

OUR FASHION LETTER.

The Correct Styles in Black Cloth Street Gowns.

TAFFETA HATS VERY POPULAR.

Black Chiffon Gowns Lined With Net. A Plumed Hat Always a Good Millinery Investment—Entire Gowns of Vera Lace—Spangled Tulle.

Black cloth street gowns are made up with much fringe and applications of dyed lace over white satin foundations. They are also trimmed with ruchings of bias chiffon velvet and fagotings of heavy black silk showing the white foundation.

Black chiffon gowns lined with net are trimmed with applications of silver embroidery and bunches of silk poppies in black and palest green.

The skirts of these chiffon evening gowns are made very full, with many narrow ruffings, and the short sleeves are also made of the same small ruffings.

A gown recently seen was of black chintilly having a stirred skirt and a

of the arm than on the inside. Deep lace berthas of valenciennes or renaisance lace are a novelty for trimming the finer blouses.

The cut shows a costume of mole-skin gray cloth trimmed with touches of light gray silk and white lace medallions.

BOLEROS AND BLOUSES.

The bolero, which was threatened by the three-quarter effect, has come back into extreme fashion again. There are two kinds of bolero which are especially noticeable—the loose affair, cut sleeves and body in one, and the other, practically sleeveless, cut up in the back to show the abnormally wide belts so many of us are wearing. The latter bolero appears in many different kinds of material.



SPRING TAILOR MADE.

Sometimes these boleros are made of plain thick material trimmed with fringe and cord. These are charming in black, gray or mole color, opening over a dainty blouse and a wide band of leather or silk.

Spring street fashions will show a variety of these blouse costumes in zibeline, in gray, black and white and other mixtures. They will be trimmed with pipings of velvet or heavy silk, and the wide belt will be of the same.

Dress waists blousing all around, both back and front, over the very wide belts will be among the most chic spring models, and the skirts which accompany these bloused effects will be very full and only held down part of the way.

The picture shows a spring tailor made of dull blue cloth trimmed with bands of Persian and a dark blue belt.

FASHION CONCEITS.

Black taffeta inset with black chintilly lace and made up over white silk which shows under the insertions makes a very smart dress for a middle aged woman, but there should be some fine tuckings to break the stiffness of the taffeta, and the bottom of the skirt should be edged by tiny frills or ruchings. Bands of mink are particularly artistic for trimming either cloth



GOWN OF PINK MULL.

of thin materials. It is possible to obtain beautiful markings even in a narrow strip.

Mole-skin gray cloth makes a dainty costume and is very drossy when relieved by applications of silver and lighter gray.

There is a new princess gown made with a sort of gimphe. The body part is of black jetted or embroidered material, and the gimphe is of very thin spangled or plain material with transparent even puffs.

Trains even on evening gowns are much shorter, and the sides are longer, so that a round, full effect is gained. It is rumored that the ruby will be the popular gem of the coming season, and this will be combined with dull silver and platinum.

The illustration shows an evening gown of pink mull made with shirtings. It is trimmed with duchess lace applications. JUDIC CHOLLET.

GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR.

One of Their Greatest Charms Is the Appearance of (Continued.)

The garden of the Alcazar is one garden composed of several, each opening into the other by steps descending from a terrace or through arches in marble or living green.

All the gardens are surrounded with wonderful hedges of myrtle, juniper or box. If the gardens of the Alcazar should be stripped of all but their hedges, palm trees and magnolias, they would still be most wonderful. In some places walls about eight feet in height separate the gardens, and against these walls are trained orange and peach trees, with a tangle of jasmine and roses climbing among them as they will. In fact, the flowers grow in such careless and natural profusion and there is so little cultivation that one might almost think the hoe of a gardener had not visited the place for a hundred years. This very carelessness was one of the greatest charms of the place and added to the effect of age that drags to everything. Modern gardeners would stand aghast at such apparent neglect.

I recognized that the very lack of modern care was artistic and suitable and yet wondered, if the place were mine, whether I could forbear the use of shears, trowel and hoe. The hedges were trimmed. These, with some orange trees growing in a solid mass of green along some fifty feet of palace wall and reaching to the very roof, alone bore signs of the gardener's shears.

The flower beds were of intricate shapes, filled with a tangled mass of flowers and always surrounded with box. And such box! My heart sank within me when I thought of the box in my garden at home, where not even a hundred mild winters and a hundred rainy summers could give growth like the smallest of that at the Alcazar.

The bouquet that is considered in Seville as a model of beauty and elegance was to our eyes a most hideous thing. In shape like a pyramid, about fourteen inches high, it was formed by fastening a magnolia bud to the top of a smooth, round stick and then winding flowers tightly around the stick, each succeeding row becoming larger, so that at the bottom the bouquet was probably two feet around. It was a frequent sight to see two men carrying a pole between them with from six to a dozen of these bouquets swinging, heads down, from the pole. Scribner's

Puzzled His Tutor.

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, was a naturalist even as a schoolboy at Eton. In his day there, however, the instructors cared for nothing except the classics and were ignorant of natural science. In his autobiography Lord Avebury says: "At that time Eton boys, especially if they were quick at writing verses and learning by heart, had much more leisure than they have now. I devoted a good deal of mine to natural history and geology in spite of the remonstrances of my tutor, who thought that it might have been better occupied on the classics. On one occasion we were given 'The Hen' as a subject for a theme. I took some pains with it, and my tutor sent for me and asked me confidentially whether it was all true. From what he said I inferred that they rather suspected I was quizzing them and doubted whether to commend or to flog me."

Cats Fond of Olives.

"I have often wondered if all cats like olives," remarked a woman who is very fond of the feline tribe. "All mine do, and I have six. Olives are usually an acquired taste with the human race, but cats seem to take to them naturally—at least mine do. An olive will set any one of them into paroxysms of joy. They will leave milk or fish or any other article of food for it, purring and rolling over it much as though it might have the intoxicating effect of camp before they finally eat it. I have often tried olives on other cats in the houses of friends and have found them equally appreciative, only they prefer their olives cut up into pieces."—Philadelphia Record.

Fitted the Event.

"See here," said the city editor. "I wish you would get away from trite old expressions as much as possible. Here you have written that at a certain point in this big meeting 'the silence was oppressive.' Now, that is a saying."

"That is especially apropos," replied the disgruntled press person. "It was a meeting composed entirely of women."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Papa's Sage Conclusion.

"Papa," piped little Willie, "which is it better to be—a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle?" "It's better to be a big toad in a big puddle," answered the ambitious father.—Detroit Free Press.

His Fault.

Nodd—On the impulse of the moment the other night I told my wife a awful lie and got caught. Todd—Serves you right. Every lie a man tells his wife ought to be premeditated.—Life.

Soft.

"Yes," he declared, "I think one grows to be like the things he eats." "You must have been brought up on marshmallows," she suggested.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Part of Her.

Doctor—Your wife must keep out of excitement. Mr. Brague—She can't, doctor. She carries it around with her.—Indianapolis Journal.

Contentment comes from making the very best of whatever you have, be it much or little.—Maxwell's Talmans.

SOLAR HEAT WAVES.

The Sun and the Hot Stove Pour Out the Same Kind of Energy.

So far as I know no reasons at all for doubting the high temperature of the central body of the solar system have ever been found. There are in general three distinct ways in which heat can be transferred from one body to another—conduction, convection and radiation. The first two are dependent upon the presence of matter. The latter will take place across a perfect vacuum.

We may receive heat from a stove by all three methods. If we place our hands upon it we receive heat by conduction; if we hold them above it they are warmed by convection, the heat being brought to them by the rising current of hot air, if now we stand in front of the stove we still feel its warmth, the sensation in this case being produced by the heat waves which it emits. These waves are similar to the electric waves used in wireless telegraphy, differing from them only in their length. They bear the same relation to them as the ripples on a mill pond bear to the Atlantic rollers. With the instruments at our disposal at the present time we can measure the length of these waves as accurately as we can measure the length of a table with a footrule, and we can prove that they will pass through a vacuum, a plate of glass or a tank full of liquid air without losing their ability to warm our hands. We find, however, that if we pass this radiant heat through certain substances—water vapor, for instance—its intensity is diminished owing to the fact that some of the waves have been absorbed. It is possible to determine the exact length of the waves of heat which have been removed by absorption in the vapor, and if we test the radiation which comes to us from the sun we find that waves of this same length are absent, the water vapor in the earth's atmosphere having refused to transmit them. This fact, taken alone, is pretty good evidence that the sun and the hot stove are pouring out the same kind of energy.—R. W. Wood in Harper's Weekly.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

A vain woman is to be feared, for she will sacrifice all for her pride.

A woman without children has not yet the most precious of her jewels.

A haughty woman stumbles, for she cannot see what may be in her way.

A woman desirous of being seen by men is not trustworthy. Fear her glance.

Respect always a silent woman. Great is the wisdom of the woman that holdeth her tongue.

Trust not the woman that thinketh more of herself than another. Mercy will not dwell in her heart.

A mother not spoken well of by her children is an enemy of the state. She should not live within the kingdom's wall.

A woman that respects herself is more beautiful than a single star; more beautiful than many stars at night.

The Tables Turned.

A story is told of a high Indian officer who was in the habit of soundly thrashing his servants when they displeased him. One day he ordered his khansamah to go to a summer house in the compound and wait for him there, presently turning up with a heavy horsewhip. He then addressed the offender:

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you in a place where no one can hear, and I'll just thrash you within an inch of your life!"

The servant, though a man of powerful physique, squirmed, native-like. "Sah, you sure no one can hear?"

"Yes, you scoundrel; I've brought you here on purpose!"

"Then, sah, I think I thrash you!" And he did it so thoroughly that his master was not visible for a week.

The Humorous Suabians.

"Next to the Americans," said Max Nordau, "I think that the Suabians are the most humorous people in the world. A Suabian if he has nothing funny to say keeps silent. Stupidity is unknown among this race.

"One night in Suabia in my early youth I called on a Suabian maiden. She was very pretty. Perhaps I stayed longer than I should. Suddenly, at any rate, the young girl's mother called in a loud voice from upstairs:

"Gretchen! Gretchen!"

"Yes, mother," Gretchen answered.

"Gretchen, it is very cold here. Will you ask that young man to shut the front door from the outside?"

An Unselfish Husband.

Conjurer (pointing to his cabinet)—Ladies and gentlemen, I now call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to step on the stage and enter the cabinet. I will then close the door.

When I open it again, the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace. Husband (to his wife)—Matilda, my love, do oblige the gentleman and walk up.—London Telegraph.

Always Had It.

"Has your husband a birthmark or anything of that kind by which he may be identified?" asked the detective.

The deserted wife reflected a moment.

"Yes, sir," she said. "He has a sort of handglock lock on his face, and it was born with him, I guess."—Chicago Tribune.

Ready For It.

Professor Longhair—It has been demonstrated beyond question that this continent is sinking. Miss De Style—Oh, well, we've got a yacht.—New York Weekly.

HIS STORMY WOOING

IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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"Then it is 'No' again?"

MacDowell's voice was reflective and regretful. He did not look at the small, erect figure in brown linen sitting in solitary state on the old fallen log among the pine needles. The serious hazel eyes regarded him with a calm, disinterested independence that was exasperating.

"It is always 'No.' This is the fourth time."

"Three and a half." There was a flash of mischief in her quick smile.

"You only got as far as a lifetime of devotion last time, and Mr. Tisdale came for his waltz. When will you try again?"

"Never." His voice was quiet. She could not see his face. "I give up the fight. I think that even you will grant I have made a hard one for the cause, and since it is hopeless I shall leave Arleigh."

"For the summer?" She dug the point of her parasol a trifle viciously in among the innocent pine needles.

"No. Indefinitely. I expect to go to Japan on business and from there



THE BURDEN IN HIS ARMS GREW HEAVIER WITH EVERY DRAGGING STEP.

will merely drift anywhere. It does not matter so long as I do not drift into Arleigh harbor and try again—for the fourth time."

She did not answer. There was a new tone in his voice that troubled her, a tone of cynicism and finally. She looked off at the broad half moon of the bay and shivered at the sudden chill in the air since the sun had gone down. The sea looked gray, with long wreaths of swirling white foam where the tide was coming in full.

There was a dull, low roar to the breaking waves on the beach below, and the anchored yachts out in the bay were tugging and straining like restive horses as the swell plunged them to and fro.

"We had better go back," MacDowell said presently, turning to her. "There is a storm coming up."

"I like a storm." She took off her hat rebelliously and fastened it with the pins to the log. The wind caught her hair and blew it in a brown veil across her eyes, and she held it back, laughing as she looked up at him.

"You may go if you wish."

He frowned and threw himself down on the ground near the edge of the bluff.

"I suppose that is one reason why I love you," he said bitterly. "You are so charmingly tractable. You always do as I say."

"There is no necessity for sarcasm." The little square chin tilted higher.

Miss Dunderdale felt indignant. "You always wish me to do something that I don't want to do. And you are—a masterful."

She brought out the hateful word solemnly, and he shrugged his shoulders. There is something most annoying in a person shrugging his shoulders at you when you want to argue. It implies mental superiority and an impregnable stand. She closed her lips tightly. She would not say another word. He could go to Japan or the moon. It was a matter of the utmost indifference to her.

She turned away from the stalwart figure on the ground and looked off at the storm clouds racing up from the breast of the sea on the horizon, her chin on her palm, one small foot swinging to and fro expressively as she reviewed the case of Hugh MacDowell.

There were just thirty-seven good and excellent reasons why she should marry him. Cecil knew all thirty-seven by heart. They were rehearsed to her with faithful exactitude by an anxious bevy of sisters and cousins and aunts.

And there was but one reason why she should not. She did not choose to.

To Cecil the one reason was sufficient and outweighed all the good and excellent thirty-seven. To the anxious bevy it was a foolish and willful obstacle set up before one of the happiest chances fate ever offered a girl.

MacDowell was twenty-nine—a traveled man of the world, with a generous fortune back of him, who had come from his globe trotting cultured, broad minded and cosmopolitan, with

his native American point of view still fresh and optimistic.

Cecil's elderly relatives dwelt loving on these points. Her younger ones veered to the outward and visible signs of grace and said the tall, six foot wooer was handsome and altogether desirable.

That was just it. He was too desirable. He was faultless. Ever since he had come down to Arleigh, Cecil had felt herself lifted bodily by fate, assisted slightly by the anxious bevy, and thrown at his head and heart.

Any other man in his position would have courteously and diplomatically avoided the snare. He had walked into it, eyes open, lips smiling and arms extended to receive fate's gift. Wherefore the gift, with faithful feminine contrariness, declined being received.

There was a sudden vivid glare that ripped the heavy mass of clouds from end to end and a long crushing peal of thunder like cannon. The sea seemed to swell and leap to meet the sky. The boughs of the pines lashed up and down like fragile breeze blown ferns as the wind swept over them.

At the second crash Cecil rose and turned instinctively to the trees for shelter, but the gale caught her, and she would have fallen only for MacDowell's firm clasp of her arm. Almost instantly the whole world of land and sea and sky seemed on fire, and she shrank back into his arms with a cry of fear as a bolt struck a kingly pine that towered above its brothers a few yards away and left it a blasted, smoking ruin.

Before she could recover herself he had lifted her in his arms and gained the path that led down over the face of the bluff.

"We can't get to the shore," she exclaimed. "The tide is in."

"Put your arms around my neck and keep still," he answered curtly. "We can't stay up here."

She obeyed in silence, and he made his way down the path. What had been a smooth stretch of sand was now a swirling mass of low breakers. MacDowell paused an instant for breath as he reached it and looked down at the face on his shoulder. Her eyes were closed. A wild impulse seized him, and he bent and kissed her.

The next instant he was knee deep in the waves, struggling in the teeth of the gale to where the shore curved and safety lay, and he fancied that the arms around his neck were clasped closer than before, although the eyes were still closed and the face was white and still.

The waves leaped and snarled with a hissing roar at his feet like a pair of hungry wolves, and he was forced to stop again and again and lean back against the bluff as the wind beat down on him. The burden in his arms grew heavier with every dragging step, but at length the beach shelved and broadened, and he staggered up the higher ground in safety and laid her down under the shelter of the overhanging rocks.

The first wild fury of the storm had passed, and only a faint rumble of distant thunder broke the stillness. She opened her eyes and looked up at him as he knelt beside her. Something new in their hazel depths seemed to answer the cry of his heart, and he raised two small cold hands to his lips.

"Cecil," he asked, "must I go?"

The first soft gleam of midsummer moonlight was casting a path of silver scales on the water when they reached the hotel veranda. The soft, delicious music of a mandolin orchestra came through the bright lighted windows, and they paused a moment in the shadow of the clinging vines to look back at the sea.

"I knew you would try the fourth time," she said laughingly as she raised her face to his. "Japan is so far away."

"A Canvassed Clam."

Traveling on the continent of Europe with a party of young Americans, I was witness of their dismay at being assailed from time to time by friendly English fellow travelers with such questions as these: "Is it not very lonely in America? Are there any singing birds there? Any wild flowers? Any bishops? Are there booths in the streets of New York? Do people read English books there? Have they heard of Ruskin and how?" These were from the rank and file of questioners, while a very cultivated clergyman lost caste somewhat with our young people by asking confidently, "Are Harvard and Yale both in Boston?" a question which seemed to them as hopelessly enlightened as the remark of a lady just returned from the wonders of the new world who had been impressed, like all visitors, with the novelties offered in the way of food at the Baltimore dinner tables, but still sighed with regret at having been obliged to come away without eating a "canvassed clam."

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

Witty Response of Lecturer.

A professor who acted as chairman of a meeting at which Max O'Rell was to lecture introduced the Frenchman in the following manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when we wish to see ourselves as individuals we have recourse to the mirror. This we cannot do as a nation. I take pleasure in introducing a gentleman who will act as a French mirror, by means of which you will, I am sure, obtain an adequate and pleasing view of yourselves as a nation."

The introduction pleased O'Rell, and he responded in a vein as jovial. "I am requested to reflect on a nation. However, I must take second place to the man in the moon, for he reflects on the earth. As an imported French mirror, I shall do the best I can to give you a correct picture of the nation. And if your chairman remains where he is, in the background, he will add greatly to the reflective power of the mirror."