MEMORIES.

I remember, I remember
The gowns I used to wear;
The yellow-figured jaconet,
The purple-sprigged mohair.
They always were a bit too long,
Or else not long enough;
And often, in the latter case,
Pieced out with different stuff.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
Upon my bayadere barege—
(It must have been a sight!)
My solferino Lalzarine—
My lilac satinet—
We gave that to an orphan child.
(The child is living yet!)

I remember, I remember
My magenta wool delaine;
My salmon taglioni, too,
('Twas lined with satin jean).
My lovely light blue empress cloth,
Picked out with bands of dove,
I wore the night Joe came to call
And told me of his love

I remember, I remember
Those gowns so quaint and queer;
I wore them with a happy heart
For many a happy year.
I have an ivory satin now,
Embroidered fair with pearl;
But, ah, I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a girl.
—Carolyn Wells, in Good Housekeeping.

UNCLE RICHARD'S ADVICE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"NEVER propose to a woman by gaslight, my dear boy," was the dying injunction of Mr. Culver, to his nephew and heir, Richard.

"I suppose you will marry," groaned the old man, after a pause, looking sorrowfully at the frank young face that was bending over him. "It's a family failing, that is. All the Culvers married—I married."

Here he groaned again.

Richard had a very vivid recollection of the selfish, exacting woman whose death was the only real kindness she ever did her husband, as well as the greatest possible relief.

"Don't you worry, uncle," he said, clasping his warm fingers around the wrinkled, bloodless hand that was lying upon the counterpane. "I don't mean to be fooled by any woman. In fact, I don't think I shall ever marry."

"That's what all young men say; that's what I said. But you'll do it; and I'm not going to waste my breath in asking you not to do it. Only don't propose by gaslight. If you do, ten to one you'll be sorry for it all the rest of your life. If you fall in love with a pretty woman got up for the occasion, and feel tempted to tell her so by gaslight, just sleep on it. If you must make a fool of yourself, let it be in the morning, when you know what you are about."

There was not much that Richard would not have promised the eccentric old man, who, in spite of all his oddities, had been to him so kind and generous a friend, especially at a time like this.

So he gave the required promise, to his uncle's visible relief, who said no more, except to enjoin his nephew to have him buried in a remote corner of the cemetery, as far as possible from the late Mrs. Culver.

"I think I shall rest better," he said; these brief words being a whole commentary on the unquiet life he had led with her who was, in popular parlance, "the gentle soother of his cares and sorrows."

Whether it was a family trait or not, Richard certainly had a very kindly feeling toward everything in the guise of womanhood, from the fair and dainty creatures who smiled upon him from out their marvelous adornments, to the more material and matter-of-fact specimens who got up his linen and scrubbed out his office.

Fine looking and with the double advantage of wealth and social standing, our hero was the recipient of many attentions from anxious mammas and marriageable daughters, but whether it was the effect of his uncle's ill luck, and consequent warnings, or because he liked them all too well to have any individual preference, he remained heart whole until he met Miss Ida Selwyn.

It was a genuine case of love at first sight, so far as he was concerned at least. Her complexion was so brilliant, she had such lovely dark eyes, and such a pretty way of raising them to his and then letting them droop until the long, jetty lashes rested quiveringly upon the rosy cheek, that he was quite captivated by their magic spell. Day by day the charm grew stronger to which he was such a willing captive until he finally felt that to win her for his wife would be the crowning joy and triumph of his life.

A strong impulse came over him to tell her this, as he was seated alone with her one evening in a cozy corner of her father's parlor. Ida had just been singing and playing for him one of those sweet and tender strains which take such a strong hold on the heart and imagination of youth.

As he saw the soft light that brooded in the dark eyes that were turned upon him he was almost sure that she would lend a favorable ear to the story that was trembling upon his lips.

In trying to clothe in words the tumultuous thoughts that were struggling for utterance, Richard lifted his eyes to the jets of flame that cast such a soft, subdued radiance around. As he did so there flashed upon his mind his uncle's dying injunction and his own promise. Instead of the blooming countenance on which he was gazing with all a lover's rapture he saw a wrinkled face, surmounted by thin, gray locks, whitened more by sorrows than years; he heard again those feeble, tremulously spoken words: "Never propose to a woman by gaslight, my dear boy!"

True, it was a foolish promise to give, but he had given it. He felt this to be the most favorable time and opportunity, but he would not break his word, even to win the woman who seemed to him to be the embodiment of all womanly grace and goodness.

Our hero had arranged to leave town the next day on a trip to the mountains, to be gone several weeks, and he determined that he would not go without telling the story that had so nearly escaped his lips the evening before.

It was nearly 10 when he started out upon his errand. A good night's sleep, and the fresh breeze and calm, clear light of that beautiful morning in spring had cooled somewhat the fever that was more of the brain than the heart, and more of the senses than either.

And as he tried to recall the words which rose so readily to his lips a few hours ago, and which then appeared so easy to speak and appropriate to the occasion, but which now sounded so flat, strained and unnatural that he rejected them in disgust, he began to think that if his uncle's advice were universally followed many of the proposals made would never be made at all.

"I never called on her in the morning before," he said to himself, the thought of finding his adored in new attire and surroundings giving a quicker motion to heart and step as he turned the corner which brought her father's house into view.

A bright-eyed daughter of Erin, who had often let him in, was polishing the door knob just outside.

"Good morning, Norah. Is Miss Ida in?"

"Sure, an' ye'll find her in the sittin' room, sir," said the girl, a broad smile upon her honest face as she stepped aside to let him pass. "I heard her spakin' in there a minute ago. The door to the left, sir."

On familiar terms as Richard was with the Selwyns he had never been admitted to the family sitting room, and he hesitated a moment. Then he turned the knob of the door to which he was directed, which moved noiselessly on its hinges.

Though the room was not dark it seemed so to eyes just coming out of the sunshine, and from the threshold where he stood Richard could see only the dim outline of a woman curled up in a large chair, the back of which was toward him. Thinking to give her some intimation of his presence he tapped at the half-open door.

"What do you stand knocking at the door for?" cried a voice, which, in spite of its high key, he did not fail to recognize. "You spoiled my dress yesterday, and now you want to give me my death of cold, I suppose. Because you're a relation you think I'll put up with everything. Pa only took you out of charity, and a pretty return you make for it."

To say that Richard was thunderstruck is to say little. Thinking that it must be some delusion of the senses he advanced toward the speaker, who now turned her head.

Uttering a little shriek she half arose, and then, sinking back, made an abortive attempt to hide herself.

"I beg pardon, Miss Selwyn!" stammered our hero. "It is Miss Selwyn, I believe?"

He might well ask the question. That dingy, soiled wrapper, innocent of cuff or collar, and those untidy shoes; the sallow face, with its dismayed and angry expression; the hair, part of it strained away from the face in a little pug at the back of the head, the rest bristling across the forehead in innumerable curl papers, presenting an appearance so unlike the lovely, daintily attired woman he had known that for some moments he could only stare at her in astonishment and disgust.

Our hero could never clearly recall what he said on that memorable occasion; he only knows that he carried out the idea that was uppermost in his mind—to beat as sudden a retreat as he decently could.

In his haste and confusion, instead of taking the one which led into the hall, he opened the door into the dining room, whose only occupant was a blooming, blue-eyed maiden, who was busily engaged in "putting it to rights."

Comprehending the situation at a glance, she smilingly offered to conduct our hero to the outer door, who expressed his thanks, and regrets for the trouble he had caused her in as courtly terms as his confused ideas enabled him to use.

"It is no trouble," she said, with a blush and smile, that dwelt long in his memory.

"What an escape!" thought Richard, as he went down the steps. "Who would believe that a woman could appear and look so different?"

Then his thoughts reverted to the fair vision of which he had obtained so brief a glimpse. How pretty she looked in the neat print, that fitted so perfectly the beautifully rounded form, and how perfectly she smiled and blushed. There was no sham, no false color there, surely.

Not many days after, Richard stood upon the piazza of the Mountain House, where he had spent a few weeks of every year during quite a succession of them.

As he glanced around he saw a young lady leaning against one of the pillars, the outline of whose form and partly averted face looked strangely familiar. A silver-haired man was standing beside her whom he recognized as soon as he turned his head.

"How do you do, Mr. Selwyn?" he said, advancing toward him with extended hand.

The old gentleman shook hands with him warmly, and then turning to the young lady, said:

"My niece, Jennie, Mr. Culver."

"I think we have met before," said Richard, with a smile, as he bowed low in response to this.

Her heightened color and the mirthful gleam in the eyes that met his were the young lady's only reply to this intimation, but they made Richard's heart beat warmly at the recollection they implied.

"My niece goes out into society so little that I had no idea that you were acquainted," said Mr. Selwyn, on whom this little by-play was lost. "My wife and daughter have gone to Saratoga, but we—Jennie and I—thought we should enjoy better a trip to the mountains."

Richard was greatly relieved to find that he should be under no necessity of meeting the woman he had last seen under circumstances so embarrassing to both.

This being Jennie's first visit to the mountains everything to her was new and wondrously beautiful. Richard had been there so frequently that he knew just how and where to go to obtain the finest views, and he lost no time in offering his services as guide to Jennie and her uncle.

Mr. Selwyn gladly accepted his offer in behalf of his niece.

"My climbing days are over," he said, with a smile. "but I am anxious to have Jennie see everything that is worth seeing."

And so, to Richard's great delight, it was arranged that he was to be her escort and companion on every occasion. As for Jennie, she threw herself into his plans and suggestions with all the zest and abandon of a child.

Clad in thick boots, a brown linen dress, which cleared the ground all of two inches, and a broad brimmed hat, she clambered up hills and over rocks in a way that would have shocked her fine lady aunt and cousin, but which surprised and delighted Richard, who had never seen anything like it before.

The happy week that followed passed all too quickly. So, when Mr. Selwyn announced one morning as they were all seated out upon the piazza his intention of returning the next day, the shock brought a sudden revelation to the heart of each as to how much of the happiness they had enjoyed was due to the presence and companionship of the other.

Perhaps Mr. Selwyn suspected how it was between the two, for, in a few minutes he went into the house, leaving them alone together.

The rays of the rising sun fell like a halo around Jennie's head as she listened to the story, old, yet ever new, which Richard poured into her willing ear. In his eyes the blushes of the dawn were not brighter than those which dyed her cheek, or the song of the birds in the branches above their heads half so sweet to him as the sweet assurance that made him so supremely blessed.

"I wooed my other love under the gaslight," he cried, "but you—oh, my beloved! it is meet that I should woo and win you thus, who are to be henceforth the joy and sunshine of my heart and home."—New York Weekly.

"GIVE ME POWDER AND BALLS."

Being a Dream Tale, Related of the New French President.

Many stories are being told of M. Fallieres, the newly-elected French President, and one of them is worth retelling, says the London Globe.

M. Fallieres is a corpulent, heavy built man, and it seems that after dinner he occasionally falls off into a postprandial nap. One evening, when the new President was dining at the Elysee, after a heavy day at the Senate, he found himself utterly unable to keep his eyes open, and when the manservant brought round M. Fallieres' coffee that worthy gentleman was asleep. Fearing to wake him, the domestic placed the coffee on the table and retired. And M. Fallieres slumbered on. And as he slept he dreamed. Whether the memory of the troublous times of his youth was upon him, or whether the vision of the German Emperor with his legions crossing the frontier disturbed his digestion, we are not told, but as he dreamed the veteran President of the Senate was heard to murmur the famous line of Victor Hugo, "Give me powder and balls." Then he lapsed into silence again, and again he was heard, in a deep, sleepy voice, calling for powder and balls. At first M. Loubet, who was sitting near his old friend, paid no attention, and the guests continued their conversation. But when, for the sixth time, M. Fallieres repeated his request, "Give me powder and balls," the President of the Republic turned imploringly to his companions at the table, and in a somewhat irritated voice, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake give him powder and balls."

At this moment M. Fallieres awoke, but as his fellow-guests discreetly pretended to have observed nothing, he quietly helped himself to a piece of sugar and drank up his coffee.

The Speaker's Quarters.

Americans who have visited the Parliament house at Ottawa, Canada, have remarked that the Speaker of the House of Commons is provided with an official residence in the Parliament house, and that he has an especially fine dining room, where he entertains most lavishly. All the furnishings of this apartment are elaborate and complete. The Speaker, whenever distinguished delegations or visitors come to Ottawa, entertains in his apartments and is a most gracious host. It is not generally known that the Speaker of the American House of Representatives has a room in the Capitol, which is fitted up so as to enable him to entertain if he desires. The room is in the basement and is beautifully furnished, with a large round table, large enough to seat a dozen or more guests, while a handsome china closet is filled with beautiful china, glass and silverware, sufficient to serve a course dinner. It was during Speaker Reed's time that this room was set aside for the private use of the Speaker, but it was Speaker Henderson's term that the china and glass cupboard was added. Speaker Henderson often gave cozy little entertainments in this room, but it is said that Speaker Cannon has never used the room for private entertainments, but occupies it for consultations and as a private room where he can escape the importunities of members pressing for recognition.—Washington Letter to Pittsburg Times.

Strange Pledges.

London pawnbrokers are frequently asked to take strange things in pawn. The other day a Holborn pawnbroker lent $100 on a fine horse, which one of his daughters rode until it was redeemed. The same pawnbroker once took in pledge a medical chest of poisons that were strong enough to kill 10,000 men. It was, however, a valuable deposit, as some of the poisons were very rare. A Kensington (England) pawnbroker about three weeks ago lent a sum of money on a number of autographs of dead celebrities.—Chicago Journal.

Little Dorothy's Protest.

Her mother had been trying to teach little three-year-old Dorothy how to spell her own name, but met with poor success. At last she scolded her, and said that no one would think her very smart if she couldn't spell her own name. "Well," she exclaimed, "why didn't you just call me 'cat,' and then it would be easy to spell? Big names makes little girls tired."—Christian Register.

Woman's Realm.

Shape of Finger Nails.

Shape your finger nails according to the shape of your fingers, just as you would buy hats for your particular face and gowns for your particular figure. Don't try to follow styles regardless.

Play Dresses For Girls.

One busy mother who with her family spends the summer in the country, buys long gingham aprons with sleeves for play dresses for her little girls. After closing the aprons at the back, she adds rolling collar and cuffs of a plain dark color, and very acceptable play frocks are evolved.

Woman Mineral Surveyor.

Miss May Bradford, of Tonopah, is believed to be the only deputy mineral surveyor in the United States, says the Sacramento Bee. She filed a $10,000 bond and by proving her fitness has been given a commission by Surveyor-General Kyle, of Reno. She has several contracts for surveying large mining properties in the mountains near Tonopah and Goldfield.

Club Rooms For Work.

The work of a new New York club, whose purpose is to enable women who like to do their own sewing, to have stylish and up to date toilets is noticed in Vogue. The managers have engaged rooms and an expert cutter and fitter. The members of the club take their materials to the rooms, where they have the service of these experts, and then complete the garments themselves, either at the rooms or at home, as they prefer, the expenses being paid by the club dues.

Olive Oil For Beauty.

According to the well known journal, Family Doctor, London, fagged out society beauties may find salvation in olive oil. The Family Doctor relates how a reigning London beauty went to the King's physician during the season and said: "What shall I take for my complexion? I am a sight." The reply was: "Take olive oil, live on it, live in it, live with it, drink it, dress your food with it, lubricate yourself with it."

As a result of following this advice the young woman achieved a complexion of rosy blonde, pink damask and gloire de Dijon roses, and began to give beauty luncheons. These luncheons have since become very popular.

A Japanese Girl's Frankness.

"Everybody coming back from Japan has something to say of the charming innocence with which the Jap pursues the gentle art of bathing," related a just returned traveler.

"While this is true, I found other little habits as interesting."

She was begged to instance at least one.

"On one railroad journey we had with us in the compartment two of the prettiest Japanese girls with whom were two men, presumably their husbands, the latter in European dress. When nearing the journey's end, evidently wishing to arrive looking their prettiest, these two dainty creatures produced from their hanging sleeves dainty little boxes containing lip salve, rouge and mirrors. With much discretion the salve was applied to their pouting mouths and the rouge to their smooth, rounded cheeks, the entire quartette chatting and laughing meantime, utterly devoid of self-consciousness. Fancy such frankness in France, England or America, where the secrets of the dressing room are far better looked after than the family skeleton."—Philadelphia Record.

Why a Woman Nags.

A doctor expresses the opinion that nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful. Times out of mind her husband is to blame.

The cases that come under the physician's eyes are those of the women who are tired, and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease.

They may think they are only tired, but in fact they are ill. In such cases the woman often suffers more from her nagging than her husband or the children with whom she finds fault.

She knows she does it. She suffers in her own self-respect when she does it, and in the depth of her soul longs for something to stop it. The condition is usually brought on by broken sleep, improper food, want of some other exercise than housekeeping, and enough of out-of-door air and practical objective thinking.

It is often the most unselfish and most affectionate of women who fall into this state, says Woman's Life. They are too much devoted to their families to give themselves enough of any healthy exercise and diversion, enough of naps, perhaps, of concerts.

Susan B. Anthony Said:

I know only woman and her disfranchised.

Sentiment never was and never can be a guaranty for justice.

No man is good enough to govern any woman without her consent.

As there is no way out of this job except through it, through it I must go.

Self-government is as necessary for the best development of women as of men.

To prevail with the rank and file of voters you must appeal to their sense of justice.

Everyone who gives a dollar helps do the work where it is most needed to gain the practical result.

The one distinctive feature of our association has been the right of individual opinion for every member.

I pray every single second of my life; not on my knees, but with my work. Work and worship are one with me.

I have not allied and shall not ally myself to any party or measure save the one of justice and equality for women.

There is money enough in this country to-day in the hands of the few, if justly distributed, to make "good times" for all.

The "greatest compliment" ever paid me was that by my life work I had helped to make the conditions of the world better for women.

Coming Changes.

A decided change in style must be considered to be chronologically due, and it will in all probability be found to come about in the direction of the Empire style, and it will likewise concern the bolero.

At all events, the manufacturers are busy producing the softest of cloths in anticipation that the Empire or the Princess cut will soon cause a great demand for such pliant materials for day wear, just as the chiffon velvets and marrowy satins are expected to be used respectively for afternoon and evening wear made up in these revived clinging modes. Shaded materials are also having much attention from the manufacturers; the daintiest combinations of coloring are produced, equaling the exquisite shadings of nature in the blossom's petal or the sunset's glow. These are also seen in the face-cloths, but in those the faint plain colors are most to the front. Delicate greens and pastel blues are especially prominent on the new pattern cards, and there is that wonderful shade of pinkish mauve.

Gold and silver promise to be much used in the embroideries and passementeries, and the use of copper in the same way is a novelty that has pleasing features; the red-brown of this material harmonizes perfectly with some tones, such as the heliotrope just mentioned, and with green, and also with brown.

The Working Girl's Wrongs.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science, at Philadelphia, discussed "The Condition of Working Women in the United States." Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, who was Rose Pastor, took up the subject from the working woman's point of view. She said:

"It must be perceived by even the casual observer that those who are called the working classes are permitted to retain but a portion of the product of their toil; that they add more value to the material upon which they work than they receive in payment for their labor; that the average working woman produces, on the whole, more than she consumes, and that the excess is consumed by those who produce insufficient for their own maintenance, and who would probably resent being called working women.

"Much of the hardship of the working classes is consequent upon the fact that they are obliged not merely to support their own families, but to contribute, whether they will or not, to the support of other families which live in idleness and luxury upon the products of the working people's toil. It is the nearly universal recognition of this fact among the working people of our country that leads more than all else to strikes and industrial disturbances, to ill will, to class hatred and to that craving for larger justice which underlies the socialist program.

"The working woman sees no justice in an economic system which requires of one woman physical and spiritual exhaustion in order that some other woman, absolved from the necessity of labor through the accident of birth or otherwise, may waste in idleness and luxury her produce and the produce of her fellows."—New York Sun.

Loose sleveless wraps are very popular for evening wear.

Some beautiful wrist bags are of real lace, with silver filagree mountings.

Some of the most expensive buttons are of carved wood in art designs.

French organdies are charming with large flowers in pastel shades on a white ground.

The new ribbons are used extensively to trim evening gowns. They are very effective.

Handsome laces are colored to match the gowns. Those that have done duty white can be colored.

Plaid linen handkerchiefs for men and women are extensively used and considered good style.

The shops are showing princess slip linings of silk in the palest tints, to be worn under the sheer princess lingerie dresses.

A niche for the neck made of very full pleated tulle is edged with a narrow pleating of the same and finished with rosettes and ends of white satin ribbon.

Flowered tulles are new and of great beauty. They are bordered with large flowers that graduate into small blossoms. They are so woven that the wide margin of flowers may border the hem.

For shirt waists that keep fresh, Madras is one of the best materials, for it takes starch perfectly and somehow doesn't crumple nearly as easily as the others. In Madras plaids are very fashionable, although stripes are as popular.

Linen suits will appear earlier than usual. Every style will be worn, not only in white, but in pale shades. Etons and boleros promise to be very popular, while most of the skirts are made on circular lines, with pleated panels in front and perhaps in the back as well.

Stylish shoes are narrow, with the pointed box toe. Slippers will be made on the same general lines as the Oxfords and boots. They will be long and narrow, with pointed box toes and high Louis XV. heels from two to two and three-quarter inches. The Oxford has a one and seven-eight inch military heel and extension edges, and medium box toe.

Timely Fashion Hints.

New York City.—The Eton jacket is a well deserved favorite for the young girls as well as for their elders, and is

exceedingly jaunty and chick. Here is one of the latest and best developments thereof that is suited to cloth, to silk and to linen, and that is as simple as it is fashionable. In this case old rose veiling is trimmed with silk banding and is held by buttons of white silk covered with crochet work executed in silk the shade of the veiling. The seams that extend to the shoulder at front and back provide most becoming and satisfactory lines to the figure, while the long, flat collar at the neck is a favorite of the spring.

The Eton is made with fronts, sidefronts, back and side-backs, the seams being concealed by the trimming. The collar is joined to the neck and the closing is made with buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves are moderately full and can be finished below the elbows with the flare cuffs or extended to the wrists as liked.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (sixteen years) is three and one-half yards twenty-seven, one and three-fourth yards forty-four or one and five-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with six yards of banding.

Blouse Waist.

The fancy blouse grows more popular with each incoming season and this year the variety is quite unprecedented. Lingerie materials of all sorts are shown made up in combination with lace and embroidery; thin silk and the light weight wools are similarly treated, and there is altogether a most fascinating opportunity offered for the indulgence in extremely pretty waists at moderate cost, if one be clever and willing to do a little of the work herself. This one is among the prettiest and the newest that have appeared and can be made over the blouse lining or left quite unlined as material may render desirable. In the illustration it is made of white pongee, combined with baby Irish lace and piping of palest blue taffeta. The trimming portion is shaped to give a yoke effect that is always becoming and there is a fitted belt, which makes one of the latest decrees of fashion, and when liked these last can be of contrasting material. Elbow sleeves make notable features of the season, but, nevertheless, there are many women who prefer the long ones, and the model is so designed as to allow a choice.

The waist consists of the lining, the front, the back, chemisette and trimming portion. The chemisette is attached to the waist and the two are arranged over the lining. The trimming portion is finished at all its edges and arranged over the waist after the sleeves are in place.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-fourth yards twenty-one, four yards twenty-seven or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one and one-eighth yards eighteen inches wide for the chemisette and cuffs; or four yards twenty-one, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide, with three-fourth yard twenty-one inches wide for the belt and trimming portions if two materials are used.

The Scarf Habit.

Fashion has the scarf habit. Never were so many beautiful, filmy scarfs seen. Prettiest of all are the printed chiffon affairs. Roses, violets and soft-tinted flowers like hydrangeas are the favorites, and with them are mingled Pompadour loops and ends of ribbon, printed in pale tints. Spangled scarfs are also much in evidence. The vogue of gold and silver tinsel extends to these decorative pieces, and Syrian scarfs thickly sewn with gold and silver beads and sequins are the most popular of the collection. They cost as high as $20, although very pretty ones may be had for $10 and $12.

Yellow is Returning.

Yellow has been out of favor for such a length of time that its revival is doubly welcome. The most beautiful tints have been produced. Orchid yellow, with a suggestion of pink in its undertones, is a favorite. Amber and the softer tones of orange are also very popular. Cream corn yellow like milky amber is one of the cheerfulest of the many tints of this lovely color.

Ribbon is Pleasing.

A ruche of soft satin ribbon around the low crown of a round hat of fine straw is quite a pleasing change from the flower wreaths. This new ruche is not extravagantly full, but has more the appearance of single bows caught very closely at the middle and set close together about the crown. Upon the bandeau and along the lower brim near the back is a handsome wing.

Boots That Match.

Women of smart tastes are matching their boots to the gown in startling ways. A pair of patent leather boots, with coral colored cloth tops, went with a gown whose trimmings were coral, and the same woman boasts a pair of old-fashioned morocco boots, with tops of lettuce green to match the pipings of a black dress made with lettuce green trimmings.

All Red Waterproof.

If you can manage a wet-weather costume in waterproof red—hat, umbrella and all—do so. It is surprisingly cheery on a dull day.

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