

A Page of the Newest of Paris Fashions

Flower Hat in Corday Shape



E. A. White

A flower hat in large Corday shape, with white lilacs and pink roses. Swathed with apple-green satin through the middle of the hat, which blends with the tender green leaves of the lilacs, and throws out in relief the soft pink roses.

A Proper Youth.

(Youth's Companion.)

When the stringed band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in.

Here was a promising opening for conversation.

"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked.

"I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied coldly.



E. A. White

An exquisite evening gown in dark Cyclamen Liberty, covered with a black tulle tunic, embroidered in gold and amethyst shades and stones of the same color. On the left side a large bow is placed on the bottom of the tunic; it is of black satin edged in gold on the side, and fringed with amethyst stones.

Didn't Want a Crow.

(Tut-Bits.)

A certain officer of the Royal Horse Artillery, having his battery divided into half batteries which were garrisoned over forty miles apart, by road, applied that he might have an allowance granted him for an extra charger, it being his duty to frequently visit both portions. The war office ruled that this allowance was inadmissible, saying, "Measured by the ordnance map, as the crow flies, the distance is found to be only thirty-three and one-half miles."

For a time the officer was non-plussed, but an idea struck him and he seized his pen and wrote:

"There would appear to be some misunderstanding regarding my application. I am asking for an allowance for an additional charger, not an additional crow. I do not ride a crow. I ride a horse."

He got it.

CHILDREN OBJECTED TO.

THE lady had carefully inspected the bathroom, bedroom, electric bells, and all the other conveniences of the new flat she thought of renting, and appeared satisfied.

"Have you any children?" asked the porter.

"I have," she replied.

"Then you cannot have the flat," said the man in uniform, and in a decided manner.

"But you do not understand," said the lady. "My youngest child is five-and-twenty years old, married, and lives in Australia and the other two are in France!"

"That makes no difference," said the porter. "I have orders not to let this flat to any one with children, and I won't."

Modern Troubles.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"What's the trouble now?" demanded the weary janitor. "More heat?"

"No," said the tenant of the latest "skyscraper," "but I want these clouds pushed away from my window."

Some Compulsory Dining

It Was Up to Him to Eat—And He Did.

THE man who had a story to tell hesitated when his friends at the club suggested sandwiches and things after the game was ended.

"Somehow," he said, "the mention of food does not seem to call forth in me those joyous feelings of anticipation that one might expect. It's been that way ever since Tuesday night. I did an awful thing Tuesday. I forgot a dinner engagement."

"Then it's remorse that has killed your appetite," observed his friend. "I see!"

"Not at all!" declared the man who was telling the story. "It has been the tragedy of too much food."

"The Allison's asked me to dinner Tuesday at 7 o'clock. There was to be a girl there, a special girl. Mrs. Allison mentioned her so casually that I knew at once she had picked her out as my at-finity. Still, I didn't lay it up against the girl and was anxious to meet her."

der and told me to bear up like a man. "Well, by means of an electric cab and burning out of the motor I got home and dressed and landed at the Allison's only ten minutes late."

I walked into that house with as good an imitation as I could manage of a man who was fit for a square meal. It might not be so bad, I thought. Maybe Mrs. Allison had taken up the new fad of a few courses and plain food for dinner. Anyhow, that swift ride and jumping into my clothes had given me considerable exercise, so there might be a trifle of spare room for more dinner.

"The girl was pretty and intelligent and I forgot mere food till I found myself at that dining room table."

"If there was a single frill in the line of establish that Mrs. Allison didn't have I'd like to know it."

"Bitterly I concluded she had been sitting up nights for weeks composing that menu. I'd recite the list if I could stand it. As a brief hint I'll mention caviare



From Bernard.

Pale pink chiffon in an exquisite rose design over a sheath of self-tone, pink satin. The yoke and sleeves are of white dotted net. Under the fichu and extending the length of the skirt is black net. Net, lace and black net edge the draped overskirt caught by a bow of pink satin ribbon, which is repeated at the waist line. Girdle of pink satin and black net.

Pale pink hempstraw hat. Three large plumes of the same shade trim the front, while pink satin ribbon bands the back.

"When I was young I used to meet these girls that kind friends had selected as the fitting one to rule over my hearth and home with a feeling of righteous resentment and wary agility and with my teeth bared ready to snap, but I've learned better."

"When one girl in a burst of confidence told me how she had hated the thought of me ever since she had been informed by her friend and mine that I was the very man for her, I saw it was just as bad for the girls as it was for me. I hadn't looked at it in that light before."

"Well, what did I do Tuesday but meet an old college friend on the street who had to leave town on an early train. So we agreed to dine at 5:30 downtown."

"I had a lovely time with Bob. I never knew him to be so entertaining before and we had an elegant dinner, something you don't dare order unless your companion is your twin brother and you don't have to put on airs and live up to aesthetic ideals before him. Bob and I had boiled beef and cabbage and all the trimmings, and a second order into the bargain, with salad and dessert and coffee."

"Just as I leaned back with a freshly lighted cigar and that heavenly feeling of not being able to swallow another mouthful if I died for it, I had an electric shock. I remembered the Allison's! My chair came down with a slam and as I scrambled into my coat I explained gaspingly to Bob. He's a good fellow and he turned pale, too, when he recalled the amount of beef and cabbage we had put away so easily."

"There was a quaver of sympathy in his voice as he clapped me on the shoulder

and turtle soup and roast and birds and sherbet and salad and cheese and ice cream and French pastry and Turkish coffee and fish and a dozen dreadful things in little dishes, like jelly and nuts and bonbons—really, I can't go on. It makes me too sad."

"Every time I tried to make a few fancy passes over my plate and stab nothing with my fork dear Mrs. Allison would catch me and exclaim that I was eating nothing at all, and I'd have to set to."

"I tried to distract her with my brilliant conversation, but it was no go. That woman was bent on making me eat. She said it must be dreadful to have to board all the time, even if it was at a club, and home cooking must taste good to me."

"If I knew how I got back to the drawing room, I think I must have just rolled in, because I felt like a football. Anyhow, I had got through the ordeal alive and I was still young enough to recuperate."

"Just as I began to feel there was hope for my continued existence, the Allison's sprung the news that we were all to go into the Grahams' next door to play bridge. I made only one break the tramp I murmured that I'd make it roast lamb. By eleven o'clock I began to cheer up, and just then Mrs. Graham said if we'd step out to the dining room we'd have a little light refreshment."

"I'd like to know what is that woman's idea of a hearty meal. No, I won't relate what she set before us. You wouldn't believe me. Only, if Mrs. Allison had forgotten anything, Mrs. Graham had surely jotted it down on her little list."

"Mrs. Graham is one of those hostesses who feel offended if you don't eat and appear to be enjoying yourself. Oh, I had a gay time, all right!"

"You must have had," agreed his friend. "But what about the girls?"

"She went back home before I'd recovered from those three meals I'd had within five hours," mourned the man who had told the story.



From Madame Cloon.

White corded pique. This gown buttons the entire length of the front with large crocheted buttons and loops. The collar and cuffs and patch pockets are of white linen, with scalloped edges, and embroidered in poppy leaves and buds. The V-shaped yoke and collars are of Irish lace edged with filer. Three buttons and loops trim the light coat sleeves.

The hat is turned up abruptly on one side, and is trimmed with a mass of white caucque feathers, with chiffon veil draped around the crown.

It's Saddle, My Heart, and Away.

By WILFRED J. FUNK.

THE morning is cool and crisp with time. And bright with the laughter of holiday things. The tall, dark pines along the hill are touched with flame by the sun until they glow and burn like slowly burning embers.

It's saddle, my heart, and ride away in the rosy light of the dawning day, To bid good-morrow, A sweet good-morrow, To a lass with eyes of gray.

The evening is hushed with silent light, And the fields are clothed with glist'ning white; The keen stars glitter frostily,

But a friendly hearth gives warmth to me, While the pine knots fall in slowly dying embers.

It's saddle, my heart, and ride away in the rosy light of the dawning day, To bid good-morrow, A sweet good-morrow, To a lass with eyes of gray.

Easily Seen.

Argonaut. "There are many points about our machine, Mr. Fosdick," the agent was saying, "that you don't find in typewriters usually. For example, the whole line, as you write, is visible—by the way, Mr. Fosdick, have you ever had a visible typewriter in your office?" "Visible?" he said. "We have one that's more than visible—she's conspicuous!"

Hat of White Milan Straw



E. A. White

From Carlier's.

Picture hat of white Milan straw. The brim rolls upward and is faced with a two-inch band of black velvet. Three small roses rest on right side of brim, and three large plumes trim the crown.

YONDER!

By JOHN A. MOROSO.

L ORD, take me yonder—There! In this world, do I find Your children still unkinder. And, Father, everywhere. The rich seem not to care That faints the hunted deer. Or bleats the hunted deer. The poor seem dead in mind. And hopeless in despair. They seem to have no care Of whether blows the wind: They do not seem to mind If it be storm or fair. To death they seem resigned.

Y OUR smiling sky I see, Your evening airs I feel; And, from the storm, I steal My favorite melody. From Your artillery: For when the heavens reel My soul rests peacefully. My craft is of even keel, My chant is fair in rhyme, Its music, all the time. Hath sung the woe and weal Its master's soul doth feel: His weariness with climate And emptiness of zeal.