Of Printed Challie With Chiffon Frills.

Sometimes a simple gown is so altogether charming that it may be indifferent to current styles because it is destined to outlive them. In the picture two views of an afternoon frock are given of a design so altogether good and artistic that it fits into the modes of today and those of yesterday and tomorrow.

Nothing more unusual than a printed challie is used for this really extraordinary frock. It would be incomparably refined in gray and white and there are many beautiful designs in challies and many soft colorings that may be used with equal success for making it. It is cut with a kimona waist folded in at the waistline to panels which extend down the front and back of the skirt. One cannot tell by looking at it alone whether it fastens at the back or front, as the bodice laces together at both places with baby velvet ribbon. All edges of the bodice are finished with a silk-covered cord, and there is a girdle made of it. Two strands of the girdle terminate in a flat button at the front at one end and at the other in two loops that fasten over the buttons. The girdle is spread at the middle of the back, where four small silk-covered buttons hold it to place, and it is tacked to the waistline across the back and sides. It hangs free at the front in the manner of a classic girdle.

The straight-hanging skirt pays its respects to the modes of today with shirred side pieces that add to its fullness. It is finished with a four-inch hem headed by an overlapping tuck.

Hanging from the girdle is a small reticule made of the material and edged with the silk-covered cord. The neck and sleeves are filled in with soft frills of white chiffon knife plaited.

This is one of those models which is well suited to a slender figure, especially when made up in a lightweight but not transparent material, like challie. The heavier figures may choose sheer fabrics in soft weaves, such as voile or mull, for making it. In this case it will need an underslip of silk.

To Smarten Up the Costume.

It is no secret that a supply of pretty accessories may be depended upon to smarten up even a meager wardrobe to the point of making it interesting. They are a great help to the tourist who wants to travel light (as all good tourists do) and still be presentable for whatever may come up in the way of entertainment. Crisp neckwear, bright girdles and gay handbags help out immensely. They must be depended upon along with the costume blouse to furbish up the traveling dress for some occasions.

Ribbons need no excuse for their gay suggestion of dressy elegance. They make up a considerable part of all summer neckwear and nearly all girdles and bags. In the picture given above a small cape of rose-colored ribbon, a neck ruff of gray satin and velvet ribbon, and a vanity bag of white and gold brocaded ribbon attest their importance in the wardrobe.

The cape is made of plain satin ribbon in a soft shade of rose color, made of four overlapping ruffles. It is finished with a plaiting of ribbon about the neck, a scant ruche and ties of ribbon. Three small ribbon roses finish it.

For an older woman a useful ruff is made of gray taffeta ribbon laid in full double box plaits and banded with velvet ribbon which is finished with bows and hanging ends, one at each side. It is a real protection for the throat. The vanity bag of white and gold brocade has a "gate" fastening of French gilt and is finished with a white silk tassel at the bottom and handle of heavy white satin ribbon.

Julia Bottomley

The Lead In the Ice

By H. M. Egbert

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I.

At twenty-five Captain Truefitt had been in love and had been unsuccessful. He thought his heart was broken. But at forty he knew that this had been a fallacy. He loved Mabel Renton, and her heart was another's. But this time it was an optimistic hope, a love that is stronger than its recognition of its impossibility.

James Fawn had introduced him to Mabel, his fiancee, before he started north for the discovery of Baldwin Land. If he did not return two summers later Truefitt was to command the relief ship that would come after him.

The summer had come, and it was middle July. The relief ship would have to start at once to reach the Arctic before the pack ice formed in September.

Truefitt had called on Mabel to encourage her a few days before he sailed.

"Listen, Captain Truefitt," said Miss Renton. "I have been thinking and planning. I feel it is my duty to be with James, especially since there will be another long winter of suspense before me. I want you to take me with you."

Captain Truefitt was appalled. "Miss Renton, you don't understand the conditions," he said. "It isn't any picnic up in the North. The temperature drops below zero even in September. How can you go?"

"My place is with Mr. Fawn," answered Mabel gravely. "I have calculated what I shall have to face. I am prepared to go. And if he is dead"—tears came into her eyes—"I shall at least be spared the long agony of waiting."

Truefitt was thinking. He knew that the long agony would be his, in the continual presence of the woman he loved, whom he could never tell of his

Gaunt and Emaciated, His Eyes Blazing With Delirium.

love. However, since she continued to beseech him, he would not refuse her.

A week later Mabel Renton sailed aboard his ship for the Arctic.

II.

They had reports of Fawn at last. He had lost his ship in the pack ice and was living with a tribe of Eskimos twenty miles distant from where Truefitt's ship lay, already hemmed in by the thin ice of early September. The wreck of Fawn's vessel lay alongshore. It had been looted and the report spoke of a subsequent mutiny, of a break-up of discipline and of sailors who had started southward in a wild attempt to fight their way to civilization.

Truefitt left Miss Renton aboard and started out on his twenty-mile tramp along the coast until he reached the friendly village of the Eskimos.

Two women and a dog came out to meet him. Their speech, so far as Truefitt could understand it, told of horrors such as had never come upon the village before.

Outside the encampment was—a mound of empty gin bottles! Eskimo graves were scattered everywhere. It was a village of the dead.

A white man staggered toward Truefitt. Gaunt and emaciated, his eyes blazing with delirium, Truefitt recognized in him James Fawn.

Fawn knew him, but only as a delirious man half recognizes a companion of old time. From his disjointed utterances Truefitt learned what had happened. Fawn had taken a cargo of gin to the north to exchange for walrus ivory, in the hope of making a quick fortune. He had been the destruction of the settlement and had nearly killed himself during the long months after he had abondoned hope of rescue. And round about his hut was heaped the ivory that had been gathered for him by the native hunters.

For two days Truefitt attended Fawn, until the light of reason came back into his eyes. On the third morning Truefitt told him of Mabel's presence on board.

"Pull yourself together, man," he said, "and she shall never know what has happened. Be a man. Make yourself worthy of her."

"You speak as if you were interested in her yourself," sneered Fawn.

Truefitt, without replying, began to pack the sleigh. But before he had completed this task he saw another sleigh coming toward them over the ice. Presently Mabel and a sailor descended.

"I couldn't wait; I was so alarmed when you did not return," she cried. "Where is he?"

Truefitt pointed silently into the hut. Mabel went in. When she emerged, half an hour later, there was a grave look on her face.

"We must take him aboard at once," she said.

III.

Fawn would not leave until his ivory was all packed. That meant that Mabel and Truefitt had to walk the entire distance. Mabel continued to look in strange surmise upon Truefitt. It was plain that Fawn had not attempted to conceal the moral degeneration that had overtaken him.

Hours passed. The sleigh had left the land and was proceeding slowly across the ice.

They were forced to encamp for the night by a violent snowstorm. An ice-hut was constructed, and they shivered all the night through in their sleeping-bags.

At midnight Fawn began an altercation with Truefitt in a low voice. The lack of his accustomed stimulant had made him querulous, almost insane.

"You love her," he mumbled fiercely.

"Hush!" said Truefitt, looking across toward the girl. "Miss Henton will hear you."

Toward dawn Fawn subsided and watched the others craftily. There was something in his mind which Truefitt could not devine. They harnessed in the dogs and proceeded across the pack ice.

Fawn left Mabel and proceeded with the leading sleigh that contained the ivory. He seemed unwilling to leave his treasure. He sent the sailor back to the others and walked alone, guiding the dogs. This was the sleigh that found the course among the hummocks. The second sleigh had nothing to do but follow in its tracks.

Presently it seemed to Truefitt that Fawn was going a little out of the way. The ship was visible now, lying offshore, and Fawn was steering a course directly out to sea. Suddenly he swerved, as if he had made a wrong course, and started immediately toward the vessel, after a little delay.

Fawn changed again. He was doubling upon his track. The second sleigh was quite near him now. Fawn shouted something. Suddenly Truefitt saw a wide lead open in the ice, and the dark water beneath the sleigh.

A second later he went slipping down, and the icy water numbed his hands as he struggled to regain his footing. Mabel screamed out.

At the same instant Fawn ran up with a sleigh-hook and began deliberately hammering at Truefitt's fingers. He was shouting like a maniac, and Truefitt perceived that he was, in fact, insane.

Mabel cried out and tried to catch at him, but Fawn, with an oath, turned on her and sent her spinning across the ice. Then he drove the sleigh-hook into Truefitt's body.

As he did so he lost his balance on the slippery ice and fell. He went head first into the water. And Truefitt, who was fast growing numbed and helpless, roused himself for a supreme effort.

He grabbed the hook that lay across the ice and hoisted himself out of the water. Then he attempted to raise Fawn.

Fawn whirled round and round in the center of the open place. He shrieked in terror and clutched at Truefitt's fingers. But the lead was widening; the sleigh went toppling down. Truefitt had just time to cut the harness and free the straining dogs before it sank like a stone, with all the ivory.

With a last cry Fawn threw up his hands and sank beneath the water. There was no chance of rescue now. Truefitt stared into Mabel's frightened face.

Presently she looked up at him. "Let us go on," she said in a low voice.

IV.

The return voyage was a quick one. Truefitt got his ship out of the ice and got back to the United States by the middle of October. No word about Fawn's death passed between him and Mabel. He did not know whether she knew of Fawn's treachery or whether she held him guilty for his death.

It was not until their final parting, at her home, that she spoke of the subject. "Tell me everything, now," she said.

Truefitt hesitated; then, as kindly as he could, he told her. He felt that it would be unfair to her to let her live in the belief that Fawn was what she had believed him.

She was silent when he had ended. Then:

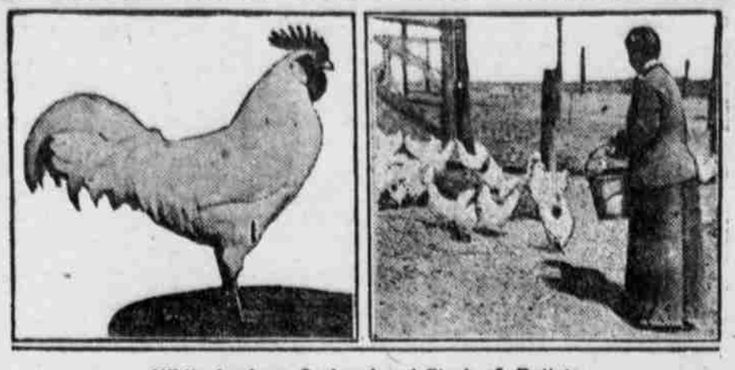
"I have thought it all out and come to that conclusion," she said. "I am going to be frank now. Do you know why I asked you to take me north?"

"Because you loved him," said Truefitt miserably.

"No," she replied. "Because I wanted to know—just why—I had ceased to care for him."

Then Truefitt knew that his first love had been a worse fallacy than he had ever suspected.

HOW HIGH PRODUCERS MAY BE SELECTED



White Leghorn Cockerel and Flock of Pullets.

It is not only possible but desirable to pick out the high-producing hens in the flock by means of external characteristics, according to W. A. Lippincott, professor of poultry husbandry in the Kansas State agricultural college.

"Hens that molt late are high producers," says Professor Lippincott, "because they have a longer period in which to lay. Late molting is the accompaniment of late laying, but the mere fact of late molting does not make high producers. The hens that molt late begin laying as early as the early molters, because they molt much more rapidly and lose less time.

"In the yellow-skinned breeds the paleness of shank is a very reliable indication in the fall at the end of the first year. The high producers lay the color out of their shanks, and so any bird with yellow shanks after a year of laying has been a poor producer for that year.

"Those birds with soft and pliable combs about October 1 are in general better producers than those with hard and dried-up combs. As a bird molts the comb tends to shrink and become hard, but birds in good condition and laying have pliable combs.

"With the White Leghorn pullets which have yellow pigment in the earlobe at the start of the season a white earlobe will be an indication of high production. These birds with yellow pigment in the earlobe will lay out this color until the lobes are white.

"The smoothness, pliability and oiliness of the skin are indications of egg production. A laying bird has a softer, smoother feeling than the non-laying bird.

"Due to the yolks developing in the ovary and the increase in size of the oviduct, the abdomen swells out in preparation for the laying season. When a bird gets ready to stop laying the abdomen shrinks. This fact is valuable in telling what the bird may do for the next two or three weeks, or by knowing whether the bird is laying at a certain time of the year.

"The practical application of these facts is to discard at the end of a laying year all pullets which have yellow shanks, dried-up combs and shrunken abdomens."

DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHICK

Egg Furnishes Feed, Water and Other Necessary Essentials—Heat Causes Incubation.

Each egg produced by good, vigorous hens running with a strong rooster and housed and fed under proper conditions is the possibility of another chick. In the egg is a home and it contains feed, water and all that is necessary for the development of the chick, except heat. It is the application of this heat under favorable conditions that is called incubation. At the time the egg is laid the development of the chick has been going on rapidly for several hours. As soon as the temperature drops down below 70 degrees F. this growth stops and the embryo goes into a resting stage until the egg is again warmed up. This very young chick, called the blastoderm, rests on the upper surface of the yolk.

Immediately surrounding the yolk extending out at opposite sides toward the large and small ends of the egg is a dense opaque layer of albumin or white called chalaza which tends to support the yolk and lessens its movement, except as it revolves on the chalaza as an axis to keep the blastoderm at the top. The rest of the white is more watery and more transparent and is surrounded by two rather tough membranes and the shell. These two membranes separate at the large end of the egg and form the air cell which in a fresh egg is about the size of a dime, but increases with age due to evaporation of moisture. The shell being porous permits the passage of air or moisture in or out.

CLEAN THE CHICKEN BROODER

Give Chicks Good Start by Disinfecting Before Placing Them in It—Use Hot Water.

Give the chicks a good start by cleaning and disinfecting the brooder before they are placed in it. The Pennsylvania State college experiment station recommends scrubbing with hot water or the use of a 3 to 5 per cent solution of any of the coal tar or other commercial disinfectants. Have the brooder dry before the chicks are introduced into it. Cleaning the brooder once a week during the brooding period is a good practice.

MACHINE-HATCHING IN FAVOR

Forceful Argument Is Number of Eggs Broken and Spoiled by Hens—Average Is Large.

A forceful argument in favor of machine-hatching is the number of eggs broken and spoiled by sitting hens. Even under the most satisfactory hen-hatching conditions the breakage will often average 15 to 30 per cent of the eggs set. Other eggs are smeared when not broken and the chicks lack air to develop sufficient vigor to break the shell.

WASTE OF TIME TO DOCTOR

Attention to Details, Constant Watchfulness and Careful Feeding Are of Great Importance.

Successful poultrymen spend much time in trying to prevent disease. Attention to details, constant watchfulness and careful feeding play the most important part in the everyday life of the prominent breeder. So much time is given, therefore, to prevention that it is considered a waste of time to doctor when disease appears.

RANGE FOR YOUNG CHICKENS

Problem of Supply Green Feed Does Not Receive Sufficient Attention From Farmer.

The problem of supplying a range or green feed for chicks does not receive sufficient attention. This is an important side of the proper rearing of poultry and the farmer who has sour skimmilk to spare and a good green range has more than half his chick problem solved.

For temporary feeding, one can soak oats overnight in water, wash them thoroughly next morning and spread them in half-inch layers in boxes or trays. Place these trays in the shade outdoors and sprinkle with water twice daily. In from three to six days the oats will be ready for feeding. For baby chicks feed when the sprouts are one-half inch long, giving once daily what the chicks will eat in about ten minutes.

Rape may be sown and, when grown, cut up and fed to chicks. Cabbage, lettuce, mangels, beets, turnips can also be used for green feed.

The only really satisfactory way, however, to supply green feed and a good range is to sod a piece of land to Bermuda grass by plowing the ground and dropping a piece of Bermuda sod every 13 inches, and to put some burr clover into this Bermuda grass in the fall.

FEED PENS FOR BABY CHICKS

Wire Covered Yard of Laths, Placed Close Enough to Keep Old Fowls Out, Will Suffice.

If old and young chicks are allowed to range together, feeding pens should be made for the baby chicks. A wire covered yard of laths, placed far enough apart to permit the chicks to get between, and wide enough so that the older birds cannot reach their heads in to feed, is cheaply and easily made. A box deep enough to prevent the old birds reaching in, with a wire fence in front, will protect the feed hoppers from the weather. In such hoppers, keep a dry mash of ground grains, charcoal, cracked bone and grit. The hoppers should not furnish the only food; cracked corn scattered in the litter makes a good exerciser.

FEED SHOULD BE NUTRITIOUS

Good Practice to Throw Limited Amount of Rolled Oats on Floor for Chicks to Clean Up.

A good first feed is to throw a limited amount of rolled oats on the floor, only the amount that the chicks will clean up in about one hour. Rolled oats are very nutritious and relished by the chicks and are excellent as a first feed. However, their continued use is not advised. Hard boiled eggs, ground in a food chopper and mixed with dry crumbs may also be successfully used as a first feed.

FIRST FEED FOR THE CHICKS

Dry Mash Mixture Given Until Fowls Are Six Weeks Old, Fed in Self-Feeding Hoppers.

Dry mash, which is fed until chicks are six weeks old in shallow boxes or self-feeding hoppers, is compounded as follows:

Five pounds blood meal, three pounds charcoal, twenty pounds middlings, twenty-two pounds cornmeal, twenty-two pounds buckwheat meal, twenty-three pounds oatmeal, five pounds fine bone meal.