What women are doing

NEW SUMMER DANCES.

The Summer Girl Will Dance "From Notes."

COTILLIONS IN COSTUME

They Will Be Danced in Fancy Dress and Named After the Newest Round Dances.

Logically, the busiest time of the dancing masters is in the fall, when young limbs must be taught the mystic of the mazes.

As an actuality, their busiest time comes in the spring, when they are getting ready for the summer-resort hotels and the dances of August.

In the autumn there are children's dancing schools and dancing classes of the young people. But the children are always to be taught the same rudiments year after year, which instructors know by heart, and the young people are contented with their cotillons and germans. So the real work comes in the summer time, when the ballrooms of hotels are open and the summer girl wants to dance a new dance.

Each summer must be provided with something entirely new. It must vary from last year's dance, not only in name and step, but in style and measure. One year light and quick; next year slow and dignified.

There have been several new dances written this spring by different dancing professors, and several more by well-known leaders of cotillons. A cotillon leader is a born dancer, whose taste upon matters of dancing and costume is unquestioned, and whose word upon a dance is sufficient to make or mar it forever.

One of the prettiest of the new dances is the "Josephette." Its composition is the work of a cotillon leader who at first intended it for a figure in a cotillon, but afterwards he became impressed with its popularity as a summer dance. Its time is dignified and can be danced either to a slow galop or to a medium polka.

The "Josephette" is danced in costume, when used in a cotillon, and is danced three times. It is used as the first figure, the last figure and the middle one. This brings it as often enough to make it the principal movement of the dance.

In the "Josephette," which starts out strong enough to become a popular summer dance, the couple start by taking hold of hands. The first movement is a dignified walking step, with foot well advanced to the front. Six steps are taken. Then the couple face each other, taking hold of both hands. The foot of the lady is advanced at the side, also that of her partner. Both "point" the toe, making a pretty movement with the foot. The other toe is then pointed in the same way. Then they take waltz position and waltz several times around.

If this is danced to galop time, as is the prettiest way, the waltz movement is kept up throughout, the feet keeping unconscious time to it in the steps and side movements. If the polka time is used the entire dance is a polka instead of a waltz.

After the six forward steps of the "Josephette" are taken, and the toe is being pointed first at one side and then at the other, there comes the opportunity for the gracefulness which every dance must have to be popular.

As a summer dance this is danced both afternoons and evenings, as a pretty new dance of the season, and when introduced in a cotillon, it is graceful as can be. The cotillon is then called "Josephette cotillon," after its principal figure.

A new summer dance that will be popular with young people who like to take up novelties to satisfy their insatiable craze for dancing is the "Portia." In this dance, which is a round dance, the pair face each other and join both hands. The gentleman takes five steps backward, keeping hold of the lady's hands. This order is then reversed. The lady takes five steps backward, still keeping hold of her partner's hand. The music is to polka time. They then take waltz position and polka through four measures of time, repeating the figure over again. The skill required to pilot the backward dancing person through the first five steps safely makes the successful dancer necessarily a beautiful one also.

The summer girl will have a variety of new dances from which to select, for this season not only dancing teachers but music professors have gone to work upon the task of supplying her dainty feet with material. Several very tuneful musical compositions have been written with a special dance in mind. One of these is a waltz called "Lovanna." It is a piece of music that is strikingly like the strains of "The Sweet By and By." Any person who plays the piano and who can put that popular hymn to waltz time will have the music of the summer girl's "Lovanna."

The steps with this music begin by a waltz three times around. Next a waltz step three times backward and three times forward. Then a separation. The summer girl waltzes around three times "by her lonesome," as the first girl who tried the music after it was written suggested, and the man does the same. As they waltz around separately they keep to the same spot upon the floor and touch hands high in the air as they happen to turn face to face in the three revolutions. In shorter words, he waltzes around three times alone, and so does she. As they turn they touch hands when they can.

They finally clasp again in a waltz embrace and waltz three times around. This is a very pleasing summer dance to those who are more fond of the waltz than of any other round dance.

All three of these dances are easily learned from these simple instructions written for them, and with her notes in her hand the summer girl will carefully step through the parts of the "Josephette," "Portia" and the "Lovanna" and be prepared to teach them by moonlight upon the veranda to the summer young men ere he steps into the parlor to take a grand place among those who have already mastered the intricacies.

The dancing gown of the summer girl will be short enough to show her slippers, and slippers will be a feature of the summer on that very account. And, carrying the logic another step further, the dances will be accommodated to the slippers, and will be designed to show them off well.

In the "Josephette" the summer girl will hold back her skirt at the side and point her toes prettily. If in costume, the man does the same with his buckled shoes. In the plain drawing room dance the man does not sleep lightly, as it is considered either old style or effeminate to do so, but in the costume cotillon he vies with the summer girl in pirouetting gracefully down the room.

The "Josephette" is also danced as a fan dance.

When the dances of next summer are danced to quick time the summer girl will rest her hand upon her side in plantation style, with head slightly tipped to the side. This gives a jaunty abandon very fetching to the onlooker. In the slow dances the more graceful cotillon trick of holding out the skirt will be adopted.

It is a very cunning conceit of the summer girl to invent her own dance and name it after herself. "The Leda," "La Louise," "The Marguerite" are planned, danced and named by the young originators thereof.

Many coming summer belles visit the dancing masters to ask of them how to invent a new summer round dance. The advice of one of the most celebrated of these masters is as follows:

"Select the measure in which you are most at home, whether waltz, polka or galop. Stand before a mirror and try by what revolutions, side steps and easy movements of the arms you can make graceful figures. Have music playing all the while. When you have selected a few graceful movements, you can combine them and try them with somebody else. Remember that two people dance a round dance; and never forget the dignity that is the only excuse of the round dance. A dance that would be pretty for a girl alone would be ridiculous for two people."

The wild dances that threatened to wreck the round dance have been abandoned. The reckless side flings, the kicking movement at the front, and the Indian rush down the room are succeeded by all that is lovely in the dance movement.

Cotillons and costume dances will be much in favor. There will be the Shakespearian quadrilles, when Romeo and Juliet meet more happily than they did on earth; and when Portia and her spouse enjoy undisturbed felicity, and when Hamlet and Ophelia bury their hatchet in the strains of the dance.

HARRY GERMAINE.

In Position.

WOMAN AND THE BICYCLE.

DAY after day women ride by with their dress skirts all over on one side of the wheel and pulled tight on the other, which does not look well. This is something that must be seen to while the rider is mounting. If she mounts from the right, when she puts her foot on the left pedal, preparatory to getting into the saddle, she ought to pull enough of her skirt over to the left to make the skirt fall evenly. If she mounts from the left she ought to pull enough over to the right to serve the same purpose. Old riders do this easily by standing upright on the pedals while they are moving. Then their skirts fall naturally when they seat themselves again in the saddle.

One feature of these adjustable bicycle costumes, of which much is heard seems to escape mention. All of them claim to combine elegance of appearance off the wheel with perfect ease and comfort to the wearer when riding. Yet in the last of these features they must necessarily fall far short of perfection. None of them can be "easiest" to ride in, because, no matter how they are looped up or how adjustable systems of pins and hooks and buttons may make them, they burden the rider with unnecessary thickness through which she must pedal. There is only one garb easy to ride in, the garb that is skirtless. A suit may bristle with possibilities of adjustment, it may have a skirt capable of being looped up to amazing shortness, or perhaps "left open on one side," which many seem to think mysteriously advantageous, but the skirt will still be there to offer resistance to the motion of pedaling. The inventors never bother about this when they are proclaiming the merits of new costumes. Often the wearer never does, because she has experienced nothing different.—Nebraska State Journal.

BRUSHES AND BAGS OF BRAN.

"WITH a moderately stiff flesh brush and a supply of bran bags," announced the authority on beauty, "any woman should have a skin of smooth, satiny texture. The coloring does not depend upon these, however. Bran bags will not remove freckles and they will not give rosy cheeks. But the flesh brush, bringing the blood to the surface, helps to give a proper amount of color. Bran bags," she continued, "soften the water and make it almost as efficacious as milk in its effect upon the skin. Any woman who has no actual disease of the skin and whose digestion is good ought to be able to acquire the velvety smoothness all women want by a daily warm bath, in which the bran bag takes the place of the wash rag. Bran bags may be made at a trifling cost at home. Bags of cheesecloth about eight inches square are loosely filled with bran, shavings of castile soap and a pinch of orris. The face may be rubbed with this with perfect impunity, which is more than can be said of the ordinary rough wash rag."

PROGRESS OF WOMAN AS AN ATHLETE

Her Exercise a Century Ago.

Her Exercise Today

IS QUEEN OF ANGLERS

Miss Cornelia Crosby Mistress of the Gentle Art.

SHE IS CALLED "FLY ROD"

Government Paid a Unique Compliment to This Clever Maine Girl at the Recent Sportsmens' Exhibit.

Portland, Me., April 10.—Miss Cornelia G. Crosby, or as she is better known in the sporting world, "Fly Rod," with her cabin and guides, her live fish and mounted game, was unquestionably one of the greatest attractions at the Sportsmen's exposition, recently held at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The cabin which held Miss Crosby's hunting and fishing treasures and trophies, was brought piece meal from the Maine woods and erected by stalwart, bronzed fellows who spent their odd moments exploring the novel mysteries of Broadway and the Bowery—for Miss Crosby's guides were new to the metropolis.

The live fish, numbering one hundred trout and salmon that disported themselves in the five tanks close to the cabin, were brought down from the Rangeley region in a special fish car sent from Washington for that purpose, a compliment from the United States to "Fly Rod" perfectly unique of its kind.

In talking over her fishing exploits recently to a friend Miss Crosby said:

"I fail to see how women can be happy who live so far from nature as do most dwellers in cities. There is no reason in the world why women should not do their fair share of hunting, fishing, and tramping, and be all the better and stronger for it. I feel nearer heaven in the woods than in a house, some way.

"The pine woods and nervous prostration never go well together," she continued, "and a woman hasn't time to fret when she is taking a trout on the fly. I really doubt whether there is any sport in the world half so delightful as angling, or half so graceful and healthful for our sex. What gems sparkle as the gleam of a 'speckled beauty' darting through limpid water; or where in the collection of china or lace is anything as interesting as a well-filled fly book?

"And another thing, while fishing you're out of doors in the sunshine, coloring your cheeks and strengthening your muscles.

"I first went out in Maine woods to live because the doctors told me I was dying with consumption and my only chance for life was to be in the sunshine. You see it was a very good chance," the stalwart Maine girl said, laughing as she straightened up her splendidly-proportioned body six feet tall and supple as a young forest tree.

Miss Crosby's voice is deep and vibrating and gives the impression that it would send a ringing halloo over hill and meadows, and her hand grasp is almost painful in its intense cordiality, a clasp that would convert a skeptical guide into a devoted friend.

"Miss Fly Rod," as she is sometimes quaintly called by the guides, who are her stanch friends and admirers, spends most of her time hunting and fishing in and about the Rangley lakes, in the upper hunting regions of Maine. When she grows tired of rifle and rod, or perhaps on stormy days, she lounges in her hammock or in the cosey corner of her cabin and writes delightful stories of the forests and rivers for outing magazines and papers, signing her favorite nom de plume.

With the instinct of a true angler Miss Crosby will often start off alone for a day's fishing in the woods without even a guide as companion laughing at one camp and dining at another and always a welcome guest. Especially when, as is often the case, she arrives at a neighboring camp just before breakfast with a fine catch of glistening trout for the morning meal.

Next to her guides Fly Rod considered that the most interesting feature of her exhibit was her thousand-dollar collection of fishing tackle, rods and reels alike having been the gifts of various sportsmen friends and in nearly every instance especially manufactured for her.

She has indeed a fine assortment of rods of every variety; split bamboo, lancewood, greenheart and steel finished with handles both plain and elaborate, of German silver and inlaid with gold and varying in weight from three and a quarter to five ounces. The lighter rod is her favorite especially in casting for trout.

Fifty-two "speckled beauties" taken with a fly in forty-four minutes is the record of a single catch made by "Fly Rod" last season and one not often equaled by the most skillful masculine anglers. As a rule, however, with true sporting instinct, she brings into camp only a sufficient number to supply the mess.

The hunting costume worn by "Fly Rod" during the exposition is probably the most expensive and elaborate ever made in this country. It was of light-weight leather, a delicate greenish tint, imported from Paris for the purpose and made after Worth's latest model of a hunting suit. The skirt was short and scant and the jacket double-breasted and perfect in cut. The leggings and belt were also of leather and, by way of contrast, Miss Crosby wore a sweater and cap of dark red wool. The material alone cost over $100 and cannot be duplicated in this country.

M. A. PANTON.

THE MARGUERITE CINCTURE.

WITH the craze for metal belts comes in again that most artistic waist garniture, the jeweled girdle. It is narrow—of course all artistic waist decorations are—and it is more often in gold than in silver, as the latter has a tendency to increase the size of the waist.

In almost every instance a variety of different jewels, whether real or imitation, are used, the idea being to produce by this array of color and glitter the Oriental effect just now so highly prized. The Marguerite girdle is a dainty belt, copying, as the name indicates, the field daisy, not only in size and shape but accuracy in color. The green and white effect is naturally wrought out in enamels, and often the heart of the daisy, or of all the daisies, is a brilliant solitaire. The price of such a fine bit of goldsmith's work will tend to keep the style from becoming what is called "too common."

LIKE MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE Princess of Wales has a dairy where she and her daughters sometimes make, with their own hands, delicious butter. The description of one of the rooms with its tiled walls, marble counters, silver pans, and silver churn, almost turns one's head, but good, substantial butter comes from this very room when the princess honors it with her working presence. In an adjoining room the usual family supply of butter is made by other than royal hands.

Game in Full Swing.

JOY IN TRAVEL.

Such Is Possible with the Aid of Those New Bags.

The model traveling bag for this season is made of yellow calfskin or Russia leather, lined with rich green or ruby red watered silk and all of its interior appliances for the toilet mounted in aluminum. Even the outside rim, lock and clasps are finished in this featherweight metal, because American makers of travelers' supplies are laboring diligently to reduce the weight in all luggage conveniences. For example, the newest and best of the trunks are built of wood fiber and re-enforced with sole leather, fitted inside with pressed paper trays, and the result is a comfortably sized box that a little bit of a woman can haul around with one hand. She can put no end of belongings into it, too, for at last the manufacturers have learned to fit up the interior of trunks with the most wonderful lot of charming conveniences.

For example, a big, new trunk is provided along its inner walls with a series of canvas bags or pockets, into one of which stockings are stuffed, then a long row of them contain a shoe apiece, while other pockets hold additional small articles so hard to successfully dispose of in packing. The top tray of pressed paper is a wonder, and quite as cosy as one's top bureau drawer for stowing things. It is cut up in compartments divided by wicker work—one for gloves, one for handkerchiefs, a special nook for veils, a complete work basket and a writing blotter that lifts up and out on hinges, so that seated by the trunk one can write letters with ease.

One corner of the tray is a snug medicine case, and inside the slightly rounded lid of this box a bag of light oiled cloth is fitted in and drawn up with a string. This will hold a week's allowance of soiled clothes rather more conveniently than any invention shown up to date. Such a trunk as the one described has quite ousted the famous bureau box from its hopeful position, for the clever bureau invention was always a heavy affair, very complicated, as well as usually demolished by the typical American baggage smasher on its first long journey.

Next after the wood fiber trunks, those of basswood are considered the very best by women who know the science of comfortable traveling, and all these boxes are built flat on top and a good deal longer than broad, so that today the Saratoga is eyed with open curiosity. These long, narrow trunks are an idea caught from the French actresses, who studied out the problem of carrying the greatest number of gowns in the smallest compass, but all the choice interior notions are purely of American invention.

It is an American bit of extravagance, too, to have a trunk made of engraved pig skin. Such a luxurious convenience has just been made by a dealer in leather goods for a young person whose fortune is beyond the dreams of avarice, and who is going to carry part of her bridal trousseau in it. It is not very large, but nearly every inch of the yellow leather is richly carved in the most elaborate patterns. On the lid is cut a huge medallion monogram and coat of arms, the locks and buckles are of silver, and inside the leather box is lined with heavy white silk.

Along with this is provided an equally splendid fitted bag, a square one which the fertile-minded maker has filled with just fifty-one toilet implements. The average woman does with less, and now it is possible to buy a very completely supplied satchel at the modest price of $14. From that price these bags range in cost to $1,500, but the cheap ones are made of calfskin or heavy canvas, in green or brown and the fittings either fasten onto the outside, with a heavy apron to button over them, or are slipped into a central leather leaf inside.

CARE OF THE EAR.

THE care of the ears should begin in babyhood, a well-formed ear often being ruined then from lack of attention. A nurse should be most careful to see that when a baby is asleep the ear it lies on is quite flat and not crumpled in any way. If the ears stand out unduly from the head they should be tied back by means of a broad ribbon, which must be worn at night.

In washing the ears they should never be allowed to be turned over towards the cheek to be washed, but washed carefully from the front to the neck. A neglect of this caution is a fruitful source of outstanding ears in children. The ear is very tender then and easily injured, and is often washed in the nursery as though made of cast iron.

Flesh-Making Food.

Cream gruel, according to an eminent English authority, is the ideal nourishment for thin folk. A teacupful taken at night immediately before retiring is said to give marvelous results. To be at its best it must be perfectly made, then thinned with sweet cream. Taken in that condition and warm it is agreeable as well as fattening, and produces just the sense of satisfied hunger essential to ideal rest. It is claimed that perseverance in the treatment yields such apparent results that the cheeks can be seen to expand from day to day.

RICH GIRLS' BICYCLES.

Helen Gould's Cost $100, and Weighs Twenty-four Pounds.

A check for $100 lies upon the desk of a certain maker of bicycles. It is in payment for a bicycle of extra fine finish and of the most perfect mechanism of any to be found in his establishment. The name signed to the check is "Helen Gould," and the letter with the check says that the wheel has been found perfectly satisfactory in every particular.

"That wheel," said the bicycle man, "is the second one we have sent to Miss Gould's country residence this season. Last spring we sent two, and the autumn before, when cycling first came in for women, we had an order for one. The first wheel was evidently an experiment to be tried cautiously and followed out if good.

"The reason why so many wheels are ordered by Miss Gould can doubtless be found in the fact that, having a large country house, she has house parties; and there cannot be found a house party of young women, or men either, who do not go cycling afternoons and moonlight evenings.

"We have sent several men's wheels up there. They were ordered by Frank Gould, the youngest brother, who is coming twenty years of age, I should say.

"The wheel just ordered is for Miss Gould's personal use. It is a twenty-eight inch wheel and it weighs twenty-four pounds. That is a good weight for a woman of her size to wheel.

"Many of our women wheelers have two kinds of wheels. They have a heavy one that they ride some days and a lighter one for other excursions, when they are looking for speed. Then, too, the wheel is a matter of whim and mood. One day you feel quiet and conservative, and you choose a heavy wheel that bears you safely along without care on your part. The next you are in a wild mood and want to dash to the stars. The lightest thing you can get—a nineteen-pound, if possible—is the article you want.

"With women this matter of mood is very noticeable. We get a letter one day thanking us for the beautiful and perfectly satisfactory wheel, and a few days later another one is ordered as the wheel does not ride well any longer. We say nothing but 'saw wood,' as it were, and wait until both wheels shall be given a chance. Then both are wanted. It is on the principle that some days a man wears a red tie and others a blue one, yet he couldn't tell you, for the life of him, why he changes.

"We sold," said the bicycle dealer, looking over his order book, "a very nice wheel to W. C. Whitney before his daughter's marriage to Mr. Paget. This wheel was undoubtedly in her wedding outfit. Most brides buy a wheel in their trousseau as they buy walking shoes. Or if they don't buy one themselves their brothers give them one.

"We sold a lady's wheel to Cornelius Vanderbilt the other day. It was a trim little affair, elegantly built, and the highest priced one we had. But it was not ornamented. That talk about silver wheels for the members of the 400 is all rubbish, as far as most of them are concerned.'

"The wheel for Miss Vanderbilt was, we understood, a birthday gift. It had a little inscription upon it and was marked with initials, date, etc. It was decidedly the neatest little machine we have turned out. It was sent to her New York home, and was for riding in Central Park. It will go to Newport this summer, and we will have orders to pack and ship it with half a dozen other ladies' wheels at the same time. You see we know just about what will happen when once a lady's wheel has been introduced in a family of wealth that can afford to make wheeling a family feature.

"The number of decorated wheels we turn out is limited. It is our experience that a gentleman does not go to a cycle establishment and order a gold bicycle for his wife, nor a silver one, or one trimmed with jewels. He gets only the regulation wheel.

"The patrons of the costly gold wheels are those who are celebrating anniversaries and making gifts. Suppose Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, for instance, were celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of her marriage. Her husband would order of us a wheel with pearl handles. Or if another anniversary, the particular jewel or metal of the anniversary would be honored by representation in the wheel.

"Pearl weddings, we are informed, are celebrated at both the fifteenth and twentieth anniversaries, for we have had orders for pearl-handled wheels for both.

"We had an odd order last week, and one that is now being carried out. A gentleman of middle life, with children grown up and married, called on us and said

W. C. Whitney Put a Cycle in Daughter's Trousseau and an Easter Groom Is Buying a Beauty—Some Stylish Wheels.

'Wife and I are to have our silver wedding the middle of April. I want to make her a wedding present that she will remember as long as she lives. And I think I'll give her a silver bicycle.'

"In the most delicate manner we inquired if 'wife' was a practical bicycle rider.

"The old gentleman flushed. 'Yes,' said he, 'she is. Wife is only forty-one years old. We were married when she was sixteen. We have been married twenty-five years. Now I'm an old man, but she is a girl yet. Make her a wheel of best material and have it silver.'

"Now, our only way of accomplishing a 'silver wheel' is to send one of our best wheels to a silversmith's to be plated with silver. The firm of X. silvered this wheel, and very brilliant it was when it came back to us. The plate was the heaviest in the market, and the cost to the old gentleman with the 'girl' wife was $500. He was so delighted with it that he left it here until the day of the silver wedding, and visited it every day, carefully wrapping tissue paper around it when he had looked at it.

"We had another order for a fancy wheel. It, too, was a silvered wheel, and its handles were pearl. It cost—or will cost, for it is not done—more than $1,000. I would tell you the name of the gentleman who ordered it, but I cannot do so at present. He is to be married this spring, and this is his wedding present to his bride, who is an ardent cyclist.

"We have also an order for a gold wheel. The order reads 'of pure gold,' but that is ridiculous. We will simply plate one of our wheels. Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, one of the season's debutantes, is an enthusiastic rider. I think she has gone abroad and taken her wheel with her. She rides for speed, and she has the easiest way of getting over the rough roads that lie along the Hudson that I ever saw. Her mother's country place lies in the great chain of millionaires' farms.

"There is supposed to be a bicycle boulevard running past the Astor, Morton and Rockefeller places and all the others. But spring rains are no respecters of boulevards, and the roads are ripped up annually. But through it all this young woman rides swiftly and serenely along. I predict that she will be thrown yet. She is in our opinion the 'champion' of the younger riders.

"We sent a new wheel to Mrs. I. Townsend Burden the other day. It is a little gem. There is not a finer one than hers to be found this year. It happened to be the very pick of the lot.

"We are shipping many ladies' bicycles now to country places. J. J. Van Alen has ordered three ladies' wheels. He keeps them at his Bar Harbor house for use during the summer when he has house parties. His men's wheels are the finest made. We send fewer men's wheels to country houses than women's, because most men take their wheels in their luggage, while women rarely do so.

"We have an order here," said the bicycle authority, fingering his book, "to send the finest of wheels, one lady's and one gentleman's, to Bar Harbor soon for the use of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gebhard this year. This couple took two of us last year. The old wheels are probably scratched, or else the owners are tired of them and want new ones. The old wheels will go in the servants' hall for use when getting mail or carrying messages, or other quick, light work of the summer.

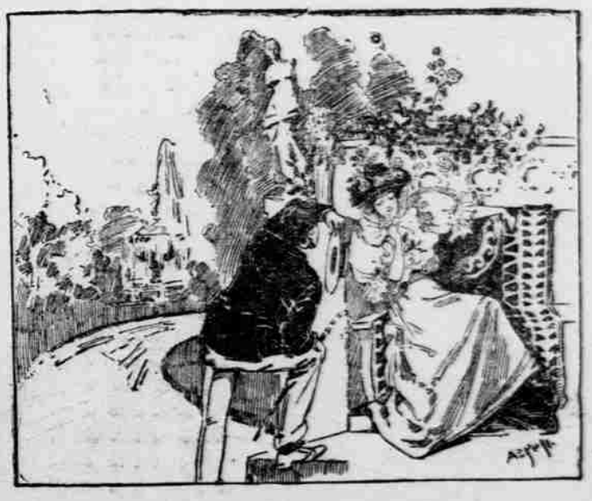
"There is a singular thing about the buying of a bicycle which nearly every conscientious bicycle seller will acknowledge, and that is the fickleness of bicycle patrons. Today they ride one wheel and like it; tomorrow they go visiting, try another wheel and prefer it. The result is that every house has in its order books the same names, for the wealthy do not hesitate to buy two or three wheels a season, according to whim, from different makers.

"As for preferences, they will tell you one is as good as another. That is our actual experience. We would like to tell you that the bicycle we sent up to Fernecliffe to Mrs. Jack Astor the other day is the only one Mrs. Astor will buy this year, but we know better. Our rivals will also book orders from that house.

"The Astor wheel is a heavy one. It is not for racing. Few ladies of the Four Hundred like to race, and Mrs. Astor has no proclivities that way. She likes to sit a substantial wheel and ride slowly enough to be sure of her bones. She likes a wheel a little too large for her, as it gives the muscles better exercise in reaching.

HARRY GERMAINE.

With Hose and Rake.



In Classical Surroundings.