

THREE SMART COSTUMES



Muslin Dress.—This dainty dress is in white spotted muslin worn over pale blue crepe-de-sole. An overskirt is made of the muslin gathered to a belt of the crepe, and cut with points at the back and sides; muslin embroidery edges the overskirt; the bodice is also trimmed with this, and has a deep frill of lace gathered to a tucked collar of crepe; the cuffs are also of crepe.

Straw hat of pale blue trimmed with pink roses.

Materials required: 4½ yards muslin 42 inches wide, 6 yards insertion, 6 yards crepe-de-sole, 1 yard lace.

Visiting Dress.—Amethyst crepe meter is chosen for this smart dress; the princess part is cut with rather short kimono sleeves. The center front is continued much longer than the sides and forms a sort of panel; the lower part is slightly gathered to edge of princess upper part.

Russia braid in straight rows and loop pattern forms a trimming round the entire edge.

HER HASTY JUDGMENT

By ANTOINETTE PATTERSON

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Isabel Stevens had been out of boarding school somewhat less than a year when she married Fred Carrington, a man some years older than herself, but whose youth had been crowded so full of care and anxiety that his courtship of Isabel had been, as she was never tired of having him tell her, the very first romance of his life. Fred, with all his appreciation of Isabel's intensity of nature, would have been greatly surprised had he fully known how much this meant to the girl. She felt perfectly sure of the future; such was her trust in her husband's loyalty and devotion, but that even the past held for her no rival, or even the New England coast. Suddenly, affairs of urgent importance, connected with an estate of which he was executor, called Fred to Philadelphia for a few days. The city was just then in the grip of a hot wave, so in spite of her pleading, Fred simply would not hear of his young wife's accompanying him; and as it was the first separation they had ever known in their married life of two years, it was regarded by Isabel as something only a little short of a tragedy.

After Fred had gone she locked herself in her room, and, silly, childish thing that she was, cried for a whole hour. Afterward, but only because she had promised Fred, she went to the next house and spent the rest of the day with the charming friends who were her neighbors, also.

The next morning Isabel, more lonely than ever, realized the best thing

she could do would be to find some active employment. There was an old desk which had come down to Fred by inheritance from the colonial days and which had been shipped with all its contents straight from his bachelor quarters to this new house, since it was too big for their apartment in the city. Nothing would be more absorbing, Isabel concluded, since it was so intimately associated with Fred, than to give this desk a thorough cleaning out. Fred—he was different from most men in this respect, as in every other—would be so pleased when he should return to find everything in apple pie order, she knew where the keys were, and the morning had passed very happily. The old desk had assumed a rejuvenated appearance—all but one drawer—when something happened that took the sunshine out of everything for Isabel.

In this last drawer, stuffed away back, she had come across a photograph of a ballet dancer! And, more agitating still, there was written across it, Fred's name and a silly sentimental message. Also there was a date, which Isabel realized with horror, coincided to within a few months of their wedding.

And so this was the truth, and it had been but a fool's paradise in which she had been living these two years. She picked up the hateful picture and forced herself to look at it. There was no denying that the face with its wealth of fluffy blond hair was pretty. But she took positive comfort in the fact that the feet were decidedly big in spite of the tight, pointed slippers. And then the costume—what there was of it! How could any woman appear in such a dress, much less be photographed in it? And how dared she send it to Fred?

But the bitterest thought of all was that Fred had not only received it, but had cherished it all this time. And had kept it in a place where she would be most unlikely ever to see it. Of course everything was perfectly clear now—the visit to Philadelphia was only an excuse to see that woman, and the heat but a flimsy pretext to keep her from going, too. She thought of suicide; she pictured Fred coming home and finding her lying cold and still across the threshold of their room, the fatal picture clasped in her stiffening fingers, and the little heart-shaped pin he had given her on her last birthday lying broken in two halves by her side!

But, on second thought, that would not do at all; for it would only make it possible for him to marry the dancer. And a divorce would have identical the same advantage. No; she must live out her life somehow, bearing to the silent grave this terrible knowledge. Scraps of do-it-or-die poetry, from Byron, of course, now

began to float through Isabel's mind—lines she had not recalled since her morbid school girl days. How true, how absolutely true, were the words: My days are in the yellow leaf, The flowers and fruits of love are gone. And the tears were now flowing copiously:

Fare thee well—thus daunted,
Torn from every dearer tie,
Beard in heart and bow and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

At this moment, and while she was assuring herself that "thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on," there was a knock. But nobody must see her until she had time to compose herself, so she asked what was wanted without opening the door. The maid said a letter had just come, and this Isabel told her to slip under the door. It was one with a special delivery stamp, from the faithless Fred.

In spite of her incerted feelings, she tore open the envelope with a most unseemly haste and read:

"My Darling Belle: I will write you a long letter tonight, but this is just a line to ask you to look through that old desk of mine and see if you can't find a photograph of my old friend Bob Johnson. He was a member of the Mask and Wig club, and had that picture taken long ago. Bob has just become engaged and wants the photograph to play a joke with—jokes were always so dear to his heart. But don't forgetting to say the picture is of him in the character of a fairy dancer and has some crazy words written across it. You can't possibly miss it!"

Isabel got no further for a full five minutes. And then one of the maids was heard to say to another down stairs: "Mrs. Carrington ain't missin' the boss so much as we thought after all. Just listen to her—she's a-singin' away like a burrd!"

OLD-TIME AUCTION SALE

One Still On Which Has Lasted for Nearly a Quarter of a Century.

An auction sale, which has already lasted nearly a quarter of a century, is still far from finished at Sothby's in London.

It is the sale of the most extensive collection of ancient manuscripts in the world—the Bibliotheca Phillips, the collector of which, who died 40 years ago, devoted a long life and a fortune of \$600,000.

The disposal of the vast library, which packed his country mansion, Thirlestane house, Cheltenham, from basement to attic, began in 1886, and the sales will continue at least another generation. Already 13 separate sales, totaling nearly 16,000 lots, have realized \$225,000, and there have been several sales by private treaty as well.

The French and German governments have bought in many national manuscripts, which Sir Thomas Phillips acquired while ransacking Europe for his unmatched collection.

Anything written on vellum, whatever its nature, was purchased by this eccentric collector, who described himself as "a vello maniac," and gave any price that was asked for old manuscripts. The account books of kings and queens, the early records of ancient monasteries, long-forgotten treaties between nations, and the autograph poems of fourteenth century barons were all eagerly bought by him.

The Pacific Godfishers.

The codfish is a sacred bird in this section of the world, and anything that has to do with his ultimate fish-bait destination is of interest at the Sunday breakfast table. We of New England are prone to forget that the fog hung banks off our Atlantic coast are not the only playground of Gloucester's claim to world fame, and even if the great African bank is too far away to count commercially, there are other habitats of the progeny of the State house symbol which must be taken into consideration. There is a codfishing fleet in the Pacific, and Boston men have recognized the fact by interesting San Francisco capital in forming a fishing trust to control the catch of the Herling sea grounds.

The little fleets out of Frisco and Seattle have worked under a "gentleman's agreement" as to prices for some years, but bad weather and two poor seasons made cut rates popular, and war came to the drying sheds. The proposed combination of the five leading Pacific interests is the result—Springfield Republican.

The Vick-Senns Exchange Yaps.

"There!" snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn, grabbing him by the arm; "with your recklessness you nearly ran over that newswy!"

"Catch anybody running over a newswy!" he muttered.

"Well, it looked as if you were trying to do it!" Running through the streets of a crowded city at a rate of 25 miles an hour! You're nothing but a speed maniac! You're what they call a joy rider!"

"I may be a joy rider," said her husband, letting the machine out another notch; "but I'm not half as jazy as you are!"—Chicago Tribune.

Cordial Greeting.

"One of my acquaintances is much interested in the Chagrin Falls Hunt club, and is an outlook at most of the functions of that organization," said Ward Jackson to the Cleveland Leader. "The other night he said to me, with some show of enthusiasm, that gradually he was getting acquainted with the club members. 'Why, Dan Hanna came right up and spoke to me today,' he said, exultantly. 'Is that so?' I replied. 'What did he say to you?' He said 'Don't get too near that horse there or he'll kick your darned head off.'"

Sport and Gain.

"Why didn't you get up before the referee counted 'ten'?" asked the disappointed boxer.

"I was a little confused," confessed the vanquished pugilist. "I thought he was counting up the gate receipts, and I was listening for bigger figures."

Travel.

Little Fish—What are your summer plans?
Big Fish—I shall get away, as usual

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

Games for Children.

A young mother said to me the other day: "Your department is fine and I often find just what I want, but can you help me out with new games for the children?"

During vacation it seems that the what-to-do question frequently comes up for mother to solve. I hope the following pastimes will prove interesting, and make loads of fun for the youngsters. The first is called Human Nine Pins. The boys are set up just like nine pins at the end of the room or on the lawn; they stand on one foot (left one), with the right one placed behind the left knee, arms folded. The girls roll the ball, taking turns. When the ball is rolled they may hop aside to escape being touched; but if the ball touches them or they put down the other foot, they are supposed to be knocked down and out. This continues just like the real game, a score being kept and prizes awarded.

Young children love this game: Take barrel hoops and wind them with gay ribbons or crepe paper, suspend a small bell in the center. Hang the hoop up and give each guest a small bean bag the same color as the hoop. The aim is to ring the bell when thrown through the hoop. Five trials are allowed, the one who rings the most out of the five is given a reward.

A little game called "Royalty" needs an equal number of girls and boys. One boy is chosen "king" and a girl as "queen." Then they sit in two rows facing each other. Each follower is numbered. At the same moment the king and queen call a number, the two players bearing the numbers get up and run around the circle, the queen after the king's follower. If she catches him before he completes the circle he pays forfeit; if she does not the king's subject collects a tribute.

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No. 186 I. O. O. F.
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Meets every Friday night at 7:30 o'clock at I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors always welcome.
W. C. Alderson, C. K. A. W. Fickell, R. E. S.

DORIC LODGE NO. 132
F. and A. M.
Regular communications on first and third Wednesday of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.
Visitors welcome.
E. S. Harrington, Allen R. Jobs, Secretary, W. M.

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VALUABLE SEWING HINTS FOR THE YOUNG BRIDE

"Things Worth Knowing for My Lady of the Needle—Avoid the Knot."

The gimpes of plain sheer tulle or net is more frequently used than that of tucks. The yoke is extremely shallow, and the clear flesh tint is the usual color.

A dainty little workbag, just fitted to hold the embroidered collars and belts and other paraphernalia of the summer piazza, is of figured lawn, over a lining of light blue china silk. China silk makes a good lining, by the way, for bags which are to hold embroidery silks and other things which might be likely to catch upon rougher fabrics. On each side of the bag is a semicircle of lace insertion, bordered with a shirring of blue baby ribbon. The embroidery hoop handles are covered with blue ribbon.

The use of a knot is to be avoided in sewing and not to be tolerated in embroidery. The accomplished needle woman rarely finds it necessary to start with a knot, save in gathering or basting. Sometimes a tiny one is slipped under a hem, but it will show on right side if material is sheer and makes an ugly lump in ironing. Two or three over and over stitches taken on wrong side of material is as secure as a knot and much more slightly. In embroidery there is no excuse for a knot. Two or three tiny stitches taken on outline or in body of work where it is afterward covered will hold any stitches. Knots only tend to an untidy wrong side, which no good embroiderer will tolerate and make the work rough in laundering.



Cried for a Whole Hour.

Summer Frills and Fixings.

Dutch necks and collarless dresses are spooling the demand for ear-height collars and some of the departments tell you frankly if you ask for extremely high ones that they do not have them. There is a sort of craze among the girls who like to be odd and "quaint" for the low collars with colored embroidery to match their suits and with them, of course, go embroidered jabots or bows to match. One needs an extra trunk this season for more trifies such as this if one's wardrobe is half equipped with frills, collars, neck fixings generally and belts and sashes. This is to say not a word about the chiffon overwaist that laughers prodigal of time are making by the score for the varying of their toilets.

Gingham Gowns.

Ginghams with grounds of gray or of "blond" shades seen in cloths, lend themselves particularly well to combination with bright plaids, and some charming frocks of these tones are made up with flowered, striped, or plaid materials, piped with brilliant blue, red, or green, to which are added other accents, such as a belt or stiff little bows of the same brilliant tone.—Harper's Bazar.

The Children's Hair.

Some children are liable to catch cold after having their hair washed, in order to prevent this the hair should be rinsed in warm water to which a few drops of alcohol has been added, and wrung as dry as possible.

The hair should then be divided and each strand wiped well with a dry towel, if the child is then allowed to sit in a warm room or go out in the sun for a few minutes the hair will dry very quickly.—Home Chat.

VERY LATEST IN GLOVES

Chantecler Gloves Have Come to Match Chantecler Handkerchiefs—New Hints.

Pink silk gloves are reversible to yellow, and just match the tearose gown.

White kid gloves are stitched in colors to match the frock. Lavenders and pinks are especially favored.

The stitching itself is varied; a broad chain effect is new and pretty.

Yellow lisle gloves are cool and washable, and look like the fashionable but heavy chamols.

This brown cloth gauntlets are good for the horsewoman.

Chantecler gloves have come to match the chantecler handkerchiefs. A tiny rooster or a golden pheasant is embroidered at the elbow.

And this new embroidery and back stitching can quite easily be done by one's self, which is their chief attraction.

Hais Still Elaborate.

Noticeable point in the woman's

linen costume this year, however, is that, while the tailored "lincs run" to the simplest, in the dress, it is nearly always offset by an elaborate hat. This may be in the form of a floral turban, or something built up in the "nabob" turban form, of masses of fancy foil, or tulle, with shot effects; or it may take the form of a large, wide crowned hat with a huge bird upon it, massed and veiled with tulle. This shot effect has even invaded the field of the linen itself, of which a few examples have met my eye, though invariably in very expensive weaves.—Harper's Bazar.

To Whiten Linen.

To whiten linen that has become yellow from lying away, wash and rub soap all over and without wringing put in the sun. When dry wring thoroughly again. One day in the sun still make it as white as when new. Rinse and hang up.

Some of the new linen frocks are embroidered in Japanese colors and designs.

lined costumes, the fatal picture clasped in her stiffening fingers, and the little heart-shaped pin he had given her on her last birthday lying broken in two halves by her side!

But, on second thought, that would not do at all; for it would only make it possible for him to marry the dancer. And a divorce would have identical the same advantage. No; she must live out her life somehow, bearing to the silent grave this terrible knowledge. Scraps of do-it-or-die poetry, from Byron, of course, now



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