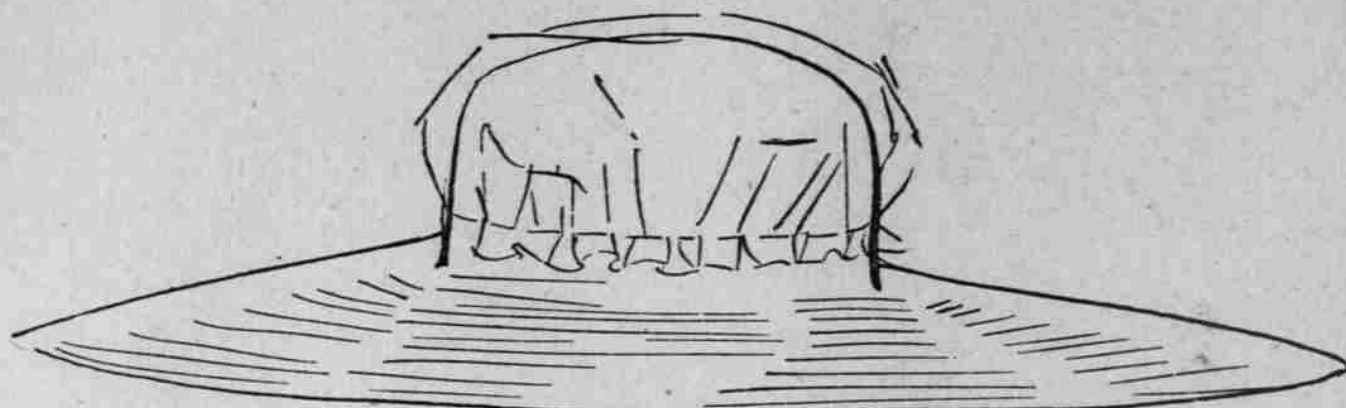
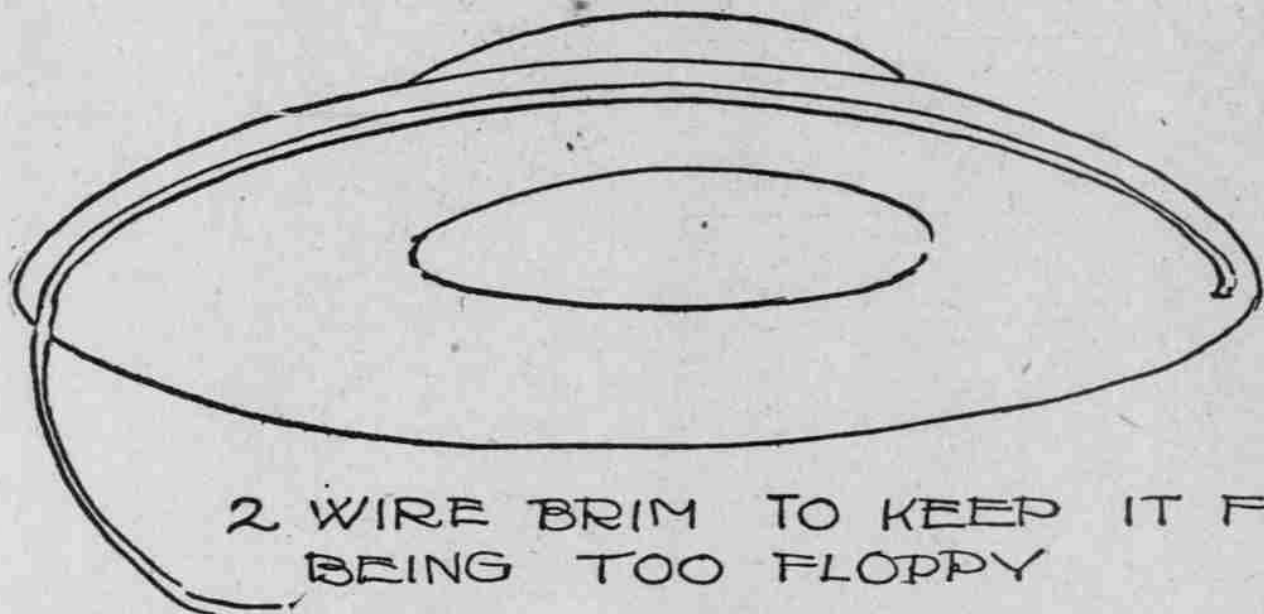


Practical and Fancy Needle Work CLOTHILDE



1 COVER CROWN WITH WHITE MALINE.



2 WIRE BRIM TO KEEP IT FROM BEING TOO FLOPPY



3. FINISHED HAT OF PINK AND WHITE MALINE

So attractive are the hats for this summer that only her pocketbook will limit the little bride's choice. Large hats, small hats, flat hats, tall hats—a different variety for every occasion; but for all dress wear the balance of fashion has turned in favor of large hats. The youthful bride has little need of the friendly shadows of the broad, drooping brim, but there's no denying that these wide, floppy hats lend infinite charm. There is a tendency toward a more lavish use of trimming than was no-

ticeable in the spring hats, yet this is accomplished without a loss of that simplicity in effect to which we are all so attached. The hat shown today—an ideal model for wear with the soft, fluffy dresses of summer time—has as a foundation a broad brimmed pale pink hemp shape. The brim is five inches wide and the crown, which is oval in shape, is three inches high. White malines is used to cover the hat, and it will be economy to buy the wide malines for this purpose, for it will cut to much better ad-

vantage. You will need to allow approximately for five circles twenty inches in diameter, although one of your circles will be a little larger and two will be smaller. The circles on the brim are edged with a soft silver ribbon one-half inch wide, the amount required depending upon the size of your hat. Cut two circles of white malines, one sixteen inches and one eighteen inches in diameter. Put the sixteen inch circle over the crown of the hat and gather in softly at the base of the side crown and tack in place with long stitches. Then put the eighteen inch circle on

over this and fasten just as you did the first. The idea in putting these on separately is to get a soft, rather irregular effect on the crown. Next, measuring on the under brim for convenience, cut three large circles of malines, one just the size of the brim, one one and one-half inches larger, and one one and one-half inches smaller. Mark the head size while the malines is on the under brim and cut out a circle one inch smaller than is marked. The head size opening must be handled very carefully because of the frail character of the malines. Bind these three circles on the outer

edge with a soft silver ribbon one-half inch wide, sewing it on with fine, even stitches. If, as you put this edge on, you stretch the net ever so little it will give a pretty ripply effect to the layers after they are in place. Slash the three layers at the head size just enough to make it possible to slip them in place down over the crown. Arrange them, the largest directly over the brim, the middle size next, and the smallest on top. Tack the middle circle in place invisibly to the brim edge, at intervals of two or two and a half inches, catching the larger circle at the same time, of course. Fasten the small-

est circle in the same way. The trimming of this hat is simply a wreath of flowers around the crown. If you cannot find a wreath to one's liking it is easy to make one. Select two or three bunches with color; which pleases you, or, this year, some wheat, which is popular. Open the bunches by untwisting the binding wire and then arrange them, mixing the different varieties to suit yourself and your hat, and fasten again with the wire. If you wish to keep the brim from becoming floppy, put a fine white wire around the edge just underneath the very edge of the brim. Sew this in place

with a buttonhole stitch, hiding your stitches between rows of braid so they will not show on the upper brim. Not the least interesting fact about this pretty hat is that it is an excellent way to use an old shape. If you have a left-over from last year in fairly good condition except a bit faded, perhaps the tulle or malines covering is just the thing to disguise it and transform it into a thing of beauty and a joy for the summer, at least. An excellent opportunity is offered for individual expression in color combinations—pale blue over a pink hat, black over white, and so on, to suit the requirements of one's wardrobe.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



TEDDY AND THE SPIDER.

TEDDY found a great big spider web one day in the back garden—oh! an enormous big one! But there wasn't a spider in it, though Teddy looked very carefully, indeed. "Guess it's an old one," Teddy said to himself. "Guess I'll put a stick in it and wind it up into a cocoon." So he got a stick and put it into the middle of the web and twisted it until the web did look quite like a cocoon, then he carried it away and stuck it up in the ground while he piled some new cut grass into a nice heap for a pillow, because he felt drowsy. Well, just as he was beginning to doze something came scurrying through the grass and the biggest spider you ever saw came running up on all six legs. "So you are the boy that spoiled my nice web while I was marketing!" the spider cried. "I've half a mind to sting you!" Teddy jumped up and was about to run away when the spider began talking again. "My nice, lovely web that it took so long to make!" she said, and fell to sobbing. "Teddy, who was a kind-hearted little fellow, was very sorry right away for his thoughtless action. "Oh, please, poor Mrs. Spider, I am so sorry. I wish I could make you a new one, but I can't spin!" "Boo-hoo!" Mrs. Spider answered. "I could do the spinning if I had any silk left to spin with. Oh, dear! Oh, dearie me!"

small that Teddy had to hold his fingers tight together to keep it from falling between them. And then a little puff of wind blew it right out of his hand. Teddy stopped and called to Mrs. Spider, but she was so far ahead she was not even in sight any more; then Teddy began to search the grass. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! What will Mrs. Spider say?" he cried as he hunted—and he would have been hunting still if he hadn't found himself sitting in the very spot where Mrs. Spider had found him. "I'm 'fraid it was a dream," Teddy said—and I'm 'fraid it was, too.

Story of Our Flag.

SOME years ago in June an English nobleman came to this country. He reached Philadelphia on the 14th day of that month, and seeing our Stars and Stripes waving from windows and roofs, he turned to his American friend and said: "I feel flattered at my reception." Pointing to a large flag overhead he blandly continued: "Indeed, you do me much honor." The American smiled. "You are most welcome to our country, but if you'll pardon me saying so, these flags wave in honor of our National Flag day." The Englishman looked questionably at his friend, who hastened to give this explanation: "On June 14, 1777, Congress resolved that the Flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be 13 stars, white on blue field, representing a new constellation. "In 1816 Congress resolved that the permanent flag of the United States should be 13 horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and that on the admission of a new state to the Union, one star be added to the then 29 and that such addition should take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission. "In 1877 Mrs. Betsy Ross was the prominent flagmaker of Pennsylvania, and naturally the great man in authority sought her and assigned to her the grand work which she executed so nobly. It is said that the five-pointed star was her own idea, and that she cut it out with a single clip of her shears. "All other flags, with colors bright. For other lands may do, But the flag that's loved by us the most, Is the dear Red, White and Blue." "We Americans are noted for our patriotism, and small wonder when the flag that floats over the land is a world-wide symbol of valor and freedom. "I have heard the colors of our Flag compared to three sisters, whose names are Red, White and Blue. Sister Red is the emblem of love; Sister White stands for purity, and Sister Blue is truth. "That is a very pretty conception," said the Englishman, "and your Flag is beautiful. It is honored the world over."

LITTLE BROWNIE.

HE was a little hedge-sparrow that lived in a nest in a thorn bush, not far from the country road. Now, Brownie was not all alone in the nest—sometimes he wished he was; for his next-fellow was a young bird too, as anybody could tell from the bluish pinfeathers in its wings; but he was certainly no kin to Brownie, as he was twice as big, twice as strong, and three times as ugly. To tell the truth, he was not Brownie's brother at all, but his mother was a cow-bird, one of those heartless lazy folks who care nothing in the world for their children, and don't want to be bothered with them, so to get rid of all responsibility, she sneaks along in the shrubbery until she finds the nest of some other bird, lays an egg, and sneaks away, and never bothers her head any more about it. Now, before the egg hatched, his brothers and sisters were hatched, a cow-bird found their home in the thorn bush, and left an egg, just like people stretching out their legs, that was white on blue field, representing a new constellation. "In 1816 Congress resolved that the permanent flag of the United States should be 13 horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and that on the admission of a new state to the Union, one star be added to the then 29 and that such addition should take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission. "In 1877 Mrs. Betsy Ross was the prominent flagmaker of Pennsylvania, and naturally the great man in authority sought her and assigned to her the grand work which she executed so nobly. It is said that the five-pointed star was her own idea, and that she cut it out with a single clip of her shears. "All other flags, with colors bright. For other lands may do, But the flag that's loved by us the most, Is the dear Red, White and Blue." "We Americans are noted for our patriotism, and small wonder when the flag that floats over the land is a world-wide symbol of valor and freedom. "I have heard the colors of our Flag compared to three sisters, whose names are Red, White and Blue. Sister Red is the emblem of love; Sister White stands for purity, and Sister Blue is truth. "That is a very pretty conception," said the Englishman, "and your Flag is beautiful. It is honored the world over."



He Was Twice as Big as Brownie.

A June Rose.

IT was once a tiny Rosebud, which would soon become a wild rose, but it grew impatient, nestling in the garden behind a huge stone wall, while baby voices cried and played on the other side. "I want to get out," sighed the flower. "I want to become closer acquainted with the folks over there," and the bud nodded its head in the direction of the voices. "You evidently don't know the tricks of the little people as I do," answered a nearby sunflower disdainfully. "They would snap your head off in a twinkling. You had better remain where you are." On the other side of the wall lived many poor children, in houses grouped closely together, where no flowers nor even a blade of grass ever grew. "I'll enjoy being with them, and even should they snap my head off I will be giving them pleasure in that way, too," thought the little wild rose. The morning sun shone into the squallid houses and awoke the youngsters, and in a very short time the naughty sunflower in the garden was awakened by the whoops and cries of the tots. Then the sunflower heard a little girl's voice say: "Oh, Mary-John-All-out! Come quick and see what's here!"

Then it heard their exclamations of "Oho!" and "Ahs!" and "Isn't it a beauty!" "It's a wild rose!" "See; it came through the wall," and then a little child said: "Let's pick it!" "No!" "No!" "No!" came from several and then the one who had discovered it said: "I wish Sister Maggie could see it, I think it would cheer her, and make her feel better. She had a bad night." All this time the Rose said nothing. It just swayed on its stem, happy that it had come, it nodded to the children and filled their innocent little hearts with joy. "My mission is accomplished," it sighed: "Now I don't care what happens to me." The rose was missed by the sunflower, and that worthy flower was curious to know what happened to its companion of yesterday. It craned and stretched its neck until it could peek over, and this is what it saw: Four little ragged tots seated on the ground around a little wild rose that was smiling radiantly on them. One of the children was telling the others a story about a flower that one day came through the wall to cheer them, ending with: "And Maggie was the sick child in that village, and when her mother carried her to the window to see the rose, the rose smiled on her and made all her pain go away forevermore."

Domestic Felicity. Mrs. Parker—Our new cook has learned all my ways. Parker—Don't worry. She may improve.

Divide Your Pleasure

Oh, my, but I was always sad. And nothing seemed to please me. And all the other boys were glad. To laugh and jeer and tease me; they skipped about and jumped the rope. My sakes but they were selfish! Once they called me "horrid mope," and once they called me "selfish!" They said, "You are a stingy lot. And that is why you're tearful—very stingy boys are not. Ever, ever cheerful; But if you'd be a man and give a little to the others— I'm sure that we could learn to live just like a lot of brothers." I gave them all that I could find. And didn't feel like crying. My toys are gone but I don't mind. I only feel like flying. The thing I did just made me grin. And kept my heart in clover. For happiness was born a twin— Now you just think it over!

JUMPING ROPE

TAKE MY HAND AND I'LL TAKE YOURS

ONE-TWO-THREE, AWAY WE GO

UP THE STREET WITH FEET A-FLYING

LOTS OF FUN — DON'T YOU THINK SO?

