Dress Up-to-Date.

IN LINGERIE HATS

CHARLOTTE CORDAY ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MODELS.

Can Be Made of Embroidered Net or Point d'Esprit—Illustration Shows a Charming Design in the Latter.

One of the most fascinating lingerie hats of the season is the Charlotte Corday, which is made of embroidered net, or if economy is to be practiced it may be made with almost equally good effect of point d'esprit.

In the illustration one sees a very

Charlotte Corday Hat of Embroidered Net.

charming design for the use of this material. The crown, which is quite high, has a full top, and the sides are covered by two plaited ruffles of the point d'esprit or embroidered net, which is put on double. These ruffles stand up about the crown and completely hide the top. The brim is also made of ruffles of the diaphanous material. The under ruffle, which begins at the crown of the hat, is very wide and extends for some distance beyond the other ruffles. These are two shallower ruffles, laid one above the other. The hat, which is made of ivory tinted net, is trimmed with corn colored ribbon and a spray of large yellow roses.

Most delicious color schemes are carried out in these new Charlotte Cordays. Many girls follow the plan which was found practical with the lingerie hats in former seasons of having different adjustable trimming to match the different gowns with which such a hat would be suitable. Very soft Louisine ribbon is most attractive for trimming these hats, and an arrangement of loops can be made which will be easily adjustable by the use of a very few stitches or even pins. When a hat is to be worn with a number of gowns of different colors and to have different trimming it will be found that one of net or lace which is slightly off the white will be more satisfactory. A pure white hat deliciously pretty, with a costume of the same shade or with light costumes in which there is a great deal of white, is often at fault if even the shade of white in the costume varies from its own, and with other colors than white, unless white be mingled freely with them, an all white hat is apt to look either too startling or too insipid. Light ecru, delicate coffee tints and cream add usually a much richer note to the costume, as well as being more harmonious with a variety of colors. The fine net hats of this sort when trimmed with handsome ribbon and flowers are considered dressy enough for any summer function. Large hats are usually more becoming than small ones, especially to young girls, but large and small hats are equally fashionable.

BUYING CHIFFON FOR VEILS.

Best Material Is the Most Economical in the End.

Chiffon veils in white and colors have become a recognized adjunct to the summer toilet, especially since the advent of the automobile. Every woman must have at least one veil—even if just on the off chance that some one will sometime invite her to go a-motoring.

Yes, in spite of their universal use, comparatively little is known about making and caring for chiffon veils.

It is a great mistake to buy inexpensive chiffon, for it wears badly and never really looks nice. It is an error to think that a small veil will do. For the average hat of the moment nothing less than a yard and a half will serve for a covering. Veils may be purchased already hemmed, but they are expensive. It is better to buy the chiffon veiling at about one dollar a yard and hem it at home.

Hemming chiffon is supposed to be a difficult feat, but when a warm iron is brought into use the work is quite easy. Straighten the edge carefully by pulling a thread, then lay the chiffon on the ironing board, turn up—with the aid of a measure—the hem of desired width, and crease with the iron. This done, the hem is easily finished by arranging the narrow turning, basting and then hemming. The safe way, however, is to press both turnings to insure their being straight.

Colored veils soon become spoiled by contact with the face, especially in warm weather. White veils may be worn only a very few times without being cleansed.

The easiest method of cleansing chiffon—or all veils, for that matter—is to put them into a basin and pour over them 95 per cent. alcohol—not wood alcohol. Do not rub the chiffon; merely pick it up and let it fall again into the alcohol. Do this several times and, without wringing or squeezing the veils, hang them out to dry. Of course, the alcohol soon evaporates, leaving the veils fresh, with no disagreeable odor, and as stiff as when they were new, for the cleanser, in some way, restores their dressing.

LINEN DRESS IN ANY COLOR.

Bound to Make Up Prettily in This Simple Style.

Linen is made in such pretty colors just now that it is quite difficult to know which to select; any color would make up prettily in this simple style.

The skirt is plaited, the plaits turn away from the front and are stitched

about half-way down, two rows of embroidery edged with material are put round the skirt, and finish off under the center box-plait. The bodice has a wide tuck taken over the shoulder, and a short plait, which is stitched down half-way, also a strap of embroidery edged with material, put down the center. The puffed sleeve is gathered into a turned back cuff of embroidery

GIRLS ALL WEARING SWEATERS.

Have Got to Be Indispensable Part of Wardrobe.

The girls of this country have gone in heavily for sweaters. They are part of the wardrobe of every college girl, and no trunk packed for a vacation is complete without one.

If a girl wishes to follow out her predilections for any certain college she can wear a sweater in its colors. The ordinary one is single-breasted, is loose like a sack and has plenty of pockets.

The old-fashioned one that went over the head has been discarded. The new one sent out by an English firm is in coat shape.

It comes half-way to the knees, is made of a dark tone that can be worn with any plaited skirt, is single-breasted and has a turnover black velvet collar.

The flaps of the pockets are also of velvet. The sleeves are finished with four-inch cuffs fastened down with velvet buttons.

This is to be widely worn this season for all country life, for traveling and all outdoor sports.

Large Puffs Out.

The hair dressers are advising their best-dressed clients to avoid the puff as they would the Merry Widow hat says the Philadelphia Public Ledger It has had its day. It became too common for its own welfare.

The quarter yard of small puffs on a string pinned around the back of the head are now out of first fashion, as well as the last three puffs worn just below the crown.

It is not amiss to make one or two soft flat puffs of your own hair in the center of the head, but the rows of puffs are as second class already as the pointed pompadour.

New Drapery Material.

A new drapery material that is quite inexpensive 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 ecru ground in a design of tulips is beautiful, and not less so, though more subdued, are the conventional effects in pastel tones.

THE LAND OF GRAIN

—BY—

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "American Farmers Building a New Nation in the North"—"Canada—The Land of Greater Hope"—"The Invasion of Canada by American Farmers"—"A Thousand Miles on Horseback Across the Dominion Provinces," Etc., Etc.

Not so very many years ago the majority of people in the United States laughed at the prediction that the day was coming when Western Canada would far outstrip this country in the raising of grain—when, in other words, it would become the great bread-basket of the world. During the past three or four years the enormous production of grain in the Dominion West has thinned the ranks of those who doubted the destiny of Canada's vast grain growing regions; the crops of this year will dispel the doubts of the remaining few. From Winnipeg westward to the foothills of Alberta, over a country nearly a thousand miles in width, the grain production this year will be something to almost stagger the belief of those hundreds of thousands of American farmers whose average yield is not more than from ten to fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, and who are finding that their product is also outclassed in quality by that of their northern neighbors.

The enormous grain crop of this year in the Canadian West may truthfully be said to be the production of "a few pioneers." Only a small percentage of the unnumbered millions of acres of grain land are under cultivation, notwithstanding the fact that tens of thousands of homesteads were taken up last year. And yet, when all the figures are in, it will be found that the settlers of the western prairies have raised this year more than 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000,000 bushels of oats and 25,000,000 bushels of barley. It has been a "fortune making year" for thousands of American farmers who two or three years ago owned hardly more than the clothes upon their backs, and whose bumper crops from their homesteads will yield them this season anywhere from $1,500 to $2,500 each, more money than many of them have seen at one time in all their lives.

Very recently I passed through the western provinces from Winnipeg to Calgary, and in the words of a fellow passenger, who was astonished by what he saw from the car windows in Manitoba, we were, metaphorically speaking, in a "land of milk and honey." The country was one great sweep of ripening grain. In fact, so enormous was the crop, that at the time there were grave doubts as to the possibility of GETTING ENOUGH BINDER TWINE TO SUPPLY THE DEMAND. A situation like this has never before been known in the agricultural history of any country.

Before I made my first trip through the Dominion west I doubted very much the stories that I had heard of this so-called "grain wonderland" across the border. I believed, as unnumbered thousands of others believed, that the stories were circulated mostly to induce immigration. I quickly found that I was wrong. As one Alberta farmer said to me a few weeks ago, "If the whole truth were told about this country I don't suppose you could find one American in ten who would believe it."

This year the prospects of the wheat crop of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta are an average of over TWENTY-FIVE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE, and that this grain is far superior to that raised in the states is proved by our own government statistics, which show that American millers are importing millions of bushels of B "Canadian hard" to mix with the home product in order that THIS HOME PRODUCT MAY BE RAISED TO THE REQUIRED STANDARD. It is a peculiar fact that while the Dominion Government is anxious for its western provinces to fill up with the very best of immigrants, there has been no blatant or sensational advertising of those lands. For this reason it is probable that not one American farmer out of fifty knows that Canada wheat now holds the world's record of value—that, in other words, it is the best wheat on earth, and that more of it is grown to the acre than anywhere else in the world.

A brief study of climatic conditions, and those things which go to make a climate, will show that the farther one travels northward from the Montana border the milder the climate becomes—up to a certain point. In other words, the climate at Edmonton, Alberta, is far better than that of Denver, 1,500 miles south; and while thousands of cattle and sheep are dying because of the severity of the winters in Wyoming, Montana and other western states, the cattle, sheep and horses of Alberta GRAZE ON THE RANGES ALL WINTER WITH ABSOLUTELY NO SHELTER. This is all largely because sea-currents and air-currents have to do with the making of the climate of temperate regions. For instance, why is it that California possesses such a beautiful climate, with no winter at all, while the New England states on a parallel with it have practically six months of winter out of twelve?

It is because of that great sweep of warm water known as the "Japan current," and this same current not only affects the westernmost of the Dominion provinces, but added to its influence are what are known as the "chinook winds"—steady and undeviating air-currents which sweep over the great wheat regions of Western Canada. There are good scientific reasons why these regions are capable of producing better crops than our own western and central states, but best of all are the proofs of it in actual results. This year, for instance, as high as one hundred bushels of oats to the acre will be gathered in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and some wheat will go AS HIGH AS FIFTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE, though of course this is an unusual yield.

Last spring it was widely advertised in American papers that Alberta's winter wheat crop was a failure. In fact, this is Alberta's banner year in grain production, as it is Saskatchewan's and Manitoba's, and from figures already in it is estimated that Alberta's wheat will yield on an average of THIRTY-FIVE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. In many parts of the province returns will show a yield of as high as FIFTY bushels to the acre and it is freely predicted by many that when the official figures are in a yield of at least forty-five instead of thirty-five bushels to the acre will be shown.

At the time of my last journey through the Canadian West, when my purpose was largely to secure statistical matter for book use, I solicited letters from American settlers in all parts of the three provinces, and most of these make most interesting reading. The letter was written by A. Kaltenbrunner, whose postoffice address is Regina, Saskatchewan.

"A few years ago," he says, "I took up a homestead for myself and also one for my son. The half section which we own is between Rouleau and Drinkwater, adjoining the Moosejaw creek, and is a low, level and heavy land. Last year we put in 100 acres of wheat which went 25 bushels to the acre. Every bushel of it was 'No. 1.' That means the best wheat that can be raised on earth—worth 90 cents a bushel at the nearest elevators. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first class oats out of 160 acres. Eighty acres was fall plowing AND YIELDED NINETY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. We got 53 cents a bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August. We will make more money out of our crops this year than last. For myself, I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions."

An itemized account shows a single year's earnings of this settler and his son to be as follows:

2,500 bushels of wheat at 90 cents a bushel	$2,250
9,000 bushels of oats at 53 cents a bushel	4,770
Total	$7,020

It will be seen by the above that this man's oat crop was worth twice as much as his wheat crop. While the provinces of western Canada will for all time to come be the world's greatest wheat growing regions, oats are running the former grain a close race for supremacy. The soil and climatic conditions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are particularly favorable to the production of oats, and this grain, like the wheat, runs a far greater crop to the acre than in even the best grain producing states of the union. Ninety bushels to the acre is not an unusual yield, whole homesteads frequently running this average. And this is not the only advantage Western Canada oats have over those of the United States, for in weight they run between forty and fifty pounds to the bushel, while No. 1 wheat goes to sixty-two pounds to the bushel. In fact, so heavy is Canadian grain of all kinds, and especially the wheat, that throughout the west one will see cars with great placards upon them, which read:

"This car is not to be filled to capacity with Alberta wheat."

When I made my first trip through the Canadian West a few years ago I found thousands of settlers living in rude shacks, tent shelters and homes of logs and clay. Today one will find these old "homes" scattered from Manitoba to the Rockies, but they are no longer used by human tenants. Modern homes have taken their place—for it has come to be a common saying in these great grain regions that, "The first year a settler is in the land he earns a living; the second he has money enough to build himself a modern home and barns; the third he is independent." And as extreme as this statement may seem to those hundreds of thousands of American farmers who strive for a meager existence, it is absolutely true. I am an American, as patriotic, I believe, as most of our people—but even at that I cannot but wish that these people, whose lives are such an endless and unhappy grind, might know of the new life that is awaiting them in this last great west—this "land of greater hope," where the farmer is king, and where the wealth all rests in his hands. As one American farmer said to me, "It is hard to pull up stakes and move a couple of thousand miles." And so it is—or at least it appears to be. But in a month it can be done. And the first year, when the new settler reaps a greater harvest than he has ever possessed before, he will rise with 200,000 others of his people in Western Canada and thank the government that has given him, free of cost, a new life, a new home, and new hopes—which has made of him, in fact, "A man among men, a possessor of wealth among his people."

All isn't singing that is gurgled.

MUCH UP AGAINST IT.

Old Lady's Description of Ills Somewhat Confusing.

Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols, the artist who spends the summer at Gloucester, Mass., where she teaches a numerous sketch class, tells of an old woman who lives on the outskirts of the town and whom she has known for a number of years. The old lady has often been sketched by the students of Mrs. Nichols' class, and is known to them and to everybody else as Aunt Sally.

When Mrs. Nichols went to Gloucester this year she called at the quaint little cottage and found the old woman rather more bent than last year and looking a good deal older as she tottered along her little garden leaning on a stick.

"Well, Aunt Sally," said the artist, "how have you been since last summer?"

"Oh, not very well," she replied, shaking her head, "not very well."

"Is the rheumatism still bad?"

"Oh, yes, miss, it's that bad nowadays I can't set and I can't scarcely lay."

Not Guilty.

"Now, Mrs. McCarthy," said counsel for the defense, "please tell us simply as you can your version of this affair. It is alleged that you referred to Mrs. Callahan in disparaging terms."

"Not a bit av it. I didn't say annything about disparaging nor disparagus nor anny other garden truck, except that I said she had a nose loike a squash and her complixion was as bad as a tomato in the lasht stages. Yez can see for yersilf if it ain't the truth."

Baseball Technicality.

A few weeks ago some boys were playing ball in an apartment house yard. A colored waiter came out of the kitchen and in a very cross manner told them to stop right away. One boy, who had gone to get a drink came back and found the others making ready to leave; he asked, wonderingly, "What is the matter?" and another one calmly answered, "the game was called off on account of darkness."

The value of this year's crops of various sorts raised in the United States is placed at $8,000,000,000, or nearly nine times the interest bearing debt of the country and enough over to buy all the railroads of the land.

What a lot of trouble some children seem to have keeping their parents in the way they should go!

Gossips talk about others and bores talk about themselves.

Being bad all the time is almost as monotonous as being good.

Even the prude isn't averse to sitting in the lap of luxury.

Too Much Afraid of Dirt.

It is quite true that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but in this day of fads and scientific frills the question is whether we are not getting altogether too afraid of a little dirt. Dirt has been defined as matter in the wrong place, and hygiene is the science of keeping it in the right place. But we are inclined to think that we are all a little bit too much up in the air on the matter of cleanliness; a little too afraid of coming in contact with the clean-smelling, kindly earth, and are in danger of becoming nasty-nice.—Washington Herald.