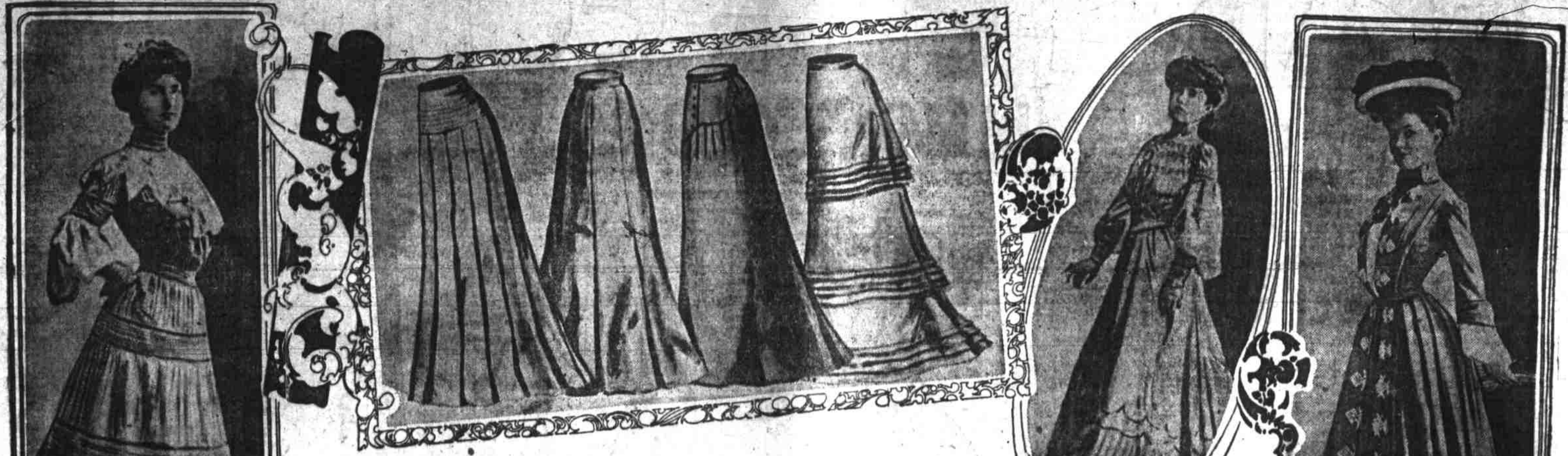


FLARING SKIRTS THE STYLE FOR THE SEASON



Some of the smartest skirts of the season.

skirts were the order of the day. More fullness around the bottom is the first essential and an immaculate fit over the hips the second. Entirely new methods of cutting are brought into play to give that necessary fullness that is considered quite indispensable. In summer frocks it was easily secured by thickly tucked or gathered material, numberless frills, etc., but such methods are impossible with the heavier materials, thus the necessity of the difference in cut. Not only in cut do skirts show a difference, but also as to trimming, for they are more trimmed and decorated than for several seasons back. One of the smart new models is of silver gray broadcloth, with a fitted yoke, having tucks running crosswise. The rest of the skirt is arranged into deep side plaits that flare slightly at the bottom. Like dark green ladies' cloth and the box plaits are of

the very wide variety, stitched to just above the knee, from where they form a wide flare. Another model has a yoke that simulates an apron front and is trimmed with buttons. The rest of the skirt is set on to this with a heading of tiny pinch tucks. The three tier skirt is shown in a model of dark blue serge; each tier has a group of four wide tucks at the bottom, and the skirt is made to train both back and front. A novel effect is given a dinner dress of pale blue crepe by having the entire skirt tucked lengthwise; three wide bands of cording are set on this at intervals, thus giving a very odd effect. The waist is made on the same lines, and has a wide collar of lace with Van Dyke points extending down the shoulders. The sleeves are tucked top and bottom, leaving

Another pretty model is box plaited; the material wide puffs at the elbow. A pretty street gown of dark red cloth has the skirt side plaited, and patterns of lace set down each side of the front breadth. The waist opens over a vest of white lace edged with medallions of the same. The sleeves are tight-fitting, with puffs of lace at the bottom.

Dark red cloth with lace. The sleeves are tight-fitting, with puffs of lace at the bottom.

Pale blue tucked crepe. The making of skirts nowadays requires more thought and consideration than when plain

HE WAS NOT AN ANGEL UNAWARES.
They tell a good story at the Authors' Club in New York on Mr. Will N. Harben. While he was visiting Dalton, Ga., this summer a letter came from a stranger in Atlanta to say that he had read Mr. Harben's "Abner Daniel," and liked it so well that he had set his heart on having the author of the book dine with him at the quiet hotel described in "Abner Daniel," as the "Johnston House," in Dalton. The stranger's letter referred in easy terms to his "old friend" Joe Chandler Harris and Frank J. Stanton, and said he would not be satisfied until he also knew the creator of "Abner Daniel." He was willing to make the trip from Atlanta, he added, and to pay all expenses. Mr. Harben hesitated over the unusual proposition, but finally, the traditional hospitality of a Southerner, and the inevitable tenderness of feeling of an author towards an admirer of his work, he answered that he happened to be living at the hotel in question, and that he would meet the stranger only on condition that he would be the author's guest. The invitation was accepted by telegraph. The hour for the dinner arrived, but no one appeared. The town marshal called and informed Mr. Harben that a rather seedy-looking friend of his was locked up in the jailhouse. The man had arrived in town from sober condition and had proceeded to make things lively in the town, declaring that he was the author's chin and was going to collaborate with him in a new book. The denouement was that Mr. Harben not only settled the stranger's fine, but, in order to rid himself of an embarrassing incubation, paid the exorbitant visit to a way back to Atlanta. Mr. Harben is now shy of unknown admirers.

A New Bird Story.
A party of summer visitors at Elberon, N. J., were one day very much surprised at the sagacity of a flock of fish hawks. One of these birds, being mistaken for a barnyard rooster, was shot at while perching on the top branch of a tree. The ball struck the bird in his wing, and he dropped, fluttering and screeching from bough to bough, until he contrived to clutch at a strong forked branch and rested there. All day long he sat, uttering plaintive screams, and the next morning was found to have gathered around him a large circle of hawks, probably his relatives and friends, who seemed to be holding a council. Each in turn chattered busily, as if giving advice, or proposed plans of relief, while their wounded brother seemed to listen eagerly and now and then put in a word. The approach of human beings produced great consternation among the birds, but they did not fly away and desert the disabled one. The sportsman came again into the orchard with the intention of putting an end to the poor creature's misery; but he was easily persuaded to wait and see what the birds would do. An immediate result of the meeting was the feeding of the prisoner, several members of the rescuing party flying to the ocean and returning with fish in their claws. It was easily seen, however, that the nestling of the tree to the house and the lowness of the branches on which the wounded bird crouched caused the greatest anxiety, and even after the invalid's hunger was satisfied, the other birds kept flying away in parties, while others still perched on the trees and seemed to be awaiting the messenger's return. It was evident that some plan had been made that a number of ladies brought their needlework out into the orchard and stayed waiting to see what was going to be done. The hawks were very quiet all day, except that the sufferer uttered an occasional sound as he moved uneasily on his leafy bed, while the watchers replied in low soothing tones, as if with words of pity or encouragement. Toward sunset a single hawk appeared on the scene, then another and another, a chattering began, and the excitement increased as the messenger kept returning in twos and threes. The wounded

bird raised itself as much as possible from the branch, and seemed joyfully expectant, while the others flew around it gaily. Soon a loud flapping overhead was heard, a flock of hawks appeared, and in their midst a giant hawk—a bird much larger and stronger than any of the rest. For a few moments it perched upon the topmost branch of the tree, then started up again and began circling about, coming lower, nearer to its wounded brother, until, suddenly swooping, it grasped the latter in its claws, and raising him gently from the bough, soared away with him triumphantly. The other hawks followed, leaving the spectators overwhelmed with astonishment. They did not doubt that the hawk was being carried to some safe, retired spot, where he could be fed and watched on until his wound healed.

Face Book the Newest Fad.

Quite the latest idea is to have a face book. Instead of the old style album, a collection of drawing paper sheets are bound together, and the friends of the book owner are expected to do the rest. A book is sometimes made of heavy, coarse white linen, and in a desirable and durable style, with the cover of brilliant crimson, deep blue or yellow linen. If a clever sketch drawn in black is put on it, so much the better. Here are lines that may be written in fancy letters below the sketch:
" 'Tis a face book rare,
And friends, I dare,
To trace its pages o'er;
With what is in
Their minds to him,
However, it may bore."
It is the proper paper to introduce the book at 3 o'clock teas and Sunday evening suppers. In it each guest is asked to draw a head of some sort—girl, man, child or animal. It does not in the least matter if they cannot draw at all. They must do their best, or worst. Usually the worst is very desirable, because it makes a laugh. The amateur artists must sign their names, or write lines descriptive of their efforts. The protests against thus committing themselves are sometimes loud and deep. No attention should be paid to them. The most amusing pages in the face book are apt to be the ones in which detached human features are drawn. For instance, there may be a nose done by

one friend, and an ear by another, just the tip end of the dimpled chin by a third, or the sketch of a hand. It is a good plan to have the pages with these odds and ends of features sketched in without autographs. A good line at the head of the page would be, "By their works ye shall know them." These are the guessing leaves of the book, and many a jolly hour may be passed by visitors who try to guess the names of the artists. Some women insist that musical friends shall express a sentiment by means of a bar of music. The selection of a bar is made from a popular song, and the first word of the line is written over the initial note, while the last one appears above the closing one. This helps out the guesser who cannot read music, but who is familiar with the songs of the day. Other face book whims, with original minds, insist that only flowers or plants or trees be drawn on the pages. A glance at some of these makes one wonder how one's friends forgo flowers in appreciation. Color appears to be the chief point that appeals to the average eye, and form to a little or no place at all in it. The face book need never be complete.

for each evening that a woman entertains a fresh leaf may be added. **SERIOUS MAKING OF A NOVEL.** Margaret Horton Potter, author of the new novel "Istar of Babylon," just published by the Harpers, can testify to the labor involved in writing a novel like "Istar." In the first place, it was quite seven years ago that the theme occurred to her. It was at a Thomas concert, and a symphonic poem, "Istar," by the original and imaginative French composer, Vincent d'Indy, was played. Immediately upon reaching home Miss Potter wrote the Prologue, almost exactly as it stands to-day. She began that same year to build up the theme and to read for the story. In 1900 she worked about two hours a day through six or eight months, reading and studying for it. Book I, was written in Egypt and Sicily, and the main part of the story at Lake Geneva last summer. She spent three days at Selinus—the old Selinus, in Sicily—last year, studying the site of the ancient town, but she has not been to the site of Babylon, as has been reported. Most of the MS. of "Istar" was rewritten three times. In London, in 1901, Miss Potter met Dr. Wallis Budge, the President of the British Museum, who

gave her the freedom of the library there, and also sent her a list of books which he thought might be useful. Miss Potter says that the Assyrian and Babylonian exhibits, however, were of the most value to her; and in the book of "Istar" most of the small articles—jewelry, knives, dishes, etc.—she actually saw in the collection at the museum, or found described in various catalogues of articles found in the mounds. **A BIT OF FRENCH LIFE.** A country teeming with age; a population with many unique customs, dating back as far in the lapse of time as the churches themselves, where the town crier is almost a daily occurrence, with his rat-a-tap-tap on his old snare drum, and his sonorous voice droning a proclamation of the maire. Listen with me to one I heard: "The maire had heard with regret that the children of the village have been disturbing the birds' nests in the trees; and if these acts are not discontinued, he will hold the parents responsible, and fine them heavily." Strange, odd it all is, but how interesting. One lives well here; not grand rooms and bath, to be sure, nor at room and

bath prices, for six francs a day will foot the bill for everything, including wine; but we get the very best of food at the cafes, or at the Hotel du Coq, at Montigny, where we dine in one of the pretty little arbors in the garden, and forget all about the rush and struggle for existence we have ever present with us at home. It is not only a rest and a relief, but an inspiration.—Charles E. Wells, in Four-Track News.

Only a Woman's Heart.
Only a woman's heart whereon
You have trod in your careless haste,
A thing at best that was easy won;
What matter how I wear a wreath,
Her life may be in the future years,
What matters it? Do you start?
It is only the sound of dripping tears,
As wrung from a woman's heart.
"Tis little worth, for if cost you naught
But a honeyed word and a smile,
Was the fault not hers if she blindly
Thought?
You were true to truth the while?
From its broken shrine upstart,
What does it matter to you? You know
It is only a woman's heart.

SOME OF MADAM MODE'S NEW CREATIONS.



Tan silk and embroidery. Never have the gowns been more elaborate than they are at present, and some of the new modes almost defy description. The extremely long skirt remains the leading new feature, and this can certainly be said to be graceful, even if it is inconvenient and cumbersome. One of the pretty new models is of tan silk, having the skirt made with the circular graduated flounce, headed with a wide band of lace and embroidery trimming at the top; mid-way up the skirt is another band of the same trimming. The waist is made with a bolero of lace and embroidery opening over a vest of cream silk and tulle. The sleeves are of the lace, which end in a wide fall at the wrist. A very smart street costume of dark brown corduroy has a plain straight skirt of medium length, made with the inverted box plait at the back. The coat is made with a blouse front, and has the small fitted skirt at the bottom. The skirt and the shawl collar are edged with narrow white silk braid. The coat fastens down the front with a double row of white pearl buttons. The sleeves are plain, with turn-back cuffs trimmed with braid. A very handsome evening gown of lace is made up over pale yellow silk and liberty gauze. The skirt is made very flatterly at the bottom, with ruffles of the liberty gauze edged with tiny white baby velvet. A large pattern of lace forms an apron effect on the front of the skirt, that tapers around to the back. The waist has a wide sailor-collared effect of the lace over accordion-plaited liberty gauze. The sleeves are tight-fitting to the elbow, where they end in wide falls of lace. The hat to be worn with this is of white tulle liberty gauze with two large white plumes starting at the front and extending around to the back. A very pretty dinner gown is of soft pale green silk over a foundation of white; the skirt is made with a deep flounce edged at the bottom with a narrow band of black lace, the top being edged with a design of the same lace in a wider pattern. The waist has a shawl collar heavily appliqued with the lace opening over a vest of tulle silk; the sleeves extend to the elbow, where they end in double lace edged ruffles. Another handsome dinner gown is pale blue crepe de chine. The skirt has a deep to tucks that point toward the seam down the center of the front. The waist is arranged into box plaits extending from a yoke of Irish lace. The sleeves are wide flowing affairs extending to the elbow.

With the restlessness of a boy,
Who, careless of pleasure and weary of play,
Would throw down a broken toy,
The world is fair and the world is wide,
And there's more in its busy mart;
Conscience, you know, you have put aside;
It is only a woman's heart.
But powerless in your boasted will
To vanquish the ghost of sin;
It has spoken off and it whispers still
Your soul's dark chambers in;
In the drama of life full well you know
You have acted the villain's part;
For you struck a hard, a cruel blow,
And it fell on a woman's heart.
Only a woman's heart, oh, well!
'Tis little, I trow, to you,
Whether that heart was as false as hell,
Or as heaven itself as true;
You may hug the thought to your selfish heart,
That you're skilled in deception's art,
But I brand you thief for the peace and rest
You stole from a woman's heart.
The Song.
I wonder in what distant place
Sweet "Amie Rooney" still is heard,
Where "Bobby Bell" has hid her face,
Where "Doris" tells of hope deferred?
If still some tender chord is stirred
By "Henrietta," mirth and gay,
Who never at a feast deserts?
Where are the songs of yesterday?
If, in some dusky, moonlight space,
"O Promise Me" is gently sung,
By some old lady, whose embrace
Was never peked a heart to gird?
And, with halcyon accent stirred,
In some strange country, far away,
If "Tommy Atkins" cause is spurred?
Where are the songs of yesterday?
And where lives in its ancient grace,
"Love's Old Sweet Song," by Time un-
blurred?
Where does "Ben Bok" his thoughts retrace
To feed on sorrow's why and cure?
Does "Only Me" still beg a word,
Has "Golden Hair" yet turned to gray,
Does "Nancy" mourn her vanished bird?
Where are the songs of yesterday?
ENVOY.
Princes, whose loyalty has erred
To those, who wore in turn the bay—
The sad, the joyful, the absurd—
Where are the songs of yesterday?
The Lucky Engagement Ring.
The solitary he gave her
And which she proudly wore
All through the summer's gleaming
Upon her hand no more.
They're married now, the Jew
Delights her not poor soul!
'Tis gone, but they have purchased
A wagon load of coal.

THE FLUFFY BOA THE OSTRICH FEATHER IS THE FAVORITE



Among the many different styles of hats, the flat bow in crepe and goose feathers it made her look round-shouldered. Now, her conquests had a trunk filled with neck liberty silk and lace. The ostrich feather is the favorite. It came in white and pale colors, and not with the flat bow, she is in her element. Fringes of all descriptions. One was of the silk. The silk does not give the proper with the emblems of golf, tennis, ping-pong in a scroll design of a construction. The ostrich feather is the favorite.