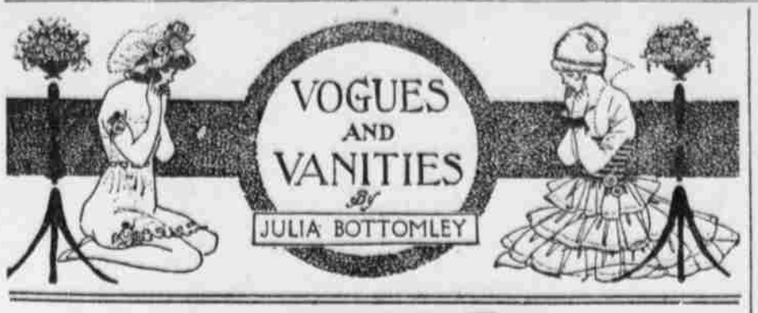


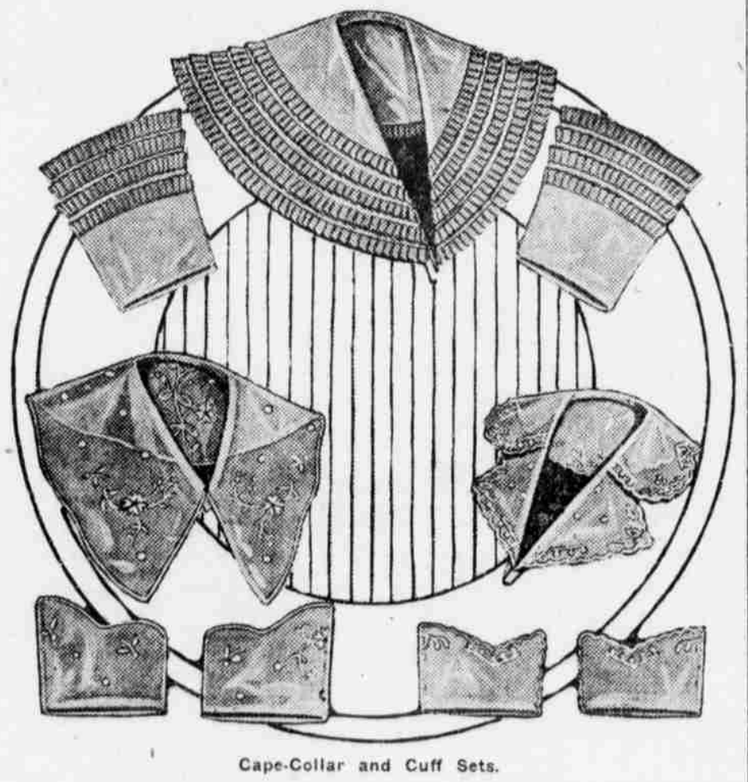
Happy Union of Voile and Organdie.

Transparent organdie, daintily embroidered, and striped or flower-sprinkled voiles are evidently made for one another. Aided by hemstitching, designers have joined them and no one would ever wish to put them asunder. The result of this happy union is numerous, whimsical, and altogether adorable little afternoon and party frocks with much captivating charm. One of them makes its appearance, and every feminine beholder runs straight a-shopping to acquire such a frock for herself.

Designers vie with one another in making alluring models, and have shown how much can be done with these simple materials. One of the prettiest is made of white voile having a delicate crossbar in lines that are of blue, green, rose and black. But they are so fine that the colors are indistinct. Little sprigs of blue and dull-pink roses, no larger than a pen, are scattered over it. The skirt is made of three wide bands of voile set together with bands of transparent organdie with a dainty embroidered edge. The embroidered edge overlaps the voile, and the plain edge is finished with narrow val lace. A band of the embroidered organdie finishes the bottom of the skirt.

The baby waist is cut with short kimona sleeves. These are lengthened by puffs of organdie extending to the wrist. This is gathered into a cuff of the embroidered organdie finished with val lace. The bodice is made over a net foundation and finished with a deep collar of the embroidered organdie. The girdle is of lavender velvet ribbon. The underskirt is of plain white voile.

The dainty frock pictured is made of white voile striped with pale bands in maize blue and rose.



Cape-Collar and Cuff Sets.

The new matched sets, of sheer material, made to wear with jackets, frocks and coats, add more style and life to the toilette than any other accessory of dress. They are unbelievably low priced as compared to their effectiveness, and anyone may own at least two or three sets. For the needlewoman who knows how to do hand embroidery they make opportunity for the addition of real elegance to her wardrobe. But the ready-made, machine-embroidered sets look almost as well and are as crisp and fresh. Those who cannot embroider can make the sets, trimmed with plaited frills or hemstitched borders in contrasting colors.

Transparent organdie is the dainty fabric most favored for making neckwear, but there are several other materials each effective in its own way. Fine, washable silks, crepe georgette and crepe de chine, chiffon and net all are used in sets of equal charm. Even silk mull does well for these matched sets.

Frills of net or lace on the less sheer materials, and embroidered organdie borders, help make up the endless variety of style in which these matched sets are shown. But the embroidered sets with dots or small flower designs and eyelet work are, above all, the most elegant. Very narrow Cluney lace edgings are liked on them. Three of the most pleasing designs in sets are shown in the picture. These accessories look best with plain frocks and coats and are out of harmony with fussy clothes. They catch the eye first and should be worth while to look at.

Besides sets made of sheer materials, others of pique and linen, to be worn with tailored suits of any sort, are having something of a vogue. Occasionally they are to be seen stiffened, but oftener they are worn soft. Collars are smaller in these heavier fabrics, and trimming—even rows of machine stitching—is conspicuous by its absence.

Evolution of Hat Trimming.

A curious change has taken place in the trimming of hats. Formerly a hat was deliberately trimmed with this or that—flowers, feathers or something else—a separate garniture attached to the hat. Now the trimming is made, as it were, in one with the hat—a sort of mural decoration. If the trimming were removed there would be no hat. The new hat is effective, less cumbersome and more beautiful, but alas! no less expensive. —Vogue.

His Own People

By H. M. EGBERT

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"The sentence of the court is that Private Albert Kane be dishonorably dismissed from the service of the government."

Colonel Scott snapped out the words. Private Albert Kane raised his head and looked at the officers for the first time. Drunkard, wastrel, outcast, he had expected a minimum of two years' imprisonment. And that was all his sentence—to be dismissed from the regiment.

"You're lucky, Kane. Wish I was in your shoes," said one of his companions, as he gathered his things together. "Going East, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Kane nonchalantly, and walked toward the entrance of the camp.

Kane was free. He had enlisted six months before, after a year of dissipation, in the vain hope of forgetting the past. Once, so long ago that the memory of that time was like a dream to him, he had been a decent man. He had had a good position in a western city, and he had loved Dorothy Davis, whom he knew to be the one woman in the world whom he must love forever. At last he had been in a position to ask her to become his wife. And she had broken the news to him that she was engaged to be married. It was to Colonel Scott, a man considerably her senior; and Kane had gathered that if he had asked her sooner . . . however, there was no use speculating about that.

Kane gave up his position, and he hardly remembered anything of the year that followed. Suffice it that, at the end of it, he found himself penniless outside an army camp in Texas. He had the sudden thought of redeeming himself. Here, at least, there would be a life of action. Kane enlisted.

He found the monotony of army life in the little border post intolerable. He found that Colonel Scott was his

In a Moment He Was Away.

commanding officer. He found that every week he saw Dorothy. He fled from the sight of her, and fortunately for him she did not recognize him in his soldier's uniform. Once he was sent on a message to her home, and he left the message with the servant and fled. He ate his heart out. He became known as the worst soldier in the regiment. He was continually punished. At last he committed a graver offense against discipline than drunkenness and negligence, and was tried by courtmartial and dishonorably discharged.

In his relief from his fate he resolved to go East and try to make a man of himself. But as he stepped, with his bundle upon his arm, across the enclosure, he saw Dorothy coming toward him.

In vain he turned his eyes away. She saw him; she knew him. He saw the look of recognition in her eyes. She stopped. Kane hurried past her, not daring to look back. He gained the entrance to the barracks. But he did not go toward the railroad station, as he had planned. Instead, he turned southward toward the border. He walked jauntily past the customhouse, over the bridge, and flung himself upon the ground. He was in Mexico, and he meant never to return.

II.

Albert Kane looked up into the sky and searched the distant hills.

The summer sun was declining, and as the mescal went out of him he realized his abasement.

For fifteen months he had lived in the squalid Mexican village twelve miles beyond the border. At first looked on with suspicion, he had become completely identified with the villagers. He sprawled in the adobe hut, an unclean thing, like the creeping lizards about him.

Few men have sunk to such depths as Kane had reached. Now, deep in his heart, an elusive memory stirred. It was a memory of America, which had once been dear to him, of a civilized land where human faces looked into his instead of the brutish peasants' eyes.

What was it he was remembering?

He knew now. Somebody had kicked him. It was the rebel leader Santos, riding by with a hundred troopers. And what was it had been said?

"The Gringo is always drunk. He is harmless. Do not kill him."

Santos had kicked him contemptuously and ridden on his way. But Kane remembered now. He remembered the whispered colloquy. Nobody knew that he understood much Spanish, for he seldom spoke to anyone. But Kane had gathered that the troop was to raid the American camp at sunup.

Slowly the realization of this crept into his mind. He heard again the laughter of the Mexican leader, his boast of what he would do to the Gringos, his talk of the American women . . . then slowly, like a flower, Dorothy's face unfolded before his eyes against the fading West.

Kane staggered to his feet and looked about him. Tethered to a near-by hut was a fine stallion, the property of Santos, which he had left there till his return on the morrow, not wishing to risk it in the impending fight, if fight there was to be. Nobody was guarding it.

Kane crept toward it. He saw the saddle and bridle at the door of a near-by hut. In a moment he had placed the saddle on the animal's back and fastened the girth.

He fitted the bridle, hearing shouts as the Mexicans saw him and divined his purpose. Men ran toward him. Kane cut the halter and leaped on the stallion's back. In a moment he was away, galloping along the road that led toward the border. Behind him he still heard the cries of the stupefied Mexicans.

III.

Once out of sight of the village he moved slowly, for before him, miles away, outlined against the horizon, he saw the cavalry of Santos marching. The day died and the stars came out. Kane rode along the deserted road.

It was midnight when he saw far off the winding Rio. Looking down, he saw the camp of the raiders at the foot of the hill. A high bank on either side of him, rising into the mountains, cut off all possibility of a detour. He must ride through the camp.

He gave his horse a rest; then, mounting, he continued, very cautiously, until, topping the last hill, he saw the pickets under him. Then he put his horse to the gallop.

Faster and faster he drove the stallion down the hill. He heard the shouts of the guard, he caught a vision of men, risen from sleep, staring at him; and then he was running the gantlet between two lines of Mexicans. He heard their excited shouts. Bullets whizzed past him. He felt as it were the sting of a bean through the forearm, through the shoulder. His right hand, pierced, dropped nervelessly from the reins. He felt the blood stream down him.

Then he had passed them, and as his snorting horse gathered itself together beneath him he heard the troop, with wild yells, take up the pursuit. The river glistened before him. The current ran fast and strong. Only a moment he hesitated; and, as he did so, he felt another sting under the arm. Then he drove the stallion into the river.

The bullets whipped the water about him. Kane felt his senses leaving him, and an awful faintness. He felt the icy water wrap him round like a shroud. Behind him his pursuers had halted. No ordinary horse could swim from the south to the north bank of the Rio in flood time.

The current was sweeping him away. But before him he saw, white against the night, the tents of his own people. With a last effort Kane spurred the flagging beast beneath the water. The stallion screamed and suddenly began to tread upon the river bottom.

Splashing and plunging, it gained the American side and rushed up the bank. Behind him the Mexicans were still firing, but now the bullets went wild. Kane was in no danger. If only he could pull himself together and reach his goal!

He reined in the stallion with his last reserve strength. He walked it slowly through the entrance to the camp. Men were already alert, aroused by the shots, and falling in. Kane heard the colonel's voice. He saw a woman standing at his side. He stopped the horse in front of the commanding officer.

"Santos is leading a party to attack the camp, sir," he faltered. "I came to—warn you—"

And Kane fell from his horse into the arms of the colonel's orderly.

They carried him into the colonel's house. Kane opened his eyes after a long interval, to see faces looking into his. He saw the doctor shake his head. A sense of supreme joy thrilled him. It was good to die—it was good that this should be ended—and be ended thus.

And among the faces he saw that of the colonel's wife. Her tears fell over him. Kane tried to speak, but there was no need of speech. In that last interchange of looks all was explained, and the reconciliation effected. He had saved others—what did it matter if he could not save himself?

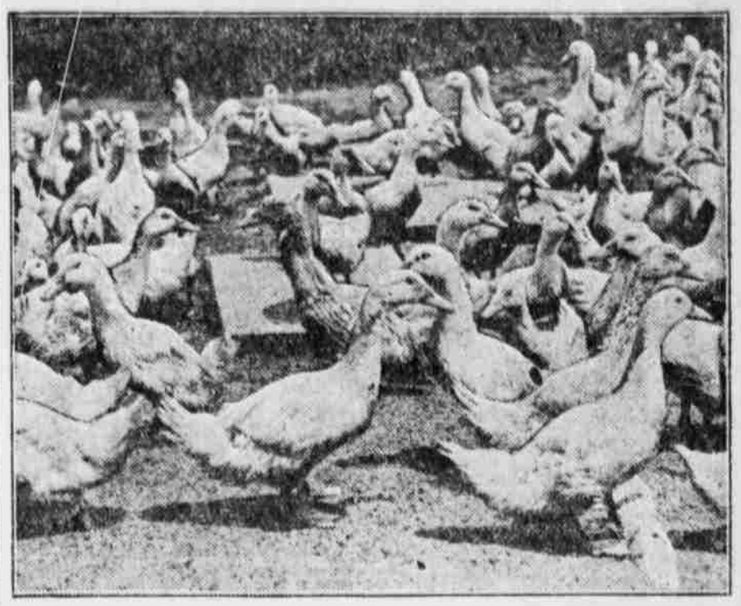
And, with his eyes still holding Dorothy's look, he fell asleep.

Undoubted.

"The Jaycubs declare they have a pedigree in the family, but I doubt it."

"I don't. Nobody could who ever saw that dog of theirs."

DUCKS RANK HIGH IN THE POULTRY LINE



Peking Ducks About Seven Weeks Old in Fattening Pen.

Peking ducks are hardy and profitable poultry. The ease with which they are raised must make them rank high in the poultry line. They mature early and are prolific layers, ranging from 100 to 150 eggs each during the season. The eggs are very large and of fine flavor. They command a higher price a dozen than do those of hens.

In one of the suburbs of Boston is a small but steadily growing duck farm, the head of which is a woman. At present she has 100 ducks for layers and breeders. There is a good market for all the eggs produced, both for table and hatching. She also raises ducks for market, and has a steady demand for all she can produce.

As the ducks are nonsitters, the eggs are hatched under hens and in incubators, the period of incubation being 28 days. When the little ducklings are hatched they are placed in brooders, where they remain until ready for the growing houses. The young ducklings are very delicate, so care must be taken to keep them warm and free from chills. The first three weeks are the most critical. Once past that age the ducklings can be safely counted upon for the market.

At six weeks the ducklings are placed in the growing houses, where they are pushed for market. The usual time for marketing is when they are ten weeks old, at which period they weigh four to five pounds apiece. Occasionally one will tip the scales at 5½ pounds. The best ducks are selected for the next year's breeders and layers. They are fed differently from those intended for market.

The first feeding is given when the ducklings are 36 hours old. It consists of equal parts of cracker crumbs and cornmeal, 20 per cent of hard-boiled eggs and 5 per cent of crackers and meal of sharp sand. This is mixed with milk and fed four times a day.

From the fifth to the twentieth day they are given the following preparation mixed with water to a dry, crumbly state: Two parts wheat bran, one part cornmeal, 50 per cent of this bulk of rolled oats, 5 per cent coarse sand, 5 per cent beef scraps and 10 per cent green food.

From 20 to 42 days old they are fed a mixture containing two parts wheat bran, one part cornmeal, 5 per cent beef scraps, 5 per cent coarse sand, and 10 per cent green food, mixed with water to a dry, crumbly state.

From the forty-second to seventieth day they are given two parts cornmeal, one part wheat bran, 10 per cent of this bulk of beef scraps, 5 per cent grit and 10 per cent green food, mixed with water to a dry, crumbly state.

FATTEN FOWLS FOR MARKET

Big Gain Made by Two Weeks' Preparation—Directions Given by New York College.

A difference of 2 and frequently 5 cents per pound may be made by fatting broilers and fowls before putting them on the market. A gain of 25 cents or more may be made by feeding half-fat fowls or chickens for two weeks. The directions given by the poultry department of the New York agricultural college are as follows:

Confine the birds in a small and somewhat darkened pen, allowing about two square feet for a mature fowl and one square foot for young chickens. Do not feed for the first 24 hours, then begin feeding rather scantily, increasing the amount gradually until at the end of two or three days they are getting all they will clean up in about 20 minutes, when fed regularly three times a day. This should continue for about two weeks which is ordinarily as long as the fowl can stand such heavy feeding, and at which time, if the fowls were healthy and in a good range condition, they should be full and plump along the keel and have heavy, firm drumsticks and thighs.

Three good fattening rations follow:

First, 100 pounds corn meal, 100 pounds buckwheat middlings, or ground buckwheat with hulls removed, 100 pounds red dog flour, 30 pounds beef scrap, one pound charcoal.

Second, 100 pounds cornmeal, 50 pounds wheat middlings, 50 pounds ground oats, 30 pounds beef scrap, one pound charcoal.

Third, 100 pounds oatmeal, 60 pounds wheat middlings, or red dog flour, 20 pounds beef crap, half pound charcoal.

ASH NECESSARY FOR GROWTH

Bone Material in Form of Lime and Phosphates Furnished From Animal and Mineral Sources.

A rapidly growing chick gains not only in flesh, but makes bone at the same rate and in order to make this necessary bone growth, a large amount of ash is required in the form of lime and phosphates. Some of this is furnished from vegetable juices, but it must also be furnished from animal and mineral sources. Shell and grit are the two most common mineral sources.

PROVIDE SHADE FOR POULTRY

Tent of Burlap or Canvas Is Satisfactory—Fowls Take Advantage of Summer Breezes.

Improvised shade can be made by stretching a piece of burlap or canvas several feet square, making a tent for the birds to get under. The canvas is porous and does not deflect heat as is the case from the roofs of low, board roof sheds. The birds have the advantage of the breeze with no deflected heat

CARING FOR HATCHING EGGS

Should Be Kept in Room More or Less Moist—Basement Room Preferable to Attic.

Eggs that are to be used for hatching should be kept in a cool room in which the temperature is more or less moist. A basement that is not too damp is the best kind of a storage room. A room temperature of 45 to 55 degrees is preferable.

Fresh eggs invariably show a slightly higher percentage of fertility and hatch slightly stronger chicks than eggs ten days old or more. Where artificial incubation is used in hatching eggs several principles must be strongly adhered to if success is to be attained. The incubator room and incubator must be well ventilated. The atmosphere in both the incubator room and incubator must be kept moist. It is, of course, possible to go to extremes with each of these requirements.

A room in which strong drafts prevail is not a good incubator room because of the difficulty thus encountered in maintaining an even temperature. A room too moist will cause molding of the eggs and one too dry will cause excessive evaporation, either of which will kill a good many chicks in the shell and cause the hatching of many weak chicks which will die at an early age. A basement room is always preferable to an attic room as a location for an incubator, as it is easier to regulate both the room temperature and atmospheric moisture in a basement than in an attic or upstairs room.

REAR WILD DUCKS AND GEESE

Last Joint of Wing, Carrying Flight Feathers, Should Be Cut Off—Does Not Hurt Youngsters.

When rearing wild ducks and geese the last joint of the wing, the joint carrying the flight feathers, should be cut off when the little ones are taken from the nest. If one wing is cut that will be sufficient and it will not hurt the little ones if done at that time, and will heal quicker. Care must be taken, of course, that no dirt or germs are allowed to get into the wound and infect it.

OLD HENS ARE UNPROFITABLE

Cause of Low Averages in Egg Production—Lay Dozen Eggs and Rest Remainder of Year.

Old hens are the cause of low averages in egg production. The pullets work regularly, but the old hens lay about a dozen eggs and rest the remainder of the year.

Unless you are raising a particular breed of chickens of which you have only a few hens, you cannot afford to keep the old hens as layers. A hen is not profitable after her third summer as a layer.