

PASTIME SUITS FOR OUTING WEAR.

Blessings doubtless rest upon the head of the designer who originated those pretty cotton costumes for summer days which are coming to be classed as pastime suits. When comfort and style and daintiness present themselves all combined, and at a small cost, they are irresistible. These things have made the instant success of the cotton suit for summer outing wear.

Cotton poplin or cotton gabardine, are of about the right weight for suits of this kind, and there are other fabrics that are well suited to them, as crash or ratine and fancy basket weaves. The suit shown in the picture is of gabardine, with collar, cuffs and pocket flaps of broadened ratine. White is as good a choice as any for the skirt and blouse and there are many striped and figured cotton goods that will answer for the trimmings.

The suit pictured hardly needs a description. It is merely a plain skirt with a wide hem and a single narrow

tuck to make it set modish at the bottom. Actual pockets, a concession to practicability, are let in at each side.

The blouse is roomy with a belt to partially confine it at the waistline, made of the same goods. One end of it slips through a slash in the other end and both are supplied with buttonholes that fasten over buttons of white bone. The blouse fastens with snap fasteners down the front. A neat finish is given to the deep cuffs and rolling collar by a narrow piping of the plain material used for the suit. But this piping has another function and that is to give to these accessories the proper set.

The ambitious girl who wishes to experiment in making things for herself might try her hand upon a suit of this kind. Nearly all the work is done on the sewing machine, the fit of the blouse is vague and the skirt presents no difficulties. All she has to do is to buy a paper pattern and follow its instructions.



WAYS AND MEANS OF ADORNING PARASOLS.

There is no such word as "plain" in the bright lexicon of summer parasols. Along with other modes they take their place in the ranks of things made gay and colorful by elaboration of some sort. If one possesses a perfectly good, plain silk parasol in any color it offers a surface as a background for some sort of decoration, and many are the adornments that may be called upon to redeem it from a suggestion of last year.

Inserts of striped or figured ribbons, let in with hemstitching, as borders or panels, will bring the plain parasol of yesterday up to the minute. Those who are clever at painting take their brush in hand and with oil paints cause flowers to bloom or fruits to ripen or birds to fly across the field of plain silk. Embroidery, in colored silks, translates the fancies of the individual in all these things and in butterflies, dragonflies, and conventional figures on the unadorned surface of the parasol of other days.

But about the easiest and cleverest

method of furnishing up a silk sunshade is that employed on the parasols shown in the picture. Out of figured or flowered brocade or cretonne, birds and blossoms, or any other figures, are cut. By means of adhesives, made for use on textiles, these are glued to the silk. The illusion of painting is perfect. Whole flocks of small bluebirds are pictured in flight against a background of white or light-colored silk. Other birds, of tropical climes perhaps, disport their gay plumage in this way, and the wonderful roses and foliage that are the product of the looms find the parasol a point of vantage for setting off their beauty.

Artificial flowers are used with this flat applique in still another kind of adornment. Foliage is applied to the silk to make a setting for an orchid or rose that is set on it. The foliage is glued down and often finished about the edges with needlework stitches, but the flower is only fastened by the stem.

## The Testimonials

By  
GEORGE MUNSON

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The editor of the Slap-Dash Monthly was looking thoughtfully over a pile of typewritten letters upon his desk. He noticed a strange similarity about them. All united in praising the recent serial story by Oliver Hughes, the brilliant young writer whom he had "found."

One was from a woman in Michigan, and ran, in part, as follows:

"Won't you please give us more stories by Oliver Hughes? They are the best I have seen in years. My husband and I, who used to live so affectionately together, now quarrel every week as to which shall get the Slap-Dash Monthly first. I consider that Mr. Hughes' stories are an inspiration to everybody."

Another letter was from a fellow in Ohio.

"Say, bo," it began breezily, "you hand out them Oliver Hughes stories regular, or I'll can your old mag. Them's the kind of stuff we wants. Red blood and plenty of it."

A third letter, from a school teacher in Massachusetts, went thus:

"Although my lot is cast in the quiet paths of life, I am susceptible to the call of the great adventurous world, and I cannot resist the temptation to let you know what splendid stories Mr. Hughes' are."

Another was from a prisoner in a state penitentiary.

"Dear editor," it ran, "us poor guys who are shut up from sun and air in a noisome dungeon don't often get a



"I—I Don't Know," Said Mr. Alvis Feebly.

chance to read your magazine, but I write to say Oliver Hughes' stories is an inspiration to me to lead a new life when I get free. Give us some more and plenty of them."

"Strange," muttered the editor, and turned to his assistant. "Did you see anything remarkable in Oliver Hughes' story?" he asked.

"I didn't want you to take it," said the assistant. "You agreed with me it wasn't worth much."

"I agreed with you," replied the editor, "but I told you it was clear that Mr. Hughes was a young man of promise, and that it would be well to encourage him in view of getting his future work. What do you think of this bunch?" And he tossed the letters over the table to Jennings, who read them thoughtfully.

"Sad, very sad," said Jennings, "to think that our promising young man should be a faker."

"Yes, Mr. Hughes will have to be canned," said the editor. "I'd stand for it in some people, but not in a young man we've taken up and tried to help. Here's his second story. It's first class, but it's going back now."

The same evening, as Miss Margery Gibson was seated in the parlor, after having dismissed her father and mother to the dining room, young Mr. Hughes called upon her with a dejected mien and a large, flat paper package, with a number of stamps on it, under his arm.

"It's come back, Margery," he said, flinging it down on the table. "Our future is blasted."

Margery leaped for the package.

"Not your second story, Oliver?" she cried. "Not 'It's Blood That Tells'?"

"Yes, here it is," said Oliver. "And here's Mr. Alvis' letter."

"He wouldn't take 'It's Blood That Tells'?" cried Margery in consternation. "Why, that was a splendid story, Oliver! The mean old thing!"

She opened the letter and read:

"Dear Mr. Hughes, 'We have carefully considered 'It's Blood That Tells,' and regret that we cannot see our way to publish it. Your style of working is, unfortunately, one that does not commend itself to us. Your truly,'"

"What does he mean by my style of working?" shouted Oliver indignantly.

"He told me at our last interview that I could consider my next serial as good as accepted, and this is ten times better than the last. And I bought you that solitaire on the strength of it and I'm going to sue him for a hundred dollars anyway. And now we can't get married."

Margery put her arms about his neck. "Give me the manuscript, dear," she said. "I'll go and see Mr. Alvis."

"You, Margery? How can I let you face that fiend in human form? No, I'll go. I'll go with a horsewhip and tell him just what I think of it all, and of him, too."

"You'd better let me try, Oliver," answered Margery gently. "You know, you aren't such a diplomatist as I am."

It was on the following morning that the editor of the Slap-Dash Monthly received a visit from a charming young unknown lady in a pretty new suit, who insisted on an immediate interview with him.

"I had to come to see you," she said gushingly, as she sat down beside his desk. "I wanted to say that I think Mr. Oliver Hughes' story was just splendid. When are you going to print another by him?"

"I—I don't know," said Mr. Alvis feebly, staring at the apparition beside him, while his assistant, across the table, ostentatiously knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"I am sure all his readers must rave over him," said Miss Gibson. "It must mean a lot to your magazine to be able to print stories like that. When is his next coming out? Promise me to telephone him at once for another."

"Is this Mr.—Mr. Hughes known to you?" asked the editor cautiously.

"I have never set eyes on him in my life," replied Margery. "I am not fit to associate with the great minds of the era. I am only a stenographer, but I think I have a taste for literature. O yes, laugh if you like, but I say Mr. Hughes is a great, great man."

"Miss—er—Gibson," said the editor with inspiration, "would you be willing to write us a testimonial to that effect, to print with Mr. Hughes' next story, if we should see fit?"

"Certainly," answered Miss Gibson.

"You can use this typewriter, you know," the editor continued.

Five minutes later Miss Gibson handed him the testimonial. It was certainly one that ought to have turned the paper pink, if it didn't.

"And you use another story by Mr. Hughes at once?" asked Margery.

"Ye—yes," said Mr. Alvis, studying the testimonial hard.

"And you'll telephone him?"

"I will," said Mr. Alvis, conducting her to the door.

When Margery was gone, radiant, he came back and placed the testimonial before Mr. Jennings.

"Same letter j without a tail," said Jennings. "Same that the schoolmarm made, and the convict and the fellow from Ohio, who also used the typewriter. I guess their little fingers were too short to reach it on this old style Podger machine. Men always use four fingers in typewriting, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Alvis.

"Suppose she did it all herself?"

"I guess so."

"That let's him out, then. But what about the girl. It's fierce, that swindle."

"Ah, well, wait till you're a married man, Jennings," answered the editor loftily. "Besides, I guess it isn't much worse than our writing our own testimonials in this office."

## FEMALE "R. F. D." CARRIERS

It is Estimated That We Now Have One Hundred and Fifty.

The post office department itself is not aware of the actual number of woman carriers in the rural delivery service, but it estimates that there are about 150. This is a very trifling percentage of the total number of carriers, 43,652 in 1914; but it seems safe to say that a high percentage of the romance which the rural delivery service is supposed to contain will be found along these 150 routes.

Possibly, just possibly, these faithful messengers of the government are not much concerned about the romantic side of their calling, the Christian Herald remarks. To them it is doubtless a very businesslike proceeding, and they are willing to leave the flowery notions about the work to us who think of the R. F. D. service as symbolized by a placid white horse, a comfortable looking, inclosed and easy-going conveyance and a fairly jaunty through leafy lanes and over purling brooks, with occasional stops at cheery farmhouses.

We who are strong in imagination, however, do not trouble to visualize these leafy lanes when the trees are bare, the fences hidden by snow, the brook a winding streak of ice and the farmhouses maddening suggestions of warmth and cheer that rural mail-carriers cannot stop to share.

## Facts Concerning Sound.

In determining the transmission, reflection and absorption of sound by various materials, F. R. Watson has placed a whistle emitting a given note in the focus of a parabolic reflector, and in an adjoining room has stationed a Rayleigh resonator to receive the sound. The materials to be tested closed the doorway between the rooms. In the tests made, pressed fiber one-fourth inch thick stopped practically all sound; one-fourth inch cork board, 80 per cent and three thicknesses of this, 92.6 per cent. The transmission of sound at constant pitch depends on the porosity, density and elasticity of the material; porous bodies transmitting sound about as they transmit air.

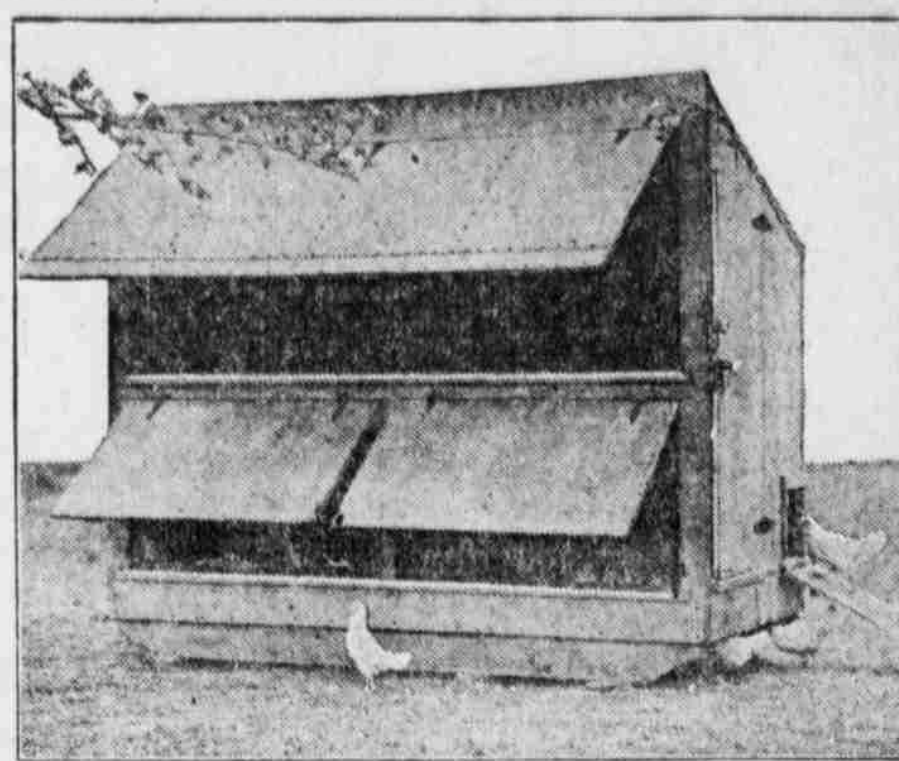
## Not Fasting.

Professional—Please give me coppers, lady, to buy bread.

Little Girl—Why, gran'ma, you gave that man some money only half an hour ago.

Professional (taking in the situation)—Yes, my little dear, bless yer. But I'm a terrible bread eater.—Idens.

## PLAIN BUILDING BEST FOR LAYING HENS



Summer Roosting House—Usually Comfortable During Hot Weather, the Front Being Arranged in Such Manner as to Keep Out Rain.

In a great state in the West one of the most successful poultry farmers is a woman. She began with common hens of no particular breed, but it was soon found that well-bred fowls pay better than scrubs. So the breeding of purebred fowls was begun and is still practiced on this farm.

There are a great many lessons we could learn from this Oregon poultry

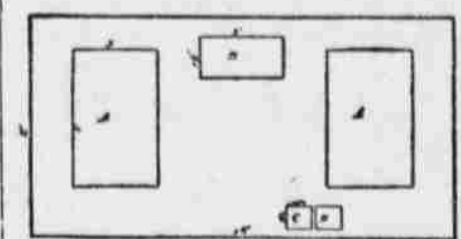
tained in the runs, the space being intended more for exercise than for pasture.

In the end of the building the feed-room is located.

Dirt floors are used in the compartments or pens. The self-feeders and the drinking pans are placed in appropriate openings in the partitions between two pens. The doors are 4 feet wide and 6 feet high and swing both ways. The upper half of each door is of chicken wire, the lower half of boards. The two perches are on a level with each other, so that there will be no crowding on the top perch. They are placed 15 inches above the dropping board. The perches do not touch the walls of the room at any point. This is important, as it aids in keeping down vermin.

The perches and nest boxes are supported entirely by suspension from the rafters. The supporting frame does not touch the walls at any point. The hens enter the nests from the rear, where the nest boxes are boarded up only half way. The board on which the boxes rest extends six inches beyond the boxes at the rear to form a platform on which the hens alight when they fly up to the nests. The bottom of the nest boxes is two feet from the ground.

These houses are not artificially heated at any season of the year. On

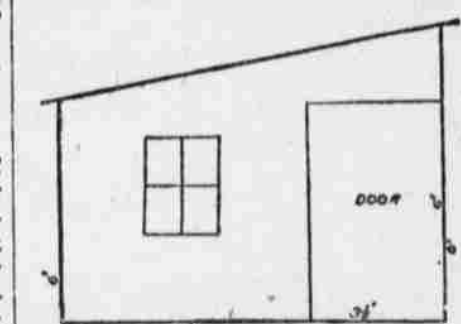


Front View of Single Compartment.

a, a, Doors having two shutters, one opening inward covered with No. 18 muslin, and the other opening outward, covered with chicken wire; b, ventilator, with muslin-covered shutter hinged at top, and which can be propped open; c, opening between pen and yard for passage of hens; d, sliding cover for c.

raiser, but only one will be mentioned in this article and that is the poultry buildings. The houses described are for laying hens only. The breeding pens are similarly constructed, but are not so large, since fewer hens are kept together.

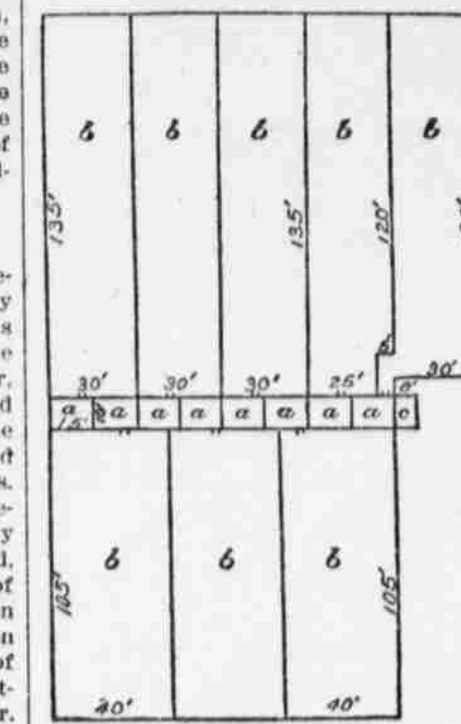
While the poultry houses on this farm are not expensive, they are eminently practical and have been designed with a view to convenience in management, comfort and cleanliness of the fowls, and protection against enemies of all kinds. There are no losses from weasels or other small animals, for these pests of the poultryman are completely fenced out of the laying, breeding and brooder houses.



End View of Feedroom in Poultry House.

The houses for the laying pens cost about one dollar per hen.

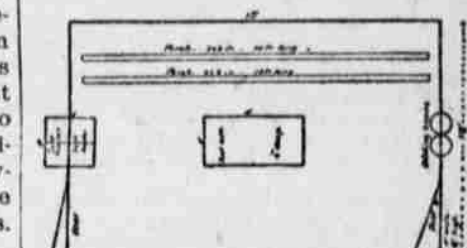
A building 128 feet long and 10 feet wide is cut into eight rooms 10 by 15 feet and a storeroom for feed 8 by 10 feet. One of the runs on this side extends beyond the end of the building. This arrangement was made necessary by the nature of the space available. In each of the eight compartments with runs attached 30 hens are kept. The floor space in the building is 5 square feet for each hen, and in the runs 135 square feet. Some good poultrymen give each hen only four square feet within doors, so the



Plan of Building and Yards.

a, Compartments or pens, 10x15 feet, for 30 hens each. There are 8 pens—the building is 128 feet long. b, Yards or runs, one for each pen. Five of the yards are situated on one side of the building and three on the other; c, feed room 8x10 feet.

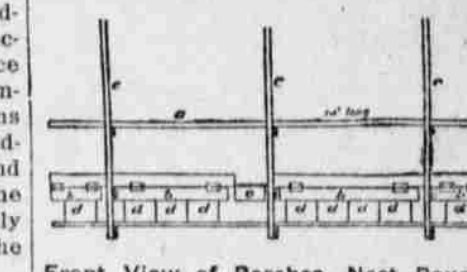
allowance in this respect is liberal. Even with 135 square feet of outdoor space for each hen not much of a growth of green stuff can be main-



Ground Plan of Compartment of Poultry House.

the coldest nights during the winter the openings (doors, windows and passageway for hens) are all closed, the ventilation being entirely through the muslin doors and the muslin-covered ventilator. In cold weather the fowls must not be exposed to drafts.

Vermin (mites) are the bane of improperly managed houses. They conceal themselves on the undersurface of the perch, in the corners of nest boxes, under the dropping board, and in crevices wherever convenient to the roosting places of the fowls. In these places of concealment the vermin deposit their eggs. Once every year every possible hiding place for vermin is painted with a coal-tar prep-



Front View of Perches, Nest Boxes, Etc.

a, Perch, 15 inches above platform, and 20 inches below rafters, not touching wall at either end; b, hinged shutter to cover front of nest boxes; c, sloping board to facilitate raking out droppings from platform; d, d, d, nest boxes, boarded up half way in rear; e, e, supports attached to rafters.

aration. This is applied full strength with a brush. The whole inside of the nest boxes is thus painted. This treatment keeps the vermin in subjection.

The dirt floors of the pens are usually covered several inches deep with straw, which is changed about every ten days. In summer the floors are swept clean about once a month; in winter, less often—usually twice during the season.

The owner estimates that with houses constructed as these are one man could take care of 1,500 to 2,000 hens.

## PROPER GRAIN FOR POULTRY

Oats Considered One of the Best Feed—Avoid Trouble by Cutting Off the Long Points.

Oats are one of the best grains for poultry, but the long points often make trouble. Clipping off these points, as is done in many cases, removes this objection and makes them an ideal grain for both winter and summer feeding.