THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

By Elsie Carmichael

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It stood over the mantel in the oak-paneled dining-room, a portrait by Rainsborough of a slender dark-eyed girl in a white satin gown, with a necklace of milk-white pearls about her softly rounded throat. She was pulling the petals from a red rose and smiling roguishly out of the frame. I had always been in love with her from the time I used to spend my schoolboy holidays at the manor until, as a young man I ran down to Kersey for week-ends, ostensibly to see my Aunt Elizabeth, in reality to spend most of the time before the great fireplace in the dining-room, blowing rings toward the ceiling and dreaming as I watched Marianne dropping the petals of her crimson rose.

"I am going to have a house party on the 25th of June," wrote my aunt, "and you must not fail me, my dear Reginald. I shall refuse to take no for an answer."

This was of the nature of a summons to Windsor castle, and I dared not disobey. Besides, I did not altogether object to a house party at Kersey manor in rose time. However, at the last minute I was delayed, and it was not until the evening of the 26th that I drove up the oak-lined avenue in the soft moonlight. My aunt met me in the great hall.

"They are having tableaux in the music-room," she said. "Will you come there as soon as you have changed?"

The light was turned low as I softly entered and stood unobserved in the back of the music-room. There was a hush over the audience as the curtain was drawn to reveal a lovely picture. My cousin, Jeanne, smiled winsomely out of the frame as the Countess Potocka in the famous portrait that is familiar to every one. The clapping of hands drowned the little murmur of admiration as the curtain was drawn over it. My cousin, Jeanne, evidently could not endure the ordeal of keeping still to be looked at again, so the encoring died away and the low murmur of conversation was resumed.

Suddenly the conversation ceased; the curtain was about to be drawn for the next picture, and I turned perfunctorily toward the little stage.

I gave a great start and clasped the back of the chair in front of me. I could see the sheen of her white satin gown, the long necklace of pearls about her snowy throat. It was Marianne, but a living, breathing Marianne.

Suddenly the lights flared up, the hum of conversation grew louder, everyone was talking at once about the tableaux. One or two old friends saw me and came to welcome me, so it was several minutes before I could make my way to my aunt.

"Aunt Elizabeth," I demanded, present-me-al dog, to the lady of Kersey manor. Where did you find her? Did she step down from the frame to-day? How did it all happen?"

Even as I spoke Marianne came by, Marianne in her white satin gown, her shimmering pearls and the red rose still in her hand.

"Marian," cried my aunt. "Stop a moment while I present your cousin, Reginald."

I bowed low. I felt that I ought to have a plumed hat to sweep the floor before this lady of an olden time.

"Why did you not come down from your frame before?" I asked. "I have waited for you for years, centuries, aeons, and I have been so lonely, though I knew you would come at last, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She smiled variahlyindy and looked at my aunt questioningly.

"He is our court jester," the latter replied with a smile.

"But I am not jesting," I cried, with mock solemnity. "She is Marianne, Marianne of the portrait," I insisted. "Deny it if you dare."

"Yes, she is Marian," my aunt acknowledged. "But, Marian, the great-great-grandniece of the lady of Kersey manor and your distant cousin."

"Not at all," I begged to differ. "She is Marianne herself, Marianne who sat to Gainsborough, Marianne who pulled a red rose and flung the petals at her feet—you are, aren't you, Marianne?"

Aunt Elizabeth smiled indulgently. "You must not mind your cousin," she said. "He is harmless, but I am convinced he is quite mad."

Then some young upstart bore off my Marianne for the cotillon. If I could not dance it with her I showered her with favors and danced with no one else. When she mischievously brought me a jester's cap and bells in one figure, I put it on reluctantly.

The next morning we walked in the garden together just as we used to do in the old days, and I gathered her roses. We flung bread crumbs to the trout that rose greedily to snatch them, and we helped the cross old peacock with flowers, and then we leaned on the sun-dial, and Marianne's taper finger traced the letters of the carved inscription just as I had dreamed of her doing. Her hair curled riotously, bewitchingly about her face that was flushed like the petals of a pink rose, as she bent over the letters.

"Do you know, Marianne," I said, "that this is not the first time you and I have leaned on this sun-dial. Sometimes it has been in the pale moonshine when the garden was turned to silver and the roses, dew-drenched, filled the air with their perfume, and sometimes we have been here in the winertime when the snow lay deep on the terraces and the quaint bay trees and hedges were all carved from purest Parian marble. Always we have been here together, and always we will lean together on this old dial watching the sunny hours go by, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She blushed ravishingly. "But I am not Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, stupid," she pouted. "You are indeed mad, madder than the maddest March hare."

"You may say you are not, but you are going to be," I said emphatically. "You have got to be. I have been in love with Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, since I went to Rugby, a little chap in knickerbockers, and I am in love with you and two things equaling the same thing equal each other."

"Not at all," she said. "It only proves you are a fickle creature. Fancy what a change of heart to admire my great-great-aunt one minute and the next to tell a girl whom you have known only 15 hours that you care for her. How could I ever trust you, Cousin Reggie?"

"As I said before you interrupted me," I went on tranquilly, "I love Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, and I love you, and two things equaling the same—"

"Ah, you are getting too mathematical for me," she said, and ran swiftly away down the garden path and I after her.

We Leaned on the Sun-Dial.

And then began days of uncertainty. Marianne teased me and tormented me and avoided me, choosing any little insignificant creature that was nearest her when I approached. But I was not discouraged. I had loved her too long not to feel that some day I must win out.

By great luck one day I found her alone in the library and boldly walked in.

"I want to speak to you about a little matter of business. If you will deign to listen," I said, stiffly to her back, as she sat at the desk writing.

"Oh, business," she said, coldly, though her lips trembled a bit at the corners, as though a smile were struggling through. "Well, be quick about it, I am immensely busy." A frown puckered her delicately penciled brows as she leaned her head on her hand to listen.

"It's about the succession and the property," I said, sitting down comfortably in the low chair beside her.

"Is this strictly business?" she asked suspiciously.

"Strictly," I answered. "It is very important. You see, I am my aunt's heir and some day Kersey manor will belong to me, and do you know it doesn't seem to me quite fair. You have always been the Lady Marianne of the manor, and you know I feel as though I were doing you out of it."

"Oh, not at all," said Marianne politely, half turning back to her letter, as though she wished me to hasten. "I have no claim in any way, you know."

"Well," I said, reflectively, "somehow I feel that it's not fair and I have a proposition to make. I want you to keep on being the lady of Kersey manor."

"Oh, no, March hare," she said. "That would be doing you out of it. No, thanks very much, but I couldn't think of accepting such a present from you." She laughed. "What does Mame Grundy say? A young lady should never accept any gift from a young man, except books, flowers and bonbons, unless—"

She stopped suddenly and blushed adorably up to the little curls on her forehead and down to the collar of her frock.

"Unless what?" I demanded, but she laughed and blushed still more. "Unless?"

"Oh, never mind," she said.

"I know," I cried triumphantly. "Haven't I studied Mme. Grundy's rules of etiquette? Unless they are engaged or married. Isn't that it, word for word, Marianne? That's the only way out of it," I said. "Come, Marianne, sweet. I have never loved anyone else but you. I have been faithful to my dream Marianne for so long and I waited for you, oh, ages and ages. Pray keep on being the lady of Kersey."

The pink stole up into her face again, her eyes were soft and winsome as she held out both hands to me in sweet surrender.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to, March hare," she said, "since you insist upon it."

Hatching chickens by artificial means is almost as old as history. The art was known before the dawn of the Christian era, and has been practiced continuously in Egypt, China and other oriental countries down to the present day.

Author says that it is not painful to starve to death, but as he has not tried it more than three or four times we will have to accept the statement and suspend judgment.

WHERE THE NUDE IS NATURAL

Hopi Indians Have Little Use for Clothing in Their Villages.

When living by themselves under perfectly natural conditions, as I found them 15 years ago, nearly all the Hopi children ran about entirely nude, and the adults were as unconscious of the need of clothing or of the lack of it as were Adam and Eve prior to the apple episode. The presence and teachings of the white man have of late years induced a certain measure of self-consciousness, so that all except the very little children are chary of allowing themselves to be seen unclothed by strange eyes, but I lived so long among them and gained their confidence to such an extent that I was able to photograph them as if from the viewpoint of one of themselves and so to gain a record, which to anthropologists should prove very interesting, of the fact that these people are physically at an earlier stage of development than the white race, says a writer in the Craftsman.

Although, if you have lived long enough among the Hopi for them to feel thoroughly acquainted and at home with you, they may sometimes go around without clothing as comfortably and unconsciously as with it —you feel no sense of shock as at the sight of nakedness, for your experience is precisely like that recorded by the explorers and travelers in Africa and among all dark-skinned races—it is not the lack of clothing but the sight of the white skin that is startling. A brown skin seems in a way to be a sort of clothing like the fur of an animal and excites no more attention, after once you are used to seeing it undraped. You note only the extreme beauty of color, form and movement, and after awhile begin to realize something of the sense of freedom and childlike joy of living that we like to think prevailed among all men in the morning of the world.

As babies and little children are so seldom troubled with garments of any description, they are early inured to all changes of temperature and remain unaffected by chill winds, soaking rain and the scorching desert sun. Also, they have the same freedom in the use of every muscle as little animals, and they can climb almost anywhere and balance themselves in most precarious positions with no more danger than as if they were panther kittens.

Insanity.

It has commonly been said that lunacy was increasing in the modern world. But Mr. Noel Humphreys in his paper read before the Statistical Society proclaims the theory that lunacy is not increasing at all. According to his ingenious statement the apparent increase is due not to the growth of lunacy, but to the growth of the care of lunacy. To put the matter briefly, he holds that it is not so much that there are more madmen, but that there are more mad doctors.

Substantially, his case appears very sound. There can be little doubt that many men are now put in asylums who would in previous ages have been allowed to wander in the meadows or to play about the streets. There can be little doubt that many men are now called insane who in other times would merely have been called wicked; and it is possible that many now called madmen who in other times would merely have been called saints.

The only question is whether this scientific harvest of all the lunatics alive is so great an improvement as it looks. There can be no doubt that some men have come from all the ends of the earth to capture the village idiot, who once danced without having bricks thrown at him.

Preparing for it.

Prof. M. I. Pupin, the famous electrical expert, told at the dedicatory banquet of the new woman's club the Colony, in New York, an appropriate story.

"The excellence of this repast," he said, "brings to my mind a story about a man whose repasts were by no means excellent.

"This man lived in my native town of Idvor, and he was noted for his parsimony. Let us call him Mr. Smith.

"There was an old major in Idvor who said to his valet one evening:

"'Go and tell the cook to get me ready a chop and a poached egg.'

"'Pardon me, major,' said the valet, but have you forgotten that you are dining with Mr. Smith to-night?'

"The major frowned.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I had forgotten it. Tell the cook to make it two chops and two poached eggs.'"

The Modern Chaperon.

There are signs of the return of the chaperon. The younger generation has tried jumping into the social swim all alone—without the comfort of the proper and she has sometimes found herself in deep water and difficulties. But the chaperon of old is no longer old.

We have developed the married woman who has attained the art of preserving youth. She is no longer the dragon with fearsome side curls and truncheon view of any insistent young man. She is simply the companion on the shore who holds a rope attached to the novice who is in for her first swim!

The new chaperon pays cut the rope pretty freely, and is generally looking the other way. But there she is on the bank. She is a married woman, the girl can appeal, just as a man gives the address of his banker when questions are asked as to ability to pay rent. Rope, Hisbelt—such is the chaperon.

Never Had.

Miss Flurty—Have I ever given you reason to suppose, Mr. Smallpyle, that I cared for you otherwise than as a friend?

Mr. Smallpyle—You have not, Miss Flurty. I ought to have had sense enough to know that when you accepted kisses and presents from me you didn't mean anything by it.

Taken Literally.

"Lady," said Weary Willie, "I'm near dead for a good square meal."

"Well," said Mrs. Hauskeeep, "if you'll saw some of that wood over there I'll give you eat your fill."

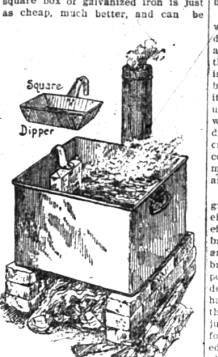
"Good day, lady! I ain't never et no wood, thank ye, kindly."

POULTRY AND BEES

A GOOD WAX PRESS.

Some Comments and Suggestions on This Method of Rendering Wax.

To use a wash-boiler to melt wax in is sure to raise trouble between a man and his housekeeper; for a woman who attempts to wash, using a boiler that has previously been used for wax melting, is sure to lose her temper if not her religion, for it is no easy job to clean one after being once coated with wax and slumgum; and why use a boiler at all when a square box of galvanized iron is just as cheap, much better, and can be



The Outdoor Furnace for Melting Combs.

used on a brick furnace outdoors to good advantage, while a boiler could not? About 30 bricks and two joints of stovepipe will make the furnace; and when not in use all can be packed away in some shed out of sight. Not over half an hour is time enough to make it complete; and any one with a towel lot has room enough, and there is no missing of flours to vex the good wife; and the square tank has advantages over the round one of being easier to skim—that is, if you use a square dipper, as you ought to. If you ever used a square one you could readily see the advantage of it. A five-cent cake-tin is better than a round dipper.

I have two square tanks—one 15x15 inches, and 15 inches deep; the other 18 inches in dimensions, writes C. A. Hauch, in Bee Culture. A 15-inch one made of heavy galvanized iron would last a lifetime if cared for. A dipper should be about 6x4x3 in. in bee deep, and have a flat handle, rather short, and bent to a hook, so as to hang on the edge of the tank inside when not in use.

Another mistake that is often made is putting too much comb in the boiler at once. Just enough for one pressing at a time is enough, and when you are pressing it out your helper puts in another batch, fires up, and attends to the melted wax; or, if you are working alone, it will do no harm to let the press stand while you fill up for the next pressing.

Dipping the follower and rim into the boiler is just as well as to pour that pailful of water into the press, and much less bother.

I usually put in about four gallons of water and slumgum at each pressing; but this season an indefinite quantity, for I may get more water than you do. Plenty of hot water is my motto, for beeswax seems to like to run out with water when it will hardly move with pressure. I use an old square five gallon can to catch the wax in. When the wax is deep enough to warrant it, I skim it off (with a square dipper mind you) into small tins to cool. These are kept covered as much as possible. With this method the water can be returned to the boiler before it gets much cooled, and the wax is ready for market with a little scraping at the bottom; and even this can be largely avoided by extra care in skimming when putting into the cooling tins. The wax may need to be washed, as the water in the boiler gets rather rich in coloring before many hours run.

There is one point that should be impressed on all bee-keepers—i. e., that all heating and boiling of wax after being once melted is to its detriment, also that iron rust turns wax black.

CHICKEN FEED.

See that the little chicks, as well as the older ones, have plenty of water, and renew it often.

Have the shelter places about in the chicken grounds where the chicks can run to shelter from showers and from birds of prey.

Ducklings are easier raised by hand than by hen. If hatched in April or May, they require no heat, but should be placed in a box at night and taken indoors while very young.

Put a little tobacco dust and ashes in the nests. This is the time when lice and mites begin to multiply rapidly, and a good insecticide will go a long way towards destroying them.

The hen is truly a profit payer. She is capable of producing from 150 to 200 eggs in a year. If these eggs were hatched and the chicks sold at the age of six months, they would yield a return of no less than $60.

Raise Ducks.

To illustrate how heavy a loss one could endure without failure, Weber, the duck man, says that if only one-half of the eggs put in the incubator hatched and only one-half of those hatched lived, there would still be enough in it to encourage one to stick to the business, without taking into account the fertilizing value of the vanquished host.

CARE OF YOUNG CHICKS.

Important Features in the Successful Raising of Poultry.

There are many simple methods of rearing young chicks naturally without much expense. An ordinary store box, about three feet long by two feet high, turned over on its side, makes an ideal nest or coop, providing some strips are added to the top to keep the water out and one board added as a sort of shed for the front, so that beating rains cannot blow in. Add to this front, an ordinary sellers screen, such as you can buy at any hardware store, put it on a frame, the same size as the front of your box, and by fastening your chickens in at night you have a safe place from varmints of every kind, and by cleaning the box often, seeing that the mother hen is free from vermin, you will start your chicks in the direction of the blue ribbon.

Wholesome food, properly mixed, will very materially assist you in this direction, says Poultry Journal. There are so many good feeds advertised at the present time that we believe it is cheaper, all things considered, to buy the feed than to attempt to mix it yourself. In case you are so situated that you cannot secure this feed without trouble, we would suggest a diet of fine cracked corn, millet seed, cracked wheat and cracked Kaffir corn. These cereals properly mixed make an elegant food for young chicks and they do well on it.

If you have no feed that contains grit, then it will be necessary to add either grit, pounded glass or crockery, either of which is excellent. Old broken lamp chimneys, flower pots or any kind of dishes that have been broken around the kitchen are ideal poultry grit and it is an easy job to demolish it by taking a flat stone and hammer and crush it up. Some would think that ground glass would be injurious to chicks, but we have never found it so, in fact the sharper the edges the better they seem to get along with it as it lodges in the gizzard and a mill of itself to grind the feed, then allowing it to enter into the stomach.

Where hens are confined in boxes of this kind while the weather is uncertain it is well to make a small slide partition so that the chicks can go out, but still retain the hen. They will run away for a few feet, but will come back constantly at the call of the mother and are free from cats or other varmints. They will find their way in at roosting time, as well as when sudden storms come up.

When chicks are reared artificially, no more than 50 should be given to any brooder, regardless of size, if you expect them to mature and develop into prize winners. The greatest economy is in having sufficient number of brooders to properly raise your chicks to maturity, and it is not practical to change them from one location to another after they have become accustomed to one place of roosting. The best results we have ever obtained were where chicks were started and grown to roosting size without changing them from the brooder or the position of the run; in fact the only way to make chickens grow is to keep them absolutely contented. The contented person is almost invariably fat and healthy, while the one who frets and is dissatisfied is just the reverse and the same rule will apply to all branches of live stock. Any animal that is well cared for and is contented in its home will do well and give the very best results.

Breeders will often notice one or two females in a pen of mated birds that are constantly trying to get out. These birds will never give a good report of themselves and the sooner they are moved to some other quarters the better, and the same rule applies to young chicks. If they are satisfied with their quarters you can almost see them grow, while if cramped, crowded and filthy, you will meet with disappointment.

VIGOR OF FOWLS.

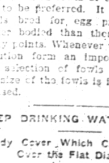
Can Be Judged Accurately During the Molting Period.

Prof. G. C. Watson, relative to the vigor of fowls, says: There is, perhaps, no time in the history of the fowl that will indicate its vigor as well as the molting period. Fowls that molt in a very short time and hardly stop laying during this period are as a rule strong, vigorous constitutions and if properly fed give a large yearly record. On the other hand those that are a long time molting have not the vigor and strength to digest and assimilate food enough to produce the requisite number of eggs. It is necessary to select fowls at some time during the year other than the molting period, some indication of their egg-producing power is shown in their general conformation. In selecting a hen for egg production, her form will give some indication of value. A long deep-bodied fowl is to be chosen rather than one with a short body, whose under line is not unlike a half circle. A strong, healthy, vigorous fowl usually has a long body, a deep chest with a back quite straight under line. Other things being equal, the larger bodied fowls of the egg breeds are to be preferred. It is a rule that fowls bred for egg production are larger bodied than those bred for meat points. Whenever vigor and constitution form an important part in the selection of fowls for breeding the size of the fowls is invariably increased.

KEEP DRINKING WATER CLEAN

Handy Cover Which Can Be Used Over the Flat Dish.

A drinking dish protector in the poultry yard is the next best thing to a drinking fountain for keeping water clean, says Orange Judd Farmer. The dish should be of crockery so as to be lasting. The protector illustrated herewith is made of two one-foot squares of board. One is sawed across diagonally and the other nailed to the two triangular pieces thus formed.



HEART'S BOUDOIR

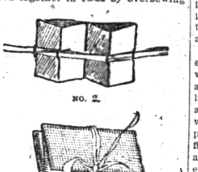
FOR THE NEEDLES

COPIES OF SOME OLD BUT VERY PRETTY BOOKS.

Among the Best of Fancy Articles That Can Be Made for Bazars—Need Only Perforated Card, Silk and Ribbon.

These are copies of some very old but pretty little needle books that are well worth the attention of ladies who are looking out for fancy articles for bazars. Perforated card, embroidery silk, and ribbon are the only materials required in their making.

No. 3, which is intended only to hold packets of needles, is made like a fourfold screen, each panel measuring one and three-fourths inches wide and three inches long. Eight pieces this size should be cut, and four pieces half the size. The three-inch pieces are joined together in twos by oversewing

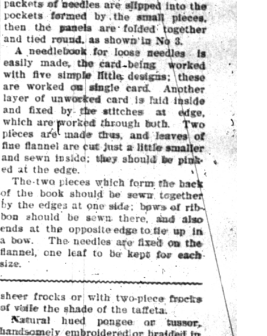


No. 2.

No. 3.—Needle Book.

the edges, then the smaller pieces are each worked with some simple long-stitch pattern and sewn to the lower part of the long pieces. The four panels are then joined by sewing through the stitches that joined the two cards together. The joining must be worked rather loosely, as it must act as a hinge.

Buttonhole loops of silk are then worked at each joining and the edges,



The Book Complete.

as shown in No. 2. Narrow satsenet ribbon is run through the loops. The packets of needles are slipped into the pockets formed by the small pieces, then the panels are folded together and tied round, as shown in No 3.

A needlebook for loose needles is easily made, the card being worked with five simple little designs; these are worked on single card. Another layer of unworked card is laid inside and fixed by the stitches at edge, which are worked through both. Two pieces are made thus, and leaves of fine flannel are cut just a little smaller and sewn inside; they should be pinked at the edge.

The two pieces which form the back of the book should be sewn together by the edges at one side; bows of ribbon should be sewn there, and also ends at the opposite edge to tie up in a bow. The needles are fixed on the flannel, one leaf to be kept for each size.

NEW COATS ARE PICTURESQUE.

All Varieties of Models Are Worn by Fashion Leaders.

We have for some years past been accustoming ourselves to gorgeous and picturesque evening cloaks, but now art and luxury have been called into play in wraps for all purposes, and, though the severe and contemptive coat still has its time and place, there are few times and places for which a woman can not secure a picture coat.

Cape models are increasingly popular, but an amazing amount of variety is obtained in these lines through clever drapery for sleeve purposes. Many of the capes hang straight and long in front and back, but are so cut that they may be caught up in deep plaits to follow length at each side in order to allow play for the arms.

The kimono sleeve is epidemic in the cloak realm as in that of the little suit coat, and Chinese and Japanese ideas are in high favor with French designers. Delightful little short mandarin coats in dull blue, finely embroidered in blues and yellows and made upon the true oriental lines, have been brought over by some importers and are delectable little things to slip on over an airy summer frock in white or in an odium with which the blue will not clash.

Short loose coats of taffeta in white or delicate color, elaborately embroidered in soutache of the same tone, are also among the imported short coats for summer wear, and the little short wraps in cloth, in linen, and in lace are beyond counting.

Some big length taffeta coats, very simple of line, made semi-fitting and with loose, short kimono sleeves and trimmed with a wide band of dyed cluny or filet set just inside the bordering hems, are made for wear with sheer frocks or with two-piece frocks of voile the shade of the taffeta.

Natural hued pongee or tussor, handsomely embroidered or braided in self-tone, makes a chic and serviceable little short coat of the picturesque sort, and occasionally one finds a coat of this kind with touches of green and black on of bright red and black relieving its neutral tone.

DESIGN FOR MIDGET FRAME.

Can Be Fashioned Either in Art Linen or Silk.

Either art linen or silk may be used for this foundation, the embroidery to be worked with mercerized cotton or silk, according to the material of foundation. The flowers and leaves

are worked in satin-stitch, the flowers in shades of iris mauve, the leaves in pale green; the stalks, which are in cording stitch, are also of green. An opening for the photograph should be made in the center; it may be square, round or oval, as desired.

Anyone with a knowledge of sewing could easily enlarge the design for cabinets or cartes-de-visite.

SURPLICE EFFECTS IN FAVOR.

That Style Just Now Is Very Popular in Paris.

Nothing is more typical of the modes that are held in first favor in Paris than surplice effects, especially when the draped bodice shows a gracefully drooping sleeve, cut in one piece, with it. A beautiful shade of Saxe blue voile is used in the development of a chic frock, the skirt being cut circular, with an overskirt effect falling in sharp points over a foundation of silk-mounted voile. The points of the overskirt are stitched down closely with very fine silk soutache braid, making a charmingly simple trimming for a marvelously beautiful skirt.

The bodice proper is affitted effect in filet lace, over which the voile is draped in fishu effect, the fronts, shoulders and sleeves being bordered with a band of dark blue silk embroidered braid. There is a vest of pale blue silk, finely tucked, set into the front of the bodice and above this there rises a yoke of snowy white lace, shirred down the center with two tiny cords of apricot panne velvet. A piping of the velvet is repeated in the collar and again at the cuffs of the elbow sleeves of lace.

A famous couturier has shown himself particularly partial to all shades of blue this season; despite the vogue that has been given to the browns and yellows. One of his creations in Delft chiffon cloth mounted over satin is worthy of mention. The cloth is striped at wide intervals with pale gray ribbons and painted with sprays of pale pink roses, the hem of pale blue with bouquets of blurred pink roses having a band of silver tissue at the top. The model is the quintessence of elegance for the social galeties of the summer at the fashionable resorts. Very fine ribbon embroideries in pale blue and pink adorn this dainty frock, the sleeves of which are arranged with epaulettes bordered with silver tissue, of which the belt is also composed.

ADVICE FOR THE PERPLEXED.

Questions of General Interest Answered by Madame Merri.

Suitable Graduation Gifts.

Please name some gifts that a young woman may give to a man whom she has known for years and who graduates the last of June from a medical college. A DEVOTED READER.

Not knowing the tastes of the young man, your question is rather a difficult one. However, there are certain things that every man likes, viz.: usable pillows for his couch, good pictures, an art nouveau scarfpin, books, magazine subscriptions, a die for his stationery, a tabouret for smoking outfit, a book rack, traveling drinking cup, a necktie clasp, silver pencil or a book for his calling list.

Wedding Invitations.

I am to have a very small afternoon wedding—just the two families. What sort of invitations shall we send to them and to our friends at large and what refreshments should be served? We can not attempt anything elaborate, for the ceremony takes place at our summer cottage. A. K. L.

Write notes to your relatives asking them to witness the ceremony, then send announcements to your friends. For refreshments have a delicious chicken salad, brown and white bread sandwiches, olives, salted nuts, coffee, ice cream and cake. I think this is not too elaborate, for it was carried out at a very simple home wedding, all was so dainty and nice and all done by loving hands and served informally.

No Graduation Gifts.

My daughter, who will be graduated this year, wishes to write "no gifts" upon her cards which accompany the invitations she is to send out. Wishing to know whether or not this would be entirely proper, and thanking you in advance for your reply. IRIS.

It is entirely proper to write "no gifts" on the card, but I think most people thoroughly enjoy remembering the "sweet girl graduate," and, of course, it is only one's very near and dear friends who would think of sending gifts, so I think I would not spoil their pleasure.