

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Pokes, veritable Salvation lassie pokes bonnets are not only shown in the fashion plates, but actually worn by the most exclusive, and fashionable women in New York! I think the very exclusiveness of these wealthy dames must be the reason they have adopted such a singularly unbecoming style of headgear, as they need have no fear that anything so trying will become common. I believe these bonnets first made their appearance at the Horse Show, when three of the best known and handsomest women in New York society, appeared in regular sky scrapers, of the shape, and almost the size, worn by our grandmothers fifty years ago. Of course these dames made a sensation with their plainly dressed hair and the quaint bonnets tied under their chins in large bows, and as they possessed good looks enough to carry them off successfully, a great many people voted the very latest thing in bonnets charming; but they were not imitated to any extent, and their owners wore them in comfortable isolation. But this spring the same ladies appeared at a charity concert given in the Madison square gardens, accompanied by a number of other fashionable dames, all wearing pokes bonnets of the most exaggerated dimensions. Of course all eyes were turned upon them, and even outside of the most exclusive circles wondered where the bonnets came from, since not a solitary poke had appeared in the millinery shops, or been exhibited at the spring openings; but the women who originate such a fashion are not those who buy in shops, they either have their bonnets designed for them at some of the very well importing houses on Fifth avenue, or have them imported direct from Paris. It is prophesied that pokes will really occupy a prominent place in the summer styles, but as it takes a very pretty face to look even passably well with straight hair and a close poke bonnet. I cannot believe that they will ever become very popular. Of course no one is bound to wear her hair in straight plain bands, because a few of New York's fashionables choose to do so, and either fluffy curls, or a Pompadour roll serve to modify the severity of the poke to a wonderful degree. One of the prettiest pokes shown, is made of shirred black tulle with a large bunch of black feathers covering half the brim, and masses of American beauty roses lying close to the hair at the back. The strings which are very long and broad, are of black tulle.

Another, which is supposed to be very fetching indeed is made of cream colored lace, and is really enormous, the rim being ten inches from the crown in front, and narrowing down over the ears so as not to shut off the wearer's hearing altogether. It is trimmed with violets, and the softest, fluffiest of white plumes. The flowers are arranged in a sort of tandeau, and bunches of these nestle against the hair at the back. The strings are of very soft broad ribbon. Perhaps the most old-fashioned, and pokiest of the pokes shown, was one of shirred, or "drawn" black satin which was made to order for a New York belle after the pattern of an actual bonnet belonging to her grandmother, whom she was supposed to resemble greatly. It was of the heaviest and plainest black satin, and lined with ivory satin, immense in size and trimmed with three ostrich tips, two falling over the brim, and one standing upright with a cream aigrette. Pink moss-rose buds are placed against the hair, and the strings are made of black satin ribbon. I could describe a dozen more of these new bonnets, notable amongst which are those made of real point lace, and costing from one hundred, to a hundred and fifty dollars each, but I think I have said enough about pokes for the present.

Sailor hats seem to be more popular than ever, and the shapes are so varied that the device is practically endless, the very high small crown, and the low broad bell crown, are the two extremes, and between these the changes are rung to an almost unlimited extent. The bell crown has already become so common that the best dressed women avoid it scrupulously; when it is worn the best milliners fill up the concavity near the brim, with a thick ruffling which makes the crown of uniform breadth all the way down.

The most becoming sailor, has a slightly conical crown which is very high, and a brim about four inches wide; it is trimmed either with a plain band, and bow, or else with upright loops and quills at the side, giving it a very stylish and dashing effect. Some sailors are trimmed with tulle ribbon and flowers almost as much as the large hats, but they always seem to lose their individuality when overtrimmed. The sailor hat par excellence, the very newest and oddest looking is of plain white straw with a three inch brim and a crown so high and narrow that it looks like nothing but an old fashioned white junc pot, set on a dinner plate. Put a band of black silk ribbon reaching nearly to the top of the crown around it, finish it with a flat bow and you have a hat which is not pretty and not by any means becoming, but which you may rest assured is "the thing" the very latest touch in style.

Everything Persian seems to be fashionable this summer, from the heavy Persian silks, to the simplest prints stamped in Persian designs. They are not nearly so pretty as the Dresden patterns but they are newer, and serve for variety. Of course shirt waists of every description are indispensable to the summer wardrobe and they are made in every style, and of all materials. They are worn on all occasions and one cannot have too many of them, as they have never been worn so much as they will be this summer. Some are of the simplest description and deserve their title, while others are most elaborate and expensive, and about as unlike a shirt as it is possible to imagine. A pretty one for evening wear is of pink chiffon, with tucks of silk running across, to form a deep yoke, and the sleeves tucked from elbow to shoulder.

The newest sleeves shown on French gowns have flaring puffs or ruffles at the elbow with lace falling below, and are quite plain above. Another sleeve which promises to be very popular, and which is not quite such an abrupt change from the present mode, is close fitting, either wrinkled or plain from the wrist to fully six inches above the elbow, and is finished at the top with one or two short puffs.

ASTRA.

FASHIONABLE FALCONRY.

The New Sport that is Claiming the Attention of the Smart Set.

The truly charming and mediaeval sport of falconry is the coming diversion of society. One country club out on Long Island has ordered an installment of trained hawks from England. These who prefer the fun of training their own birds will find it requires some time and patience, but there is a fascination about it that well repays all trouble. This summer the pastime of kings, princes and dukes of high degree will take rank as a sport, par excellence, of the smart set, with a gay company in picturesque dress; all mad over the prowess of the small bird poised on the hands of cavaliers and ladies.

The master of the hawks, who is a person of much importance, must give place now somewhat to the "master of the hawk," or the "grand falconer." In olden times, the master of the hawks had but three superiors in precedence at court. And to this day, the tradition is preserved in Great Britain, the Duke of St. Albans holding the office of Hereditary Grand Falconer to her majesty of Great Britain.

In England, the sport has always had more or less devotees, both men and women. In this country, it is something thing quite novel—hawking parties riding

Falconry is bound to be popular with women, when once introduced, for it has just that amount of charm and romanticism about it, which at all times is dear to a woman's secret heart.

The young Duchess of Marlborough has already become initiated into the sport at Blenheim. Lenox is an ideal place for falconry in the autumn, with any number of pretty girls to take part in the pastime.

The first step in training a young hawk or "eyas" is to accustom it to the hood, which is made of leather and constantly worn except when the bird is flown at its "quarry" or prey. The jesses, leather straps, fastened to the legs of the birds and the leash, a thin strap, with a silken cord attached, complete the outfit, and to familiarize the falcon with his regalia is part of the training; with petting and coaxing the bird finally consents to rest upon her mistress' wrist, and in calling a hawk the same cry or whistle must always be used; this part of the training is carried on with the hawk unhooded.

The next lesson is to teach her to come to the lure which is a bunch of feathers concealing a bit of meat; a short cord is attached and being held in the hand of an attendant—here is where the "page" proves his use and worth—is waved in the air; the bird soon learns to fly to it, being "cast off" by its fair mistress, the falconer.

The first flight at live quarry must be a pigeon, held by a long cord; by degrees the hawk is flown at wild game—quail, ducks, woodcock, snipe and blackbirds.

The next step in its training, is to teach the bird to "wait on" that is to follow the falconer from field to field when on the wing and to circle round waiting for a quarry to be flushed.

If a bird has the misfortune to break a feather, the imping needle is brought into requisition and a perfect feather from an old skin is inserted—an absolutely painless operation to the hawk.

No other sport in the world makes use of more technical terms than falconry; and to be able to talk glibly of "hoodsby," "carry," "plume," and "pitch," shows the practical falconer.

Hoodsby—when a hawk objects to having its hood put on; carry—a hawk is said to carry when she flies away with the quarry on the approach of the falconer plume; a hawk plumes a bird when she pulls off the feathers; and pitch has reference to the height to which a hawk rises in the air when waiting for game to be flushed.

High in the air mounts Katinka or White Lady—either one a good name for a falcon—wheeling round in long, graceful sweeps, higher and higher; the silvery echoes of her Indian bells sounding fainter and yet fainter as she circles heavenward. Presently a flock of black birds is up and away, swiftly Katinka swoops on her quarry; the chase is a short one, a bird lies on the ground, beneath her captors



TEACHING THE BIRD TO GO FOR LURE WHEN THROWN.

gayly forth, with hooded birds on wrist, and when you visit your friends in the country—your very well friends—one of the first objects to greet your eyes will be perhaps a row of falcons sitting on blocks on the lawn, each block standing in a circular bed of sand; the birds have had their morning bath and are being "weathered." The lady of the manor will talk learnedly of "eyas," "jesses," "rutter hood," "lure," and "imping needle" and much of her time will be spent in training her falcons that they may be ready for the autumn sport.

dead, and caps are thrown high in the air at the kill.

White Lady is released next, but missing her prey flies off towards the woods, the lure is thrown to her and with the cry "Hullup, hullover," she comes back like lightning and a few moments later is on the list and hooded.

One of the chief charms of a falconry is that it is fair weather sport and a woman can go forth with a hawking party clad in silks, satins and flowing feathers—at least, in mediaeval times fair falconers dressed as gaily as when at a ball; and now we

may expect to see women who are starting out with their falcons as picturesquely attired as for an afternoon tea or a garden party.

Like many other sports, hawking is most successfully carried on by means of clubs and doubtless if the sportsmen on Long Island who have ordered an installment of trained hawks succeed with the sport, all the country clubs will follow the



THE HAWK'S BELONGINGS.

lead and have a mews of hawks—perhaps forty or fifty in number. In such case, the expense for each member who cares to go in for the hawking will be trifling, and the birds will be trained by the falconer.

The hawks used in falconry are of two classes—first, the true falcon, or long-winged hawks, second, the short-winged or true hawks. Of these, the species most used are the peregrine, which is found in all quarters of the globe. The cost of starting a private "mews" of hawks would depend, of course, whether you wished to train one or several. Twenty-five dollars would be a fair estimate for two birds with jesses, bells and leash. If birds are imported the cost would be more nearly one hundred dollars.

If in England, one should visit to Old Hawking club and see some of their trained birds which have records. "Lady Jane Grey" for instance, or the "Empress" or "Vesta." There are more hawks in training in England at present, both by professionals and amateurs than ever before in the history of the sports.

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RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

A SUNDAY LAW SUICIDE.

Rags Was Unable to Get His Morning Beer and so Drowned Himself.

R. V. Sheehan, a saloon keeper on Central avenue, Jersey City, had, until Sunday, a dog whose name was Rags. Everybody in that part of the city knew Rags and liked him. He was kind, gentle, and sociable, so sociable, in fact, that he would drink beer if anybody invited him. His owner's receipts were materially increased by Rags' propensity for beer, as many of the patrons of the saloon invited the dog to drink just for the sake of seeing him put away the beer. There was one commendable thing about Rags, however. Unlike some of his hosts, he knew when he had enough and quit.

It is believed that Rags committed suicide. As a result of the strict enforcement of the Sunday law Sheehan's saloon was closed tight last Sunday. Rags had acquired a habit of getting a drink or two of beer in the morning. He was shut out on Sunday and went about whining and showing his disappointment. He evidently could not understand why his morning beer was denied him. His condition became worse as the day passed, and in the afternoon he was very despondent. Fred Berger took Rags down to a pond near the reservoir to give him a bath, thinking that might liven him up somewhat. Berger says that as soon as Rags waded into the pond, where he had often been before he stuck his head under the water and kept it there until he toppled over. Berger whistled to him, but there was no response. Berger is convinced that Rags committed suicide, and that the strict enforcement of the Sunday law is responsible for his death.

French Bookbinders.

French craftsmen of today, as far as binding is concerned, fall naturally into two classes, those who still repeat and adopt old model, and those who are bent upon seeking some new thing. The first considering that the right traditions of ornament have been given once and for all and need only be followed with ever increasing skill and technical perfection. The second feel that new departures are necessary if the art is to respond to modern needs. The conservatives traditional. Admitting no further novelty than that which consists in fresh adaptations of the same "tools," the reformers will sooner get out of the lines hitherto recognized as legitimate than continue to work in the well worn grooves. It is the old opposition between "les classiques" and "les jeunes," often recurrent in the literary history of France, and permeating, as it would seem the whole artistic life of the country in a way that has no

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