

The Tendency to Shorten Presidential Campaigns

By a Political Seer.

PROBABLY the National Conventions of 1908 will be held in September. The tendency of the times is to abbreviate long campaigns. The contests of the present year show that there is nothing to be gained by holding conventions in June or July, and waiting for six or eight weeks in which to notify the nominees.

Sooner or later the whole business will be done in the fall. This will give the politicians time to have their vacations and return in better condition to make up the tickets. Of course the candidates will have to hustle a bit to get out their letters of acceptance. All the better. They will cut them short. The nomination committees will probably go from the convention halls direct to the homes of nominees and deliver the goods officially. The candidates will get down to their letters at once and the campaign will begin in October.

The country will welcome the change. It won't be kept on the political pig for two or three months. And, what is more to be desired than anything else, the cost of conducting a presidential campaign will be considerably diminished.

This arrangement would not conflict with state conventions. They could meet the week before national conventions, or the week after, as seemed most desirable, and the whole political business of the year could be bunched and done with.

If you will look up the history of national conventions you will see that the tendency to shorter campaigns has been gathering imperceptibly for many years.

Away back in 1824, which was before conventions were known as they are now known, the candidates were before the public for a year and a half. The first convention was held in December, and the opposing party held theirs in the May following. Subsequent conventions were held in February, and then May became the popular month. Then one party, the Whigs, fell back to December, but after that candidates were nominated in the same year as that in which the election occurred.

I believe the Democrats were the first to shorten up the campaign by holding a convention in June. That was the year Pierce was nominated. The Whigs met a few weeks later.

If I am correct there was one national convention that met as late as September. That was the Whig convention in 1856. The celebrated Charleston convention of 1860 met in April, but the country was more interested in politics that year than it had ever been before or ever has been since. The campaign began within a fortnight.

The Republicans met in 1868 in May, and the Democrats met July 4. The campaigns were under hot headway by the middle of August or soon after. The conventions which named Garfield, Blaine, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley met in June; Bryan was nominated both times in July, and this year the Republicans did not meet until almost the last of June, while the Democrats went over again to July. The McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896 was under headway in August. The organizations were further along in their work that month than the organization of either party is now. But that was an exceptional campaign.

The country now seems that it is possible to have a short presidential campaign, and everybody is just as well satisfied. The conventions of the future will be held later than ever. Those of 1908 may not be held in the fall, but those of 1912 will come mighty near it. Make a note of the prediction.

Does the Human Family Eat Too Much?

By the Editor of What-to-Eat.

AT last there seems to be common agreement among scientific investigators that the human family eats too much. This, of course, does not apply to every individual, for there is no dispute about the fact that thousands of people are poorly fed and improperly nourished; and singularly enough, these do not belong always among the poorer classes. As a matter of fact, the middle classes are the well-to-do classes when it comes to the matter of the quantity and quality of the food which they eat. People who are well off in the world's goods are not always the ones who adopt the most liberal and most rational policy in the matter of selecting a diet that will contribute to their highest physical welfare and their greatest personal enjoyment. The table of the poor is not only the table of intelligence and the table of plenty, but is quite often the table of hygienic and dietetic selection; for it is deprived of many of the vile culinary concoctions which are dangerous and deleterious and which only the well-filled purse supplies. Moreover, the employments of the poor are better calculated to bring about perfect assimilation and assimilation, and the penuriousness of the rich often makes them abstemious, depriving themselves of the more palatable edibles that are to be found in the markets; but taking the general average of the human family, it may be stated as a well-proven proposition that the diet of civilized people is too ample, too hearty. In other words, we all eat too much.

Americans are undoubtedly the great meat eaters of the world, notwithstanding the fact that we have the most bountiful supply of all the most nourishing foods that are the products of widely diversified climate and many varieties of soil. The British soldiers in Africa, instead of being fed on rare roast beef, as we might naturally suppose from our notions of British diet, were given a moderate allotment of vegetable and cereal foods with an occasional touch of jam to sweeten their rations and cheer their flagging spirits after the long march. The Japanese soldiers who are fighting in the far east live chiefly on rice and dried fish, while the Russian infantry and cavalry have a somewhat harder diet because of the rigors of the climate in which they have to conduct their campaign. It will be remembered that many hundreds of tons of candy were shipped to our own soldiers in the Philippines during the campaign of occupation which followed the raising of our flag in the Archipelago. Since it has been found that mixing a moderate amount of sweets with a limited diet of vegetables and other nourishing foods is good for the soldiers, who can contend that it is not good for the man in the ordinary walks of life?

When Gossip is Harmless

By Agnes Repplier.

GOSSIP, after all, is fairly harmless, provided it is sensible and innocent. The chief thing is that you receive it for what it is worth, and not magnify your friend's prattle or give idle words a terrible significance. All of us like to talk about our friends; all of us do talk about them, and we will to the end of time; but that doesn't mean that we like them less or have the less confidence in them. You must take into consideration the spirit of gossip, not the letter. I tell you in privacy that my Uncle Joseph is a cranky old gentleman, very peevish in his ways. Are you, then, justified in going to Uncle Joseph and telling him that I said he was a crank? If you have a bit of sense you know very well that his crankiness is what particularly endears him to me, and that he has a thousand other virtues which outweigh that fault. Uncle Joseph, on the other hand, might tell you that I am a thoughtless fellow, given to taking the world lightly. Is it just to repeat to me that Uncle Joseph would be the first to combat you if you said against me, and that down in his heart he thinks I am one of the most promising lads of his acquaintance. Gossip, then, is rarely evil in intention when it deals with friends. We speak of faults, but in our hearts are a thousand reservations and the memory of many virtues. Knowing our own feelings, we hesitate less to criticize. The great thing we must learn is that gossip is to be heard with the same kindly spirit, and that it is not to be repeated. Whoever hears wrongly, or whoever carries ill words willfully, is in the devil's service. Gossip you will if you are human, but be above carrying it, and be above misinterpreting a thing that has been said about yourself. Laugh at the criticisms of your friends if they meet you carelessly; smile indignantly and be nice to your critics, for you can assure yourself that if they talk of your faults, they also appreciate your virtues. Gossip received is robbed of chance venom, and the person who receives it cheerfully is doubly armed against the stings of fortune—Woman's Home Companion.

Current Events.

The general tendency on Trans-Atlantic liners has been to make travel more expensive for the rich and cheaper for the poor. One of the Bremen steamers has a suite of rooms costing \$2,000 a passenger.

Dr. W. A. Kellman, head professor of botany in the Ohio State University, will spend January, February and March in Guatemala, studying and collecting the parasitic species of fungi of the native and cultivated plants of that country.

News of the Day.

Field Marshal Oyama is not much of a beauty, but he is a good deal of a man. Once he was the Judge Advocate of the Japanese army and well known for his justice. He attended a ball at Tokio one night and was standing near the door when a European woman of unusual beauty passed him. He was held for an instant, and turning to a friend said, "What a lovely woman!" The woman heard him, turned, recognized him and said, "What an excellent Judge."

FOX-FARMING IN ALASKA

IN "Out West" Professor Edmond S. Meany, of the University of Washington, gives an interesting account of the farming of foxes on the islands in Prince William Sound in the south of Alaska. The fox thus protected is the blue variety of the Arctic fox, commonly called the blue fox. The summer coloring of the Arctic fox is a variable brown above and a yellowish white below, while near the skin the fur is a dull blue. In extreme Arctic climates the winter coloring becomes snow white, the coloring we usually think of in connection with the Arctic fox, but in less extreme places the fur becomes wholly of the blue color of the under fur of summer. Hence this variety has received its name. The fur, although not so valuable as that of the silver fox, is much sought after, and thus a considerable industry has originated in the islands off the coast, the animals being protected and only those affording the best pelts being slaughtered. Professor Meany says:

The enterprise is rather unique, and has been in operation only about ten years. It is an effort to preserve the harvest of furs, which is made possible by the numerous Alaskan islands unpeopled by either natives or whites. At the same time these islands are free from the natural enemies of the fox. Little or no effort is therefore needed to protect the young foxes from other animals.

The word "farming," though in common use to describe this work, is hardly appropriate, unless the accompanying word "fox" is made to carry enough atmosphere of wilderness to rob the "farming" of all idea of culture. A fox-farm is simply a wild island seized upon by some enterprising white man, who proceeds to make an undisturbed home for families of foxes. He feeds these foxes with considerable care, and at the proper time he selects the best ones to be killed for their furs.

Feeding the foxes prevents their migration to other islands, or to the mainland, in search of fresh hunting fields. The foxes have shown that they are good swimmers by leaving islands where they have been disturbed, or poorly fed, and migrating to larger islands, or to neighboring points on the mainland. Feeding the foxes also seems to encourage the rearing of large litters of young ones. The foxes become accustomed to the man who feeds them, and readily familiarize themselves with the specially constructed feeding houses. These houses are sometimes provided with floors swung on pivots, which are clamped light during the winter until the date selected for trapping, when, by pulling out a few plugs, the feed house is transformed into a fine trap. This scheme is not universally followed. Some of the farmers set out numerous small box traps, so as to catch as many as possible before the alarm is spread from burrow to burrow. The house trap is not as successful as would appear, for another reason. The blue fox is a mating creature, and the pairs rear their separate families. It often happens that a strong family will take possession of the feed house and drive the weaker ones away. Paddling about one of these islands at night, I heard what were probably the arguments in one of these cases of ejectment. There was much heated fox talk, and finally, hearing a note of triumph in the barking, I felt as though I could almost see in the distance haze of night the vanquished fox sneaking off with his brood to a new feeding place. These unneighborly qualities make it necessary for the men to multiply the feeding places as fast as their crop of fox families increases. This knowledge he must gain by constant watchfulness. One farmer, more methodical than the others, said that he caught all of his young foxes each year to take account of stock. The others laugh at this scheme, saying that it is just the way to drive the foxes away; for no animal is more sensitive over such familiarities, and they also become more difficult to catch after each new experience. Every up-to-date dictionary defines the word "fox" as crafty or tricky. It is best not to try to fondle or count such creatures while they are yet alive. Every effort to tame or domesticate these blue foxes has failed. Little ones have been caught and taken into cabins where they ate food greedily enough; but they would snap and snarl at every attempt to pet them. At the first chance, they would escape to the secluded burrows of their mates under the spruce trees. When the full grown fox is in the trap, he is inspected, and, if found to be in trim fur, he is taken out with specially contrived wooden tongs and killed in the most expeditious way. The carcass is then destroyed or buried, for, whatever other meanness is chargeable to the fox, he can not be called a cannibal. It is also claimed that he will not eat the flesh of birds of prey. In his native state he apparently delights most to eat birds and birds' eggs. Retentivists have observed that he eats large quantities of insects, especially beetles; and the old fable of the fox and the grapes is very vineyardist knowledge that a fox will eat fruit.

The food provided by the fox farmer for his winter live stock consists wholly of fish. Every summer the streams of Alaska abound with salmon. The humpback and the dog salmon are not considered first class for dog or manning, but they are eaten by thousands for fox food. The cannibals are removed, and the fish are hung up for a couple of days to let the water dry out. Then they are packed away in tanks or barrels as tight as may be, with oil poured in to fill up the crevices, and to "float" the top of the vessel. The oil used to preserve this food is the most difficult part to obtain, the hair seal being one of the principal sources of supply. But the most steady and reliable supply of oil comes from the liver of the dog fish. These fishes are caught in large numbers by long set lines. So, for a short time in the summer, the fox farmer has a busy season preparing oil and catching salmon for his winter supply of fox food.

GETTING A RAISE.

Great Man Remonstrated and Met Young Man's Demand.

"There's just no use in it," said young Bourland to the boss next to him. "I've got to get a raise. If I'm worth \$12 to the company, I'm worth \$15. I've been here two months, too." The moment the words were out, says the Chicago News, young Bourland realized his mistake. He should have done his deed and told it later. Now his brave intention was spread all over the office, and, sooner or later, was bound to reach the "old man's" ears. "The boss is in there alone," replied the nearest clerk, with a grin. "I dare you," said the nearest stenographer.

"There was nothing to do but 'to take the dare.'" Young Bourland laid down his pen, and with the concentrated gaze of his associates upon him, walked boldly into the sacred precincts of the "boss." The head of the firm was sitting by his desk, tapping heavily on it with a ruler.

"Well, young man?" he inquired. Young Bourland suddenly realized that he had no earthly business there; that instead of being worth \$15 to the firm, he was in reality not worth more than \$10, and that there were better men than he to be had for that small sum. He realized that he could not come crashing down with his extraordinary demand. He must ask something else, and that very quickly.

"Do—do you want to get all the bills out to-night?" he asked, weakly. "Hasn't Ransome enough men to do it?" inquired the great man. "Don't you get your orders from him? You're a new man, aren't you? I don't bother over such details. Go to him."

Young Bourland left, abusing himself for an idiot. The yellow-haired stenographer asked him if he got his "raise." The nearest clerk asked him the same question. Everybody about asked him, and as Bourland took his seat he wondered how long he would stand in his humiliation. He needed the money in his hurry, but he grew to dread pay-day like torment. His persecutors asked to see his enormous check; they assured him his case was being considered at directors' meetings, and that just as soon as the "old man" had a spare day he would take it up.

For six months young Bourland endured it. Asking for a "raise" became his nightmare. Then, one day, he made up his mind. He put on a new business suit because he thought it was better to look prosperous than shabby. He felt strangely calm, even in the face of a possible dismissal. But he walked straight to the "boss's" office.

"Well, sir?" "I've come to see about my prospects for getting a raise, sir. I've been with the firm sixteen months, at \$12, and I believe that with my knowledge of the business I am worth more now."

The great man smiled genially. "Well, I think you are probably right," he said. "I will speak to Mr. Ransome about it to-day. Anything else?"

The Boss Not in His Class.

"I went into a large clothing store the other day," said Swellman, "to find out something about men's fashions for the Horse Show. Naturally I sought the head of the department.

"Bless you," he said, "I don't know. I don't dress in that class myself. But I have a clerk who can tell you all about it. Boy, ask Mr. Blank to please step this way."

"In a moment I was approached by one of the greatest swells I ever saw in my life. He wore one of the new English long, loose morning coats of a light brown color, a white waistcoat and trousers the tint of a robin's egg. To my surprise he was not at all affected in his manner. Clothes were his hobby, that's all. He talked of fashions as enthusiastically as a man familiar with racing would talk of horses. He knew all about the styles in London and Paris. He understood precisely what was wanted for the Horse Show. As I came away I said to the head of the department:

"That young man seems to be well up in his business."

"He's a wonder," was the reply. "When he isn't waiting on customers he is reading fashion magazines and looking at tailors' plates. Last summer he had a khaki suit brought over from England by one of our buyers that for shade and texture could not be duplicated in New York. I couldn't afford to dress as he does, if I wanted to."—New York Press.

The Kaiser to His Honor.

While the Crown Prince of Germany was a student at the Gymnasium at Heidelberg he lost heavily one evening at cards, and on applying to his royal father for reimbursement he received the required number of bank notes bound together like a book. Later, after another disastrous game, he wrote the Emperor:

"I have finished the interesting book sent me, and am impatiently awaiting the second volume."

In answer to this the Emperor sent another book of bank notes, similar to the first, except that on the cover he had inscribed "Volume Second and Last."

The Crown Prince took the hint and indulged in no more games of chance. —New York Press.

Noisy Dogs and Noisy People.

Noisy dogs invariably belong to noisy people. Noisy people will, of course, deny this, but listen to them some day when they scold a dog for barking. Whose voice is loudest? whose fiercest? whose harshest? I have heard people disciplining dogs for growling, and I have been more frightened of the people than of the dogs. When from a front door I can hear a dog inside a house begin to howl and bark the moment that the bell is sounded, I know very well that he has caught the trick from someone in the house. —The Liberator.

To Fertile Note-papers.

Sprinkle some blotting paper with perfume, and when dry place the note-paper between the leaves. The blotting paper should be kept shut up or the perfume will evaporate.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

FRIED BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.

This is much improved by being dipped first in cracker crumbs. All the slices are to be cooked in "deep fat" and then lifted out. Next put them into a shallow frying pan and scramble up beaten eggs with them.

BANANA SANDWICHES.

Among fruit sandwiches, banana takes the lead, and to this a slight variety can be given by spreading each lengthwise slice with whipped cream rather sparingly. Upon this sprinkle shredded coconut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown bread thus treated will be excellent.

CANNED GRAPE.

Wash and pulp the grapes, dropping the pulp in one dish and the skins in another. Stew the pulp until soft, then sift through a colander, which will retain the seeds. Put the pulp and skins together, and allow one pound of sugar to each four pounds of the fruit. Put over the fire in a preserving kettle, bring to a boil, can and seal. Canned in this way, grapes will be found good for either sauce or pie.

KIDNEY OMELET.

Chop cold cooked kidney very fine; make an omelet mixture with three tablespoonfuls of milk, three eggs, salt and pepper to season; put one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it is melted turn in the mixture; cook slowly until a crust is formed on the bottom; in the meantime, sprinkle over the omelet the chopped kidney and chopped parsley; fold the omelet in half, lift it to a hot platter and serve at once.

SOUR CREAM NUT CAKE.

Two eggs, one cup granulated sugar, half cup rich, sour cream, two cups flour measured before sifting, half teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt. Beat the eggs till whites and yolks are well blended, add sugar; dissolve soda in cream, stirring it then into the eggs and sugar; sift into the mixture the flour, baking powder and salt, and beat well. Bake in three-layer cake tins. Filling—One cup pecan or walnut meats.

APPLE AND ORANGE JELLY.

Use an equal number of apples and oranges. Wash the apples, slice and core them; put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough cold water to cover them and simmer them until they are reduced to a pulp. Pour the apple pulp into a jelly bag to strain out the juice. Measure the juice, and to each pint of apple juice add one of boiled orange juice and a pound of sugar, and boil them together, removing the scum that rises, until a little, cooled upon a saucer, forms a jelly. Then take the kettle off the stove, let the jelly partly cool, and pour into glasses. When cold, seal up like any other preserve.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Twelve large, smooth, round tomatoes, one coffee cupful of finely chopped cold cooked meat, two cupfuls of fine bread crumbs, one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one large teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of powdered summer savory. Cut a thin slice from the stem end of each tomato; with a teaspoon scoop out the inside juice and pulp. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and place it over the fire; when it melts add the chopped onion, cook until it turns yellow, then add the tomato pulp and water; cook five minutes, then add the meat and half the crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and summer savory; remove from the fire, and when cool fill the tomatoes full. Sprinkle the top of each with the other cupful of crumbs and dot with butter. Arrange them in a baking pan and brown in a hot oven for forty minutes. Serve as soon as baked. Garnish with parsley.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Alcohol will take out candle grease. Lamb chops are delicious if dipped in lemon juice just before broiling.

A weak solution of alum and soda will revive the colors in a dusty carpet. Soak lamp wicks in vinegar and then dry them thoroughly to keep the lamp from smoking.

Brooms should be occasionally dipped into boiling suds, and then they will keep longer. Clean plaster ornaments by dropping in cold starch, brushing the powder up lightly when dry.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water, warmed, will remove fly specks from varnished woodwork or furniture. Just before a heavy frost comes gather the leaves of the rose geranium and scatter them in the linen shelves and drawers.

Don't forget to have your mattresses turned daily for at least one hour before making the beds. The mattress will last much longer. Keep a bag in the kitchen in which all pieces of string may be pinned as they are removed from the parrots. They may come in handy.

They Are Brighter.

At a meeting of the phrenologists in London Dr. Hollander said that people suffering from slight inflammation of the brain were sometimes far better, brighter and more clever with diseased brains than under normal conditions.

As trade now stands, there is not enough gold out of the earth, if it were all coined, to transact the business of a day.



Woman's Realm

A lovely dress by this master is a Pekin silk in shot iridescent tints ranging from brown to orange tones. Around the bottom of the slightly gathered skirt are triangular pieces of plain brown silk covered with embroidered appliques recalling soft nuances of shot silk.

The trouble with these loose coats is that the lines of the figure are apt to be neglected. In other words, the wearer is swamped in her own clothes. McFadden, says: "My specialty, is the line of the garment. I do not want to disguise a woman's figure, but always to see it through her dress."

The variety of booties seems incalculable. One cunning pair show a sandal effect. They are knitted in white with two rows of blue at the top and blue baby ribbon at the ankle. The sandal effect is accentuated by a knitted roll of blue applied at the sandal line. Long carriage booties are very useful, as they cover a part of baby's anatomy quite frequently overlooked. The feet and legs are knitted in the usual way, but a shaped knee is added, and the leg extended several inches above the knee. A ribbon run through near the top holds them in place.—Harper's Bazar.

Any woman of striking color who has come to the bonnet age (very few do these days) can find a most stunning bit of headgear in the tritona toque. It is in coloring that it compels admiration. The crown is striped and the mitre velvet is of the ombre variety, the shading going from light to dark in the vivid tritona colorings. The shirring springs into a loose puff toward the front, and this puff forms the prettiest frame for the face. At the left front is an ostrich pompon in one of the lighter shades, and from it spring a paradise plume in the tritona shading. The strings are of velvet ribbon in the deeper shade a good inch in width.

Queen Olga of Greece is the only woman admiral in the world, having been appointed to that honor in the Russian navy by the late czar. She is devoted to life on the sea. On a recent inspection she made such a thorough examination of the battleship as to amaze the naval experts of her country and win their admiration. She is the eldest daughter of a Russian grand duke, the niece of the late czar, and since her marriage to King George she has done much to unite the interests of Russia and Greece. She is the founder, friend and patroness of the Seaman's home, visits on certain days of each month the old sailors and talks to them of life at sea.

Here are a few practical "Don'ts" from a paper on "Mother's Mistakes" read before the Ravenswood Woman's Club. Don't tell the children what you do not mean. Don't wait on the children; make them wait on you. Don't break a promise to your children. Don't talk about your neighbors. Don't scold at the table. Don't hurt their self-respect by censuring them before others. Don't overdress little children. Don't give them too many presents before they are ten years old; they are liable to an attack of ennui before they are twenty.

The fashionable dinner gown for the season is quite different in general appearance from last season's style. The skirt is wider, there is a decided tendency toward erinoline, the waist is more elaborately trimmed, and the sleeves are much larger.

Plain silk and crepe de Chine, velvet in many different weaves and crepe (neither a kind of crepe de Chine) are the favorite materials, although satin, flowered silks, lace and fancy nets of all kinds, and chiffon are also to be included among the popular weaves. Black dinner gowns are always most useful, and are never quite out of fashion, although this season, like last winter, the light colors are considered smartest. Plain black gowns are, however, rather in the background.—Harper's Bazar.

Flowers will have a large part in the garniture of dainty headgear. The very lightest pink and blue tints are in favor for underclothing. In beddom the latest cry is a wide girdle of rich mandarin yellow fabric. Sets of the gold buttons look especially well on the sheer white blouses.

In ribbons, meron shades resembling the interior of a muskadeer, are much favored. Among the latest importations are piece goods in inch wide stripes, alternately of velvet and satin.

Decorative blouses have cascading collars of pleated muslin and lace that at the throat with a velvet bow. Small taffeta leaves, applique in garlands, form the only trimming for an imported blouse of dyed Chantilly lace.

A floral insertion, especially of a straggling pattern, applied to chiffon as an edge, is very pretty, especially in blue black upon a white ground. The felt produced for the coming season are of the smooth, soft French finish. The heavier or fur is also popular and the scratch finish will be largely worn.

A traveling dress of brown mohair was made with somewhat wider straps with shoulder caps. The waist was natural ponce, with collar and cuffs of brown cross-stitch embroidery.

For every time you say it now you will be glad in the year to come.

A woman hates to see a man act foolishly unless it is over her. It is next to impossible for a maiden to be very thankful in last year's hat. A woman has to lose just 1000 handkerchiefs in a lifetime.

The lady who wears a bird on her hat oughtn't to slobber over man's cravat to clay pigeons.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Last call for the dropped stitched kind. It is now the open season for weather strips.

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