

MILLINERY HINT.

An interesting Hat of Cotton Cretonne.



NOSE OF GREEN AND WHITE CRETONNE.

The uses to which cotton cretonne are put are manifold. This smart little toque of green and white cretonne trimmed with a band of green straw and white and green grapes accompanie a very handsome suit of black and green satin.

It is called an oriental "cap" by its originator and will be worn by girls who like striking novelties in their fall headgear.

TRAVELER'S TEA.

Carry the Cup That Cheers When You Go Aboard.

In traveling both at home and abroad there is great comfort in your own cup of tea. On the steamer particularly you miss your own brand, and the well-versed traveler who is wise in the use of creature comforts never wanders far from home without her tea caddy.

For two years it has been quite content to be straight and narrow. It is still narrow. One often thinks it is narrower than ever this summer for extreme women have gone to the extreme in this particular, but one manages now to break up the straight line in all sorts of quaint and curious ways.

Take, for instance, a new model in a dark blue serge skirt—that thin summer serge that women are wearing on all days except the sultry ones. It has a skirt with a panel down middle of front which is rounded at the hem and bound with braid. The back is quite straight and well fitting over the corset, but its sides, which are much longer than they should be, are plaited up to the right length along the edge of the front panel.

This is an exceedingly good skirt. It is becoming to women who cannot stand the severity of the thin straight lines, and it is not a difficult skirt to achieve at home. It promises to be popular, for one sees a good many sketches of it, and the tailors in town are already making it. The girl's suit pictured is a smart little model for mid-summer wear.

Simple Heat Weather Items. Do not drink ice water. Do not drink soda water. Walk on the shady side of the street, even if it seems to be an effort to cross over.

But simple food and eat just enough to satisfy the appetite. Avoid mixtures.

Try to arrange your work so as to be indoors from 12 o'clock to 3:30.

Be sure that you know that the water you are drinking is uncontaminated.

Keep busy and forget the heat. You can.

Endeavor to keep cool inwardly. It helps toward happiness in warm weather.

A collar of medium height which is not uncomfortably stiff is cooler for some people than low cut collars.

For the Stomach's Sake. Gas on the stomach, causing bloating and a feeling of stiffness after eating, is not always caused by the eating, but often by the stomach nerves, says a physician.

The stomach is weak and holds the food too long, when it ferments and throws off gas. If only such food as agrees with the individual, and each must be his own judge, is taken, and at the same time the effort to strengthen the nerves is made, by building up the general health, relief will soon come.

One should never try to starve the stomach into health. For only good food can cure it, and good food comes from good food, plenty of fresh air and good digestion. The stomach poisons itself through weakness and inaction.

Why We Knock on Wood. Long ago, when our ancestors wandered through forests believing that fairy creatures inhabited the woods and streams, that little mischievous gray gnomes were in the earth, they would tap gently on the bark of the trees for the good wishes of the little fairies to protect them from the malevolence of the gnomes. In the rustling of the leaves or the swaying of the branches they would read the promises of protection.

So now when we knock on the table or the chair to insure safety from some too boisterous remark, we are simply copying without knowing it just what our pagan ancestors of old did.

FASHION'S WHIM.

The Telescope Parasol Correct Caper Nowadays.



THE SPORTY SUMMER SUNSHADE.

This new parasol looks like a cane and gives the smart summer costume a dandified and sporty appearance. An ivory case which folds like a telescope protects the long slender parasol.

THE NEW SKIRT LINE.

It is becoming to Women Who Can't Stand Straight Severity.

It looks very much as though the straight line of the skirt from waist to ankle was to be broken. Every one knows that the pannier did this in a certain measure, and even it was a sensational form of the Grecian tunic. Frock of soft material used for afternoon and evening departed from the straight line long ago, which means months ago in the vernacular of fashion, but today the cloth skirt for the street is taking curves and turns to itself.

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GIRL'S STUNNING SUIT.

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Mrs. Longworth's Bang. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth has adopted a bang and is proud of it. It is short and bobby and wavy and fastens to her hair under her soft pompadour by two long pins. Mrs. Longworth is telling her friends that since the Chicago convention she fully decided that her high brow needed concealing, and so on went the bang.

Whether in the stress and excitement of the convention she tugged at her front locks or not she does not say.

The bang is becoming to Mrs. Longworth. She wears it most simply, and the bang is the only bit of artificial hair Mrs. Longworth has ever worn.

Sweeping Matting. When sweeping matting, to avoid tearing the fabric, slip a covering of flannel over the broom. The flannel will take up the dust easily and will save the matting much wear.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Mike Donlin Has Braced Up Pittsburghs.



Photo by American Press Association.

Mike Donlin is one of the real "come backs" of the season. Not alone has Donlin been battling hard, but he has been playing a sensational fielding game and running the bases as well as he ever did. When Manager Fred Clarke traded Vincent Campbell to Boston for Donlin last winter fans and experts were of the opinion that he had been given the worst of the deal. But on the showing of the two men since the 1912 campaign opened the Pittsburgh club seems to have had the best of it. Two years ago when New York traded Donlin to Boston he was said to be all in, and Manager McGraw believed it would be only a short time before Mike would be in the minors. But he has fooled em all, and judging from the present it looks as if the Pittsburgh outer gardeners will be to the big show for many more years.

Summers Coming to America. Johnny Summers, recent winner of the British welter-weight championship, is the latest English ring celebrity to contemplate an invasion of the United States.

Undeterred by the recent untimely fate of his two compatriots, Bombarrier Wells and Sid Burns, Summers declares that he is ready and willing to teach the "blasted" Yankees how to take a joke and to prove that English pugilistic supremacy still is in the ascendancy, in one division at least.

Mike Gibbons and Ray Bronson are the two Americans that Summers is particularly eager to hook up with, but any good opponent that will draw the shekels will not be overlooked or turned down. The only advance ultimatum that Summers makes is that the weight must be 147 pounds, the British scale.

Summers will bear with him the Lord Lonsdale belt, emblematic of the English welter championship. The trophy was won by Summers on June 21 before the National Sporting Club of London, when in the thirteenth round he sent his principal contender for the title, Arthur Everenden, reeling through the ropes, where he was counted out.

Athletics Washington's Hoodoo. But for the unhappy consequences of too frequent gripes with the Athletics the Nationals might now be resting safely in first place. They have an edge on every other club in the league, barring Chicago, and they have held the White Sox to an even break. But they have been fairly lucky to win five of their sixteen battles with the champions of the universe.

Griffith has the satisfaction, too, of knowing that his club is all his own, not one that was bequeathed to him. Some of the men developed by Jimmy McAloer are playing mighty good ball for Griffith, but it took a heap of masterly patching to give the old birds the right sort of setting.

Huggins Would Be a Manager. Miller Huggins, the St. Louis Cardinals' clever little second baseman, has ambitions to become a manager. Huggins is getting old as a ball player, but like several others, he has been a student of the game and has a fine knowledge of baseball. He is looking for a chance to utilize this knowledge in the capacity of a leader and has the permission of Roger Bresnahan to make a trade for himself whereby he can get a managerial berth. In the event of such a trade Magee will fill in at second for the Cardinals.

Doherty Now Crack Golfer. H. L. Doherty, the world's famous tennis player, who defeated all comers at the nets for many years until he retired from the game at the death of his brother, has been heard from in another sport. He is now playing golf, and he already shows the same proficiency with the club as he did with the racket.

England Has Many Pigeon Societies. There are considerably over 1,000 pigeon racing societies in Great Britain and some 200 women fanciers who enter for races for speed. Each of the societies offers prizes to its members, ranging in value from \$100 to \$1,000, and it is the custom for the owners of birds to bet on their pigeons.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Barnyard Game.

A jolly out of doors game is called the barnyard game. It is played in this manner: The participants stand in a semicircle in the yard where there is space for running about. The leader, a boy or girl at the head of the line, begins by singing to any old familiar tune, "I have a calf in my barnyard," upon which he or she must run out from the line and begin to low like a calf. All the company must join in the lowing till he or she returns to the end of the line, this time going to the foot of the semicircle. Then the second player takes up the game and runs from his place round and round in the semicircle, singing, "I have a horse in my barnyard," and he begins to neigh, the company joining with him. Then he in turn takes his place at the foot of the line and the game continues as before.

Among the many animals and fowls that may be mentioned in the game are these: The cow, the horse, the pig, the sheep, the hen, the rooster, the turkey gobbler, the turkey hen, the duck, the drake, the goose, the guinea fowl, etc. If a boy or girl wrongly imitates the noise made by the animal or fowl he or she names he or she is barred from the game till its end, when the banished players are again reinstated.

Animals and Music.

A hare, the most timid of all creatures, was seen to come out of a wood to listen to some choristers who were singing an anthem as they sat down to rest after a long walk, and stationing herself about twenty yards off, she seemed to notice nothing but the sweet sounds which had drawn her there. Every few minutes the animal would turn the side of her head, after the fashion of a man putting his hand to his ear, as though to hear better. When the music stopped, the hare walked slowly and unwillingly toward the wood, but when she was nearly there the choristers began to repeat the anthem and their audience turned about and traveled back much more quickly than she had started for home. She kept just about the same distance from the singers and listened again with every sign of delight. When the anthem was finally finished and the hare had satisfied herself that no more sweet sounds were to be had from that quarter, she slowly crossed the field again and disappeared in the wood. Harper's Young People.

Never Heard a Dog Bark.

"When I was a boy," said a venerable citizen of Oxford county, Me., "my father told me of a very curious incident of pioneer life. His parents were the first settlers in the township, and bears, deer and all sorts of wild game were plentiful. When his mother saw a bear at the edge of the clearing or heard one in the bushes she used to scare the bear away by clapping together two flat stones she kept in the dooryard for that purpose. But one very still evening the children heard a dog barking over in the next township, and they ran to their mother just about scared to death at the cry of an animal they had never heard before. The growl of the bear and the wailing yell of the catamount they were used to, but the howl of a dog was something strange and terrifying."

The Troubled Sea.

The sea and her children is a reasonable game. The players seat themselves on the porch or lawn, leaving out one of their number, who represents the "sea." Each player having taken the name of some fish, the "sea" walks slowly round outside the ring, calling her companions, one after another, by the titles they have chosen. Each one on hearing his or her name pronounced, rises and follows the "sea." When all have left their seats the "sea" begins to run about exclaiming, "The sea is troubled! The sea is troubled!" and suddenly seats herself, an example immediately followed by her companions. The one who fails to secure a chair becomes the "sea" and continues the game as before.

Wonders of the World.

While colleges are deciding what the new seven wonders of the world are, it is interesting to hark back to the original seven and then give thought to the progress the world has made and to what is to come.

The present day list as prepared by Cornell university includes wireless, synthetic chemistry, antioxins, radium, aeroplanes, the Panama canal and the telephone. The old seven were the pyramids, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zeus and the Pharos of Egypt.

Hindoo Sayings.

A fool may cut a dash the wise among so long as he has sense to hold his tongue.

No man of sense should take as his adviser a barber, dancer, mendicant or miser.

If you have aught to do and want to do it, Don't ask a woman's counsel, or you'll rue it.

The little minded ask. Belongs this man to our family? The noble hearted regard the common race as all akin.

He who says, "What's a moment?" is a fool. He who says, "What's a farthing?" will be poor. To one whose foot is covered with a shoe the earth appears all carpeted with leather. Philadelphia Ledger.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

A Mother's Plea.

London.—A new rule has been made by the lord chamberlain to the effect that women of other than British birth are no eligible for presentation at court, unless they are married to British subjects or diplomatic officials accredited to the court of St. James. Father, you must buy an earl For our darling little girl— Have you seen the sad report? Yankee ladies who have not Got their English husbands bought Will not be received at court. Never shall our child be seen Basking to the gracious queen If she's not a Briton's wife. Can you then decline to get Her at least a baronet— Would you sadden her for life? Hustle out and make a pile So that she once more may smile And her fairest hope renew— She will die of grief, I know, If to court she may not go— Father, it is up to you. Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Obliging.

With the connection between the New York Central system and the Western Maryland (by which the Central will get an outlet at Baltimore) about finished, the railway "map makers" and customers' chair critics have worked themselves up to a great pitch of excitement. For some months past they have been filling their papers full of stories about what was going to happen—how New York and Pennsylvania were coming to a death grapple, with Chesapeake and Ohio and Norfolk and Western trying to edge into the scrap, wherever possible.

Back in April one of the big dailies carried a "story" put together by one of the youngest men on the financial staff and written to show that within six weeks the "traffic battle would be raging in all its fury."

A day or so ago the managing editor happened to come across this article and after glancing through it sent for the man who originally wrote it. "This is pretty strong stuff," he remarked. "According to this story, we ought to be in the midst of the biggest traffic battle in history by now, but there's nothing doing." "I know," broke in the "rub" reporter, with a grin. "It doesn't seem possible to me that a whole bunch of big railroads could be so darned disobedient."—Puck

Not Expert Testimony.

A popular citizen of Louisville and a Cincinnati clubman went on the water wagon for a year, with a \$1,000 penalty to be laid against the one who fell off first. Three weeks later the Cincinnati man made a trip in a private car to Mississippi. The man on the car urged him to suspend the water wagon nonsense, and so he wired to his friend for a week's reprieve, giving as a reason that the water down there was simply awful and unfit to drink.

The friend immediately wired back: "No chance on such testimony. You are not sufficiently well acquainted with water after a three weeks' trial to qualify as an expert. No."—Saturday Evening Post.

Must Have Been Annoying.

The Circle railroad in London describes a circle whose diameter is about ten miles. In the car one day was a very obese lady who expressed the utmost solicitude lest she be carried past her station.

A passenger assured her that the station was a half hour away, and that he would tell her when they reached it. "Thank you very much, sir," said the fat old lady, "but whenever I get out, bein' as I'm so heavy, I backs out, an' I ain't more than 'arfway out before along comes the guard, an' he says, 'Look lively there, mum,' says 'e, 'look lively' an' 'e pushes me back in again, an' I've been round the circle three times this morning."—Manchester Guardian.

An Enthusiast.

"McJiggers is a regular crank when it comes to home pride. Sometimes he lets his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment." "I know. He's the kind of fellow willing to wager in the middle of the season that the home team is sure for the pennant just because it wins three straight."—St. Louis Republic.

Wonder What Made Her Do It?

"A very singular incident happened at the theater last night." "Yes? What was it?" "A beautiful girl came in wearing a gorgeous gown." "But what was singular about that?" "Why, she came in fully fifteen minutes before it was time for the show to begin."—Judge's Library.

The Bee on Her Bonnet.

Katydid.—Why is old Bizzy Bee so strong all of a sudden for the passage of a pure food law in this neck of the woods? The Cricket.—Haven't you heard? Last week Mrs. Bee lit on a woman's hat, thinking it a German garden, and she nearly died of arsenic poisoning. St. Louis Republic.

The Attraction.

New-York says they are going to bood New York as a summer resort. Ned—I thought most of the visitors came here because it was a hot town. Judge.

Nones.

"Do you ever forget to pay money that you borrow?" asked the boob. "No," replied the cheerful idiot, "I always make a note of it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Advertisement for Bartholomay Beer or Ale, featuring a logo with an eagle and text: Bartholomay Rochester BEER or ALE. This is the beer rich and ripe that sharpens up your appetite. Delicious Refreshing! Full of Cheer. For Sixty Years a Quality Beer. A Refreshing Summer Drink for your home. Bartholomay Means Quality. For sale at all leading places. Bartholomay Bottling Department.

Life Without Microbes. Microbes are not indispensable to all life if they are indispensable to any. The question has been definitely settled. A cage completely sterilized at 90 degrees was made and the openings of the cage closely stopped with cotton and protected from the outside by a hermetically closed metallic chamber. Such manipulations as were necessary in opening the cage were made by hands guarded by aseptic rubber cloth. Into such a sterilized cage three hens' eggs were placed after having been externally sterilized. The cage was fitted with a glass pavilion or chicken run, where the chickens could develop during their six weeks' sojourn in the cage. In the cage were sterilized air pure water, sterilized sand and sterilized feed. The experiment showed that life does not depend upon vitality but that the vital work of the organism is easy and natural when everything is sterilized.—Harper's.

Safer at a Distance. "That member of congress says you have voted for him for the last fifteen years." "That's right," replied Farmer Corn tassel. "You must think a lot of him." "Well, I dunno. You see, fifteen years ago I had a couple of hoss trades with him, an' since then I've always felt safer with him spendin' so much of his time in Washington."—Washington Star.

Optimistic. Cheerful Undertaker.—Beautiful day for the funeral, sir; just enough breeze to stir the plumes. Now jump in, sir, please.—London Tatler.

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