FROCKS OF ENDURING CHARM FOR MIDSUMMER

EVERY summer finds, in its bright cortege, lovely afternoon frocks of white or of black lace, and they are always welcome. Good lace cannot go out of fashion. Women of judgment—and whose judgment is important—never fail to appreciate it. So styles come and go, all of them interpreted in laces that make dresses of the most enduring charm. An occasional season finds colored laces an item of importance—there is never one that finds white or black negligible.

In the beautiful afternoon gown pictured an all-over white lace, run with black, makes a costume that will serve either for day or evening wear, and will find few rivals in appropriateness. By means of the proper accessories it is fitted into either background—and this is one of the reasons for the unfailing high esteem in which lace is held by women of good judgment.

In the frock pictured the lace is draped over a foundation of georgette crepe and the design simple. The bodice has elbow sleeves cut in kimono style, with front panel of lace and a noteworthy collar of the georgette, very full and soft and suggestive of a fichu. An unpretentious girdle of ribbon has ribbon flowers set across the front and they are made to correspond with the colors in the summery Dresden silk parasol. This parasol is just the right accompaniment for the wide-brimmed hat of white georgette, with a long spray of flowers trailing across its drooping brim. White silk hose and kid pumps round out a perfect afternoon toilette for smart occasions. By means of a more elaborate sash or girdle, a different headdress, a suitable fan and perhaps even dressier slippers, one can imagine this frock making a triumph in the evening. It is of the sort that does not grow tiresome.

SOME HATS FOR SUMMER

THOSE who express their thoughts in terms of millinery must be at their happiest when they create the lovely hats of midsummer. The gracious days and nights of summertime, prodigal of beauty, are written in these lacey and flowery garnishings—they are truly the poetry of apparel, and the talent of the designer blossoms at its best in them.

While their season lasts, designers revel in them and the fashion reporter would willingly cover pages with their pictures. But four of many gems, as shown in the picture above, are sufficient to reveal the character of this millinery and the manner in which it has been expressed this season.

The wide-brimmed, transparent hat at the top of the picture might be appropriately called a midsummer night's dream; it is made of black malines. At each side there is a cluster of white lilies—the fragrant, old-fashioned lilies that bloom in gardens everywhere, reproduced with beautiful fidelity in a fabric.

Just below is one of those fine leghorns that is never out of style. Velvet does not belong to summer, but the artist, who created this bit of headwear, has been audacious enough to use it for a binding and a soft crown. One discovers the method in this madness when the wreath of pond lilies is considered: against the deep background their waxen whiteness stands out most vividly.

A pale and misty blue in crepe de chine makes the charming small hat at the right veiled with fine pretty white lace, run with black. This is a charming hat for matrons who have progressed beyond the wide-brimmed picturesque shapes just described. The last hat pictured is made of black hair braid and has a drooping double brim bound with old blue silk. A wreath of garden roses with their foliage ties across the brim and a cluster of roses droops from it at the right side. The face is framed by a bandeau of little button roses.

Julia Bottomley

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AIM TO PREVENT PLANT DISEASES

Much Could Be Saved to Future Crops if Care Is Taken to Avoid Infected Plants.

CROP ROTATION IS HELPFUL

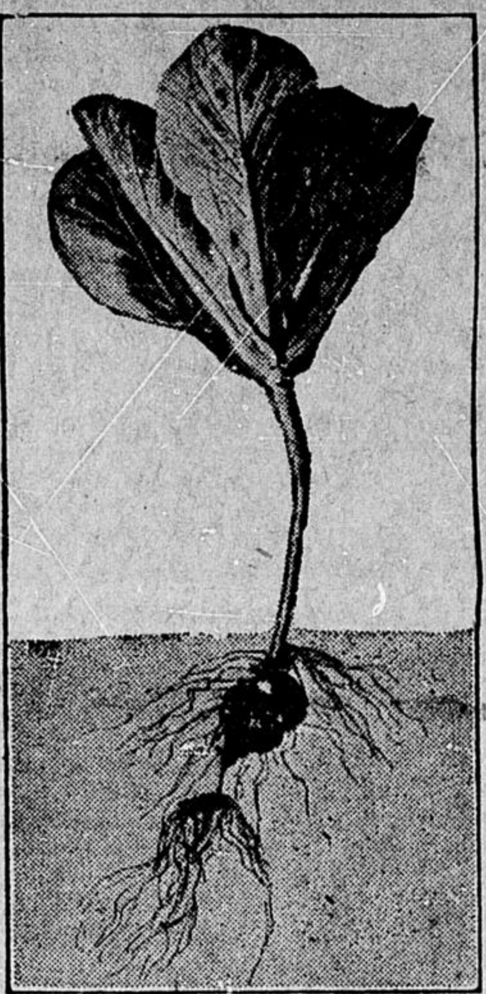
Setting of Few Clubrooted Plants May Give Start That Will Ruin Garden for Years—Wilts Are Easily Transmitted.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

What a lot might have been saved if we could have applied to crop production 20 years ago what we know now about the control of plant diseases. And equally true, what a lot we could save in future crops if we would only apply the knowledge that we have. "Future crops" is written advisedly, for the introduction of a disease into new soil may affect for years to come the crops planted on that soil unless radical and extensive measures are taken to eradicate the disease from the soil, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Infests Soil for Many Years.

Take, for example, the case of clubroot of the crucifers; i. e., cabbage, cauliflower, mustard, etc. The setting of a few clubrooted plants may give the start that in a single season will make for years an otherwise good garden unsuitable for cabbage and other crucifers. A case is known in which a cabbage patch in Pennsylvania was abandoned 27 years ago because of the prevalence of clubroot. When cabbage was again planted the crop was badly affected. The disease



Clubroot on Young Cabbage Plant.

had been kept alive during all those years by wild mustard and other crucifers that had grown upon the land as weeds.

Clubroot is not manifested in the top in early stages of development, but may always be seen on the roots if it is present at the time the plants are taken from the seed bed. An abnormal swelling in any part of the root is an indication of the presence of this disease. In its later stages the swelling may involve the entire root, as shown in the illustration and will invariably cause the production of a poor head.

Another example is that of root-knot of a wide variety of plants, so injurious in the southern part of the country and occurring also in some of the more northern states. It would be impossible to state how much root-knot there was in the South 50 years

Root-knot on Young Tomato Plant.

ago. But it is certain that the disease is becoming more wide spread every year. This distribution is due largely to its transmission by diseased plants.

Some years ago a carload of potatoes was shipped from [illegible] state to [illegible] to be used for seed. [illegible] it was discovered that the potatoes were infested with root-knot producing eelworms, which were, of course, scattered far and wide by this means. While this may not have been the first introduction of the disease into that state, it was at least one of many introductions which have resulted in the wider and wider spread of root-knot and the loss of millions of dollars.

Set Only Clean Plants.

Tomatoes, tobacco, celery, peppers, figs, peaches, and many other plants are likewise instrumental in carrying this disease. As indicated by the name, its principal manifestation is on the roots of plants in the form of swellings or knots. Severe infestation will result in the yellowing and dwarfing and often the death of the plant.

Wilts constitute another group of diseases that may be transmitted to

Clubroot in Advanced Stage.

new soil by means of diseased plants. They are manifested by a wilting of the whole plant. These, and the ones referred to above, may be and ought to be kept out of new land. The way to do it is to set out only clean plants.

The way to keep the plants clean is to sterilize the seed beds. If steam pressure is available, the inverted-pan method described in Farmers' Bulletin 996 is best. Such steam pressure may often be had in the greenhouse, from the boiler used for heating. For outside seed beds any kind of a steam boiler, either on a stationary outfit or a steam traction engine, will furnish plenty of pressure. If steam pressure is not available, good results can be accomplished by the hot-water treatments advocated in Department Bulletin 818.

GET CUSTOMERS FOR PARCEL POST TRADE

Write to Relatives and Acquaintances in Cities.

Many People Will Not Order Farm Produce From Strangers Because They Do Not Know of Conditions of Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For producers who wish to market by parcel post the most satisfactory way of finding customers is to write to friends, relatives, or acquaintances in cities, seeking their trade, say specialists of the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture. Purchasers, on the other hand, often can locate reliable producers by correspondence with friends, relatives, or acquaintances in the country. More than 75 per cent of the produce being marketed by parcel post in a number of cities in which investigations have been made is sent by persons who obtain their customers in this way.

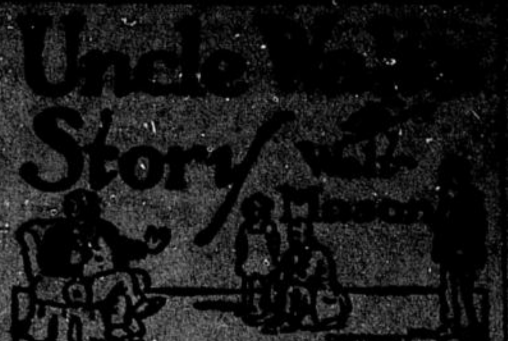
Making business contact is less difficult between friends because there is an absence of the suspicion and distrust that sometimes is found between strangers. Many persons will not order farm produce from strangers because they do not know the conditions under which the articles are produced, it is said.

Although ways of obtaining customers are numerous, no method is so promising as that of working up a trade with or through friends. This method of establishing business relationship is especially recommended for the general farmer who has a limited amount of produce. Those who wish to market a great deal of produce by parcel post may find it necessary to obtain customers by personally soliciting strangers or through advertising in newspapers and by other public means. Another method is to write to friends in the city, asking for a list of acquaintances who would probably be interested in receiving table supplies by parcel post.

ROOF ON POULTRY BUILDINGS

Decided Advantage to Unroll Prepared Material and Let in Light and Sunshine.

When putting prepared roofing on poultry houses, it is a decided advantage to unroll the roofing and to let in light and sunshine for a few hours. The roofing expands from the warming and lies smoother when applied to the roof. The inside of the roll is cooler than the outside air, and so if not placed in the sun before application, it will expand after nailing and produce wrinkles.



MISERIES OF AGE

"THE paper tells of an old man who fell out of bed and broke an arm and three ribs," announced the landlady. "It doesn't seem possible, unless the bed was as high as an ordinary, old-fashioned walnut bookcase."

"I have no doubt that the bed was entirely normal," said the star boarder. "The fact that the victim was an old man explains everything. When I was young I frequently fell out of bed. It was a favorite pastime of mine, so to speak. And I never was injured in the least. Of course it roused me from my sleep, and I used to consider it funny, and would sit on the floor and laugh with demoniac glee. But if I fell out of bed now it would be necessary to ring up the Red Cross headquarters for an ambulance and a few nurses.

"It is that sort of thing which makes age tragic. Every little mishap means suffering to the elderly individual. Go think of it, in silence and alone, Mrs. Jiggers.

"I remember when I first learned to skate. I was a young man, just growing my maiden sideboards. I should have learned the noble art when I was a boy, but my education in honest sports had been sadly neglected. It's better late than never, as the old adage has it, and so I took up the study of skating when I was at the voting age. It was on a brilliant winter day, and all the beauty and chivalry of the neighborhood had gathered at the pond to see me do my devoir.

"An expert skater who was present assured me that there was no trick to it. All I needed was confidence, he said, and I believed him. It looked passing easy, as I watched the others, gliding over the ice with ease and grace. So I fastened on my skates and stood erect, with the help of a couple of innocent bystanders, and then I went forward boldly, on my own initiative. Immediately I lost control of my feet, which previously had been docile and obedient organs. They wouldn't do anything I wanted them to, and the result was that I came down on the back of my head with such emphasis that I shook the whole pond, which was several miles long. The crack in the ice that I made with my head was there until the ice melted in the spring, and then you could see it in the water.

"I lay there in a comatose condition for a minute or two, and then scrambled to my feet and smiled. Yes, my dear Mrs. Jiggers, I actually smiled. The smile may have been a pallid, sickly thing, but it was true to type and couldn't have been mistaken for anything else. I was so little injured by that cataclysmic fall that I could smile. Not a bone was broken, not a joint dislocated. In a few hours I was as good as new, with the exception of a lump on the back of my head about the size of a baked turnip.

"Outwardly I look much as I did then. People often say to me that I haven't aged any in a quarter of a century. My hair is like the raven's wing, my alabaster brow has few wrinkles, I have the stately and commanding port of a man half my age. But it is all a delusion, Mrs. Jiggers. I am a whited sepulcher. Inwardly I am as old as any man, and my bones are brittle as pipe stems, and my muscles are all dried up, and if I stumble over a pincushion I dislocate an ankle or break a leg.

"The other day I stepped on an orange peel and came down on the sidewalk. I didn't fall violently. In fact, it took me ten minutes to fall. I struggled so hard to save myself, grasping at the atmosphere and trying to balance myself like a tight rope walker. But when I did eventually reach the pavement I felt as though the end had come to my misspent life. My head ached for three days, and all my bones felt out of place, and my teeth were loose in their sockets. This thing of being old, Mrs. Jiggers, isn't what it's cracked up to be."

Very Likely.

Church: "Do you remember when they used to put a calliope at the end of a circus procession?"

Gotham: "Sure, I do?"

"Why did they do that do you suppose?"

"To show that the worst was yet to come, I reckon."

Made No Rash Promises.

"Who was the smooth talker?"

"A promoter."

"I dare say he wanted to make you rich in six months?"

"No. He was very conservative. He said he thought it would take at least a year."

The Reason.

"I see in a new production of 'Othello' they use electric lights in the murder scene."

"Probably that is to make Desdemona's death more shocking."

[illegible]

"I heard," said Mr. Bobolink, [illegible] the Phoebe Birds [illegible] tell their story of how they like to get acquainted with people, and have people become acquainted with them, and so they sing their name or say their name over and over again. But we would like to tell people that, [illegible] the same way. Wouldn't we like to do that, Mrs. Bobolink?"

"Indeed we would," said Mrs. Bobolink. "For if anyone does not know our story it is time that they should—that is, of course, if they like to hear the stories the birds have to tell."

"I most certainly hope they do, for the birds love to tell their stories and have people care for them. Birds care for people, and so it is natural that they like to have people care for them.

"The only people birds don't care for are for those who would hurt them or take the eggs. It would be too cruel for anyone to ever take our lovely eggs. What beautiful whitish-brownish eggs these five eggs were! And what nice little Bobolinks they became.

"Why, it would be as cruel to do that as it would be to put a sharp sword through Mother Bobolink's heart.

"It would be cruel if people took little babies out of their sleeping baskets or cots and took them off just to see what color eyes they had and how big they were, and a few little facts like that.

"It would be so cruel a thing to do. And people can enjoy birds so much more by hearing them sing and by

"You Are Watching."

watching them perched on trees and grasses and fences, or by watching them fly through the air, showing their pretty feathers.

"People wouldn't like it if bobolinks or other birds ran off with their little ones, and so it isn't fair to do such things to bobolinks or other birds. It isn't fair at all. It is very, very cruel. And just because people are bigger than we are it is even more cruel.

"Of course, it would be impossible for bobolinks and other bird families to hurt people. But isn't it even worse of people to hurt us because they are strong enough to do so? I think anyone who steals birds' eggs is a bully, that's all, doing something mean to a little creature more helpless than he or she is.

"But let us not talk of such a sad subject, though it was I who started the talk on it. Let us talk of what you started to speak of—how the Phoebe Birds told their story of how they liked to get acquainted with people."

"Yes," Mr. Bobolink said, "the Phoebe birds told how they said 'Phoe-be, Phoe-be' over and over again so people would know who they were.

"And I'd like to have people know that we say 'Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link' over and over again to let them know who we are.

"We add a few trills to our song which the Phoebe birds don't bother about, but just the same we sing our name over and over again, very clearly and distinctly."

"You always guard me so well," said Mrs. Bobolink. "You do not let any harm come to me. And if I am busy looking for food, though you may be singing for all you are worth, you are watching out, too, to see that we are safe and that no one will harm us, and you warn me in plenty of time.

"Ah, Mr. Bobolink, it is not every creature who goes marketing and who does her household tasks who can have beautiful music to listen to as she works. But you sing for me, with your lovely voice, and again and again you tell me your name is Bob-o-link! To be sure I know it is. But to me the name is so sweet that I cannot hear it too often. No, Mr. Bobolink, I cannot hear the name of Bobolink too often."

"That is good," said Mr. Bobolink. And putting his head on one side he sang over and over and over again, "Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link!"

New Relativity Theory.

James had frequently heard his uncle discussing the relativity theory. When his uncle married and introduced his bride to James as his new aunt he asked the boy laughingly whether he wasn't proud to have such a pretty girl for a relative. James looked up solemnly and said.

"Oh, I know! She's the new relativity theory you were talking about!"