



A young woman of this city who is deft with her needle, with the aid of a visiting dressmaker has made up fancy waists and shirt waists enough to fill two large trunks. She has searched for the prettiest patterns and fabrics that were to be found in the city, utilizing them in the most charming ways.

The new kerchief-collarettes with lace edges, as Stuart bears the more familiar and picturesque Marie Antoinette fichus with scarf ends, and the long stole-fronted French pelerine with the trimmed ends reaching quite to the hem of the dress-skirt, complete many of the most attractive and elaborate summer toilets received from Parisian designers. The most expensive are wholly of lace. Others, quite as effective, because they are finished with airy frills at all the edges, are made of material matching the gown; and Liberty foulards, rich of surface but light in weight, fancy taffetas and elaborately summer flowered organdies, plain and fancy granadines, and bareges are among the favored textiles used in making up these graceful summer gowns.

The conventional style of the shirt-waist as we have seen it year after year in this season frequently changed for more dressy forms, including inserted fronts of all-over embroidery, fancy yokes of pink or brilliant red, dotted with white, etc., with cuffs and belt to match. However, there is a certain air of timidity and severity lost in the change, and while the more expensive models may find purchasers among those who crave novelty, there are yet many who will still prefer the old styles made of new fabrics.

The new corded taffeta silks in a great variety of summer colorings and effects are in favor for making up dressy shirt waists.

At one of the city importing houses was shown among other very handsome costumes a French model formed of Quaker gray taffeta silk, lined throughout with black surah. The skirt and bodice were decorated with ruffles of the silk, finished on each edge with a tiny shirred ruche of black mousseline de soie. The cape en suite was a mass of this trimming, including the edges of the stole-fronts, which were rounded at the ends and narrowed in width as they

reached the waist. The cape was larger than most of the other styles shown, but it was so shaped that there was no superfluous fullness from shoulder to shoulder. Models in black grenadine, net, and repped silk were trimmed with jet, chenille, and lace or chiffon, and these, like the airy white styles, were fancifully scalloped at the edges, or slashed, "vandyked," sometimes lengthened on the shoulders, or again very much shortened. The cape style is recommended to those who wish a graceful and pretty finish for any sort of new spring or summer costume, as the garment is appropriate for every sort of material, from a twenty-five-cent printed organdie or French zephyr gingham to the most expensive satin matelasse.

On many of the costumes of foulard, figured taffeta or surah, drap de Chine, drap d'ete, summer costume cloth, etc., the waist is belled at the back and on the sides, but in front is in jacket style, with tabbed ends falling below the waist line. This model is a good one for any one with a long, slender figure at the back, but on the waist front needs lengthening by just such means as the jacket fronts furnish.

Skirts with closings at the side instead of at the back are now the most favored. If so arranged, the round waist or basque bodice can be permanently fastened to the skirt at the back, thus avoiding the time and trouble necessarily given to a waist and skirt differently laced or hooked.

The latest chenille run Flemish laces are extremely rich and effective.

One of the most graceful summer models for a rather full figure, to use in making up organdy muslin, dimity, batiste and similar goods, is the new seven-gored model, with a pretty demitrain, to be made up separately over a foundation skirt of exactly the same shape. Both skirts are fitted very smoothly over the hips, without darts. At the back the underskirt is gathered, but the outside is laid in underfolded plaits, which expand into wider flutes toward the lower edge, which measures three and three-quarters yards at its greatest circumference.

The black and white striped fabrics in silk or silk and wool effects, which impart length and slenderness to the



HOMER GOWN OF PALE GREEN VEILING FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A very simple model and one equally adaptable for slender or full figures, has a bodice tucked vertically across the upper part of both back and front, the tucks reaching around the body in an almost complete circle. At the left side of the bodice under the arm occurs the break in the circle. Here the veiling is plainly fitted over the lining. The tucks across the bodice are an inch deep six in number, and are carefully marked in the pattern. These and the tucks upon the sleeve (of equal depth) are made directly in with the garment, whereas they differ from the tucks shown upon the upper skirt. In the latter instance fitted folds of lining are made to duty as tucks. The depth of these folds is one and one-half inches. Under the lowest fold, or simulated tuck, is a slightly circular ruffle with scant gathers, and this is finished by a fuller and narrower flounce, which is also fashioned after the circular model. This again is finished with a deep hem. The skirt may be worn over a drop skirt of cream-colored taffeta. The position of folds upon the skirt is marked upon the pattern published by "Harper's Bazar," where the design appears. The bodice is fastened at the left side, and finished in Greek scallops, which are utilized as a cuff trimming. The plain collar is fastened at the right side of the front by three bronze gilt buttons. The costume design will prove a dainty one for evening use during the summer and autumn.

To make the gown in veiling of one color 44 inches wide, 9 yards of material will be required.

figure, are uncommonly handsome and varied in design this year. Some of the models consist of these fabrics show a five piece skirt, with narrow ruffles of the stripe put on in wavy lines in separate clusters of three-nine ruffles being used on many gowns. The close fitting, short, open basque bodice shows the front of the white silk shirt, and lace necktie, turned back, with revers finished with ruffles of the silk. For certain uses it is hard to find a more generally becoming and appropriate gown than one of black and white silk, and a fichu to match, with bonnet or hat and gloves en suite.

Straight, full skirts continue to be used in making up sheer transparent summer textiles for slender figures. At the importing houses are seen some beautiful gowns made of India muslin or fine French lawn with embroidered borders half a yard deep, and showing lines of insertion between the designs. A three and a half inch lounce finishes the skirt at the extreme edge, and at the top it has a slight gathered fullness on the front and sides, with more pronounced shirring at the back, but on fabrics of net, gauze, India silk, etc., and the like, a fullness about the waist is but slightly added to this arrangement of ungored material, and on many forms the slight addition is most advantageous.

The pretty Tudor sleeve, cut off at the top and finished above the deep upward point with a small gathered cap of fabric matching the yoke or guilpe, is a model used on costumes and toilets of every sort. It is a particularly serviceable style where an increase of breadth from shoulder to shoulder is desirable. The extension of the color of the yoke over to the top of the arm produces this effect.

It is always well before the purchase of a summer outfit is made to give a word of advice concerning the selection of gowns of pique, linen duck, drill, etc., in preference to those of nun's veiling, barege, grenadine and similar sheer wool or silk and wool fabrics. There are few cotton goods which look well after cleaning—certainly not after the washing ordeal which they undergo at the average summer resort laundry. They shrink beyond all hope of return, and in many instances, and when this is not the case, the process of doing them up draws the circular flounces and tiny ruffles into distorted shapes impossible to remedy and the waist seams get out of line. If one prefers cotton for certain reasons, French gingham are the best choice, and muslins not too elaborately frilled or lace trimmed.

White veiling or barege may be as elaborately trimmed as a white organdy; it will have as cool an effect, be nearly as comfortable on hot days as cotton, and during a sudden change in the temperature the light wool gown will give the needed protection. Of course, the list of smart, dainty and airy laces, organdies, piques, etc., are a great temptation, and they need not be wholly excluded from the outfit, but for those who have to study the expense of a summer wardrobe it is better to let the majority of the dresses be formed of light wool, white or colored, plain or fancifully patterned, with the addition of one or two "best" gowns of silk.

Many of the paper skirt patterns, in sheath shape, circular in form, or with added flounces on the lower portion, have perforations, showing the outline to be followed in arranging tiny ruffles, ruches, insertion bands, braids or ribbon upon the skirt. Some of the extensions outline a tunie effect on a gored skirt, other dotted lines show just how to adjust the trimming to simulate a long apron overskirt, while others are carried in straight lines or very small waves around the lower half of the skirt.

Reimination.

Said Life to Death: "Methinks, if I were you, I would not carry such an awesome face to the face of the helpless human race; And if indeed those wondrous tales of happiness beyond, and if I knew About the boasted blessings of that place, I would not hide so miserably in trace Of my vast knowledge, Death, if I were you; But like a glorious angel, I would lean Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul. Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath, And strong conviction in my radiant mien. The while I whispered of that beatific goal. This 'would I do if I were you, O Death.'"

Said Death to Life: "If I were you, my friend, I would not lure confiding souls each day, With fair false smiles to enter on a way So filled with pain and trouble to the end; I would not tempt those whom I should defend. Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray. Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay. Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend; But, like a tender mother, I would take The weary world upon my sheltering breast, And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife; I would fulfill my promises, and make My children bless me as they sank to rest. Where now they curse—if I were you, O Life."

Life made no answer, and Death spoke again: "I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness. A soul to being, if I could not bleed, With crown in hand, if I could not die, My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then Do they pursue me, mad for my career, Believing in my silence lies redress. For your loud falsehoods?" So Death spoke again. "Oh, it is well for you I am not fair— Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb The mighty secrets of that other sphere. Else would you stand in impotent despair. While unfledged souls straight from the mother's womb Rushed to my arms and spat upon your face." —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Century.

Proved. Jimmy—Aw, I don't believe this nonsense about gettin' a lickin' before night if you spin a chair around. Tommy—I do. I tried it on grandpa's office chair while he was in it takin' a nap.—Indianapolis Journal.

Colonial Evolution. "We must keep our new possessions until the people are able to govern themselves." "And then make them independent?" "Oh, by that time they'll laugh at the idea of separation."—Puck.

Protect Your Homes. Get some of the Extra Family Flour at 75 cents per sack at The Pacific, J, near Eighth.

For medicinal purposes drink "Glenbrook" sour mash whisky. Theo Brauth, 407 K Street. Tel. 297.

Try Wilson, Hall & Co's "Crown" Cream Soda. Tea week at the C. C. C. "You'll miss it if you miss it."

TWO BOYS AT THE CIRCUS.

Inside the band was playing for all it was worth, indicating that the circus had already begun. Occasional blaring of the brasses could be heard on the sidewalk, where twourchins of the street bred' type stood mournfully contemplating the walls of Madison Square Garden which shut them out of paradise, for if a circus isn't paradise to an eight-year-old boy, it is, at least, as near an approach to it as is desirable. One of them tried for a peep of the interior glories through a grated window, but dropped back disconcerted with what he had seen of a bare room with a row of white jackets hanging on the wall.

"This is a front," he said to his companion, who had very red hair. "Wot's de matter wit' dat guy why he wouldn't let us bot' in fer a quarter? We ain't so big." "We couldn't bot' set on one seat," said his companion sadly. "Let's take de all bunch o' tirts-four cents an' go back an' give him anoder brace." "Nah; it don't go wit' dese show people," said the first speaker cynically. "Let's go an' look at de posters." "Say, I wish I was a norphan," remarked the red haired boy sadly.

"It's a norphan." "A kid wot I's got no family to help support. Every year some guys takes a big bunch of 'em to de shows." "Ah, ye have t' have a pull to git into dat push, anyway, even if ye was one o' dem norphans," replied the other. "I wish I had a dollar." At this point the "Sun" reporter, who was on his way to the circus and had overheard this conversation, having been, in fact, shamelessly eavesdropping, suggested, purely as an investment in enjoyment, that the pair go to the show as his guests. As a matter of fact, no grown up person properly equipped to accompany a pair of boys of at least one competent critic under the age of 10 years; but the two small boys didn't comprehend this and were distrustful. The one who had expressed that reckless wish for a dollar spoke first, and there was resentment in his accents.

"Ah, gwad! It's a con. Wot yer give us dat kind of a game fer?" "Maybe he belongs to de show an' can take us right in," suggested the flame haired boy in a loud whisper to his companion. The reporter explained that he didn't belong to the show and that his offer was made in good faith, which he proved by presently landing his new found acquaintances within the big entrance. Then and not until then did they change their minds and recognize that it was not a "con," but that they had, by a wonderful bit of luck, run across an unusually hospitable species of lunatic. Some misgivings on the ground of his being entirely harmless they had, but they were polite enough to mention these things only in subdued remarks to each other. It developed, as the trio made their way to the back of the show, that the red haired boy's name was Jerry and his companion went by a curious cognomen which sounded like "Seek." It was not Zeke, as the reporter at first supposed, and whence its derivation or what its proper orthography must be numbered among the mysteries, as its owner couldn't throw any light on the subject, and, indeed, exhibited a painful lack of interest in it, having other matters of more importance to occupy his mind.

In fact, it is doubtful whether two minds were ever more entirely engrossed than those of Jerry and Seek during the first half of the investigation. There was no progress in the nearest ring, when the reporter took his charges in a dance executed by a number of trained elephants. After watching this with bulging eyes for a period of two minutes Seek turned for information: "Dat's de best de show I ever seen." "Elephants," replied Jerry promptly, having some knowledge of his own on this subject. "I seen a lot of 'em in a parade onct." "Do they always go like dat?" "Nah!" responded the more learned Jerry, "dey some de talk on Most times dey just walk along waggin' bot' deir tails." The cleric here attempted to explain that elephants were trained by the man in the middle of the ring, who held them in wholesome fear of him. This explanation was a waste of breath, for after the circus had left the ring the youngsters put their heads together and decided that this theory was ridiculous, apparently basing their belief upon the relative size of the elephants and the man.

"W'y, his nibs is dopy," said Jerry in a lone not intended for the reporter's ears. "Dat's de fellow wot de de de de tree if dem elephants got sore on him. I guess dey like to be in de show an' dey 'd w'y dey do deir tricks." "Wish I had one," remarked Seek wistfully. "Wouldn't do a 'ting but go along Pike street ridin' on his head, an' dey 'd 'tink at home I was right in it." This laudable ambition was soon thrust from his head by the appearance of several young women in bespangled tights who did all sorts of horseback feats. The two youngsters were at first so amazed at the gorgeousness of attire displayed by the equestrians that they had no emotions left to bestow on the riding itself. Finally Seek got his breath and said with a long sigh: "Geet, Jerry, look at dem clo'es! I'd be a goil if I could wear gold an' silver like dat."

But Jerry, who had a vein of cynicism in him, wasn't so soft about it. He scratched his head and said: "Maybe dey don't own dem duds. I wouldn't wonder if de show owned 'em an' dey on' wear 'em w'en dey ride. Like Jimmy McCue's big brudder went to a ball in some clo'es he hired an' got arrested 'cause dey got tore in a scrap, maybe dem ladies hire dem 'ting' dey wear." "I'd radder be de feller in de middle wit' de whip, anyway," said the fickle Seek. "He's bossin' de job. Oh-h-h-h, lookat!" he added in a rapturous squeak as a dozen clowns came romping into the arena.

For the next few moments it was a matter of active diplomacy, occasionally verging on the exercise of force to keep the pair within bounds. They were for rising forthwith and following those entrancing clowns around the tanbark shed and inclined to pure rebellion when prevented. Nothing could prevent them from rising in their places as the last clown passed and crying with one voice: "Hay, cully, don't be in such a rush!" They became somewhat pacified when their clericone promised them that the clowns would be the firm intention of becoming clowns as soon as possible, to which end they decided to apply for a job as soon as they could discover the proper person to see about it.

"I'll be de feller wit' de club," said Seek, "an' you be de o'der nag wit' de mallet." "Yes, an' I'll paste yer one wit' de end of 'em." "Yes, an' I'll kick yer in de der like de feller does," retorted Jerry. "Great was their interest in the wrestling bear who contests several bouts



REAR ADMIRAL JOHN C. WATSON.

The return of Admiral Dewey is looked forward to with much interest, and it seems his successor in command of the Asiatic squadron has already been named in the person of Rear Admiral John Crittenden Watson. Admiral Watson has been an efficient and respected officer in the navy for many years, but he acquired great prominence when, as a Commodore, he had temporary command of the Havana blockade and was relieved to take command of the flying squadron which was preparing to "go after" Admiral Camara. He is a strict disciplinarian, and those who know him say he is not unlike Admiral Dewey.

John C. Watson was born in Kentucky August 24, 1842. His father was a prominent physician, and his mother was daughter of John Jordan Crittenden, the celebrated Kentucky statesman who was Attorney General in William Henry Harrison's Cabinet. Admiral Watson's naval career has been a notable one. He entered the Naval Academy September 29, 1860, and graduated in June, 1866, standing high in his classes. He was quite prominent in the naval operations throughout the civil war, and was in some noted battles. In 1864 he was made Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Farragut. During the last thirty years he has commanded some of the best ships in the navy. He was married in 1873 to Miss Elizabeth Thornton of San Francisco. They have seven children living, the eldest of whom is John Edward Watson, an Ensign on the cruiser Detroit.

with his keeper, Jules Carr. All their sympathies were with the man at first because of the greatly superior size of the animal, but after watching closely for a few minutes Jerry announced his conviction that the performance wasn't on the level, but had been fixed beforehand and that if he was refereeing the bout he'd order the pair out of the ring and declare all bets off.

"Dat wraasin' game always was crooked, anyway," he remarked sagely. When the running dogs in harness came on, each pair hitched to a little pneumatic cart driven by a boy only a little bigger than the two eager observers, the unwisdom of establishing the offspring of the Boverly in an arena box again became evident, for the reporter's guests straightway exhibited a most lively excitement and gave advice at the top of their voice: "Give 'em de whip; y'aint hardly movin'." "Say, I'll put our old cat agin' dat outfit. W'y doncher git a move?" "Wot'll yer take t' lemme drive 'em round onct?" asked Jerry, feeling for his capital of 34 cents. Probably they would have kept this up indefinitely had not a very royally appareled ringmaster walked over and to the effect of the spectators, flew through the heads of the clowns, and gave advice at the top of their voice: "Give 'em de whip; y'aint hardly movin'."

"Say, I'll put our old cat agin' dat outfit. W'y doncher git a move?" "Wot'll yer take t' lemme drive 'em round onct?" asked Jerry, feeling for his capital of 34 cents. Probably they would have kept this up indefinitely had not a very royally appareled ringmaster walked over and to the effect of the spectators, flew through the heads of the clowns, and gave advice at the top of their voice: "Give 'em de whip; y'aint hardly movin'."

There was also food for thought for both boys in the graceful performances of the gentlemen in golden scales who partook of the physical peculiarities of a snake and could weave himself into all sorts of astounding shapes. Certainly it would be a day of glory when Seek and Jerry could make their entrance into City Hall Park walking on their hands and each sitting on his own head, as this gentleman did with such conspicuous ease and abandon. They thought that Socky Dolan, who had been the center of popularity for two weeks by reason of his ability to balance a broomstick on the end of his nose, would retire into the depths of obscurity as a performer. Again they fingered their 34 cents and wondered how much the limber person would charge to give lessons. But when the Harlons came on and, far above the heads of the spectators, flew through the air like birds from perch to perch, the two boys were no longer in doubt; they would be flying trapeze performers, and after they had got the hang of it a little would go and practice on the underside of the Brooklyn bridge, where there are plenty of cables among which to sport. Throughout the remainder of the circus they never quite lost sight of this ambition, though there were other wonders in plenty to distract the attention and the hippodrome races offered opportunities for bets which they were not slow to take, with the result that Seek won 7 cents from Jerry by superior ability in picking winners, and the reporter lost 9 cents between the pair of them.

After the arena part of the show was over there were still the animals to be looked at, and the comments of the youngsters upon these were matters not to be found in the natural histories. The camel, they decided, was a cow, "one of dem tings yer get milk from." The monkeys delighted them beyond measure, and they named each one from real or fancied resemblances to friends and acquaintances of theirs in City Hall Park. If City Hall Park had been there to hear there would probably have been a multitude of trouble. For the hippopotamus they had little praise. He was in the heavyweight class all right, but was too fat for any sort of condition, and they didn't think he'd get a look-in at the money in a fair scrap with the rhinoceros across the aisle.

"De feller wit' de spike," said Seek astutely, "he'd upercent him onct and he'd be out in a punch." Thereupon Jerry offered to back the wrestling bear against the rhino for 10 cents, but as there seemed to be no way of bringing the two together this had to be given up, though Seek was quite willing to back his spiked pachyderm against anything in the show. The zebra the boys took no stock in, but "Dem stripes is painted," said the skeptical Jerry. "I seen 'em do it to a goat onct." The lions and tigers fascinated them because the big creatures happened to be restless and were ambuling uneasily around their cages. Somewhere Jerry had heard that a lion was a big cat, and

he said so with considerable pride in his knowledge. Seek scoffed. "S'pose yer 'tink he'd mew like a kitten if yer poked him one?" said he, indicating a big lioness who was wagging her head and to fro impatiently. "Do 'know," replied Jerry doubtfully. "Poke him yersef an' see."

Here the reporter hastily interposed, and in the absence of absolute proof the discussion waxed warm, and presently personal until Jerry offered to make a monkey of Seek and Seek suggested a comparison between 30 cents and Jerry. At this interesting juncture a lion right behind the disputants lifted his voice and announced in on uncertain accents that he was hungry. The reporter found his two small friends on the stairway a minute later trying to look as if they were not scared, but involuntarily jerking their heads in the direction whence the public sightster hidden away from the public sight which might break forth at any moment and devour them. The sights they had seen had so worked on their imagination that they were ready to leave without any further investigation. As they parted from their clericone at the door Jerry expressed one regret for both of them.

"Tree rings," he said, "is too many. Dere's nuttin' in it. I won't sleep tonight fer 'tinkin' wot I didn't see while I was lookin' at somethin' else."—New York Sun.

Kenning's Circus.

I'd like to own a circus show. A splendid one 'twould be. Unlike the circus shows that in these days boys go to see, I wouldn't have a leopard or a lion in the place. Nor would I let a monkey show his ugly little face. But I would fill it up with things like giraffes, elephants and camels. Such as we read about in books of fairy tales and 'jomes.' I'd have a big volcano throwing flames up to the sky. And I'd have a big volcano throwing flames up to the sky. And in a little show I would have a burning lake. And in another there would be a fearful big carousal. And 'stead of camels, 'rang-o-tangs and other stupid things. I'd have a lot of cages chock full o' Queens and Kings. And then I'd have a pair o' huge ogres with one eye. And four-and-twenty puppy dogs all baked into a pie. For them to eat at show time, so that little boys could see. How really awful terrible these ogres men can be. I'd have a hen to lay gold eggs and harps that play themselves. And bars and beans stalk beans 'climbing over shelves. And Jacks and Hop-my thumbs to fight the giants every day. Just as those splendid fairy story books of mine all say.

I wouldn't charge a penny for admittance to my show. Of course, 'twould be a most expensive thing to run, I know. But I could well afford it. I would make that circus pay. By selling off the golden eggs the gold egg hen would lay. —John Kendrick Bangs.

A circus elephant needing surgical treatment was recently chloroformed in Peru, Ind. The anesthetic was given through the trunk by means of a trouser leg slipped around it and packed with cotton.

SPECIAL SALE —OF— White Hats TRIMMED. Price \$4.25, \$4.75, \$5 to \$8 Stylish New Goods at MRS. M. A. PEALER, 621-623 J St., Sacramento, Cal.