OF INTEREST to WOMEN

Tied-in Skirt Disappearing

Not Even Dressmakers' Models Wear It, but Many Gowns Are Close Toward the Hem.

Paris, June 22.

Time was when the Grand Prix ended the season so sharply and exactly that all mondaines closed their houses the morning after, and, even if the shore or country flitting was deferred a week or so, all preparations for it went on under darkened blinds. So deeply rooted was the habit of regarding formal city life as non-existent after this date that it was related of a famous dandy, now passed away, that he would conceal his big straw hat in his carriage, and the minute the big race was over would put it on in place of the formal silk hat he had worn when driving out to Longchamps. But this custom, like many others in the French life of a generation ago, has fallen somewhat into disuse.

The young French woman has become a good deal of a rebel against familiy traditions. An early departure from Paris means generally a series of family visits in country châteaus not always to her taste. The French, whether town-bred or not, always love Paris and feel more at home there than anywhere else, and the advent of the motor car has made it possible for them to be in town a great deal and still keep in touch with country life. It is rare to find even very fashionable people, who possess both country and shore establishments, leaving Paris for good until the first of August. However, it is still true that social engagements in July are comparatively simple and consist largely in dining and "teaing" in out-of-door restaurants, running into the country to visit friends, or attending informal garden parties given by the small remnant of the old aristocracy which still maintains at a great sacrifice parks and gardens inside the city. On the whole, July life is a great let-down from the strenuous existence of the month preceding it. During June the social pace grows swifter and swifter until it culminates in several big racing events which take place the last week, the eight days generally referred to as "La Grande Semaine."

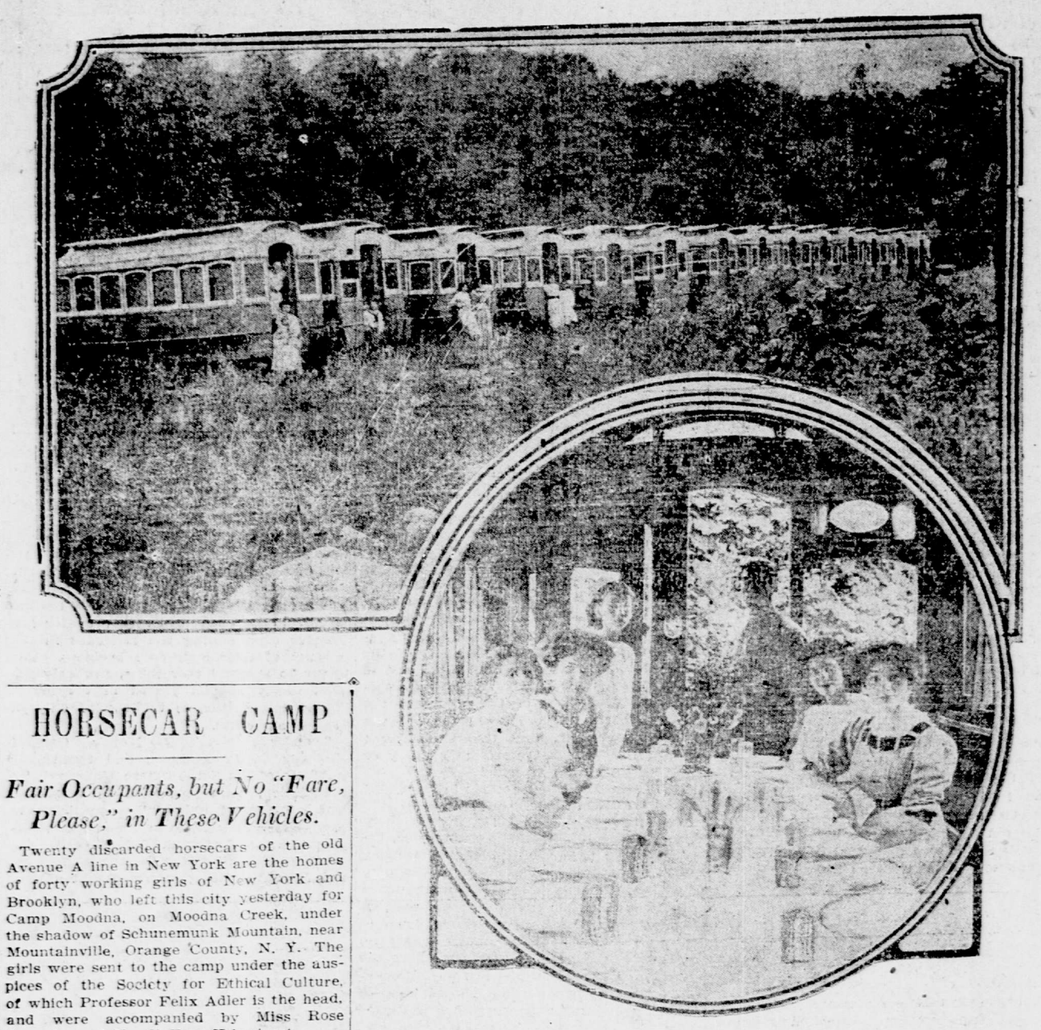
The general impression which one bore away on Sunday from the steeplechase at Auteuil was one of great incongruity in the make-up of costumes, producing, nevertheless, an harmonious whole. Velvet hats, fur-trimmed scarfs and gauzy frocks, all under a broiling June sky, make a picture that many would criticise; yet, if one studies carefully the modes of the moment, there is far more to admire than to condemn in them. The eccentricities which were launched a few months ago, such as the tied-in skirt, which has been made so much of by the fashion journals, seem fast disappearing. Most decidedly the skirt so tight around the ankles that a mincing step must be affected is entirely disregarded by dressmakers' models as well as by fashionably dressed women, which means that it has not standing at all among well dressed women of any class. Of course, many of the gowns are close toward the hem, but not to the extent of necessitating an ugly gait or of imparting an immodest outline to the figure. Moreover, a great many straight, full skirts have been worn this week, and it really seems safe to state that the latest example of French dressmaking art is simple in the extreme. Generally speaking, it consists of a low necked, short sleeved, round bodice and short, full skirt, united by a round belt giving a rather higher appearance to the waistline. It is the accessories and the decoration of a costume of this sort which give it its value and which make it anything but simple. The bottom of the skirt, belt and trimming to the sleeves will be of some exquisite embroidery or lace, or combination of two or more kinds of trimming, and the guimp over which the gown is worn will contain decoration sufficient to glorify this simple garment into an example of extravagant handicraft. The prettiest item of the costume is the scarf, and the latest whim is to have this attached to the bodice of the dress, so that its careful draping may not be disturbed. It is put on with the care and infinite pinning and arranging which women of the middle of the last century used to expend on their priceless Cashmeres.

A month or six weeks ago the black scarf, lined with white and made of liberty satin, became a great success. It is, of course, in Paris, already out of date, and, although we see a good many scarfs of black satin or black gauze, the lining is of some color to correspond with the dress. The Princess Ghika, formally the celebrated Liane de Pougy, made her début as a dame du monde at Chantilly on Sunday. An interesting item of her costume was a scarf of black mousseline de soie, edged with sable, and fastened on the shoulder and again in the back with a cluster of sable tails. Her gown was blue mousseline de soie in several tones, as if one shade of blue were laid over another, and the skirts were slightly trailing, a fashion that is coming in again. On her head she wore the famous hat, the one that figured in the incident at St. Germain when Prince Ghika so resented the criticism of a passerby that the fracas which followed led to the appearance of both men in the police court. The hat which created so much excitement a few weeks ago is quite modest to-day as compared with later claims on public attention, and it is also extremely becoming to the Princess Ghika's pale and handsome features. It is made of black satin, and falls low over the face, with a frill of delicate white lace.

I have seen two draped skirts which are to make their appearance Sunday at the Grand Prix. One gown has a long underskirt of French blue satin, and over this is a tunic of black mousseline de soie edged with sable. The draping of the skirt is in front over the left knee, where the fulness is pulled up under a band of black satin much after the manner of a skirt that Marguerite wears in Faust. The other skirt shows an overdress of black Chantilly over white satin. On the bottom of the overdress is a wide band of pale blue satin, with a line of sable on its upper edge, and this is draped about the figure and pulled up in a big, bunchy bow behind.

Any one who attended the Ascot races in England last week finds an unusual contrast between the big English races and the big French event. Every well dressed woman at Ascot wore black or the tints of gray and violet permissible to complimentary mourning. As the race week took place the week before the order for general mourning was rescinded, even the humblest attendants at the meeting were garbed in black. While this gave a general impression of gloom, the women in the royal enclosure were so beautifully gowned and expressed so well the subtle nuances of half-mourning, that one could only regard them with admiration. Those whose position at court necessitates full mourning for another six months wore all black costumes, but more showed black mixed with white, or delicate gray and mauve. Lady Yarborough wore a trailing gown of black crêpe, inset with panels exquisitely embroidered. Accompanying this was a huge picture hat of black tulle and dull aigrettes, and the only spot of color in her costume was her famous rope of pearls. E. F. M.

FROM AVENUE A TO THE GREENWOOD TREE.



IN THE DINING CAR.

HORSECAR CAMP

Fair Occupants, but No "Fare, Please," in These Vehicles.

Twenty discarded horsecars of the old Avenue A line in New York are the homes of forty working girls of New York and Brooklyn, who left this city yesterday for Camp Moodna, on Moodna Creek, under the shadow of Schunemunk Mountain, near Mountainville, Orange County, N. Y. The girls were sent to the camp under the auspices of the Society for Ethical Culture, of which Professor Felix Adler is the head, and were accompanied by Miss Rose Gruening, of No. 86 East 57th street.

The camp is situated on the edge of a fringe of woods, facing the Moodna Creek. The cars, divested of trucks, have been place in a long row, the kitchen and dining cars being set apart at one end. Mrs. Christina Ehrenburgh, of Ridgefield, Conn., and Union Hill, N. J., is in charge of the camp, and there is a muscular handy man, who, with "Dandy," an aggressive cocker spaniel, stands ready to protect the campers from all harm.

The girls are all over fifteen years old, and are allowed to remain at the camp as long as they desire. They pay $3.50 per week for their board and live on the fat of the land as far as the farmers thereabouts know how to produce it.

Each of the dormitory cars, still bearing the old number by which it was known on the Avenue A line, contains three cots, and as there are sixteen windows, two doors and ventilators along the top of car, there is no trouble about the ventilation. Sixteen of the cars are for the sleeping accommodation of the visitors, one is devoted to kitchen purposes, two are dining cars, and one is a library car. In the last mentioned there still hangs the familiar old sign: "Beware of pickpockets." The old lamp boxes are in their accustomed places also in the front of the cars, and in these candles are used at night.

Just in front of the camp is a swimming pool with graduated depth, and close at hand are tennis grounds and a dancing platform, with a gramophone to provide music for the dancing. The water supply comes from three sources—a spring in the woods, a well near the camp, and the creek.

The campers are planning to spend several nights outdoors at Camp Tiptop, a mile up in the mountains. The blankets will be taken to the night camp in a wagon, and the girls will sleep on the ground. As the camp is only a hundred yards from the state road, many New York motor parties stop to visit it. It was opened three years ago with four cars. This number has been added to until now twenty are occupied from Memorial Day until October 15. The campers come from several New York clubs, including the Olcott, the Twentieth Century, Open Sesame, the Uptown Club, Retreat, Grace, Sunbeam and Nightingale.

A BAS HAT BILLS

Paper Millinery Saves the Purse of Burdened Man.

When is an ostrich plume not an ostrich plume? When it is made of crêpe paper and costs but $1 or less.

A crêpe paper ostrich plume sounds—well, flimsy, but the reality will deceive even a sharp-eyed woman at a very short distance, and while it certainly does not last as long as the genuine plume it is not much more at the mercy of the rain and fog. And there is one satisfaction about wearing a crêpe paper willow plume—the knowledge that the plumes were not painfully lengthened, one by one, by the fingers of some little sweated tenement house child, as most of the real plumes are.

Paper table linen has for some time been the resource of hostesses at summer jaunts and junkets, but paper millinery is just beginning to be known to the summer girl. Certainly there is no other material which can be used for anything in the way of headgear, from sunbonnets to the most imposing hat, and for everything in that hat, from the shape and lining to the flowers or plumes on the brim.

Sunbonnets in checked tissue paper, blue and white, red and white, pink and white and green and white, would deceive all senses but that of touch into taking them for gingham. They have fetching strings to be tied under the chin, and a frill that is most becoming to a youthful face. What is more, they can be bought for 25 cents apiece, so that if one of them is hopelessly rained upon by a sudden storm at a picnic no great harm is done to the purse. It costs as much to get a gingham bonnet laundered.

Paper poke bonnets are quaint, and so are the old-fashioned Dutch hoods. At a Dutch supper given recently at a country house in Long Island, with Dutch favors and Dutch decorations, all the women wore these bonnets, and costumes of crêpe and tissue paper made just like the costumes worn by maidens in the land of tulips and canals.

All sorts of special costumes in paper are to be purchased now, and are useful not only for anniversary teas, luncheons and so forth, but for masque balls. At a certain country club ball to-morrow night a certain pretty matron expects to make a great success in a Colonial Dame costume. The skirt is made of pale blue crêpe paper, and the overskirt, draped in pannier effect, is of white, besprinkled with tiny pink sprigs of trailing arbutus. The bodice, also of the flowered paper, has a vest of the blue, with a black lacing made of passe-partout binding, cleverly pasted on. The only bits about the costume not of paper are the pink tulle ruffles which finish the neck and sleeves and a quilling of the tulle on the bonnet about the face. The rest of the bonnet is of white crêpe paper, on a foundation of stiff paper; the roses that trim it are of pink crêpe paper. Could anything be more attractive for a Fourth of July ball?

These paper costumes, which a deft-fingered woman can make for herself without much trouble, should always have a foundation of thin but firm lawn. A princess slip is best.

Paper costumes, however, are merely for fancy wear. Paper millinery is really useful, for hats and bonnets of paper are considered perfectly appropriate on the boardwalk at the seashore or at garden parties, and in fact at all sorts of entertainments in the country. In some of the hats narrow strips of crêpe paper are braided to make the "straw," and very like real straw is the result. And crêpe paper being so astonishingly tough, these shapes last very well. The varieties of paper flowers are endless—orchids, purple violets, roses in all sizes, from immense American beauties to the smallest pink buds, nestling in baby leaves, and bachelor's buttons, with petals so tiny that one wonders how human hands could clip them.

For young girls are the Tam o' Shanters made of paper. The most effective hats for displaying the plumes are the three-cornered cocked hats. A dashing cocked hat of black paper, with a nineteen-inch white crêpe paper willow plume, costs only $1, and with care will last some time. These hats are always welcome as cotillion favors, and for the men on like occasions crusader sashes are picturesque, and nothing in the way of favors could be more inexpensive.

BEEF TEA PUDDING.

Beef tea pudding is made by pouring a quarter of a pint of beef tea over two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, letting them soak well; then beating with a fork and adding gradually a well-beaten egg and a pinch of salt. The pudding is steamed for twenty minutes in a well buttered mould.

PAPER MILLINERY.

SURPRISE NUTS.

A delightful addition to a party for young people may also afford a pleasant occupation for a rainy day. Get some of the small brown nuts called "Spanish," saw them carefully apart, remove the meat and utilize it for sandwiches; then line the empty half shell with waxed paper and fill that with some confection—cream, fudge, etc.; glue the halves together and serve them as ordinary nuts. They will delight the children, because they will be so unexpected. One suspects walnuts—but these little brown things do not often deceive. Mottos might be put in every tenth nut and the hard shell outside marked with a tiny bit of color. The preparation of both mottos and shells will often fill up a dull afternoon very pleasantly.

AN ENGLISH CUSTOM.

In England a small carafe, or water bottle, with a drinking glass inverted over the top, is always kept in every bedroom and freshly filled morning and night. This is a most convenient custom where there is not running water in or near the room, as one will often go without the wished for swallow after a disagreeable pill, or to relieve a sudden cough or sneeze, rather than trouble to send for it. Children are always "wanting a drink," and they can be taught to get it for themselves if it is always in some convenient place, and kept free from dust by the overturned tumbler is far better for them than ice water in an open pitcher.

Day Dreaded by Parents.

The Rich Take Their Children Away from It or Furnish Safe and Costly Fireworks.

All American parents dread the anniversary of their country's birth, although they celebrate it both as good citizens and as good parents, for the little folks would be broken hearted if the day did not bring forth the anticipated joy. These feelings are due not only to the frightful dangers of the day, from which it is not impossible to shield the youngsters, but also to its excitement, which is not so easily avoided, for the spirit of turmoil is in the air from early morn till long past the hour for the sand man's arrival. Some children take days to get over these experiences.

Wealthy parents, who are not handicapped in the care of their children by lack of time or money, deal with the Fourth of July problem in one of two ways—either they take the children quite away from the noise and excitement for the day, or they spend hundreds of dollars on fireworks and have a large party for their children, letting them enjoy themselves in the traditional way, but with as many safeguards as possible.

One woman whose means are almost unlimited has for several years had gymkhana games for the Fourth at her farm near one of the most fashionable resorts. She moves out there with her children two or three days beforehand, and leaves the entire task of table decorations and menu choice to the youngsters. She arranges twelve events, with prizes for the games, and the guests are invited from 10 o'clock in the morning until 5:30 p. m. Luncheon is served at 1 o'clock, after the games, and at 4:30 o'clock the children have sandwiches, ice cream and cake. All afternoon they play at being farmers, devising schemes of their own, all under the watchful eyes of their governesses, so that the mother's mind is quite at ease about them.

Another mother sails away on her steam yacht for the day, with her own brood and as many extra children as she deems prudent. Each child has one pack of firecrackers only, and these are thrown over the rail quite high in the air when lighted, so that each goes off before it touches the water. The souvenirs are miniature men-of-war. At Newport and other seaside resorts beach parties are events that mark the Fourth, a sandy point being chosen that motors can reach. Here the children make sand forts and have flags galore to fly. Luncheon is cold, save for the hot drinks, and the car that brings it brings also camp stools, tents and canvases to spread on the sand, so that the smaller children can play without getting damp.

The Fourth of July party, though ostensibly for the children, is shared by the grown-ups. Appropriately decorated invitations, which they will fondly cherish afterward, are sent to the children, and the parents are rung up later and asked to come over "if they care to" and see the display. These invitations read "from 5 until 8:30 o'clock." This choice of time allows the younger ones to have their naps before setting forth, and enables all to have an exciting hour of firecrackers, pinwheels and fire mountains which they can set off by themselves, with nurses attending to see that no harm comes from their joy. There are also fire balloons, and pig balloons that blow up, and lovely snakes that sizzle along in a truly terrifying fashion.

At 6 o'clock comes supper, the best part of the party for many of the tots, as the table decorations take their fancy. At one party which has been planned for the coming Fourth the centrepiece will be a large block representing a fort with American flags in a row on the ramparts, and at the base cannon pointing toward the small guests, one for each. It will be found at the end of the feast that they are loaded with chocolate. At each girl's place will be a tiny drum and flags, and each boy will find a little blunderbuss and knapsack. There will also be two pyramids of make-believe cannon balls, discovered to be chocolate later on. After supper "mottoes" will be passed and these will contain Liberty caps, Uncle Sam costumes and other insignia of the glorious Fourth.

For the fireworks that begin as soon as dusk approaches any amount of money will be spent and a professional will be hired to set them off. While the children have been at supper he and the host and such other fathers as have seen fit to come will arrange the rather complicated disposition of the "pieces" that are to surprise every one, so that there will be no hitch and no possibility of accident. The display under ordinary conditions can begin at 7:30 with colored lights and Roman candles and other minor affairs, and as the heavens darken the handsome designs can be sent up alternated with rockets. An hour of such excitement is quite enough for the children, and they should be taken home promptly. After their departure the parents will have a buffet supper and go to the nearest country club to finish up with a turn at two-step or waltz, for all clubs are en fête on this holiday.

Beside the evening parties just described many parents give daytime affairs quite elaborate, with more of other amusements than fireworks.

FUTURE CITIZENS

Exhibit at N. E. A. Convention in Their Behalf.

It would not be respectful, perhaps, to call the National Education Association Convention a circus, though there is no telling what may happen if the women teachers get really warmed up in their fight to make Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago, president of that body. But, circus or not, when it opened in Boston yesterday it found itself flanked by some excellent sideshows. One of these will be run by the New York Bureau of Municipal Research.

There are animals in this sideshow—young and interesting specimens. Adenoid children, underfed children, children with bad teeth, children with defective vision and other little creatures whose "habitat" is the public schools of the United States are included in the menagerie, and Dr. Thomas F. Harrington, director of physical training in the Boston schools, will be showman, prepared to explain methods of examining school children for physical ailments and of interesting parents in their cure.

A few children in a few states are being examined and treated by the municipalities for the weaknesses which handicap so many at the very start in the race of life. The urgent need of extending this treatment to public school children all over the country, and also to the two million boys and girls in private and parochial schools, led Dr. William H. Allen, head of the bureau, to decide on this exhibit. It has been placed at the headquarters of the National Education Association, in the old Art Museum, Copley Square, in a room through which all visitors to the convention must pass. The bureau officials figure that some at least of the fifteen thousand or so who will come to the building while the convention is in session will be moved to take note of the exhibit, and that some of these certainly will be impressed.

Cards, maps, charts, epigrams, photographs and "Alice in Healthland" verses will greet the eyes of visitors to the exhibit. Such verses as these, for instance:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He mistook for a plum what was clearly his thumb—
The trouble was all in his eye.

Little Jack Horner went round the corner
To a good doctor close by.
He was quickly admitted, with glasses was fitted—
The trouble's no more in his eye.

Teachers will be warned not to mistake adenoids for dulness, defective hearing for stubbornness, defective vision for laziness, anæmia for lack of ambition. States will be asked whether they choose healthy children or weaklings, justice now or charity later. Statements showing that seven out of every ten school children need treatment for some sort of defect will stare from the walls at the visitors, who will also be informed that only one of ten parents will see to giving the child treatment if merely notified, while nine out of ten will try to have defects corrected if made to understand the case and the need.

Each visitor will be presented with a map showing which states have laws compelling the physical examination of school children and which have not. And a grim dark line, stretching from Boston along the Atlantic Coast, and across the continent to San Francisco and Seattle, will make manifest the fact that if all the children burdened with physical defects could be placed single file, they would make a line 4,620 miles long.

CUPS OF DESTINY

Within Them Lie Hidden the Secrets of the Future.

That no one may remain in doubt concerning the future there are now cups of destiny that foretell coming events after the tea they hold has been consumed. They are quite new and much in demand for veranda tea parties, for they are just as serviceable as those of lesser psychic powers.

The cup of destiny, while conventionally decorated on the outside, is marked inside with many small emblems, each one having its potent meaning. A printed key is supplied with the cup by the shop where it is bought; otherwise the seeker after knowledge might be at a loss to interpret the portents of good and evil in its interior. A tea leaf covering a slipper means an adventure; on a ring it indicates a marriage. Two tiny turtle doves, if they have succeeded in capturing a leaf, foretell an engagement; a ship suggests an ocean voyage, and a locomotive means a journey on land. A bit of money signifies an inheritance, and an old shoe bespeaks good luck. The sign of a letter implies that one is on its way, and a package has the same significance. A small cat, almost hidden by the other signs, plaintively suggests the companion of the spinster. Then there is a medicine bottle, to warn against sickness, and a grinning skull and crossbones, the emblem of death. Indeed, in the cup of destiny there are signs relating to most of the happenings of life.

To read these signs individually is a simple matter, but to weave them into a continuous and plausible story and eliminate all conflicting elements requires judgment, and some women do it much better than others. Should the tea leaves lodge on a ship and on a medicine bottle, both of these signs should not be read, since few persons venture on the sea when they are ill. If a leaf has fallen on a ring as well as on a ship and on a medicine bottle, it may be assumed that a marriage is to be followed by a journey on the sea. The medicine bottle is then regarded as an incident, unworthy of mention in the main fortune. Should the leaves rest on a medicine bottle and on the skull and crossbones, the wise fortune teller will ignore the connection, for the cup of destiny must not be allowed to cast a shadow on a tea party, and things of this sort make some persons nervous.

The person who drinks the tea may read her own fortune, if she chooses, but it is deemed more pleasing to the Goddess of Fortune to have the message read by one who has no personal interest in the events forecasted. As soon as the last sip of tea has been swallowed, the cup should be turned upside down on the saucer, whirled around three times toward the left, while the wish is held firmly in mind, and then presented to the one who has volunteered to read its contents.

Some Ways of the World

After having much good footgear ruined by the various blackings applied by the valet a girl who visits much now carries in her trunk a complete little outfit for the care of her shoes, complete for each color. Instead of putting her shoes outside the door at night to be done by a servant, she puts all that are to be worn on the morrow on trees and goes over them with the cleaning brushes to remove mud. The polishing she does at any time during the day. With her magic box at hand she can in a jiffy, touch up any scratched or dull surface. In consequence the neatness and shine of her shoes are always remarked by the men of the house party, and she does not have to call attention to the good looks and small size of her feet. If girls but knew how much stress men lay on a woman's being well shod they might adopt the same plan. The average man always notes a woman's footgear, whether she is dressed for the street or the ballroom, and personally or otherwise judge her thereby.

In olden times, or in times old for the United States, the exact date being 1683, an "inviter to funerals" was first licensed by the Mayor of New York in the New Netherlands, and with him an assistant. In those days the customs regarding funerals were peculiar. No one of any caste went to a funeral without an invitation. The mourners were provided with silk scarves, mourning rings and handkerchiefs; in some cases all the invited guests received gloves. After the burial ceremonies were over a return to the house was usual, where a banquet was spread, and when the family was wealthy the best of wine was provided. Women never attended a man's funeral. Nowadays the public rushes to the funeral of any well known person, and with some women it is a pleasurable mania. They will even attend house funerals when not private, so that they can see the interior of the house.

The relative who comes for a visit and has the knack of getting everything she wants during her stay is always dreaded and admired. Plans will be laid before hand to frustrate some schemes she is known to have for aid in her sewing, but these fall flat before the artful attack, and the one who has plumed herself on being the most hard hearted will be the first to capitulate. From garret to cellar the visitor will go, choosing what she thinks will just do, and the family can only vent its feelings in useless rage after her departure. There is about such women a sort of triumphant atmosphere that is balked by no fair means nor made less confident by defeat. She realizes the truth of that oft quoted saying, "Where there is a will," etc., and what she cannot gain by one means will come her way by another.

A clever young woman who is striving to make a small farm pay and still be ornamental has thought out a use for the wild grapevines that formerly overran her dilapidated rail fences. She drove posts at short distances, thinned out the vines until they grew at practically even distances and then to the heavy top rail she fastened the vines with soft strips of leather, entwining them below the rail in a latticed pattern. When in leaf they are most artistic as a fence and thick enough in appearance to seem impregnable to beast or man, and the fruit yield is much larger than in the old days of neglect. In winter along those roads there are no drifts of snow that need a day's hard work to dig through, for the wind blows the flakes through the lattice far afield, instead of banking up as it formerly did against the crooked and decrepit rail fence.

There is everything of poetry and romance in the tales of searches for abandoned farms, and everything in the pleasure line seems to have been found when one is actually discovered and the means of remodelling has been begun, but there is an aftermath which often discloses reasons for the "abandon", with which the original owners lit out to other fields, and which makes their successors sigh to do likewise. In short, the servant question seems to be the reason for many vacant country houses, and the reason for the servant question is "so lonely.

"One may have a dozen servants on a place," said the mistress of an erstwhile abandoned farm, "and one by one they will wail 'so lonesome' and depart. Sometimes the exodus is wholesale, and then the members of the household have to fall to and do things. The best of servants are queer and, like the worst, they long for music halls rather than for rustling leaves and prefer the sights of Coney to the beauties of a lake shore. Even if they cannot speak English and are fresh from the fields in the 'old country,' 'tis for vaudeville they crave, because they have heard tell of the city glories. They long for the tinsel of life, and they know that in town they can see it, even if they are not actually of it. For them the call of the wild is reversed, and the only thing to do is to let them go. But a farm without hands is impossible, and your only hope is that others will buy and remodel and that a colony will be established. Then and then only will 'help' stay."

A woman who has a fascinating hardy garden, in which she works away her worries, has a novel way of designating the best blooms of plants from which seed is to be saved. She has balls of pink, green and yellow cord, the beauty of the bloom being graded down from the pink cord in the order given. Snips of these cords are tied around the stems, and before autumn ends the beds present a comical appearance, just bare stalks with ends of strings floating out with each breeze. But from the seeds gathered the gardener can dispense among her friends the foundation of gardens that will only have the choicest bloom. When plants are thinned in this garden the roots dug up are planted afresh in some out-of-the-way spot and allowed to run wild, so that there are many surprises in the course of a day's walk on the extensive domain, and the tangles of flowers suggest much, in their untrained perfection, to those who have cultivated only stiff beds of showy flowers.

JELLY TUMBLERS FOR PICNICS.

Jelly tumblers with tight fitting covers are most useful articles for the picnic basket. They serve as butter crocks, sugar bowls, gelatine pudding moulds and receptacles for meat or vegetable salads and devilled eggs. Plenty of oiled paper is essential, and one must always remember to separate articles with strong odors and tastes—such as pickles, bananas, coffee or spiced things.

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