

FROCKS FOR EVENING

SUITABLE FOR THE YOUNG GIRL ATTENDING COLLEGE.

Need Not Be Expensive, but They Must Be of Pretty Material, Suitable to Her Age, and Perfect in Fit.

NEW YORK.—The young girl going away to college or boarding school should be prepared for the frequent social evenings and special festivities that will surely arise with a pretty evening gown or two. These gowns need not be expensive—indeed most schools for girls forbid the wearing of elaborate and costly raiment by the students, but the gowns should be indisputably "evening" gowns—affairs of special prettiness and delicacy of color for dress-up occasions, and each gown should be accompanied by a pair of matching slippers and stockings and by a band or fillet of soft ribbon, or some similar ornament for the hair.

The two evening gowns described today are essentially girlish in type, with simple lines and modest decoration; but they are made of soft, rich evening fabrics and the colors are girlishly light and dainty.

Model No. 1, as planned here, is built of pale pink charmeuse in combination with shadow or fllet lace of creamy tone. A collar and a half charmeuse should be selected, as any cheaper quality of satin will lack the softness and richness of texture desirable in a draped evening costume. Select a very faint pink charmeuse and a creamy, rather than pure white lace, if you wish to achieve a "Frenchy" effect. Pale pink and cream are always lovely together, and deep pink with garish white should always be avoided, as the combination is perilously apt to be Dutch rather than French.

Matter of Lining.

The frock is made up over a soft thin lining, which is of pink batiste, white nainsook—or of thin pink silk, if one cares to pay the extra price. Waist and skirt are joined, the fastening coming at the side of the lace panel at the back, and in the gathers of the skirt just below this point. Make the waist lining rather loose and hook it up the back. The neck is rounded out in girlish fashion, sloping away well at the sides, but being rather high and close to the throat at front and back. The armholes are large and the shoulder lines long, the short, loose sleeve being set into the armhole of the lining. These sleeves are cut in one piece and should not reach over the elbow. The lace band is set at the ends of the satin and not over it, to produce a delicate effect.

The lace panels front and back are simply strips of the wide lace insertion, and either shadow or fllet lace may be used. They should be laid over similar strips of the pink charmeuse and attached to the waist lining, the lower part of the lace and satin being gathered softly into the waistband and the round neck finished with an inch wide band of the satin. This band should not be cut on the bias, or it will not fit smoothly. When the waist has been stitched up at the shoulders (but not at the side seams) lay it out on paper and mark around the oval which the neck opening will make. This will give you a guide for the binding of satin.

For the Lace Panel.

The lace panel at the back should be hemmed or faced down one side and hooked down to small flat eyes placed on the lining. Finally, drape the charmeuse over the lining, carrying long strips over the shoulders on each side of the panel from the back of the waistband to the front. The strips should be turned under two or three inches at the outside edge, the fold extending over the top of the sleeve. Similar folds extend over the lace panel at the inner edges of the satin strips and the satin is gathered into the waistband at the back and back and front. Tack and blindstitch the satin to the lining so that it will hold its place without showing any definite stiffness; the whole effect should be soft, loose and graceful, and the waist should suggest a loose, easy fit.

The skirt is cut from a two-piece pattern, the top being of the lining material, and the skirt should be two yards wide at the foot. At the left side the satin reaches some inches above the knee, while at the right side it reaches not quite as high as the knee. This emphatic slope of the skirt trimming will add much smartness to the little costume. The lace insertion follows the slope and the insertion is not gathered, but slightly eased along, so that it hangs gracefully over the narrow skirt. The panner-tunic is also cut in two pieces, but several extra inches should be allowed at the side seams, and also at the fold in front and back when cutting out the tunic. Gather it at the top, cutting the placket at the left side of the back among the gathers to correspond with the opening of the waist at the side of the panel. The tunic should be five inches longer than the space it is to cover, gathered slightly at the lower edge and looped up under.

In Delicate Pale Blue.
Model No. 2 is an inexpensive little frock in the delicate pale blue color that is always becoming to young girls. It is made of taffeta, with a bodice of pale blue chiffon under a little bolero like jacket of the taffeta. A soft, chiffony weight of taffeta should be selected, and the color

should be a delicate baby blue. Shadow or Val lace will accord well with the dainty girlishness of the frock. The skirt is a four-gore model, slightly gathered at the top and measuring two and a half yards at the foot. It is trimmed with a band of corded shirring just below the knee, and the skirt is intended to reach to the ankles. Both frocks described today allow for an ankle length skirt. If the skirt is shorter, a little less material will answer. The corded shirring is made of a bias strip of the silk, four inches wide, turned in at the edges over cable cord. The shirring should not be too full, and the band may be machine stitched, or sewed on by hand over the shirring stitches. The belt is also a shirred, corded band, with rosettes at front and back. The back rosette is a small round affair, finished with a covered silk button. The rosette at the front is made of loops of bias taffeta, shirred along one edge, over cord. The drawing up of the silk over the cord, at the inner edge, gives the loop its rounded shape. This frock fastens down the center back, one of the taffeta straps fastening across a trifle, under the rosette, the last thing.

The bodice is made of tucked chiffon and if the tucks are set well apart and run by hand the frock will be more dainty. It will be well to mount the tucked chiffon over a little lining of thin net, but this is not absolutely necessary. Make the bodice in three pieces, a loosely fitting front and two backs, with sleeves set into armholes. The sleeve extends just over the elbow and is finished with a band of lace insertion and below this a little hem of the taffeta.

Cut of the Overbodice.
The only complication this gown will offer to the home dressmaker is in the cut of the taffeta overbodice or bolero. At the back this is simply in the shape of two broad straps, which are five inches wide, covering the shoulder seam from armhole to rounded out neck; but in front broadening out to form surplice crossover fronts. Experiment first with a piece of old material to get the overbodice right. Each side will require a length of material long enough to reach from the back of the waistband over the

shoulder and down again to the front of the waistband. This strip is perfectly straight at one edge—the edge at the outside of the shoulder. At the inner edge the strip is straight (and five inches wide) from the back of the waistband up to the shoulder. From this point the material widens in a slanting cut until it is at least 18 inches wide where it gathers into the front of the waistband to make the surplice. Put strings of the lace insertion across the top of the chiffon waist between the silk shoulder straps.

Model No. 1, pink charmeuse and cream lace youthfully combined; total cost, \$10.42. This frock will require in the 18-year size 4½ yards of charmeuse, 46 inches wide, at \$1.50 a yard; 5 yards of thin lining material at about 15 cents a yard; 3¼ yards of wide lace insertion at 50 cents a yard; ¼ of a yard of narrow insertion at 20 cents a yard; three pink silk roses at 25 cents each.

Model No. 2, a pale blue evening gown of girlish design; total cost, \$6.88. This frock will require in the 18-year size, 5 yards of yard-wide taffeta at \$1 a yard; 1¼ yards of shadow lace at 25 cents a yard.

Pretty Home Dress.
The illustration shows a good home dress in Durbar brown rough serge. The skirt is trimmed at foot by a handsome many-colored design embroidered on a black satin ground.

On the bodice, which is Magyar, the embroidery is used to outline the square neck and is carried down the left side of front to end of basque; the sleeves are trimmed to match. A band of black satin encircles the waist.

Materials required, 3½ yards serge 46 inches wide, 3 yards trimming.



Model No. 1, pink charmeuse and cream lace youthfully combined; total cost, \$10.42. This frock will require in the 18-year size 4½ yards of charmeuse, 46 inches wide, at \$1.50 a yard; 5 yards of thin lining material at about 15 cents a yard; 3¼ yards of wide lace insertion at 50 cents a yard; ¼ of a yard of narrow insertion at 20 cents a yard; three pink silk roses at 25 cents each.

Model No. 2, a pale blue evening gown of girlish design; total cost, \$6.88. This frock will require in the 18-year size, 5 yards of yard-wide taffeta at \$1 a yard; 1¼ yards of shadow lace at 25 cents a yard.

Pretty Home Dress.
The illustration shows a good home dress in Durbar brown rough serge. The skirt is trimmed at foot by a handsome many-colored design embroidered on a black satin ground.

On the bodice, which is Magyar, the embroidery is used to outline the square neck and is carried down the left side of front to end of basque; the sleeves are trimmed to match. A band of black satin encircles the waist.

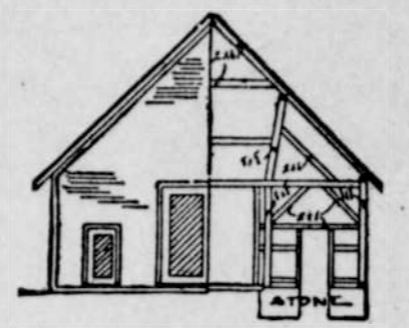
Materials required, 3½ yards serge 46 inches wide, 3 yards trimming.



NEAT BARN FOR SMALL FARM

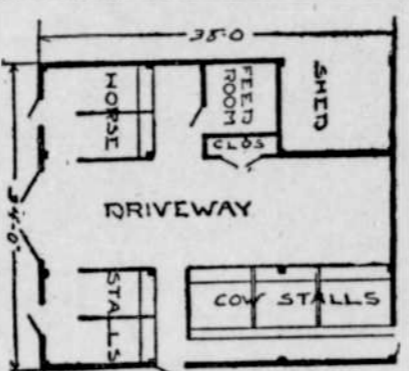
Driveway Makes Convenient Storage for Wagons and Other Implements—Warm in Winter.

This barn should be built for \$450, especially where a man is so situated he can do most of the teaming at odd times. In size, it is 34 by 38 feet, and



End Elevation.

the driveway during the greater part of the year makes a convenient storage for wagons and farm implements. As the distance is not too great to back out with an empty wagon, there are doors at only one end of the driveway. This should make the barn warmer in winter, writes W. A. Radford in the Farmer's Mail and



Floor Plan.

Breeze. A space is left over the driveway for putting hay up into the mow overhead. This mow is capable of holding 15 or 20 tons of hay.

PROPER FEED FOR THE COLT

Something More Than Mere Filling Is Required by Young Animal—Don't Use the Whip.

(By MAY PEINTNER.)

A young and growing animal requires something more than mere filling. It must have nutritious and tissue-building, blood-making food. It is much easier and cheaper to put two years' growth on a colt the first year of its age than it is to "make up" for a year's loss of growth in two or three years. A good growth the first year of a colt's life costs less than at any other age and is twice as valuable to the breeder—a fact that is too often ignored. Spare the feed and spoil the colt is surely true. In training the colt do not use the whip simply because you have it. It is a very poor driver who makes a blow the starting signal. See that there is feed and water in abundance and a clean, dry bed.

Don't neglect the shoeing; it is vital on slippery roads or pavements; nor the blanket in cold weather, when the colt is standing out. Don't overload nor let the colt stand in the sun, nor where water drops on him. We believe that down in the heart of every man is some kindness and sense of justice.

To Avoid the Runty Pig.

Runty pigs stand a poor show at the feeding trough with a bunch of their husky brothers and sisters. As they are crowded out of place naturally they do not get enough to eat to keep them growing and they stay runty.

A trough arranged with V-shaped partitions set strongly in the trough, would give the little fellows an equal show with the big ones, and the weaker ones could get their share of food. A handy man can make such a trough arrangement in an hour or so, and the even growth of his pigs would more than pay for his trouble.

Breaking the Colt.

The earlier the colt is made used to the harness, the better broken the animal will be when it comes time for him to do some light work. It is easier to keep colts from learning bad tricks than to break them of such habits. For that reason have every strap and rope used by the colts so strong that there is no danger of a break. Once a colt finds out that he can get away from a halter or other parts of the harness there will be trouble, perhaps for all time.

Eliminates Hard Work.

The hardest work any farm horse ever performed was to furnish power for the old-fashioned horse-killing threshing machine. The gasoline engine has stopped that species of cruelty.

Value of Good Halters.

It is cheaper to buy good halters than to pay the damages resulting from a runaway.

CAPTURES JIM CORSON

Cowboy Then Turned the Tables and Captured the Pretty Little Teacher.

By I. W. D. PETERS.

Jim Corson was sitting on an up-turned box outside the Highspire saloon. A frown adorned his frank, good-looking face as he tried in vain to hide his six feet of brawn and muscle.

"Here she comes now," shouted one of the group surrounding him, as a pretty girl, about twenty years old, was seen approaching from the direction of the schoolhouse.

She was followed by a troop of children, and her brown eyes were alight with the joy of life. Jim got up hurriedly and entered the saloon. "Oh, Mr. Perkins," cried she in a clear, sweet voice, "is Mr. Corson there? I wish to speak to him."

"No'm. He just stepped down the street." Jim stood back from the window at the Highspire counter. There was a glass of whisky before him, but his hand trembled so that he could not lift it to his lips.

"I am so sorry. When he returns will you tell him there is a meeting in the schoolhouse tonight. We hope he will come and bring his friends."

Her soft tones reached a place in Jim's consciousness never touched before. "Yes'm, I'll tell him; but why don't you invite me?"

"Oh, you'll be there," she answered merrily. For a moment an unreasoning hatred of Perkins suffused Corson's being. He felt as if his friend were poaching on his preserves. He turned and strode out of the back door of the Highspire saloon, leaving his whisky untouched.

But that night at the boarding house, when he heard her voice outside the dining room door, he left his half-eaten supper and slipped out through the kitchen. From that day—when not occupied with the business of the ranch—he spent most of his time dodging the young teacher, yet he longed to meet her face to face.

His business in Tytown was to ship the cattle sent in from the ranch to the packers to whom they were consigned. One morning, hours before it was necessary, he started out to meet a herd of young steers. He reached the meeting place tired out, and, dismounting, he stretched himself under a tree and was soon sleeping soundly.

Suddenly he felt a soft touch on his brow, and, opening his sleep-bemused eyes, he looked into twinkling brown orbs set in a pretty girl face framed in curls that the September sun turned into purest gold.

"Am I in heaven?" he whispered reverently to the vision.

"No, but I hope we shall start you in the right direction to reach there," answered a masculine voice, and Corson frowned when he realized that the voice came from Preacher Manly, who was holding the horses in the road a few feet away.

Jim jumped up and stood hat in hand gazing at the teacher.

"I am the school teacher in Tytown, Miss Brennan," she explained.

"What a fool I have been," murmured Jim.

"Mr. Corson," began the preacher, "we have been trying for some time to see you."

"So I have heard," interrupted Jim grimly.

"We have concluded from careful observation that you are the counter influence in this community. I judge it best," went on Manly oratorically, "to come to you, the fountain head of the saloon group, to beg that you come to our side for the good of Tytown."

"You mean to go to church?" answered Jim, who was only vaguely aware that the good man was speaking.

"That is a step in the right direction."

"Well," promised Jim, his eyes still on the confused girl, "I'll be there sure; yes, every time the doors are open."

And that moment began the reversal of the order that had hitherto prevailed. Jim attended church at all times in the wake of the young teacher. Once he was started in her direction he would go in no other.

He sighed soulfully every time the memory of her soft touch came back to him.

One day, after Miss Brennan had been more than usually indifferent to his attentions, he was sitting in his favorite spot outside the Highspire deep in thought.

"Nothin' but seein' teacher is any pleasure any more," he mused, after a prolonged scrutiny of the small building at the end of Tytown's one street, from which came the sing-song voices of children reciting lessons.

"Even liquor has lost its savor, and here I sit day after day like a bump on a log waitin' for school to let out. Just two weeks ago I was a carefree man, and if I wasn't happy I was too much of a darn fool to know it."

Here Mr. Corson's meditations were broken off by the eruption of the children from the schoolhouse. The teacher followed a few minutes later, and, after locking the door hurriedly, she ran down the street as if she were trying to escape some one.

Before she had gone far, Jim overtook her. When he reached her side she turned upon him.

"Mr. Corson, this amounts to persecution. I cannot stand it. You must stop following me." She paused breathless, her face flushed, her eyes angry.

"Miss Brennan, don't you think

turn about fair play? You kept me on the jump dodging you day after day. I couldn't eat or sleep. You captured me fair and square, and I am yours forever." There was tender malice in the smile he now turned upon her.

"Never did a man try harder to avoid a pretty girl than I. I was a fool, I admit, and my only excuse is that I never had any experience of your fair sex, most unfair sex."

"Fair sex, fair sex; why can't you sometimes say woman. I am tired, tired of it all." And the big tears stood in her beautiful eyes.

All at once she espied Manly across the street, and with a "Thank God!" she hurried across to him.

After that day the little teacher had no cause to complain of Jim's attention to her. He as studiously avoided meeting her now as he did before she surprised him asleep under the trees. But he did not return to his friends at the Highspire. He spent his time riding in the hill country.

The evening before he was to leave Tytown to go back to the ranch he stood outside the schoolhouse, which was used as a place of worship.

Suddenly Jim's attention was arrested by a whispering just under the window nearest the door.

"Dat Manly, he ain't got no business having his meeting in the roadway outside my place. He's most ruined me," muttered the voice of Pedro Havez, the half Mexican, half Indian, keeper of the gambling hall on the edge of Tytown. "He got ter go," he added fiercely.

"Maybe he show fight," objected another of the same tribe.

"The boys are near by. We'll soon settle dat. He'll not like de feel of dis knife. He's nothin' but a voice. He has no fight."

Jim quietly placed himself in the shadows close by the door and waited. It seemed to him an eternity before the last hymn was sung and the congregation dispersed.

The little teacher, holding to the landlady's arm, came out brushing almost against her unseen watcher.

Manly sat still for some time, his head on his arm, but finally he put out the lights and came slowly to the door. He was turning to place the key in the lock when he felt himself jerked to one side just as something whizzed by his ear. Corson, with amazing swiftness, grabbed him just in time, and at the same moment landed the sandbagger one with his left fist. The Mexican grunted once and dropped, then Pedro Havez whistled. It seemed to Jim that for the next five minutes the shadows vomited Mexicans. But he was elated. He was a man whose spirits rose at the first hint of action. His fists shot out with the regularity of clockwork. He forgot his loneliness, his heart hunger, even his love. And Preacher Manly, too, was not behind in the fight. His wiry agility rendered him almost unreachably.

Jim was so joyously occupied that he was actually deaf to the frightened cries of his beloved one, who, attracted by the sounds of the fray, had returned to investigate. She and the landlady stood trembling in the shadows of the trees the few minutes the fight lasted.

Finally the Mexicans, badly battered, slipped this way and that through the gloom until all had dispersed. Corson and the preacher bound those that were left with good stout ropes and left them in the schoolhouse.

"I hope I shall soon be able to do something for you, if only to show you how great my pleasure would be in serving you," said Manly, wringing Corson's hand.

"Thanks, but I leave Tytown at daylight," Jim replied, somewhat sadly.

At dawn the next morning Jim came out of the boarding house, after bidding the landlady good-by, to mount his horse. He was going back to the ranch to work, to forget, if possible.

Before he could reach his steed a small figure with wistful brown eyes and tear-stained face darted out to him.

"Aren't you going to say good-by to me, too?" she whispered.

"Good-by, dear little teacher. Be happy."

"Oh, but I don't want you to say good-by," she sobbed.

He looked at her stupidly—the vagaries of womankind would never be easily understood by Jim—but slowly he became aware of the meaning of her changed expression, and the misery left his face and it was filled with glory wonderful to behold.

"After all, Jim," cried Manly from the doorway, "there is something I can do for you."

High Financing.
Mrs. Jones—Which shall I take, dearie; that dress for \$80 or this one for \$90?

Mr. Jones (in an undertone)—I have only \$80 with me.

Mrs. Jones (with inspiration)—Then we will take the \$90 gown and charge it, and buy me a new hat with the \$80.—Judge.

Reduced to Comprehensible Terms.
"What is an afternoon tea?" asked the old-time friend.

"Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "as near as I can explain it, it's an elegant and refined form of what you and I were once familiar with as 'free lunch.'"

No Chance.
"Wombat is down for a speech at the open-air rally."

"He's a tiresome mutt. Let's leave him off."

"Can't be did. Mrs. Wombat is down for a dozen fried chickens."

EXPLAINED



"Ma thinks I'm just a greedy pig," cried Johnny, but I can't help it 'cause I've got M Eton jacket on!"

OUR DEBT TO BUMBLE-BEES

These Busy Little Workers Play Important Part in Fertilization of Many Pretty Flowers.

Barney Hoskin Standish in an article on "The Bumble-Bee" for the St. Nicholas says: The work of the bumble-bee in bringing about the cross-fertilization of flowers is as important as that of the honey-bee, and these two stand at the head of the list of insects useful in this respect. Each has its flowers which it alone visits, but there are many flowers on neutral ground, visited by both. So we may say of the bumble-bee, as of the honey-bee, the more bumble-bees the more seeds; the more seeds the more flowers—especially wild flowers, as the tall bell-flower, touch-me-not, Solomon's-seal, gentian, Dutchmen's-breeches, and turtle-head. But probably the most important work this insect does for agriculture is upon the fields of red clover. There is abundant proof that this plant will not produce seed without the co-operation of the bumble-bee. It is impossible for the wind to bring about the fertilization of the seed, as it may do in the case of Indian corn, grain and some forest trees. The tube of red-clover blossoms, too, is so long that other insects (including the honey-bee) are not regular visitants.

Here is proof that this plant must have visits from the bumble-bee. This insect is not a native of Australia, and red-clover failed to produce seed there until bumble-bees were imported. As soon as they became numerous the plant could be depended upon for seed. Again, the blossoms of the first crop of the "medium red-clover" of our own country are just as perfect as those of the second crop, but there are too few bumble-bees in the field, so early in the season, to produce fertilization; hence little or no seed in this crop. If bumble-bees were sufficiently numerous there is no reason why much larger yields of clover seed might not be expected than at present.

CLEVER TRICK WITH FINGERS

Middle Digit May Be Turned Under in Such Way That It Is Entirely Obscured From View.

To find out how sharp the eyes of some of your friends are try the following trick in their presence:

Place your left hand over your right



Middle Finger Hidden.

so that only the tips of your four fingers show. Hand a pencil to one of the boys or girls and tell them to rest the point on the end of your finger which they think is the middle one, that is, the longest one.

Your friend will look at your finger



Secret of Trick.

tips closely, and perhaps will say he scarcely knows which one to mark, for they all look so much alike. Finally, he will choose one. Open your hand. Much to the dismay of your friend he will find that he marked the first finger, the third, or the little one.

Let another person try his luck. He, too, will meet with disappointment. After you have allowed several persons to try, without success, disclose the trick to them if you like.

Tell them you were able to fool them because your middle finger wasn't there at all but was folded under. The only way anyone could find this out would be to sit behind the performer.

Large Paris Library.
The Imperial library of Paris contains two million volumes.