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A hundred years ago what optimist
would have surmised that the dawn of
the twentieth century would see
"American competition" become the
great European hobgoblin?

A quarter of a century ago realism
was announced as that which was
henceforth to prevail in literature; and,
behold! never had the romantic novel
such vogue as it has to-day.

The Kansas City Star thinks that
"the luckiest person, probably, who
has ever lived on this old round earth,
is the American citizen who, in this
year of grace 1901, is near to middle
age. That condition affords a stand-
point for comparison that is well nigh
priceless."

Harper's Bazar records that a move-
ment originates among the equal sur-
fragists of Illinois to add another chair
to the Cabinet of the President of the
United States, and install therein a
woman. Believing that home interests
and children are subjects of import-
ance to the nation no less than war,
finance, diplomacy, agriculture, at the
thirteenth annual session of the Illi-
nois Suffrage Association a resolution
was passed defining a plan for dem-
anding of the next Congress the es-
tablishment of a domestic science de-
partment of the administrative func-
tion of government, with a woman at
the head of it.

The output of coal in France annu-
ally falls about ten million tons below
the quantity required for consumption;
hence that country has long been
England's best customer. It is evident,
then, that the French railroads and
navy would be crippled if in the event
of war the usual fuel supplies should
be withdrawn by Great Britain before
France should have an opportunity to
accumulate a reserve elsewhere. If
the French Government could be made
to see the advantage of buying Ameri-
can coal it is likely that the prejudice
which now undoubtedly exists against
our product on the Continent on ac-
count of its friability would be over-
come, and that, under favorable con-
ditions of transportation, the great in-
dustrial interests would also make use
of it. The establishment of a steady
and profitable trade would speedily
follow, remarks the Philadelphia Rec-
ord.

An All-British Pacific Cable.

The new all-British Pacific cable has
been definitely decided upon, and a
tender of \$8,985,000 for furnishing and
laying the same accepted. The cable
will be 7000 miles in all. The longest
link, approximately 3500 miles, will
be the longest single section in the world.
The route taken by this new cable
from Canada to Queensland, will be
via Fanning Island, Fiji and Norfolk
Islands, but the exact route will be
kept secret in order to enhance the
difficulty of cable-cutters in war time.
As a matter of fact the cable is being
laid with the idea of affording greater
security to Great Britain and her col-
onies in times of war by ensuring un-
interrupted cable communication by
means of a cable touching only at
British ports. It will be laid largely
in deep water, and is to be completed
before the end of 1902.

A Cat Goes Mad.

Cats are subject to madness as well
as dogs, as a French woman found to
her cost the other day, when her feline
pet attacked her and her child, biting
them severely. The cat was killed by a
gendarme and mother and daughter
went to the Pasteur Institute.

Old Suffrage Requirements.

Until a few years ago Minnesota ac-
corded the right of suffrage to civil-
ized Indian certified by district courts to
be fit for the exercise of the suffrage. In
Florida a requirement of suffrage was
enrollment in the local militia. Tennessee
provided that persons of color who
were competent witnesses in a court of
justice against a white man might vote
in that State.—New York Sun.

A BOOK, A PIPE, A FIRE.

Frank L. Stanton.
Let all the Northland breezes blow;
I've all that I desire
Here sheltered from the storm and
snow—
A book, a pipe, a fire.
Old songs of sage—songs of lovers—
Old friends beneath its friendly covers.
This little room a world shall seem
With many a merry party;
Before a fire a man may dream,
And toast his friends right heartily!
Friends that wear out their welcome
never,
But, friends for once, are friends for-
ever!

And this one's faults I may condemn—
These virtues may I admire,
And get no praise nor blame from them—
My guests before my fire,
Night's dragon wings and hearts may
fire,
But I've a book, a pipe, a fire.

Five Dollars.

BY ALFRED TURNER YATES.

(When Walter McDowell had lost his
last bet on the faro table, he pulled
himself away from the chair. He felt
dizzy. A sickening nausea swept over
him; his eyes danced in his head. He
lay down upon one of the sofas and
asked the waiter to bring him a drink
of brandy. He knew he could get
that even if he had no money. He
drank the spirits and settled his head
back on the leather. Presently he felt
better. Then his eyes wandered aim-
lessly about the room; took in the ex-
cited players, the shifting of feet;
heard the muttered oaths of losers,
the exclamations from winners, the
hoarse, mechanical voices of the call-
ers at the roulette wheels.

In this room McDowell had spent
the best of his youthful days. He had
forgotten duty, friends, reputation, so-
ciety, honor. He had gambled away
a vast estate; he had borrowed until
there were none to lend. Now he was
at his row's end. He had no relatives
whom he could call upon in this hour
of his direst want. The last penny
was gone! The men who came in and
went out, passed him, looked coldly
at his prostrate form, but never said
a word. Many of them were as help-
less as he. The lights glared; the
wheels of red and blue turned swiftly
upon their axes; the clink of ivory
rattled away. The room was filled
with smoke; the air was foul. Pres-
ently McDowell, overcome with fati-
gued, dropped asleep. At midnight
he awoke with a start. He stared at
the clock. Then he jumped to his feet
and asked the waiter for another
drink. Swallowing this, he thanked
the servant and walked down the
steps.

Outside the snow was falling. The
wind blew in fitful gusts. The tink-
ling of bells told
him the electric
cars had stopped
and their places
taken by horse, or
"owl," cars. The
cool air of the
street somewhat
braced him. He
shook his head to
drive away the
clinging dizziness.
Soon he felt re-
vived. He walked
onward, not knowing, nor caring,
where. Vaguely he had in his
mind a saloon some blocks away.
The barkeeper had known him in
his palmy days, and he had never
asked him for a favor. Perhaps he
could get enough for him to pay for
a night's lodging. If that were de-
nied—well, there was the river. He
turned into a street running at right
angles with the one he had been trav-
ersing. Almost at the corner, and
quite hidden in a doorway, was a little
girl, a waif, who coked out a precarious
existence by selling gum and matches.
She was asleep. Her wares were scat-
tered about her feet. The snow had
made little mounds near her. Some-
times a hawk would fall on her face.
But the poor child felt them not. Mc-
Dowell halted and looked at the peace-
ful face. A smile was on her lips.
Around the shoulders was a thin
shawl. She did not look cold. "Ah,"
he thought, "if I was as contented."
He moved away, but before he had
made three steps his eyes became riv-
eted to the sidewalk. Something which
threw back the rays of the corner
light lay near the sleeping figure.
Stooping down and picking up the ob-
ject McDowell's hand trembled. It
was a \$5 gold piece. Evidently some
kind soul, seeing the child, had placed
it in her lap—some of the wandering
alm-givers whose names never get
printed. He, this blessed girl, had in-
tended the money as a surprise to the
waif. He would not awaken her, but,
when she opened her eyes to stare at
a cold world again, the gift would be
in her lap. For these—well, there is
the kingdom of God.

McDowell could scarcely contain
himself. Vague emotions went through
his mind with the
swiftness of elec-
tricity. Would he
take the money?
The child would
never know. No,
he was not a thief
—not yet. And
when he became
one, if ever, he
would spare chil-
dren and the help-
less. He stood,
hesitatingly. The
child did not move.
The street was
perfectly still. Far
away came voices
of a drunken crowd.
No one was
watching him. He
and the child and
the money were
alone in that part
of the big city. * * * Yes, yes.

He almost flew back to the gamblers'
den. He laid his money down—the
child's money—on the green table.
The cards were shuffled and he won.
He doubled. He let the lay. He
won again. His hands shook so he
could scarcely remove his winnings.
He put the money down recklessly.

He drank the spirits.

He drank the spirits.

He scarcely lost a single wager. The
dealer looked on with amazement,
softly adding once in a while, "Seem
to be coming your way after all, Mac."
The minutes passed into an hour.
Still he was lucky. He threw his
chips with a gesture of certainty and
contempt. But all during this time
there was a red-hot iron before his
eyes, that and the sleeping waif he
had robbed.

He cashed his chips. The bills were
piled high before him. He had never
had so much at one time in three
years. He crammed the money in his
pockets. To the street he ran. Out-
side his feet moved as rapidly as the
slippery walk would permit him. He
turned the corner. In the distance he
saw the child. It is wonderful the
thoughts that can come to a mind in
a second. McDowell's moved with all
the motion of his excited faculties.
God bless the child! He would take
her in his arms. He would take her
to a convent. He would see that she
wore beautiful clothes. He would
wait until she was grown and he
would marry her. Then he would tell
her the story—tell her how he had
robbed her one night and the theft
had been the means of his fortune.
He would never drink again, never
gamble again—never, never, never!
Now he was at her side. He picked
her up, he put the shawl closer around
her little body. He kissed her on the
lips. A shiver ran through him. How
very cold the lips were! God, could
she—

He had moved farther down the
street. It was dark around him. A
light was burning at the corner and
he hastened to it.
He pressed her
closer to his
breast. Ten more
steps and he was
under the glaring
lamp. He looked
down into the face
and saw with ter-
ror that the eye-
lids were half open
and permitted the
eyes to show fixed
and glassy stares.
He put his mouth
quite near hers. She
was not breathing!

Choked with an awful anguish Mc-
Dowell awoke. There he was on the
sofa where he had fallen asleep two
hours before. He arose and went to
his rooms. The next morning he en-
listed in the army. Last week he came
home—back to his mother and to his
friends. His uniform is not that of a
man in the ranks. He is a captain,
and with the small salary attached to
that office he supports his mother in
splendid style. But he does not gam-
ble. During the Christmas holidays
he was walking along a street which
long before had almost been deserted.
He was with his sweetheart. Passing
a doorway he saw a sleeping newsgirl
and he put a gold piece in her lap.
"You extravagant man!" exclaimed
the woman.
But then she did not know.

ZANZIBAR IVORY.

One of the Oldest of Ivory Markets—
Higher Prices Than on West Coast.
Zanzibar continues to send impor-
tant quantities of ivory to Europe. It
is one of the oldest ivory markets and
was formerly one of the largest, but is
now surpassed in the quantity of ivory
collected by Matadi on the lower Con-
go. Elephant tusks are gathered in the
far interior and brought to the coast
on the backs of men. Sometimes
business is good and sometimes it is
poor according to whether good luck
attends the ivory collectors. Now and
then they are so fortunate as to come
across some native who has a large
quantity of ivory buried in the ground;
then again they find a good many
tusks in native villages, where it is
often used to form a part of the fortifi-
cations which every village must possess.
Few animals are killed to in-
crease the present ivory supply, but
most of the tusks are those the natives
have been collecting for years.
The profits of the business depend
in part upon the ignorance of enlight-
enment of the native seller. Not a few
of the chiefs of east Africa are still ig-
norant of the fact that ivory is highly
valued by the whites. If they have not
learned this fact they will sell their
ivory very cheap.

The quality of the east African ivory
is for some reason or other considered
superior to that of the Congo or west
coast ivory. It brings a somewhat
higher price in the market. In order
to indicate the place of origin the cus-
tom house at Zanzibar affixes its stamp
to each tusk and makes a small charge
for this guaranteeing to purchasers of
the commodity is east African ivory.—
New York Sun.

Making Cheese in Flanders.

The manufacture of cheese is one of
Holland's staple industries, and yet the
two Belgian provinces—East and West
Flanders—have come to the front in
this business recently, and even export
some of their cheese to the Nether-
lands. Of course the Belgian cheese
will never be able to compete with the
famous Holland varieties—Leyden,
Gouda and Edam. As there is practi-
cally no duty on Belgian cheeses enter-
ing Holland, French and Swiss cheeses
are often sent here by way of Belgium
to escape duty.—A. F. J. Kiehl, in Chi-
cago Record.

Germany and France Compared.

French census figures for 1899 report
births as 847,627, which is 10,000 less
than the average for the past decade.
The excess of births over deaths was
but 31,394. M. Bertillon, in an essay on
these figures, says grimly that France
is in the position of a man dying under
the influence of chloroform. Germany
now has 55,000,000 inhabitants and
France but 38,000,000.

THE HERON AS A SENTINEL.

Other Birds Have Implicit Confidence in
His Watchfulness.

One of nature's sharpest sentinels is
the blue heron. Not only does he stand
guard for himself and immediate rela-
tives, but he is unwittingly a sentry
for other birds. Ducks and geese use
him, and I have often wondered why
sportsmen, particularly duck and geese
hunters, do not employ a decoy re-
sembling a heron, or crane, as they are
often erroneously called.

I can assure the readers that the
common wooden or canvas decoy is
not to be compared with a neatly
mounted blue heron as a lure for the
feathered gobbler.

Not far from where I boarded one
autumn was a reedy, muddy lake, a
perfect paradise or water fowl. Where
the wood road bordered on the lake
was a small brook that often afforded
a good bag of game. I would reach
the brook some mornings perfectly cer-
tain that no one had preceded me, yet
I would not hear a solitary quack. I
would also notice that there would be
a heron on guard. At other times the
reeds would be alive, and I could
not get a shot, for the blue heron sen-
tury would give the alarm, spread his
broad wing in his slow, clumsy fash-
ion, and ducks, geese and all would
follow him out of reach. Repeated disap-
pointments of this kind showed me that
wittingly or not the ducks were mak-
ing good use of the long legs and keen
eyes of the heron. He was able to see
over the rushes, while their vision was
completely cut off. When he was in-
clined to visit the brook to get a frog
or a fish for breakfast, they gathered
round him, feeling perfectly secure. So
long as he was throwing his search-
light glances over the reeds and into
the bushes. When his heronship took
occasion to visit other scenes not a plac-
id paddle would disturb the placid
eddy at the mouth of the brook.

I watched the situation carefully
and found the heron one morning en-
tirely alone. I sat down where I could
get a good view without being seen and
awaited developments. A flock of
ducks came winging their way down
the lake, casting glances on all sides
as if uncertain where to go. They were
swinging their long line for a sandy
spit away down at the southwest cor-
ner of the lake, when the heron saw
them and uttered one of his lonely yet
complacent calls. Immediately the
ducks swerved and circled into the
cove where the heron was on guard
and settled down quite contentedly
around their sentinel. The thought
struck me to use the heron for a de-
coy. I drew a bead on the guard, and
a couple of days after he again visited
the lake, only this time I carried him
under my arm, and his eyes were made
of glass and his body of excelsior. I
placed him on a tussock as natural
looking as possible and had all the
shooting I wanted. Whenever I de-
sired water fowl all I had to do was to
put my heron in position and I had not
long to wait before he was surrounded.
Try it.—A. H., in Forest and Stream.

Fat Man Got a Lesson.

There was a trifling fire in a west
side street the other day which caused
a good deal of excitement and inci-
dentally gave a fat man a lesson in
courtesy. The fire started in the
apartments where the man and his
mother lived. The man started about
the time the fire did and got down
four flights of stairs to the street be-
fore his mother knew what was up.
When she discovered the fire she
promptly fainted.

Meanwhile the fat man stood in the
street yelling, "Save my mother! Save
my mother!" A messenger boy,
who was passing, stopped, saw the
smoke, ran up the stairs, aroused the
woman and brought her out in safety.
The neighbors cheered and the fat man
looked uncomfortable.

"Here, boy," he whispered. "Here's
a quarter for you."
The boy's face expressed his dis-
gust.
"Aw, save it," he said, "and buy
yourself some nerve food."
The crowd laughed, the fat man
blushed and the boy went whistling
down the street. He didn't know that
he had been a hero, and the fat man
felt himself a coward.—New York
Mail and Express.

Bricks in Moscow.

In a recent report the French consul
general in Moscow writes of the scar-
city of bricks in that city, owing to
the extensive building now going on.
The supply is not equal to the demand,
and bricks which formerly sold at \$19
per 1000 are now worth \$11.20. The
factories from which the supply is
drawn are spread over an area of 20
miles. Some of the works are of con-
siderable size, and employ the most
modern machinery. But the supply of
clay is giving out and thus the
domestic manufacturers are handi-
capped. Manufacturers are now on the
lookout for machinery for the making
of bricks not of clay. It is likely that
bricks of sand will be largely employed
when the machinery is once set in mo-
tion. In the meantime, there is a good
opportunity for American brick man-
ufacturers.

An Invention Probably Lost.

John G. Carter, the inventor of the
process of making a substitute for
rubber from cotton-seed oil, died re-
cently at Savannah, Ga. The process
was known only to Mr. Carter, and un-
less it was found that he left instructions
and directions for the continuance of
the work, it is probable that the secret
died with him. This is a valuable il-
lustration of the wisdom of patenting
all inventions of any commercial
value, and not leaving the matter a
secret. Very valuable inventions have
been lost to the world owing to a mis-
taken belief that our patent laws do
not give adequate protection.



CREPE DE CHINE'S POPULARITY.

Worn in All Shades For Street and Even-
ing Gowns.

Crepe de chine is having its innings
this year and throws into the shade
some old favorites in the way of dress
goods. The favorite material is worn
in all shades and appears in street as
well as evening gowns, house gowns,
and in everything in the way of a
gown that a clever modiste can sug-
gest. The identical material, shade
and all, may masquerade in any num-
ber of different gowns, the simplicity
or elaborateness of the making de-
termining the position of the gown in
the wardrobe of the wearer.

There is not a shade that can be
mentioned that is not being worn,
though black and white vie with each
other for the first rank in popularity.
The pastel shades are as popular in
the crepes as in other goods of all
kinds and descriptions. There are the
tans and grays, the browns and blues,
in the latter the bright marine blue,
the electric and the navy being popu-
lar. Other shades are coming in in
the spring, rumors which are well
grounded say, and a bright red of near-
ly the golf shade will be among them,
and a cerise red.

Crepes come in all prices as well as
in all shades and range from \$1 to \$8
a yard. There is not as great a varia-
tion as might seem in these prices, for
the lower priced goods are from twenty-
one to twenty-four inches wide,
while the more expensive goods come
at fifty-four inches and cut to infinite-
ly better advantage. It hardly pays to
buy the cheapest goods, as they are
lighter in weight and have not the
wearing qualities of the heavier or the
body to give them good lines. The
plain colors have the advantage this
season, and they are more popular in
all goods than fancy designs.

With the plain crepe de chine are
the satin finished, crepe metieres, the
crinkled crepes, and crepe aconne, or
broche, with figures of pretty rosette
designs and various medium and small
figures. These latter crepes, which
are exceedingly attractive, range at
about \$9 a yard, which is high for a
popular material, the medium-priced
goods being always more in demand.
Crepe de chine this year are taking
the place of the satin duchesse and
even of the peau de soie.

Chiffons come in in the history of
crepe de chine, for they go into the
make-up of so many of them, varying
according to the character of the
gowns. The chiffon is not used to any
great extent for entire gowns. It is
too fragile and its beauty depends
upon its freshness. It is charming in
accordion pleated gowns, but it takes
at least forty yards to make a frock
of that kind.

Chinchillas For Pets.

Of the thousands of women wearing
chinchilla hats, muffs and trimmings
how many know anything about the
history of these costly fragile skins?
Yet it is unusually interesting. The
chinchilla is a pretty, nimble-footed
little creature, no larger than a small
rabbit, and is found in the South
American highlands. The districts it
inhabits are practically rainless, which
accounts for the damage done to chin-
chilla fur by fog and showers in this
country. Until lately the Indian trap-
pers used to spear the little creatures
at the bottom of their holes with long
cactus prongs fastened to a rod. This
punctured the skins, however, and
lessened their value; so smoking out
was tried.

That also had to be given up as
smoke turned the fur yellow, and yellowed
chinchilla is unsaleable. Nowa-
days dynamite is used to scare the
creatures out of the holes. A chinchilla
warren is fenced in, and a big car-
tridge exploded in its midst by a fuse.
The chinchillas, terrified out of their
wits, rush from their burrows, and are
promptly clubbed on the head—Ugh!—
by the Indians. Even in South Ameri-
ca, the roughly cured skins bring the
hunters from twelve shillings to three
pounds apiece.

The chinchilla, by the way, makes a
very charming, though timid, pet, and
one or two society women have pro-
vided themselves with them as a pleas-
ing novelty. The fur of the little
creatures is much more fluffy and silky
in life than in death, and their beau-
tiful large dark eyes add to the charm
of their dainty appearance. They are
clever, self-indulgent little beasts, fond
of fruit and sweets, and much given
to lying in the blaze of a good fire, or
rolling in the sun on some velvet win-
dow seat covering.—Modern Society.

College Girl Life.

The idea that there is anything ab-
normal in a college life for girls is fast
passing away. The college girl may
still be a problem to some persons, she
is not in the least one to herself, or
to those who know her best. The
average girl goes to college for the
reason that her brother goes, to get a
little longer training of mind and dis-
cipline of character before the work
of life, whatever that may be, is en-
tered upon. Matthew Vassar, in estab-
lishing the college which bears his
name, had a sharp appreciation of the
value of knowledge, but his apprecia-
tion was equally keen of the value to
the world at large of the true woman.
His ideal was to develop a strong
woman who should yet be gentle, for

he knew, as other perceiving minds
have known before and since his time,
that strength without gentleness is
odious, while the gentleness that misses
strength is intolerable.

The institution was, perhaps, some-
what handicapped in the early years
of its life because of its very leader-
ship in the college movement for wom-
en. If, however, it has had occa-
sionally, in the more distant past,
to make a stepping-stone of its "dead
self" it has always been, truly, to
reach "higher things."—Harper's Bazar.

Good Taste in Stationery.

White paper, of medium thickness,
rough or smooth, according to individ-
ual choice, and oblong rather than
square, is in favor at present. A mono-
gram in gold, silver, or some delicate
tint may be used, but must not be too
large. The street and number of one's
city home, or the name of one's place
if the residence be in the country, may
be engraved in black, blue, silver or
gold at the top of the note-paper, and
in the middle of the sheet. Eccentrici-
ties in shape and style are to be
sedulously avoided; they are never in
good taste for a lady's correspondence.
A broad, flat-topped desk with draw-
ers to hold letters and papers is now
an ordinary feature of a well-furnished
morning room, and as part of every
woman's day is taken up with writing
and answering her letters, a portfolio
on the lap is hardly sufficient to ac-
commodate her paper, pens and envel-
opes.

The Glorified Shirt Waist.

An odd waist for evening wear is of
the new water silk gauze, soft and
flimsy as chiffon, patterned with a light
tracery of seed pearls. Made simply—
just punched and drawn into a waist-
band of gold tissue at the waist, with
the neck veiled in folds of deep-toned
lace, and a pink rosette tucked away
among the lace—this blouse is one, in-
deed, to covet and acquire. Almost,
if not quite, on a par with it are
blouses of white chiffon, traced with
gold thread. A change of slips under-
neath these transparent blouses ad-
mits of great variety, such as white
under black, or vice versa. Blues and
pinks under white muslin are not favor-
ites, being suggestive to many of a
draped toilet table.

Helen Gould's Attractive Handshake.

Miss Gould has an interesting little
handshake. She has evidently learned
that to protect and preserve her own
hand when giving it to hundreds of
others, she must do most of the shak-
ing herself. She takes the proffered
hand firmly in her own at about elbow
level, holds it there for an instant,
then raises it quickly in an almost
exactly perpendicular line, then sud-
denly releases it. She looks directly
into the eyes of the person she is
meeting, and probably not one in a
hundred passed on without carrying
with him the conviction that the jolly-
faced young woman he has just left
sincerely enjoyed the meeting.—Boston
Post.

The Hemstitched Edge.

A broad hemstitched edge adorns the
newer chiffon veiling, and distin-
guishes it from last season's styles.
One inch is the standard width of the
hem. Black, blue and brown chiffon
show this fancy border. It is sur-
prising what amount of wear one can
get out of a really good chiffon veil.
It doesn't seem to tear or split like
the tulle and silken tissues, and it can
be laundered like a pocket handkerchief.
It seems thin, but it proves an effec-
tual protection from the cold or
dust or raw wind upon a disagreeable
day. It feels soft on the face, which
is more than can be said of thicker
veils.



Gold tissue roses are a stylish touch

of color in the all black hats.

Writing with white ink on blue pa-
per is said to be one of the ultra fash-
ionable fads in Paris.

Accordion pleated chiffon finds many
uses this season, one of which is the
entire lining of an evening cloak over
another lining of silk.

High crowned and broad trimmed
hats are in prospect for the coming
season as a suitable accompaniment
for the wide lace collars.

A yoke of fur shaping down to the
belt as a vest in front is the novel
feature of a velvet blouse and the new
lace collar falls from underneath this
all around.

French knots in either black or white
silk beautify some of the narrow gold
braids. They are done by hand and
one row through the centre is sufficient
for the narrow widths.

Chiffon, net and gauze with narrow
bands of silk stitched in at intervals
make very pretty vests. One row of
embroidered polka dots down the cen-
tre of the bands is an effective addi-
tion.

A pretty blouse to wear with a cloth
skirt is made of meter crepe match-
ing the cloth in color. Lines of lace
insertion are set in intervals all around
between groups of tucks and small
gold buttons decorate the front pleat.

Pretty trimmings for collar bands,
wrists bands and waist decorations of
various sorts are made by joining
runs of braid with a lace stitch, or al-
ternating narrow ribbon with braid
and joining them in the same manner.
Crepe de chine is one of the most
popular materials for the bridesmaid's
gown.