

OUR FASHION LETTER.

High Belts and the Method of Wearing Them.

WHITE GOWNS ARE THE CRAZE.

A Dressy Driving Coat and a Beautiful Costume of Gray Veiling—Something About the New Fancy Collars and Ties.

High belts are still popular, but experience teaches that they must be made with care if they are to be worn with the straight front corset. The prettiest belts are made high at the back. The material is cut on the cross and is mounted on the bodice. The belt slopes gradually toward the front. Often the belt does not meet in front by a couple of inches, the intervening space being hidden by a tie of lace or a portion of the vest. For wearing with shirt waists a useful belt is made of crosscut glace or soft satin matching the color of the skirt. It is folded and stitched to a bone about four inches long at the back, and thence on either side the material slopes away



PONGEE DRIVING COAT.

to a point. The belt may be tied in a knot and the ends pinned up to the blouse, or it may be fixed with a buckle.

The shaped belt is far more becoming to the figure than the ordinary straight kind. The object of employing crosscut material rather than ribbons is that the former when pulled tight fits so much closer to the figure.

The three-quarter driving cloak shown is of pongee, with a double caped collar and rounded revers of red silk outlined with ermine applique. The cuffs are of the crimson silk, also outlined with the applique.

White Is All the Go.

The fondness for white this season extends even to tennis and outing suits. The white mohair ones are extremely smart and are accompanied by white shoes and white straw or taffeta hats. White storm serge is a favorite material with yachtswomen and trims up well with gold or silver braid and marine buttons. Anchors embroidered on the cuffs or collars add a bit to the jaunty.

Touches of black velvet to set off a hat or gown are becoming almost indispensable. A bow tied loosely and



OF WHITE LINEN.

set on the side of a hat of the palest blue or pink, with the ends hanging slightly over the brim, is extremely effective. Another pretty and novel idea is to wear one of these velvet knots at the nape of the neck on the slightly low neck dresses used for day wear.

A smart costume of white glace linen is shown in the picture is made with a bonnet jacket and a plain skirt trimmed with bands of pale blue linen.

white linen stitched and trimmed with a bow and band of blue ribbon.

The Bolero Seems Permanent.
Fillet lace is much used for stunner gowns. It is frequently trimmed with bands of pongee or silk. The foundation of this lace is in square meshed lace on which a pattern is worked in darned fashion. It has rather the effect of an old sampler. Gold or silver fillet on black or brown is exquisite with a touch of color.

The bolero like the blouse, has apparently come to stay. Chiffon and mousseline are appliqued with heavy textures or bits of silk and the bolero in this fashion is fitted loosely and is



GRAY VEILING.

fastened with bows of colored velvet set on in the front.

So far there is little change in the fashion of skirts but short ones are in the minority and are rarely seen except for athletic sports.

A costume of gray veiling is shown in the cut. Both waist and skirt are laid in wide blue tucks. The skirt has three tucked ruffles. The waist is collarless and is trimmed with a yoke and undestreaves of white chiffon. Bands of white silk applique also add in trimming the waist and skirt.

Fancy Collars and Ties.

Bertha collars of embroidered batiste appear on very many of the new gowns. Another fashionable mode for linen dresses shows a short, oddly shaped bolero with wide ends of lace and edged around the sides with narrow bands of stitched linen. The bolero is worn over a tucked blouse of embroidered batiste.

Pretty little silk mill bonnets are edged with flower passementerie



OF OLD ROSE LINEN.

Thin white wash goods and net make equally effective bonnets. A flower bordered fichu is as dainty a piece of apparel as one could wish for.

In the wash ties and neckbands fashion still clings to the pique stocks of white, with narrow colored ties. The knot seems to be superseding the bow, and many of the new stocks have the ties simply crossed over and fastened with a fancy pin.

Many collars are made of insertion and featherstitching. They fasten in the back and taper down into points in the front.

The picture shows a gown of old rose linen. The blouse waist has a tucked collar cut in points and edged with square lace applique. The skirt is also tucked and has a wide gored ruffle.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Thomas B. Reed on Fame.
Here is a definition of fame given by ex-speaker Reed at the Bowdoin college commencement dinner: "Fame is largely a matter of accident. Being in the right place at the right time and doing the right thing, or, better still, making people think you are doing the right thing, is about all there is to fame." This definition gains much in effectiveness when "fame" is pronounced with the ex-speaker's well known drawl.

Quite Likely.

Tarantula Jim—What killed Stinger Bill?
"Alkali Ike—Acute distillitis. I reckon that's what the doctors called it."

FEMALE FARMERS.

FIFTY YOUNG WOMEN STUDENTS IN A COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

They Have Always Made Good Farmers and Lands Have Been Made to Pay Successfully After Men Had Failed a Three Years Course.

It is interesting to hear that fifty young women have taken up the study of scientific farming in the College of Agriculture at Minneapolis, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Women have always made good farmers, and in Europe and in certain parts of this country most of the work of the farm is carried on by them. In Germany the women plow, in France they superintend every detail from the milking of the cows to the selling of cheese and chickens in the market, even rebuilding houses and breaking stones for roads through the "estate" Farms in New England have been successfully managed and worked by women after men had failed to make them pay. One farm in Wayne County, N. Y., is worked by a woman of 79, her daughter and the latter's son, a boy of 19. They hire a man and girl during the summer, but during the rest of the year do all their own work, which includes milking and caring for five cows, taking milk, eggs and butter to market and carrying on the various duties that fall to the lot of the successful tiller of the soil. Another farm, with rocky hillside pastures and well-fed horses and cattle browsing around the trim house, with its gay flower garden, was pointed out to the writer as the result of feminine perseverance, industry and economy. It had been left as a legacy to three idle, shiftless, stalwart sons, who permitted it not only to run down so that they could not make a living out of it but also had to mortgage it. Finally, one died, one went west and one drifted to New York. The farm seemed to be about to share the fate of many abandoned farms that make New England melancholy. The mother of the three brilliant failures, who had been living with an invalid daughter in another part of the state, returned to her old home, hired some men, put her property in comparative order and then started in to make it pay. She succeeded. It took years, and she worked early and late, but she not only paid off the mortgage, but improved the place, built a new house and laid money by for her old age. She still goes about her acres, wearing big boots, short skirt and a big farm hat, directing and superintending or lending a hand herself rather than hire a man too many. She has added weavary to her other work now, and sells heavy fuzzy cloths to the people from large cities who spend the summer in the neighborhood.

The women students at the Minneapolis College of Agriculture are entered for the three years' course, and will take the same studies as men, with the exception of blacksmithing, carpentry and military drill, which will be substituted by laundering, cooking, sewing, house management and social and physical culture. The teacher of household economy is a good specimen of the woman farmer. Her father, Saul Meredith, was a noted breeder of short-horn cattle, and since his death his daughter has carried on his farm and raised stock with great success. This is the first year that the college has been open to women, a summer course of six weeks being the only concession made to women students heretofore. They have a fine dormitory with all sorts of comforts and conveniences. Every two students have a suite with two sleeping rooms and a study, and for every six there is a bath room and a dressing room. There are also large general sitting rooms and a library.

The Ubiquitous Hairpin.

"Give me a handful of hairpins," an eminent cranksman is reported to have said, "and I care not who carries the fimmities." A traveler lost on one of those trackless Australian plains tells me he wept tears of joy when he suddenly came across a rusty hairpin.

An archaeologist, who recently crossed Arabia, fancied he had penetrated among certain ruins where no modern foot had ever pressed. "Looked around," he remarks, "and there on the ground before me were a cork and a hairpin."

In short, the hairpin is perhaps the one ubiquitous article of woman's attire. More than that it combines in itself a host of uses of which its designer never dreamed. Put the hairpin in the hands of an intelligent man and he will make it as useful as an ax. Look at the instance afforded by that motorman on a suburban electric road in the East. As he was gaily whizzing across country a fuse burned out and the car stalled. Did the motorman despair? Did he unhook his handle and get off and sit on the near-by fence, and stolidly wait an hour for the next motor to come along and shove his helpless vehicle into town? Did he bang around while the irascible passengers vary the charges of abuse for everything connected with the road, from the president down to the barefoot wiper? Not much.

He merely looked the damage over then thrust his head into the car and asked for a hairpin. One was immediately passed forward, and the motorman, in a manner which the non-technical reader would not understand, substituted the bent wire for the ruined fuse, and a moment later whizzed ahead with everybody rejoicing.

It was but an added proof of the all-round value of one of the simplest and yet most useful of civilization's implements.—*Clay and Fish Dealer.*

KNEE BUCKLES.

Lord Cornwallis Gave Anne Randolph His Own Pair.

Have you ever heard about the Revolutionary war? It was fought between the British and the Americans more than a hundred years ago. I will tell you a true story of a little girl who lived at that time.

Her name was Anne Randolph, and she lived on a farm not far from Philadelphia. Her father and her two brothers had joined the American army. So Anne and her mother were left alone to take care of the farm.

Two years before this time Anne's father had given her a beautiful calf as a pet. The two had become great friends. The young cow knew her little mistress, and always came to be stroked when Anne went into the field. At one time during the war the English army was in Philadelphia.

One day the soldiers came to the farm of Mrs. Randolph and seized Anne's pet cow. They tied a rope to her horns and drove her away. Anne begged for her pet, and was in great grief but her words had no effect.

It did not take long for Anne to think what to do. She ran to the stable and saddled her pony, and she rode at full speed to see Lord Cornwallis, the general of the English army. It was a brave thing for a little girl only twelve years old to do.

A soldier with his gun was marching back and forth in front of the place where the general was.

"What do you want?" he asked Anne as she galloped up.

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis," she said.

"What is your business with him?" said the soldier.

"I must see him; let me pass," replied the girl.

The soldier let her pass, thinking, no doubt, she had very important news to tell.

Lord Cornwallis and some of his friends were at dinner when little Anne rushed into the room.

"What do you want, my child?" said the general.

"I want my cow, sir. Your soldiers have taken her away, and I have come to get her."

"And who are you, my little girl?" said the general kindly.

"I am Anne Randolph, and I live three miles from here with my mother. I have you seen my cow, sir?"

"Oh, sir," she continued, "I raised my cow myself. She has always been true. She can't belong to you. I must have her. I would never steal your cow, sir," she said, proudly.

The general rose. "Come with me my child, I promise you that your cow shall be safe in your barn tomorrow, and here, take these," he said, unfastening a pair of silver knee buckles. "Keep them to remember me by, and if the soldiers trouble you again, come to me at once."

The general kept his promise and the next morning Anne's cow was once more safely housed in her own snug stable.

The buckles were kept and are kept to this very day. One of Anne's grandchildren has them.

—*Clay and Fish Dealer.*

About Shetland Ponies.

The Shetland pony, the smallest of his race and a family of the greatest prize and possession of our childhood, says a personage on his own account. His birthplace and bringing up, his career and obscurities, are unique in the history of the world's domestic animals.

Born in hyperborean islands of a diminutive father and still more diminutive mother, he passes from pasture to pasture in boats, till he goes to the south in a ship with hundreds of his companions. Then he descends thousands of feet into the earth, where he works by artificial light all his life, and at his death is brought above ground to be buried. To work in the mines is the destiny of the majority of Shetland ponies. Lord Londonderry kept a famous stud of them, presumably for use in his collieries. This stud has been dispersed, but there are several in the south of England in which, by careful breeding, the ponies are kept small. These are mostly bred for home use and for ladies' and children's pets.

But in the pits the Shetland pony is still indispensable. It is not for him coal would be even dearer than it is. He never goes on strike, his temper is admirable, he never grows restive, even if he bumps his head, which is the only accident which commonly afflicts him, and to guard against which the more thoughtful coal owners provide him with a leather helmet. Now that the pits are lighted with electricity the ponies' sight does not suffer. They have fine stables, with movable boarded floors, so that they never suffer from thrush or cracked heels, and as the temperature is uniform they do not catch cold. Pure Shetlands are the only breed which keeps small enough to work in the seams, even Iceland ponies proving too big and excitable. There is no room to jump about in a coal gallery and the conversation of the diminutive "Shettie" into an equine mole is one of the greatest tributes to its placid disposition and to the determination of its race never to be anything but ponies. In the quaint phrase of one of their admirers; "there are no ponies small enough to push the Shetlands out of their deserved position."



"Yes, my father's a millionaire. 'Say an' it's really true dat milly-maires eats twice a day an' three times on Sunday'."

—*Clay and Fish Dealer.*

HER MAJESTY

By Zoe A. Hutchings

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The prime minister mopped his forehead and the duchess dried her eyes. They had just been through a trying ordeal with her majesty the queen who "would not marry the Duke of Redbar and would not marry the Prince Gray state reasons or no state reasons." The minister and the duchess, as young queen's mother, had yielded and had sent her highness triumphant into the garden to make her proposal to her favored subject, the Earl of Norwood.

Queen Marie wandered along the garden paths until she espied Lord Norwood, and then she began plucking roses in embarrassment at his approach.

"Ah, my queen," he said, bending his knee and pressing her hand to his lips. "You will hurt these tender hands with the cruel thorns. I shall break the roses for you."

"I have to tell you something," she said, with averted eyes.

"Do you really care? Have they con-

sented? Oh, my queen, I never dared hope."

"Consented to what, pray?" she said coldly. "I haven't told you anything."

"No," he stammered.

The rows of blooming azalea bushes. Suddenly she said, with an impatient movement of her hands.

"I wish I were a dairymaid."

"Why, your majesty?" he exclaimed, stopping short in amazement.

"Yes, I wish I were a dairymaid," she continued, "and I should be milking a good old cow, and then the farmer's lad would chance along, and he would look at me as if he were not afraid of me, and he would say 'Oh, Marie, I mean, 'Oh, Tidy, I love you better than my wealth better than my title.' I mean, 'better than than my play. Will you be my wife?' And I would say 'I would say, 'Yes, if I were a dairymaid, but I would be a dairymaid.'"

"Would you say that?" Lord Norwood asked eagerly, seizing her hand. Then, remembering, he dropped it.

"I wish I were a farmer's lad," he muttered impatiently. After an embarrassing pause, "You see, your majesty, we are slaves to custom, slaves to a sometimes annoying and severe master called etiquette and ceremony, and more abject slaves to our own mis-erable cowardice."

"Now, you will have to yield me the victory in the argument we had last night," she said gleefully. "Confess."

"I confess."

"And I was a farmer's lad!"

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She started away again, but came back and said laughingly.

"See you do not seem to understand my rank, I shall take the opportunity to let you know it and your own inferiority."

"Your humble servant awaits your most royal highness' pleasure," he answered, bowing coldly.

She seemed disconcerted, and plucking some flowers, turned around at least three times.

"You must know of course you know it stands to reason that you know I mean that you have always known how a queen ought to be treated for her to inspect of the man. Why do you keep looking at me so? I don't believe you've winked your eyes once."

The queen was almost in tears.

"I shall look at that tree," he said, turning his head in another direction.

"Well, you know a queen has to, has always had to, oh you do distract me so." Go behind that bush, where I can't see you."

He disappeared behind a tall bush, and she continued.

"It is supposed to be a great honor for a queen to bestow on a man, but sometimes the queen doesn't think it so. Sometimes the queen feels honored and would prefer to be asked, 'Can you see me?'"

"Yes," she said.

"Look over the other way. But it is," she continued. "I must oh, I cannot say it," she cried, wringing her hands.

He rushed from behind the green foliage.

"Oh, my own, yes, you can! Just say it!" he pleaded. "Why, I could, easily!"

"Why don't you, then?" covering her face with her hands.

"Why because I why, just say just say just anything!"

"Well, go back again, then," she said weakly. But when he disappeared she burst into angry tears.

"I'll not do it," she cried, stamping her foot. "I'll never, never, never do it!" And she fled to the house.

The prime minister thought he had never seen quite so perverse and intractable a queen, while the duchess pleaded and commanded in vain.

"No, I'll not do the proposing! I'll stay an old maid!"

"We will allow her six months to make up her mind," said the minister wearily.

"Allow? Allow? Since when did you become queen? What? Six months, indeed! I'll be married this very minute!" And then the queen ran from the room in a passion, down the steps, into the garden.

"Where are you going?" asked the Earl of Norwood, meeting her.

"I'm going down to the village to marry the blacksmith!" she answered, hurrying past him. He ran after her and caught her hands.

"Oh, my queen! Oh, Marie! I love you, I love you better than my wealth, better than my title! Say that you love me! Say it quickly!"

He folded her in his arms.

"I am as happy as a dairymaid!" she whispered.

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