NOTHING SO SERVICEABLE AS THE BLOUSE WAIST.

Wide Collars are Favored-Sleeves Afford the Chief Novelties in Blousemaking-Blue is an Acceptable Color.

The season opened early this year. and in the interval between definite summer and early spring there is nothing so serviceable as the blouse waist. Year after year dressmakers assure us positively that the waist will no longer be tolerated in smart circles. Just as certainly they are proved false prophets by independent fashionables, who realize the superior qualities of the despised blouse, ever comfortable and ever becoming. Glace, china silks and taffetas, merveilleux, satin, pongee, flannel, albatross, nun's veiling-all are used in making up the early fancy waists in defiance of the dressmakers' ruling that skirt and bodice must match.

The taffeta blouses are almost without decorations, if one excepts the lines of stitching and the narrow tucks that modify their severity. The sating affairs follow in many details the makeup of those of taffeta, but are, if anything, even more inornate. Groups of shaped plaits take the place of a yoke and supply the only garnisnings.

Of the flannels the floral and Paisley designs are the newest. These are generally made up in waist patterns with wide sailor collars faced with silk and edged with bands of stitching. The shoulder collar is often fash!oned of the same material as the blouse, silk being applied in the shape of a stock and a chemisette in some shade matching the flannel. These waists are out very deep in front and covered with a sinted girdle. The sleeve bulges a trife over the cuff. A handsome scarf ties under the wide collar.

Wide collars are favored in the designing of blouses intended for informa wear. They afford an easy way of trimming a waist. For silk or satin bodices a lace collar is preferred. The rule does not always hold good how-



laid in pin plaits and encircled about the waist with a girdle of velvet boa-ted a double collar of finely tucked silk crossed over on the chest and bordered with a band of cream tinted guipure. The sleeves were finished with very deep cuffs of the bucked white eilk.

One of the daintiest and flufflest col hars adorned an accordion plaited blue chiffon waist. The collar consisted of a deep piece of chiffon tucked half of its depth and very full below this, where a double border of lace was applied. Another form of the wide shoulder collar appeared on a waist of white crepe de chine, over which was laid a bolero of oyster white satin. Nevertheless flat trimmings are preferred. They take the shape of snugly applied bands, neatly set medallions and motifs of lace, cunningly crossed lines of velvet ribbon and the aforementioned stitchery, plaits and tucks.

A combination of box plaits and lace made up a modish pink sati nblouse cut to snugly outline the figure. The yoke was a series of narrow plaits, and the walst proper was made of alternate bands of guipure and groups of two narrow box plaits. The sleeves combined a forearm covering of guipure, with three puffs of graduated size extending to the shoulder. The collar itself was a stock laid in tucks, and the ceinture followed it in design, except that it slipped through a wide knot instead of clasping with an ornamental buckle.

A chiffon wedst with low, round neck was simple and neat with no other description than two wide front bands of velvet with pointed edgings of lace turned back along each side of the bands. These velvet straps came down the front of the blouse, one on ear side of the front and, passing und: the wide velvet girdle, supplied the sug gestion of a basque. The low, flat col lar of velvet and lace was tied unlet the chin with a bow of satin ribbon.

An odd trimming was applied to merveilleux waist designed with : broad section of narrow tucks and the front and down the sides of sleeves. About the collar a band guipure was set, harmonious band crossing the shoulders and coming had way down the sides of the bodice. Be low this, under the lace, were set double rows of platted chiffon, which felt almost to the crushed girdle.

In a single respect the season is one

OUR FASHION NOTES of great liberality. Almost any qual it yof silk is suitable for blousemaking, although the softer kinds are farored. Black and white are correct in any make. MervelHeux, louisine, tafleta, faille, pongee, crepon de soie, Shangtung pongee, satin duchesse, peau de soie, crepe de chine, fieur de bengaline and broche are the chief varieties of silk. Laces in guipure, Irish crochet, valenciennes and luxuei are



suitable for trimming, the waist being considered smart according to the quantity of lace it carries. The deep ace collars, extending cometimes down the front of the bodice, are much worn and give a finish to a waist that dispenses with any additional trim-

Sleeves afford the chief novelties in blousemaking. They are usually tight fitting at least to the elbow. Beyond that there is no hard and fast rule to be followed. One may have sleeves plain or very full, according to taste. One model has a sleeve slashed below the elbow to show an inner puff of lace, a second falls in loose points below the elbow over full undersleeves of lace, while a third of pin point tucking forms a sheath at the elbow over a very full puff of chiffon. The bishop aleeve, made with extra fullever, for a garment of brick red taffeta ness, may be finished at the wrist with a triple cuff of silk and lace. A recent Turkish looking sleeve was cut open at the wrist to disclose a fullness of white muslin underneath.

> Long, loose coats to be worn over light summer toilets for evening wear are extremely handsome. They are very much lace trimed. One of these emanating from the house of Laferriere was of smooth faced pearl gray cloth laid in deep tucks at wide intervals. The sleeves were the very full and open ones, with turned back cuffs faced with satin and lined with ribbon embroidery in pale olive green. The straight fronts of the coat were raced with bands of lace, over the surface of which in simple Greek tracery ran the lines of olive green ribbon. The square collar was similarly decorated while the stiff, high collar that rose back of the neck seemed to be entirely composed of lace. Such a cloak can easily be thrown over a light, airly fashioned gown, and as it is lined with soft, then silk its weight will not crush the most delicate summer todet.

Blue is an acceptable color. Recently I had opportunity to note a gown that combined some odd and pretty ideas. The color was peculiar, what one might call violet blue. The cut of the sleeves suggested the Henri IV. perinod. They were very full, but gathered to the arm in two puffs to the elbow. From that point they were slashed to the wrist, disclosing an undersleeve of rose embroidered crepe de chine. Pearl buttons and clasps were the decorations. Over the shoulders fell tabbed epaulets, a tabbed border being supplied to the vest of white crepe de chine that hung closely over a girdle of dark blue silk. Roses were embroidered upon the vest, their petals being supplied by rose pink crepe da chine and their outlines with embroidery silk of a darker or lighter shade, as art or nature suggested. The he were trying to decide what he would front breadth of the skirt was curiously brought into prominence by the use of tabs bound with oyster white satin. The later also framed the tabs that formed the epaulets and the border | ill was still there, and the two people for the vest. The collar of the soft white crepe de chine was covered with embroidered rosebuds.

Millinery.

"Large hats," it is said. "produce a certain infirmity of temper," caused by "a loss of vitality and nerve power consequent on the strain of keeping the head at the fashionable angle during the long hours of shopping and

visiting." This season's hats are particularly comfortable in every respect. They are made chiefly for utility, though at the same time they are ornamented. picturesque and also becoming. Gray and biscuit shades are the most in favor just now, but later on we shall see hats in every shade of color, as we

see in dress. Trimmings are velvet, lace and wings, with which lace and embroidered net may be freely mixed. Origimakity is one of the great features of millinery, though vulgar and outre effects are aveided by all comme it faut

Deviled eggs on toast, covered with a cream dressing, are good. One egg, each half filing side down, on each slice of posst.

The dry, every-grain-separate effect so desirable in boiled rice is obtainable by pouring water over it through a colander after boiling and then drying it in the oven with the door open.

To use a round of crown load of bread instead of pastry for a chicken ple is more wholesome besides unusual Cut off the top about one-third of the way down. Dig out the entire soft inside to be detect and roled into bread crumbs: fill with the chloken and dresition and put on the top.

# How a Sandpiper Went to Bed > >

Roy and his papa had had a glorious day together on Wamscut lake. Of all good times-and there were many of them, too, to be had in the little camp where the Hartwells spent their summer vacations-Roy liked best those long fishing excursions with his father. And how good the dinner always tasted when they would land at some shady book and cook the fish over the fire of twigs and branches for their noonday

This day had been a lucky one for both the fishers, for Roy had made his first good catch, and now he gazed proudly at the string of pickerel and black bass beside him, which weighed down the little boat as they rowed slowly homeward and trailed its smell of fish through the soft air. At last they turned into the narrow stream that flowed beside their camping ground, when suddenly a low, clear 'Peetweet!" was heard.

Roy turned to look, and there, skimming along over the water and giving his queer little whistle as he came, was a strange, dark bird like none that Roy had seen before.

"It is a sandpiper," said Roy's father in a low voice as the bird drew slowly nearer. "Sit still, and we will watch hit See, he is almost beside us." The two dropped their oars and sat

quite still, while the little boat scarcely stirred in the lazy current. They vere near the sandy bank of the stream, and as the bird came closer he seemed to pause in his long, zigzag flight, then, with a quick motion, darted to the shore. The sun had set nearly an hour before, but the clouds over the western tree tops were still bright



HE RAN LIGHTLY ALONG THE SAND.

with red and gold, and Roy could see plainly the pretty round marks on the bird's white breast and the dull brownish gray of its back and wings.

"That is the spotted sandpiper." said Mr. Hartwell. "Do you see the spots? It is his bedtime. Let us watch what he will do "

"Oh, but he is going into the water." said Roy in an excited whisper, and he nearly knocked his oar out of its oartock as he leaned over to look at the

The sandpiper, or peetweet, as he is sometimes called because of his well known cry, did not hop like the birds Roy had always seen, but ran lightly along the sand to the edge of the water and, sure enough, stepped boldly in till the water lapped over his toes in little ripples. Then he stood still, as if

He perked his head first to one side. then to the other, sending curious clances at the boat now and then, butseemed harmless enough. No creature stirred, for the song sparrows were now asleep in their nests higher up the bank, and peetweet had the world all to himself.

Soon he began to teeter his body up and down, throwing his head forward in quick, short jerks, till Roy almost laughed aloud at the funny sight and was only stopped by his father's warning "S-sh!"

"Yes, he always does that before he takes a bath," said Mr. Hartwell softly, "and some people call him the teeter up. He's a famous little fellow for nicknames."

"He must be a pretty clean bird, too," whispered Roy a moment after, "if he takes a bath before he goes to

Roy was quite right. The bird was going to take his evening bath, a habit common among many birds, for they are always scrupulously clean in their habits and pride themselves on keeping their little feather suits looking as well as possible.

The sandpiper waded into the stream till his long, siender legs were out of sight. Then he dipped his body and fluttered his wings, just as the sparrows do who bathe in the poolsstanding in city streets after the rain, and he poked and pulled his feathers with his bill.

"What a long bill he has!" said Roy as he watched this operation.

"That is because he has to probe for his food in the sand," answered Mr. Hartweil, "and his long legs are made on purpose for wading. He has a any tail. great many sandpiper cousins, just a little different from himself, who live sand in great flocks. But peetweet is . Way it's in the lok bottle ret

fond of his own company and often builds his nest in the grass away from the water and not always in the sand, like the others."

The bird that Roy and his father were watching must have found great fun in his bath, for he kept up his splattering and finttering for some minutes. At last he turned and stepped lazily out of the water.

The clouds which a short time ago had looked so golden now darkened and spread rapidly over the aky. It was plain that the thunderstorm which had threatened now and again during the afternoon was to have its way in spite of the short triumph of the sun at its setting.

"But hasn't peetweet a nest and family to go to?" asked Roy as his father And she goes clad in a silken gown, glanced apprehensively at the sky and then at the bird, who was standing motionless about six inches from the wa-

"He is going to sleep just where he is, tonight at any rate," said Mr. Hartwell, "That is quite clear." The sandpiper was standing with his back to the water. Gradually his body seemed to incline forward, and he drew his head and neck in toward his shoulders. They watched him in this crouching position till the first pattering drops of rain began to fall. At once the two belated sportsmen selzed their cars and sped over the stretch of water to their little camp. Roy did not mind his wetting, for he felt that he had found a new friend in the sandpiper, and he ictermined to try to become better acquainted with him another day.-New York Tribune.

### WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

fames Whitcomb Biley's Little Story of His Childhood.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier ooet, tells in the Indianapolis News of

als boybood. He says: "I recollect distinctly when I was a small boy and from choice spent much of my time in the kitchen rolling dough and making miniature ples. After awhile, through the obliging assistance of the bired girl, I advanced so that I could build a pie of legitimate size. My loy was complete when I actually fashloned a custard ple, and then came the feat, worthy of a sleight of hand pertormer, of getting it into the oven without spilling. You may gather from this that my first ambition was to be a baker, and at times I have felt a twinge of disappointment that my juvenile ambition was not realized. I cally think I would have been a suc-

ess as a baker. "Where did I go to school? I was not and down, but she appeared to think success in attending school. I had somewhat of a record for running away from school, and I succeeded in out one study in distinguishing myself above my school fellows. That was eading in McGuffey's readers, which gave me my first delights of literature. was a sensitive child, but no one ever thought me so, and I received no consideration on that account and managed to be in hot water most of the time. At school if I rend anything pathetic, like Dickens' death of Little Nell, while I had the best lesson, I would spoil it by too much weeping. If was whipped by the teacher-we called it 'licked' in those days-on coming home with red eves I would receive a purental flogging because the teacher nad licked me. Consequently I have a superabundance of sympathy for chil-

"Children in the country and in small owns have a self reliance and power of invention, an adaptation of the re- to talk. sources of their surroundings, that ofen make them stronger intellectually than city bred children. They have few paid for amusements, and all the fewer pecause of lack of money to pay for hem. So they are thrown upon their own resources to furnish amusements for themselves. I have waiked four miles in the country to where I knew there was a whirling jenny. A whirling | to a man who is not congenial to her. jenny is made by sawing off a sapling about four feet from the ground. The core of the tree is left sticking up to form a peg, and a hole to fit the peg is bored in the middle of a long and heavy plank. This plank is placed across the stump, a boy running at each end of the plank, and away they tion?" go! It takes repeated doses of soap grease to make the jenny get around with the desired speed.

"When I w. a boy, there were few feuds between lown boys and country boys, and when they exchanged visits Aich could introduce the other to a different series of delights. A do not suppose there are many boys today who have, as in my time, scrambled eggs ness. She wanted to know everything and cooked them on brown paper atop | at once. of the stove in the old schoolbouse. I seally think that no bill of fare at the finest banquet that ever may be will ever have a dish that can come anywhere near that."

"Gress!" He stands against the wall and says. Shaking his head in odd little ways, Quess what I've got behind my back? And then he laughs-my youngster Jack.

"A catt" "No." "No." "A ball?" "A hat?" "A slate" "A gun?" "No." "A skate?"

"Well, I'll confeme \* I can't guess!" And then he jumps and laughs with gies And thinks it a fine joke, does he; With outstretched arms this wee box stands And says, "I only had my hands!"

-Montrose J. Moses in St. Nicholas.

The Cat's Tail. Margaret, aged five, was making pictures some time ago with pen and ink She made a picture of a cat without

"Where is the tail?" asked Norman. She looked puzzled for a moment on the seashore and run about the and then she replied, with a wise look;

### HORYKE-FOYE.

know a less in Norwich-town-Heigh-ho! but my heart's merry! Yonder trips she a-wending down The little lane by the Rose and Crows. With lips as red as a herry.

I know a lass in Norwick-town Figirh-hal but my heart's dalle! Byer a smile and never a frown, And a cry to Puritan Care-'Go drown? And a mock at melancholy.

I know a lass in Norwich-town-Heigh-ho! but my heart's merry! Trustful eyes that are winsome brown, And feet as light as the thistle-down, And cheeks as pink as the cherry.

I know a lass in Norwich-town-Heigh-ho! but my heart's jolly! Though I've a name of no renown, I have won sweet Mistress Polly.

## -Clinton Scollard, in Harper's. A FAIR COMPANION.

As soon as we were under way I began to look around and observe my fellow passengers. I noticed a modest looking young woman sitting on deck alone and apparently a stranger. I immediately said to myseif, "There is my traveling companion," so I placed myself where I could watch the graceful contour of her head and shoulders, the exquisite coloring of her richly tinted cheeks and the dreamy look of her dark eyes gazing far out at sea. I noted the fine lines of her hands, a little too large and strong, but white and beautle fully shaped; the delicate, shell-like ears which atways indicate good blood tance, better than a certificate of birth, some-

times contestable. As I watched my neighbor I asked myself all those questions we usually ask about an unknown woman in whom we are interested: "Who is she?" "Where is she going?" "Why is she

traveling alone?" Without seeming to notice my scrue tiny, she settled herself comfortably ha her chair, opened her satchel and took out a newspaper. I rubbed my hands exultantly and said, "Now, let me see what she reads and I will tell you her character and thoughts." Z gave the paper a quick glance, and to my surprise saw it was a Parislan journal. She began at the first page with a dainty, satisfied manner; read on and on, sometimes a smile on her lips, but prehend, consider or even think I

always a look of interested attention. I drew my seat near to her, took out the face, then a perfect hall of a volume of poems I had bought just cuffs hard and sharp, falling even before starting and pretended to be equally interested. A good many passengers walked up

of nothing but her paper. Finally she to siese her hands. Impossibles, seemed to have finished and laid it turned around and present down on a seat between us. I immee to her furious attacks, and hid w distely bowed and said:

"Will madem permit me to glance; over her paper?" "Certainly, monsteur, with the great-

est of pleasure." "In the meantime, allow me to offer you this volume of poetry. It may in-

terest you." "Thank you. Is it amusing?" This rather disconcerted me. When distre one offers a volume of love songs to a wanted to speak, but what woman, he does not expect to be saked,

'Is it amusing?" Nevertheless, I answered: "It is more than amusing-it is charming-delicious." She opened the book and began to run through it with a little bewildered

reading poetry. Suddenly I asked: "Don't you like it?" "Yes, but I am not at all sensational. I like something gay-very gay." With that she closed the book and we began

air, as if she was not in the habit of

I learned that she was the wife of and officer at Ajaccio. She was going to rejoin her husband. She added that she had been dragged from one little town to another, and now she was going to be buried in that lugubrious isle of

Corsics. In some way I fancled she did not love her husband-loved him, perhaps, with that cool reserve a woman given She said she preferred living in Lyons. She knows every one in Lyona -it was her native place.

she preferred, I asked: '! "How do you like Paris?" "Oh, monsieur, do I like Paris? Is it possible for any one to ask such a ques-

But she began to talk of Paris with such ardor—such enthusiasm—I said to myself, "This is the string to pull," She said she had never seen Paris she adored it from afar off with the keen sest of a provincial-with the longings of a bird who gases at the wild free woods from the window where he is imprisoned. Then she began to question me with almost breathless e

"Do you know Alphonse Daudet and M. Sardou-oh, he is gay, so amusingand M. Zois-he always makes me cry After reading one of his books I am ill for a week!

She ran on in this way for about an hour; then her questions began to be exhausted and it was my time to talk. I related all the stories of the lash ionable world I could think of. I gave her a beautiful idea of the grand dames of Paris, satisfied her currouty in the most fantastic manner, told wonderful adventures of the gay city. She listened with all her ears and all her heart. Then I macked with cruel from all those poor wessen who we've bound to husbands who did not appreciate them and could not under

"Is it really like that in the gay

world?" The night had come best and warm -the great steamer, throbbing from her machinery, glided over the sea, beneath an immense canopy of violet sky, starred with drops of fire Suddenly my neighbor was up and saying. "It is late, I must retire. Bon soir monsleur."

"Certalety, Tall the

My traveling or d leveline view and ed me for my kindness as

This old vehicle was like o cally closed box no openings door or each side with little; down above. We were stilling face, opposite each other, and started, the horses going as a trut until we reached the second

Once I was compelled to make the herbs came through the lower of the doors—that delicies for that Corsics spreads around was impressed. if the ground was unpregnate perfume which the hot was gro and scattered on every pass Arain I began to talk of P bright, beautiful bewildering P

She listened with keen attention. By now the night had grown as could sourcely distinguish the famy companion. It appeared whitish spot in the servousding The horses were slowly walking up steep ascent, the carriage lanters only light to show the read. In dashing over the rocks would or us. Then it would be lost in the

My companion had been very for some time, breathing softly, now and then a gentle sign. The ness and silence embeldened a softly laid my hand on hers. not withdrawn. Growing still be I went on whispering a lot of seating tal rubbish; talked of "leve at sight," "kindred spirits," etc., will lips very near her ear-in truth. gerously near her mouth. She was wilent. I fancied I could hear the b ings of her heart, mingled with her a tle sighs.

At last I softly placed my lineher cheek. She started as if just at ed from sleep. But such a start! hurled me to the far sile of the riage, Then, before I had time to ceived five or six frightful stage fo where, on my head, my face, my, quick and fast as summer rais.

In the thick durkness that pe ed un I vainly tried to parry the in the corner of the vehicle.

She seemed to compreh sound of the blows, malf back in the corner of th she burst into a wild serve or so, I shrinking book to tame and absurd. What have said? Nothing-just at I

The continued to weep, every and then uttering great make nearly broke her he and soothe her as you w child, to beg her parton, to tel kneed and entreat her to for but I dared not. These situa yory embarrasing.

Finally she grew calm. We be mained in our separate corners and motioniess, the diligence steadily on, only stopping now as for a relay of horses. When the of the stable lanterns would a the carriage we would both o eyes and pretend to be select

We sped on through the aromatic odor of the Corsic tains caressing our objects sweet and exhiberating as w Christie, what a lovely of my neighbor had not wee The day pegins to break pale rays of dawn bests carriage I sook at my be As we spoke of residences and places seems tast asleep, The sur coming up fro mountains discloses an in

TUIT SETS AND WITH BOIL AND ed by enormous peaks of a steeped in the shading light of morning, appears. My neighbor starts up aroused four sleep, oping the They are very red. She year she had slept a long time take a monest that will we be then the