

Summer Reading.

A young professor of mathematics, who played a good game of tennis and was a hearty outdoor companion, used to amuse his fellow vacationists by spending the time between games and fishing trips lying at ease, with a German work on calculus, or some other subject in the misty altitudes of science. He enjoyed his summer reading fully, and looked forward to his vacation feasts of leisurely study. What one likes to read is the best summer reading, and as every class of book is liked by somebody, the consumption of the world's literature probably does not vary much in kind from January to December. There are no literary fashions to put away and replace with literary gauze. No one, declares the Youths' Companion, has yet invented a type of novel that comes in with asparagus and goes out with green corn. Summer reading is a superstition of the comic papers and the publishers who imagine the entire world of vacationists lolling in hammocks, drinking lemonade and perusing "Dainty Dialogues" or "The Exciting Adventure of Captain Montrose, Sometime Officer of the Pink Hussars." But if you look over Tom's shoulder after a day in the hay-field, the chances are that you will find him reading a book which he began in midwinter, and did not have time to finish. Grandmother is probably going slowly through "Adam Bede" for the nineteenth time, and Mary's book is "Boy Travelers on the Congo." "Pudd'n-head Wilson" says that October is one of the peculiarly dangerous months in which to speculate in stocks; "the others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February." By the same token, a peculiarly interesting book to read in August is one which is not dull in any other month.

Nutrient in the Oyster.

The general belief that the oyster is a very nutritious article of food does not rest upon any scientific basis. The oyster, as a food, could not fully satisfy the demands of the human body. While the oyster—when not stewed—is very palatable, wholesome, and easily assimilated by weak or impaired stomachs, it cannot be contended that it contains such elements of nutrition as may be found in beans, rice, or potatoes. There is very little, if any, fat-making or muscle-building material in the oyster. Its composition is largely nitrogenous and, being rich in phosphates, it is generally regarded as an excellent food for the brain; but a man reduced to an exclusive diet of oysters would soon find himself deficient in adipose tissue and in those elements that go to make up physical force and vitality in the human body.

The conference of governors to consider the preservation of the national resources has already brought forth fruit. The governors suggested that the president appoint a national conservation committee to advise him and to co-operate with similar bodies in the states. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Roosevelt has reappointed his commission on inland waterways, with some new members to fill vacancies. He has also constituted commissions on forests, on lands and on minerals, and an executive committee to harmonize the work of all four bodies. Now we may expect to see the growth of the sentiment that the minerals, lands, forests and waters of the country are national wealth, in the conservation of which the whole nation has an interest, whether they belong to private citizens or not. It is that sort of sentiment which will be a guarantee against want and barrenness in the distant future.

The spread of prohibition had not made itself manifest as late as the end of last year, in a reduction of the native drink bill, according to figures presented by the American Grocer. It calculates an expenditure for the year of \$843,333,800 on beer, \$594,794,400 on distilled spirits, and \$118,456,000 on wines, or a total for alcoholic beverages of about \$1,466,584,000, compared with \$1,450,855,400 in 1906. The consumption per capita of distilled spirits decreased from 1.52 gallons in 1906 to 1.47 gallons in 1907, while the per capita consumption of beer increased 1.04 gallons to 1.12 gallons. The declining tendency, true for coffee

THE PASSING OF JOE MARY  
BY W. HANSON DURHAM  
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It was hot—so scorchingly hot that the very skyline itself seemed to writhe and waver unsteadily in a maze of undulating heat beyond the wide waste of chaparral and scattered sage bush which stretched monotonously away to the westward and the foothills beyond. The man, sprawling listlessly out full length in the scant shade of a scraggy cactus, gasped again and stirred uneasily, then raised himself painfully to his elbow and gazed with fixed and glassy eyes toward the eastern horizon, while his trembling fingers finally found and clutched desperately at the blistering metal of a battered tin canteen which he lifted hopefully for the last, lingering drop, but only the same empty, hollow gurgle greeted his longing lips, and with a half-muttered curse he flung it weakly from him and sank, face downward, with wide outstretched arms again, his fingers working and clutching convulsively in the arid alkali dust of the desert.

Overhead, like a blotch against the brazen copper dome of sky, a solitary bird of great size swept lower in slow descending circles, and from out a cleft in the barren ledges a gaunt, limbed coyote crept and skulked and stood for a moment in doubtful uncertainty, then bared his gleaming teeth in a diabolical grin of anticipation. "Water! water!" gasped the man incoherently. "For the love of God—a single drop—in this accursed hell!" and at his murmurs, the bird and the beast drew closer. The bird hovered lower and croaked dismally—the beast simply sat back upon his haunches and waited and licked his white fangs with a dry pink tongue. The party was not complete—the feast could not begin until Death, the third



There Was a Sudden Spurt of Flame and a Sharp Report.



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guest, had come. The man groaned moaningly, and turned his head wearily, and slowly opened his eyes and looked about and saw them there. "O God!" he pleaded, chokingly. "Wait—until I'm dead!" and he glared at them with fixed fascination until his fevered eyes seemed to glow and burn like globes of molten metal in their sunken sockets, and then all reason left him, and with a laughing oath upon his senseless lips, he fell back indifferent, upon the sand, and the great bird circled closer and the hungry beast crept nearer and sniffed, then lapped at the quiet, unturned face, unafraid.

Joe Mary, the hunted half-breed renegade, saw from his shelter behind a clump of withered buffalo grass growing close beside the trail at the base of the foothills, the circling buzzard and read its meaning, and shading his eyes with a bronze palm, he could see the shape of the prostrate trooper who had relentlessly followed him thus far and closely along the trackless trail. The day before, Joe Mary simply grunted gutturally when he had, from his ambush behind a sand hill beside the trail, but when his second shot pierced the trooper's almost empty canteen, he smiled grimly to himself with a greater satisfaction, for he knew the end was now nearer, and accordingly flattened himself out upon the neutral tinted, sun-baked earth, to watch and to wait.

He saw the persistent ploddings of his pursuer, and eyed with precious pleasure his first faltering steps, which grew, as the day lengthened and the heat strengthened, into erratic wanderings. He smiled again in triumph as he saw the trooper reel and fall—then crawl, helpless, gasping and choking in the shade of the cacti, back beside the trail. The heart of Joe Mary was now jubilant, and rising cautiously to his feet, he stood for a moment and closely scanned the flat eastern horizon, snapping his stolen pony firmly by the nose, he strode boldly forth back to the barren trail, led on by the accumulated hatred of his and to behold and gloat gloriously at the last lingering touch of the expiring trooper.

He gasped once and gulped at the first touch of tepid water, which fell tricklingly upon his lips from the canteen of the trooper, and with an effort he opened his mouth and struggled slowly to his feet, his strength was vanquished, and he lay, leveling thirst, and only out to seize the tin cup, and pour the precious fluid, and quickly back and shook his head, and gasping in its fullness, he raised his eyes, and then he saw the trooper's

sat and gasped and gazed in speechless awe at the sparkling water as it flowed and gushed, a cool, gurgling stream, from the mouth of the turned canteen. With a dry, choking sob from a thick, swollen tongue, he lurched suddenly forward and plunged his face and hands into the momentary mud of moisture, and sucked and lapped at it ravenously, like a beast. Then, as the last drop vanished, he looked longingly up for more.

The half-breed grunted with gratification as he saw the pleading agony in the man's eyes—an agony stimulated and aroused anew with aggravation, and he stepped closer and spat spitefully into the upturned, expectant face, then smiled mockingly as he slowly unsling a second canteen and, raising it to his own evil lips, drank long and deep.

The trooper's hands worked convulsively as he watched the wanton waste of water, and the light of returning reason grew quick and suddenly strong in his eyes. He felt the power of renewing strength increasing within him, and in desperate frenzy he struggled tottering to his feet, and with limbs almost refusing to sustain him he flung himself swayingly upon the half-breed and tried to tear the tempting tin from his lips. But Joe Mary simply dropped the canteen and seized him stranglingly by the throat and hurled him reeling weakly back, and drawing his revolver covered the thirst-tempted, trembling trooper.

"Ah! You choke—fight for water—eh?" he said, smiling slowly, and he held the dripping canteen nearer. "Yes!" the trooper gasped. "Give me more—you devil. Just another drop!" he pleaded pathetically, with wild, crazed eyes. Then his hand suddenly sought the butt of the weapon at his hip, as the half-breed shook his head sneeringly.

"You die for water, I guess!" taunted Joe Mary with intense, savage instinct. "Mebbe I give one big drink—all, then shoot quick—eh? Plenty water over there," and he pointed with long lean arm toward the foothills. "Mebbe I don't give water—eh, but go away and no shoot now. You die just as same! Which?" and he leered treacherously forward as he again held the canteen toward the trooper.

"Water!" gasped the man still chokingly, and he snatched greedily at the proffered tin and carried it joyfully to his lips. The water ran in a gurgling, grateful stream down his parched and swollen throat and oozed tricklingly from the corners of his mouth. Then, when at last the ecstasy was over and the awful, consuming thirst was conquered, he threw aside the empty tin and faced the half-breed's still threatening weapon. "Now I'm ready to die. I've had a drink!" he remarked coolly, as he wiped the moisture from his lips and stood still, staggering a little, as the half-breed's eyes glittered and gleamed death to him over the sight of his menacing muzzle.

Overhead, the solitary buzzard still circled and looked down from dizzy heights and the coyote still skulked expectantly among the growing shadows of the sand hills. Joe Mary paused, stepped back a pace and again raised his weapon. Then, just as the muzzle grew suddenly steady once more, and his bronzed forefinger began to crook closely against the trigger, there came, sharp upon the still desert air, a quick, warning rattle and a subdued hiss at his feet, and with a wild look of abject terror in his evil eyes, he leaped quickly aside, and as he did so there was a sudden spurt of flame, followed by a quick puff of smoke and a sharp report, and Joe Mary pitched forward and lay still, face downward, in the alkali dust.

"Just a trick of the tongue!" muttered the trooper inconspicuously, as he showed his still smoking weapon back into its holster, and, climbing weakly upon the dead man's pony, rode off in the direction of the foothills. His Uncertain Birthplace. Senator Gore of Oklahoma, in illustration of one of his points in his speech in Faneuil hall, told a story of the James family of Jamestown, Va., who since the foundation of that historic city have been accustomed to have all births and deaths in the James family recorded in the city register.

A few years ago Thomas James got married, and, after a honeymoon of 18 months abroad, returned home with little Jimmie James as one of the most valuable acquisitions of their foreign trip. As was the long standing custom of the family, the proud parents wanted Jimmie's birth recorded in the city registry, but the city clerk politely informed them that it would be impossible to oblige them, since the child was born not only out of the city but in another land.

After much exhortation and influence brought to bear, the official, however, promised to do the best he could, and wrote the following in the registry: "Jimmie James, born February 28, 1905, during the temporary absence of his parents."—Philadelphia Record.

His Narrow Escape. "Once," related the tall tragedian with the Shakespearean hair, "I was stranded in the wilds of Georgia. Night came and still I had sighted no help. Suddenly I found myself surrounded by a drove of razor-back hogs. Ah, gentlemen, when morning came—" "Trotton," interrupted the fat comedian, "don't spring any such yarn as that on the innocent. Razor-back hogs are known to be exceedingly vicious and if you had been surrounded by a drove of them you would have never seen morning. They would have eaten you up, even to the pawn ticket for your watch." "No, me lord, you are wrong," he said finally. "There are exceptions in all cases. You see, these happened to be safety razor-back hogs."

LIVES AND SUFFERS

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SUMMER WIDOWER.

At Least in Washington We Have the Assertion That He is by No Means the Gay Dog Pictured.

This is the open season for the summer widower, says a writer in the Washington Star, and there are thousands upon thousands of them right here in Washington. And they are gay dogs, every one—as gay as a boiler explosion or a state funeral.



It makes me good and tired, this comic supplement idea, that as soon as the seashore and mountain delegations of better halves gets out of town all the summer widowers begin to cut up didoes and wear shiny spots in the high places. According to the general view of the situation, as soon as the wife of an average summer widower boards a train for Pickles-on-the-Pike or Oddies-by-the-Ocean said devilish person, being temporarily disconnected from home and fireside, immediately begins to slake his thirst in a neighboring rumormium and listen for the frou frou of unattached skirts.

Then the summer widower, having tested the preliminary descent on the moral toboggan, immediately begins to map out a campaign of assorted deviltry that would make the late lamented Julius Q. Caesar take to the mizzen peak. He dines with dizzy dames at fanned-by-the-breeze resters, laps up variegated alcohol with the avidity of a tin-canned koodie, rifles the pasteboards every other night at 50 a buy-in freezout, slaps a bundle on the outlaw ponies running at a fixed track in Indian Territory, steams home in a seagoing night liner at dawn every morning, and generally behaves like an inspired red, white and blue idiot. That, I say, seems to be the generally accepted theory of the regular conduct of an unattached and foot-loose summer widower.

Say, there's nothing to it. It's a dream, a joke, a screaming farce. The average summer widower, instead of being that gay dog with wheels on his shoes and blue flame playing around his larynx, is the most mournful and God-forsaken thing on top of the earth. After work what does he do? He hops a car and trolleys home—but not to a home. After he's been living in it a week his flat or his house is so frowzy as to be almost uninhabitable. But he can't think to tell the woman his wife recommended, and whose name and address he has forgotten, to come in and brush things up a bit. He falls into the bathtub, climbs into a suit of pajamas and begins to think over a plan of campaign for the evening. Shall he beat it for the beer garden? Shall he hit the trail for the underbrush? Shall he leap out into the scenery and accumulate a bundle? Shall he call on mother-in-law or take Cousin Mary out for a ride? Shall he—?

And at eleven-fifty-two and seven-eighths this gay dog, this summer widower, this unattached hill burner, wakes up from a Morris chair snooze, yawns prodigiously, looks sheepishly at the clock, drinks a glass of malted milk and tumbles into a bed that has not been made for so long it looks like a haymow.

And yet folks will talk! Ain't it a shame, Mabel? Ain't it a shame? Kind-Hearted Auntie. One of those sizzling hot afternoons the other day in Washington a very black, very portly person from ole Virginia or thereabouts, with red bandanna headgear and arms full of parcels, ambled into a large apartment store and halted at the ribbon counter, which in this store happens to be near the soda fountain.

The busy day neared the closing hour. The breeze wafted by many whirling fans was like the breath from Vesuvius' crater, and the clerks, weary and warm, were not in the pleasantest humor as belated customers straggled in. The old colored auntie purchased the bright ribbons that best suited her fancy and started away, when an afterthought seemed to strike her.

"Hyar, honey," she exclaimed, handing out some coppers to the astonished saleslady, "take dis yer fi' cents and buy yourself a sody. You-all done looks like you needs it, yass, indeedy, you dose, and the shiny, ebony countenance fairly beamed with benevolence and sympathy as she quickly was lost in the crowd.

Horses to Get Vacations. Uncle Sam, generous in giving vacations to his two-legged servants, is hereafter to allow 30 days' leave a year to the post office department horses in Washington. The animals are to be sent, a few at a time, to a fine, rich pasture in Maryland. "Every employee of the government," says the chief clerk in the post office department, "receives 30 days' annual vacation and 30 days' sick leave if necessary. I see no reason why the horses we use in the business of the department ought not to receive a rest, or a vacation, and hereafter I am going to send each of the horses away for a 30-day period of the summer, and this is the time they will appreciate a rest from the hot asphalt and welcome the green grass of the country and the shade of the trees."

Flower Gardens on a Liner. The Rotterdam, the newest vessel of the Holland-American line, is the heaviest vessel afloat, her gross tonnage being 25,000, and she has accommodation for 3,535 passengers, while the crew consists of 475 men. Many striking features have been introduced, the most novel of which is the palm court. Here flower beds, palms, and ferns abound, and the center of the court is surmounted by a majestic dome of stained glass.

HAD NO USE FOR ICE.

Washington Man's Wail About Customs in Saskatchewan.

Continuing on hot weather topics—one might as well, for there's little inclination among local folks to discuss anything else—reminds me of one charming hot weather custom of the people of Saskatchewan, in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, writes a Washington newspaper scribe. Those are real names and can be found on the map, and the people are real, too. They have to be to stand that fierce, long-nighted fifty-below-zero-and-still-going-down cold of the hard frozen winter months.

But if the winters are cold, so are the summers hot, and one particular afternoon—the mercury stood at about 106 in the shade—I was invited to accompany a little picnic party from Saskatoon to Smith's Bluff—a grove of near-trees about ten feet high—the only kind that grow at all up there, for luncheon. It was a 12-mile drive in a low-necked wagon without a hood, but the Saskatoon people are famous providers for man and beast, and so I provided, for I noted with interest, not unmixed with apprehension—for the drivers appeared careless—that a dozen or so cases of beer were loaded on the lunch wagon.

We landed at Smith's Bluff right side up with care, but as dry as a basket of chips from the black loam dust that was kicked up in the journey across the prairie, and the dozen or so of us from the states began to think of steins dripping with frost and containing short-collared portions of frapped malt. But just as we were in the midst of these pleasant dreams one of the members of our party shuffled, groaned and pointed. And, following his finger with our eyes, we beheld several of our hosts lugging the beer from the wagon and carefully placing it in the sun.

"Why, oh, why, are you doing that?" we groaned in unison, even at the risk of being ungracious and rude. "What, oh, what, does this desecration mean?" "Desecration? What does it mean?" parroted one host in amazement. "Why, we're fixing the beer so it will be nice for luncheon. We always drink it sun warm. Don't you?"

Afterward we learned that those dear people see so much ice in the winter time—and feel it, too—that they don't save any for the summer time, and wouldn't use it if they did. All of which points a moral. When visiting Saskatchewan, in the province of Saskatchewan, carry your own ice.

LOOKED LIKE AN OLD FRIEND.

Speaker Cannon Amazed at "Double" of W. J. Bryan.

Our reverend friend, Uncle Joe Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, had the shock of his young life on the Fourth of July, while attending the exercises attendant upon the opening of the new Municipal building. Some distinguished citizen had just torn off a yard or two of highly cultured elocution, which was heard fully three feet from the spot on which he was standing while talking, and the next human incident on the program advanced to the front. Incidentally, Uncle Joe had no printed program, or at least hadn't looked it over.

He caught sight of the scheduled and advancing personage, and his face was a sight to see. His jaw dropped until it bounced up and down on his elderly chest, his eyes revolved like pin wheels and he stuck out one hand in a dazed sort of way. "Jumping grasshoppers!" he said, or words to that effect. "How in the name of pin wheels and fly-crackers can William Jennings Bryan be in Lincoln, Neb., and Washington, D. C., at one and the same time, and what is he going to talk here for, anyhow?"

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Speaker?" cried the man next to Uncle Joe. "That isn't Mr. Bryan; that's Charles Hanford, the actor."

Uncle Joe subsided. His jaw flew up to normal, his eyes quieted down and his hand slipped back in his pocket. "Of course, I knew it couldn't be Bryan," he said with his characteristic twinkling drawl, "but I'm blamed if I was very certain."

And the band played on.—Washington Star.

Tried His Best. "Mr. Whittlesy," said the city editor to the new reporter, "there's to be a meeting of the trustees at the public library building this evening at eight o'clock. You may go and cover it. Make a story of about 400 words out of it."

The new reporter went away on his assignment, and the chief of the local department turned again to his desk, made an entry in the assignment book that lay before him and dismissed the matter from his mind. About 11 o'clock, however, he suddenly called out:

"Where's Whittlesy?" "Here, sir," answered that young man, coming forward. "I sent you to a board meeting at the public library. Where's your story?"

"It isn't quite finished yet. You told me to make 400 words of it, and I've got only a little over 300 so far."

"What did they do?" "They met, called the roll and adjourned until next Tuesday evening."—Independent. Point of Interest Neglected. Did you ever hear of "Duff Green's Row"? Or, did you ever hear of the "Old Capitol Prison"? They are one and the same. After the capitol was destroyed by the vandals of Great Britain the congress, for a brief period, occupied "Duff Green's Row." Forty years afterward, during the civil war, this row of buildings located on the corner of Second street and A, north-east, was used as a prison for confederates and confederate sympathizers, and was known as the "Old Capitol Prison." The row is still there, but no effort has been made, nor does there seem any likelihood that any effort will be made, to preserve this historic landmark.—Los Angeles Times.

PRETTY BLOUSES



The first illustration shows a bodice of a lawn dress. It is made on a lining to which the vest of tuck muslin and insertion is stitched. The lawn fronts are tucked on the shoulders, and are edged with two rows of embroidery. The under-sleeve is turned up below the elbow with a cuff edged with embroidery. The over-sleeve is trimmed with insertion, and is stitched on after the actual sleeve has been sewn on.

The second is in pale blue zephyr, tucked on the shoulders, and trimmed each side the center box-pleat with open work embroidery insertion. The cuffs are finished with insertion, edged with pleated lace.

The third garment is composed of flouncing embroidery, the plain part of the center pieces being tucked, the edge of the side embroidery being laid over the plain. The sleeves are arranged in the same way. The deep pointed collar is of plain muslin, edged with a frill of lace.

MAKES USEFUL LITTLE WRAP.

Boleto in New Style Easily Made Up in Crochet Work.

This useful little wrap is quite easy to make. Any kind of wool and a suitable hook (tricot) may be used. Work a chain of 15 inches; on this chain work plain tricot for seven inches.

Work off each stitch separately like double crochet for eight inches, and the remainder of the row in tricot as before.

Work two more short rows of tricot like the last; on completing the last row make as many chain-stitches as will bring the work to its original length.

Continue working long rows as at first for 22 inches, or more if for a stout person.

Work off the same number of stitches for the armholes as before, repeat the short rows and work a second front to match the first, each stitch of the last row to be worked off separately like double crochet; fasten off.

Fold the fronts over, and sew or crochet the shoulder pieces together. Work a row of double crochet round the armholes, taking up the back top thread and the thread which lies immediately below it.

Last row: Work a double crochet in the first of last row, pass one, a treble in next, \* five chain, back into first, another treble in same place as last, repeat from \* twice more, pass one, double crochet in next, and repeat all round.

Work this last row all round the bolero, using the double crochet row for the fronts if required.

IN LINEN AND PIQUE.

Latter Material the Best for Summer Costumes.

Linen jumper frocks and linen coat and skirt suits are popular this season and every woman wants them in her wardrobe, but there are other things more practical when one is cutting down the list as much as possible. The linen coat will get out of shape in laundering and the linen costume of any description looks deliciously fresh and cool for about an hour if the wearer has luck, then begins to look more or less if its wearer had slept in it.

Of course, it can be pressed out when one reaches home, but in the meantime it is not beautiful and the pressing is not easy. Certain linens crush less readily than others and they are all as pretty as they are fashionable, but they are unquestionably annoying, especially if one passes the summer out of touch with an expert laundress.

TO CLEAN WHITE WINGS.

Two Preparations That Will Do the Work Effectively.

Wings are much more difficult to clean than are the softer feathers, such as ostrich and marabout. You might cover them with a cream made from naphtha and French chalk, allowing it to dry on for a day, and then brush off. A slight improvement from an application of common starch can be made with cold water and laid on very thick.

The paste should be allowed to become quite dry, and perhaps this process might answer for your wings if they are not too much soiled. In regard to the parafin, you might get rid of the grease spot by laying on hot French chalk. This will dissolve and absorb the grease. Repeat the process if necessary. Next, the parafin should be opened and then thoroughly washed with gasoline and white soap all over its surface, more particularly on the soiled places.

Afterward sponge off with clear gasoline. By going over every part of the parafin there will be no danger of spots or streaks, and gasoline will not harm it. Keep away from fire or artificial heat during this process.

What is to Be in Fashion. It is quite in keeping with other tendencies that sleeves should cease to give breadth to the shoulders as figures must not be made to look too heavy. Whatever fullness some of them retain is restricted to that part of the arm that comes immediately below them. Milliners are even brought to book with respect to the exceeding size of their hats which, it is urged, do not suit the new mode in dresses, but as yet I see no signs of their being moved by any such arguments.

Waists continue to be made more or less short, but there is no particular care taken to make them look small as with the hips. On the other hand, throats must be made to appear long and slender. Not only are collars made as close-fitting and high as possible, but they are invariably finished by a ruching of lace or net—a fashion which in the long run comes expensive as they have to be continually renewed.—The Dry Goods Guide.

New Curtain Material.

A new drapery material that is quite inexpensive—19 cents a yard—is extremely pretty and cool-looking. It is not unlike a fine scrim or a cotton voile as to background, and is printed in all the prettiest colorings, floral, conventional and stripes.

It is called Arabian cloth, and will be charming fashioned into window curtains and other draperies required for summer use.

In this material a dull eery ground in a design of tulips is beautiful, and not less so, though more subdued, are the conventional effects in pastel tones.

Tight-Fitting Petticoats.

New petticoats are sold for the latest sheath dresses and they are made on the circular plan, so that there will be no fullness either at hips or knees. Of course, those who wear the sheath dress most correctly wear no petticoats whatsoever, but with thin dresses such as women of America wear, at least one petticoat is a necessity, and when it is made in the tight-fitting style it does not much interfere with the set of the graceful gown.

The Use of Braid.

There are white broadcloth costumes braided in black, but these are rather too conspicuous to be favorites with women who have but few gowns. It is thought more desirable to braid a dark costume with a light colored braid in order that the braid may be removed at some future time and the gown worn with a contrasting coat.

Pompadour ribbon applied as skirt borders and waist decorations make a delightful trimming for a dress.