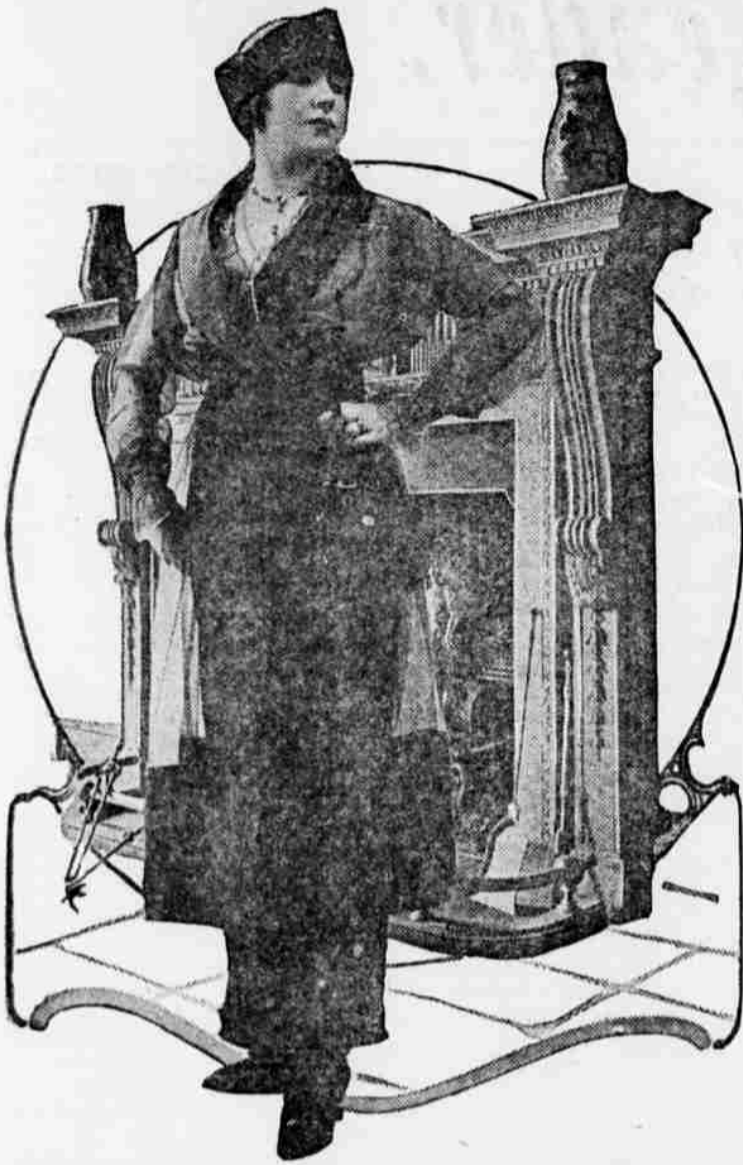


The Last Word in Summer Gowns



JUST the zest that is added to all our afternoon assemblings by the enticing things that women think up to clothe themselves in simply cannot be estimated. And whether these creations are their own visions worked out in the products of the loom or are the inspirations of those whose profession is gown-making is of little importance. The important thing is the successful effect.

Here is a model from Gautier of Paris that shows how those familiar fabrics, taffeta and net, are set to the rhythm of the new modes as words to music. It is in black with the bodice over white figured net and a tunic of net finished with a broad band of silk about the bottom.

This is the style which has commanded the most attention for mid-summer. The long sleeves of net, or chiffon, are featured in the majority of gowns, and a tunic of some sort is everywhere present. This dress is particularly cool looking and particularly comfortable.

The narrow plain skirt of taffeta is ankle length and finished at the bottom with a quilting of silk. There is a lapped seam in it down the front.

The tunic is rather full and the border of taffeta very wide. There is sufficient body and crispness in the taffeta border to hold the tunic out from the underskirt, and the transparency of net over the taffeta petticoat and the white bodice makes the charmingly cool effect which is the best aspect for a hot-weather costume.

There are narrow frills of net about the wrists and neck and a very new and cleverly arranged collar of taffeta which extends like a fichu about the neck, and crosses, surplice fashion, in front. It terminates at the back in a flat bow.

The simple little hat worn with this dress is of black moire and white lace. These are pretty items in the way of finishing touches to this noteworthy costume. The handbag is of moire, matching the hat. Bracelets set off the arms of the fair wearer, and one of them is worn above the elbow on the left arm.

The short skirt presupposes feet as carefully clothed as it is possible to have them. The stockings are plain black silk and the strapped slippers are decorated with tiny steel buckles.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

New Arrangement of the Hair



A SIMPLE style for dressing the hair is pictured here. It employs the large shell hairpins that have met with growing favor this season, and dispenses with any other decoration.

The front hair is waved about the face for this style and parted at the left side in a long part extending from the crown of the head to the forehead. It is combed over the temples and set in large waves about the face to the cheek, just in front of the ear, a little above the lobe.

At this point the hair is turned back and pinned at each side. Here it is all combed in together to make the back hairdressing.

For this the hair is parted in two strands and one of these is braided loosely, or twisted. This braid is coiled at the back around the remaining strand and pinned down to the

head with wire pins. The remaining end is fluffed and pinned to the crown, with its ends thrust under the hair at the top crown. Small, invisible pins are placed in the waves at the front and wherever needed to keep the hair in place, for neatness must be featured in all the new styles of hairdressing.

The two large shell pins are ornamental but they also furnish a substantial support in keeping the hair in place.

This coiffure does not set so close to the head at the back as it appears to in the photograph. The fluffed strand of hair which is drawn through the braided coil and fastened in at the top, is something like a long and broad puff. It extends beyond the back of the head about as far as the usual French twist.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

IRELAND'S MANY FLAGS

COUNTRY HAS HAD NUMEROUS EMBLEMS OF SOVEREIGNTY.

Harp, Deemed by Most People as Typically Irish, Was Really Imposed Upon the Country by an English King.

What flag shall Ireland fly? This is a question that is again being discussed, writes a London correspondent of the New York Sun.

Probably no country has had more national flags than Ireland, so that of old-time flags range of choice is by no means restricted. The most ancient, without doubt, is the "Spear and Serpent," said to commemorate the curing by Moses of an ancestor of Milesius who had been bitten by a snake. Then there is the golden sunburst upon a blue ground, emblem of Fionn MacCumhall's Fenian (militia). Blue was always Ireland's national color until 1798, when the United Irishmen, to signify the blending of north and south evolved a national color of the blue formed by the amalgamation of blue and orange—namely, green.

Another flag is that which Cromwell's soldiers are reputed to have seen when fighting the Kernes, a red cross upon a golden ground. Opinions as to whether such was ever a national emblem or not are divided, many people believing it to have been the arms of an insurgent commander.

The three golden crowns upon a blue ground is another emblem which has not been overlooked. The design appears today in the arms of Munster, and the three crowns are said to typify the triple kingdoms of Desmond, Thomond and Ormond. Anyway, this flag was the emblem of Ireland from 1170 to 1547, when Henry VIII of England substituted the harp for the three crowns, the reason being that Henry was anxious that the three crowns should not be confused with the triple tiara of the pope, with whom, at this juncture, Henry was not on the best of terms.

Thus it comes about that the harp, which is deemed as typically Irish, was imposed upon Ireland by an English king; but had not the United Irishmen, although they decrowned the harp in 1798, adopted it as their emblem, and Grattan's parliament recognized the harp, although they did not like the green ground, it is hardly likely that the average Irishman today would regard it as other than an upstart burgee.

Still another national device to be considered is the "Lamh Dearg Eirinn," the Red Hand of Ireland, which, upon a white ground, was borne by Shane and Hugh O'Neill's armies that defeated Queen Elizabeth's generals.

The early hours of the nineteenth century saw Ireland inflicted with the St. Patrick's Cross, a red sash upon a white ground. What St. Patrick had to do with it nobody can say, but some emblem or the other had got to be incorporated in the British flag upon the passing of the act of union, and so the heralds did the rest.

Wherever they got the red sash from it is not known, but there is reason to believe that it was borrowed from the arms of Trinity college, Dublin, which had in turn borrowed it from the Fitzgerald family. In all probability Ireland will adopt the sunburst upon a blue ground, the chief reason being its antiquity, its distinctly Irish origin, and its symbolism of Ireland rising to take her proper place among the nations.

But come what may, the ground of the new flag is going to be blue.

The Sinn Feiners are resolved upon that, and that the flag's material shall not be silk or cotton, but good Irish linen.

Whimsical Prisoner. A prisoner's remarkable flow of words caused great amusement at Dublin sessions recently. A laborer was charged with stealing a pair of boots.

"By what stretch of imagination or by what insane processes of reasoning can you assume that I stole the boots?" he asked.

Addressing the court later, he said: "I have always testified with the utmost ardor and fervor of my soul my high admiration for the courage, discipline, and exalted integrity and inspiring honesty of the Dublin police. I had some pious and artistic pictures when arrested, and offered them to the police-sergeant for his edification. I would serve 40,000 years in jail rather than knock down to the whimsical and fantastic charge."

Smart Reply. The captain of a certain troopship conveying a British cavalry regiment to the cape was noted for his wit, and at every opportunity that offered he loosed his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of their targets. Sooner or later the stinger gets stung, however, and this chronic pun-artist was no exception to the rule.

On one occasion, when about two days out from port, he approached a group of soldiers who were swabbing the forward deck, and, singling out a big, raw-boned Irish recruit who was experiencing his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked: "Can you steer the mainmast down the forecabin stairs?"

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Yes, sir, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up."

Edgar, on the other hand, was one of the most popular Door-Mats that ever had "Welcome" marked up and down his Spinal Column.

All those who scratched Matches on him and used him as a Combination Hat-Tree and Hitching Post used to remark that he didn't have an Enemy in the World.

FABLES IN SLANG



The New Fable of Everybody's Friend and the Line-Bucker.

In a sequestered Dump lived two Urchins, Edgar and Rufus, who went to the Post with about an equal Handicap.

They got away together down the broad Avenue of Hope which leads one Lad over the hills and far away to the United States Senate Chamber and guides another unerringly to the Federal Pen near Leavenworth, Kansas.

When Edgar was a Tootsey he received a frequent dusting with Extreme Violet Talcum Powder and was allowed to play with a flaxen-haired Doll named Celeste.

About the same time, Rufus began to take Cold Baths and was propped up to look at Pictures of Napoleon and John L. Sullivan and Sitting Bull.

At School each was a trifle Dumb.

If Edgar fell down on an Exam, his Relatives would call a Mass Meeting to express Regrets and hang Crape all over the Place.

If Rufus got balled up in his Answers, his immediate Kin would pat him on the Back and tell him he was right and the Text-Book was wrong.

Edgar would emerge from the Feathers every morning to find his Parents all lined up to wish him a new set of Police Regulations.

They held up the Rigid Forefinger and warned him that he was merely a Grain of Dust and a Wenking and a poor juvenile Mutt whose Mission in Life was to Lie Down and Behave.

Rufus would be aroused each Sunday by a full Military Band of 60 Pieces playing "Hail to the Chief who in Triumph Advances."

Between the Buckwheats and the Sorghum, the two Family Boosters would slip him the pleasing information that never since the Morning Stars pulled their first Harmonies had there bounded into the Arena another such Prodigy of Intellectual Brilliance and Physical Valor.

Consequently when Rufus hit the Fresh Air, with the McGuffey under the Arm, he wore his Cheat about a foot in front of him.

He acknowledged with a Slight Nod the Salutation from some Member of the Town Board.

Edgar, staggering under a Ton of Restrictive Advice, would spot Rufus



at a Distance and sneak into an Alley, because he didn't wish to get Blood all over his Clean Waist.

Whenever Edgar was forced into a Battle and came home smear'd and disarranged, his Mother would go to her Room and Cry softly and Father would Paint a vivid Word-Picture of a Wretch standing on the Gallows with a Black Cap over his Head.

Then Edgar would crawl to the Hay-Mow and brood over his Moral Infirmities and try in a groping way to figure out his Relation to Things in General.

But, when Rufus appeared all dripping with Gore, his Seconds would cool him out and rub him with Witch Hazel and pin Medals on him and indicate to him on a Chart the exact latitude and longitude of the Solar Plexus.

His Parents made the Grave Mistake of backing him to the Limit. They pumped him full of Courage every Morning and set him out to Lick all Corners.

No wonder he became as pugnacious as U. S. Grant, as conceded as a Successful Business Man and as self-assured as a Chautauqua Lecturer.

Everyone disliked him intensely but just the same they stepped off into the Mud and gave him the entire double width of Cement Sidewalk.

Edgar, on the other hand, was one of the most popular Door-Mats that ever had "Welcome" marked up and down his Spinal Column.

All those who scratched Matches on him and used him as a Combination Hat-Tree and Hitching Post used to remark that he didn't have an Enemy in the World.

They had corraled his Goat, so he had to play the Part himself.

It had been dinged into him that True Politeness means to wait until everyone else has been Served and then murmur a few Thanks for the Leavings.

Besides, his Parents had convinced him that if he went Fishing he wouldn't get a Nibble, and if he climbed a Tree he would fall and break his Leg, and if he tried to manipulate more than Two Dollars at one time, he would go Blink.

Therefore, when both were in College, Rufus acted as plunging Half-Back, with Blue Smoke coming from his Nostrils, and achieved the undying Distinction of being singled out by Walter Camp.

Edgar sat up on the Bleachers with 2,800 other Mere Students and lent a quavering Tenor to a Song about Alma Mater.

Even the Undergrads could not take the Tuck out of Rufus.

He was fresher than Green Paint and his Work was Raw, but he was so Resilient that no one could pin him to the Mat and keep him there.

When a Boy has been told 877 times a Day for many Years that he is the Principal Feature of the Landscape, it takes more than ordinary Doctoring to Cure him.

He left College thoroughly convinced that the World was his Cyster and that he had an Opener in every Pocket.

He began grabbing Public Service Utilities by Siren-Arm method, whereupon a lot of Uplifters became excited and wanted some one else to lead him off.

He put things Across because when he tucked the Ball under his Arm he began to dig for the Goal of his Immediate Ambition, till the Friends of Public Weal were scared Blue and retired behind the Japs.

Edgar took his Degree out into the Cold World and began to make apologetic inquiries regarding Humble Employment which would involve no Responsibilities.

He became an Office Lawyer of the dull gray Variety with a special Aptitude for drawing up Leases and examining Abstracts.

He could not face a Jury or fight a Case because the fond Parents had put the Sign on him and robbed him of all his Gimp.

But a Nice Fellow? You know it.

Anyone who had a Book to sell, or a Petition to be signed, or a Note that needed endorsing came dashing right into Edgar's Office and Hailed him as the Champion Patsy of the Universe.

Not one of these ever ventured into the Lair of the Street Railway Czar, for he knew that Rufus might jump over the Mahogany Table and bite him in the Arm.

Even Edgar, when he made a Business Call on Boyhood Friend and loving Classmate, was permitted to wait in the Outer Room, resting his Hat on his knees, and mingling on terms of Equality with the modish Typist and the scornful Secretary.

And when they went away to look at some Properties, Rufus took the State-room while Edgar drew an Upper.

Any great big Brute of a Man with a Tigerish Instinct for pouncing on each Good Thing and then hanging on to it like Grim Death, never can win the Esteem of the envious but anaemic Gallery.

Everyone at the Club referred to Edgar as a Good Old Scout, but when all the Push gathered at the Round Table and some one let fall the Name of the High-Blinder, they would open up on Rufus and Pan him to a Whisper.

Then Rufus would enter in his Fur Coat, upsetting Furniture and Servants as he swept through the Lounge Room.

Immediately there would be an Epidemic of Goose Pimples and a Rush to shake Hands with him.

Rufus was sinfully Rich, but nevertheless Detestable, because his Family had drilled into him the low-down Habit of getting the Jump on the Other Fellow.

Edgar may live in a Rented House, but he will always have the Inward Satisfaction of knowing that he is a sweet and courteous Gentleman with Pink Underwear, and a Masonic Charm on his Watch Chain.

When Edgar answers the Call, the Preacher will speak briefly from the Text, "Blessed are the Meek."

If the Death Angel succeeds in pulling down Rufus, the same Minister will find a Suggestion for his Remarks in those Inspiring Words, "I have fought the Good Fight."

MORAL: The Scrapper is seldom beloved but he gets a Run for his Ticket.

Useful on Occasion.

"You mean to say Crimson Gulch has an anti-gambling law!"

"Yes," replied Three-Finger Sam.

"We had to have some way of breaking up the game when a tenderfoot come along and gets to winning all the money."

It's a Very Good Idea to help your poor, tired Stomach, lazy liver or clogged bowels back to health and strength, but the longer you delay the harder it is going to be. Today you should start taking HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters. It has helped thousands of others—will help you.

Somebody Lost His Job. In a business men's club in a western town there sprang up two factions, one of which criticized the steward because he did not provide the members with good meals and one which defended him hotly. The dispute got fiercer and fiercer. Half the club wanted to fire the steward at once; the other half said he was efficient. Then, without warning, the steward himself decided the momentous question. One day at lunch time a member of the club asked a waiter: "Where's the steward?" "He ain't here," replied the waiter. "He said he was going down the street to get something good to eat."—Popular Magazine.

W. Cameron Forbes, former governor general of the Philippines, will head a bird collecting expedition in Central and South America for Harvard university.

Suez canal authorities announce that the maximum draft of water authorized has been increased by one foot, making it 29 feet. Six years ago the depth was increased to 28 feet.

In 1913 American libraries received gifts aggregating \$4,500,000 in cash.

English paint manufacturers have found oil made from seeds of Brazilian rubber trees as an acceptable substitute for linseed oil.

Experts have figured that Ecuador, by the application of scientific methods, could increase its present agricultural yield by 150 per cent.

Insects do not attack the Himalaya cedar. It is strong, elastic, and the average weight is only about 35 pounds to the cubic foot.

The verdict of a jury in a criminal case in Arkansas has been set aside because the jury consumed nine quarts of whisky in reaching a conclusion.

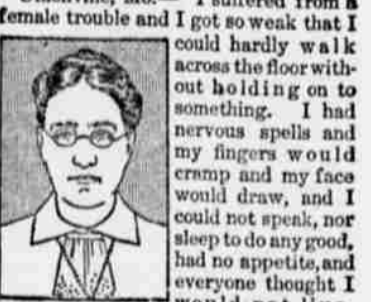
An income tax on foreign titles annexed by American heiresses might tend to clear up some of the titles.

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Just when we are talking of free beef imports they shoot up the price.

A tramp arrested in the city carried several dozen sharp knives. He was pretty much on edge at being apprehended.

The city will abandon the weed fight. It's no use. Too many men have both chewed and smoked it since their youth!

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live. Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong. "I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefited by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years. If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.