of black and colors.

New hatpins have huge globular
heads, covered with gold or jet scales.

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