

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE FAIR

New York City.—Short blouse Etons are much more jaunty than jackets which reach below the waist line, and are usually preferred for moderate



A BLOUSE ETON.

weather. The garment illustrated is made of gray Venetian with black moire trimmings.

It is simply adjusted with shoulder and under-arm seams, the back being perfectly plain. The fronts fasten in

From these depend deep pleatings of chiffon. The bow at the neck is also of chiffon.

The circular skirt is fitted closely around the waist and over the hip with small darts. The fulness at the centre back is arranged in an underlying pleat at each side of the closing.

Rosettes of panne, connected by festoons of the same material, are used to decorate the waist and skirt. This mode of trimming is especially pretty for a plain skirt, and may be repeated in the back, the rosettes being placed on each side of the centre pleat.

In some cases three or five narrow ruchings of chiffon are used for foot trimming, or arranged in scallops and points at the lower edge of the skirt.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two and a quarter yards of twenty-two-inch material.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require three and three-quarters yards of fifty-inch material.

A Pretty Hat.

A simple and pretty hat of a dark blue rough straw is trimmed with a couple of clusters of lilies of the valley, with their green leaves.

A Fancy Shirt Waist.

Owing to the great popularity of biscuit and tan shades, waists made of ecru linen are seen in large assortments and merit special attention, as they may be worn with so many different colors. They are especially effective when accompanied by a skirt of marine blue chevrot or serge for outing excursions.

The waist illustrated is made of linen in this fashionable shade. The founda-



VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

single-breasted style, with black silk loops and crocheted buttons. They are fitted smoothly across the bust, but blouse stylishly over the narrow moire belt that closes with a fancy silver buckle.

The neck is completed with a rolling collar of moire that forms narrow revers in front. The sleeves are regulation bishop models fitted with inside seams. They have slight fulness on the shoulders, and are finished with moire cuffs of unique shaping.

Etons in this style may be made of taffeta, peau de sole, chevrot, broad or ladies' cloth and worn as separate outside garments. They are, however, usually accompanied by skirts of the same material, and make stylish walking costumes. The blouse may be worn open to display the fancy shirt waist beneath, if so desired.

To make the Eton in the medium size will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Waist With Elbow Sleeves.

Robes of black or white lace, spangled and jetted net or embroidered chiffon are very fashionable this season. The lining of shimmering satin or shot silk forms an important part of the general effect, and the toilets are usually made quite plain, in order to display the rich fabrics to good advantage.

The costume illustrated in the large drawing is made of saffron lace over white satin lining and trimmed with turquoise blue panne. The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted, feather-boned lining, that closes in the front.

The back is drawn smoothly across the shoulders, and has slight fulness at the waist, arranged in tiny pleats. The front is also plain, and forms a decided blouse over the narrow belt. The lace closes across the left shoulder around the arm's-eye and under the arm.

A plain transparent collar completes the neck. The elbow puffs are finished with narrow bands that are covered with panne fastened beneath a rosette.

tion is a glove-fitted, feather-boned lining that closes in the centre front. This lining may be omitted and the waist adjusted with shoulder and under-arm seams if preferred.

Tucks extend from neck to belt in the back, forming a simulated box pleat that tapers toward the waist line in a becoming manner. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The fronts fasten in double-breasted style, the right side lapping the left and closing with pearl buttons. Three tucks on the shoulders are stitched down some distance and the fulness thus provided blouses stylishly over the velvet girdle. The neck is completed by a plain collar that fastens in the back and is trimmed with a band of linea lace.

The one-piece shirt waist sleeves are shaped with inside seams only. They have gathers on the shoulders, fit the upper arm closely and are completed with deep wristbands. The cuffs, col-



FANCY SHIRT WAIST.

lar and edges of fronts are finished with machine stitching.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

FOR THE LADIES

PING PONG HATS.

Some women literally have ping-pong on the brain. From a popular millinery establishment come hats on the upturned brims of which ping-pong rackets and balls are applied in fancy straw. The crowns, too, are trimmed with silk scarfs embroidered in the same design. Then there are stocks both in linen and silk, in which the ping-pong emblem is used as a decorative feature.

DIAMOND HAIR NETS.

As fancy sidecombs are on the wane, in fact, considered dimode in ultra-smart hairdressing, something new has arrived, as one might have anticipated it would. This is a jeweled net, not the Maid of Athens sort, strung with pearls in a golden mesh, but a 4x4 inch square of gold lines delicately criss-crossed, a diamond at each line intersection. This brilliant patch is fastened to the hair by means of hair-pins, and may be worn in lozenge shape or as a square.

MISS BOWERS, MINE DIRECTOR.

Miss E. Bowers has lately been elected to the directorship of the Star of Erin Gold Mining Company in Melbourne, Australia. It is reported that when some of the masculine shareholders opposed the choice, they were quickly silenced by the majority, and were informed by the Chairman that Miss Bowers was an experienced person in mining matters, and fully capable of filling the office of a director. —Woman's Journal.

AN ENTERPRISING WOMAN.

A Maine woman, the mother of eight children and a comparatively young woman, is the proprietor of one of the most flourishing farms of her vicinity. Five years ago, when she took charge of the estate of three hundred acres, it was in a rundown condition and was stocked with implements which were of the most primitive sort. Dairying is her specialty. She has a herd of twenty-five thoroughbred Holstein cows, from twenty to forty hogs, according to the season, and keeps five work horses busy. Her farm is stocked with tools and machines of the most improved kinds.

ODDITIES IN VEILS.

Veilings are certainly unconventional just now, and all of the novelties among them are calculated to increase the oculists' income this year. The fine white Chantilly veils and those of net with Honiton sprigs, are designed expressly, we are told, to be seen with the Marquise and Amazon hats, with which they look very well.

A new veiling is of fine Mechlin net with alternate chevrons of white and of black pin spots, with large black velvet pastilles here and there. Another has the ground of cream esprit net, strewn with minute pin spots, as well as a few large ones at intervals. There is a strong feeling for these black and white veils, and the fine net grounds with these irregular patterns of spots are newer than the open Russian nets. In Paris the veil is worn only to the tip of the nose, but this is an uncomfortable length, and one which is not at all becoming. The most attractive of all is the veil gathered into soft folds underneath the chin, giving a pretty oval look to the face.

DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

Don't borrow money or jewels from your chums; the first you may find difficult to pay, the last if lost must be replaced.

Don't rob your old father of comforts in order to be stylish. The wage-earner should be given his rights before fashion has her privileges.

Don't take liberties with verity. Men especially shun girls who exaggerate.

Don't go out with men unless you are well acquainted with their habits, station in life, even financial position in a degree, for you may be taking from another needed expenditure.

Don't stare. Girls do too often, then unjustly resent return stares from strangers.

Don't wear jewels in the morning; the nobodies do, and if you glitter in daylight you will be taken for a nobody.

Don't swing your arms while walking. The habit is common; it looks coarse. Girls think it looks athletic.

Don't boast. If you are one of the god's favorites it will be manifested; boasting is vulgar.

Don't use superlatives. Reposeful girls who are used to one things of life that are desirable admire, but never gush.

Don't go into debt; it is remorseless; it robs one of sleep, it turns day into night, and it harasses brain and body. Better a few things paid for than many with debts.

Don't be moody. The blues are after Nature's revolt against indolence. Fresh air, wholesome thoughts and cheery company are to be had by any girl, and the blues and moodiness flee at the sight of them.—Philadelphia Record.

FAIR FENCERS.

The Washington Fencers' Club is composed not only of men who have acquired this dexterous art, but numbers among its members many fair women. These latter are so expert that they need not resort to the woman's natural weapon—a hatpin—to repel attack, but might readily use a parasol or any little stick to ward attack from any man so unnatural as to attack their apparent weakness.

Among the ladies who have been

prominent in this club is the Countess Cassini. She is small and slender, and although a mere girl in years, possesses the accomplishments of a belle. She was among the first to wear the club's colors and cross blades not only with her own companions among the girls, but has occasionally worked new buttonholes into the jackets of men who have faced her rapier. In her delicate physique she demonstrates the truth that skill and not brute strength wins honor at this noble game. She has never appeared outside of the club rooms as a fencer, but rumor has it that she is no mean adversary.

The pretty wife of the Brazilian Minister, Senora de Assis-Brazil, is another expert with the foils. She has triumphed in many private engagements. Besides being one of the prettiest women in the diplomatic corps and in society at Washington, she is one of the most graceful in carriage.

Miss Mabel Merriam, daughter of the Director of the Census, joined the club at its inception. She is a graceful American girl of the new type—tall, lithe and lovely. She rides, fences, plays golf and enjoys every athletic exercise. In coloring she is a perfect blonde, and her outdoor life gives her a radiance of health and a graceful carriage. Miss Merriam is a type of the new American maiden.

Miss Edith Root, daughter of the Secretary of War, as is proper, is a patron of the Fencers' Club. She joined it shortly after the advent of her father in Washington. Among the many sons of Mars she is a goddess.—New York World.

TRAINING THE SLEEPING CHILD.

My little sleeping child was a great comfort; I loved to feel the warm little body so sound asleep, and I would murmur over the dear curls my grief, so quieting myself for the rest of the night.

Soon I noticed a peculiar sympathy existing between us. To my surprise he seemed to reflect my own nervous state. It grew more marked, and apparently the gayety of babyhood was leaving him. For some time I had been anxious over a fault which had arisen and developed under the tyrannical sway of his nurse during our separation. From a remarkably truthful child he had become just the opposite. I cannot tell how the inspiration came to me; I think solely from my own inner consciousness—but this flashed over me: "Why cannot I control him in one way as in another? My nervousness has been given him with my cares at night while he was asleep; now why cannot I influence him in this other matter?" I worked it all out in my own way and said nothing of the experiment to anybody else. At night, upon coming to the bed which we shared, I would put my arms around him and say, not loud enough to awaken him even in the slightest: "Mother loves her little boy. She loves him the most in the world, even though sometimes she has to punish him. And he loves his mother dearly. He must not tell naughty stories. He does not tell naughty stories. He tells the truth. My little boy must grow up to be an honest gentleman. He is now an honest little boy."

I kept this up night after night, and in less than three weeks there was a wonderful change. The child is now nearly ten years old. While of a remarkably imaginative disposition, he is noticeably truthful and positively sure of his mother's love, even though she feels it necessary to mingle with it the restraint and authority that a father would exercise. I have since influenced him in the same manner in regard to other matters; his lessons, his aversion to soap and water, a certain pertness he had adopted, and always with unflinching success. His love and trust in me are greater than in the average child.—Katharine Scott Umstead, in Good Housekeeping.

FASHION NOTES.

Pongee silk waists, very plain or lace trimmed, are the newest blouses with most commendable features.

The belt grows wider at the back. Black and white lace parasols are the height of elegance and good taste.

Embroidered batiste of the finest texture and softest biscuit tint is to be in marked vogue this summer for entire gowns, for fancy waists, and for trimmings.

Lace is used in profusion, and probably the dyed Cluny laces will be one of the striking novelties of the season. Colored laces were introduced several seasons ago and made no success.

Tulle veils with lace borders are even more fashionable than all lace. One of the latest fashions is to have a tulle veil with figures of lace applied on to it; not on the part which comes over the face, but just across the ends.

The vogue of white still continues. Tailored gowns are finished with white vests, cuffs, collars, revers, pipings and stitching and facings. Hats are not only trimmed with white flowers, but faced with white, and some are all white.

Velvet ribbon is still employed in every possible form, in waved, vertical, horizontal, and diagonal lines, in lattice, diamond, and Greek key patterns, and for choux, loops, tabs, pointed ends, strappings, lacings, rosettes with long fringe strands, etc., from the narrowest to the widest weaves of the ribbon.

Recent airship happenings give new force to the philosophy of the old negro who said: "If you're on a train --I it runs off the track, dar you are. But if you're on a boat and de biler bust, whar are you?" Only Senhor Severo could answer that. And he has stopped talking.

JOSEPHINE IN MARTINIQUE.

An Account of the Great Hurricane of 1766.

Although Martinique is an earthly paradise in its outward aspect, it has always been subjected to the wildest convulsions of nature. The first white invaders were told by the native Caribs of the fierce wind storms which swept the island at unexpected times and the French planters soon earned that a case-vent, or hurricane house, was an indispensable adjunct of every plantation. These were not unlike the "cyclone cellars" of the Western plains, though they were usually built into or under the side of a hill, with walls of stone several feet in thickness. The door was of thick plank, there were no windows, and the air within, if the storm was of long duration, became most oppressive.

The great hurricane which destroyed the property of the father of the future Empress of the French occurred on the 13th of August, 1766, some seven weeks after Josephine's third birthday. Young as she was at the time it made an indelible impression on her mind, and after she was Empress she used to thrill her ladies-in-waiting by vivid descriptions of that day of terrors. She had been snatched from her morning bath by her father, who had only time to wrap her in a large both towel, and the full fury of the storm burst upon them as M. Tascher and his baby daughter passed through the door of the case-vent, where Madame Tascher and the terrified household slaves had already sought refuge.

Scarcely had the massive door been closed and bolted than the hurricane was upon them in all its fury. The tall palms writhed and bent beneath its blows; mango and calabush, orange and guave trees were quickly stripped of their limbs or forcibly uprooted; roof-tiles from the mansion, boards from the negro quarters and branches torn from trees were hurled through the air. The door of the case-vent groaned on its huge hinges, and strained at the iron bars stretched across it. The air within the cave became hot to suffocation; moans and cries from the suffocated negroes; but little Josephine uttered not a word. Close clasping her arms around her father's neck, and clinging also to her mother's hand, she lay quiet and calm.

The hours passed slowly; but finally the door ceased to strain at its fastenings, and M. Tascher commanded the huge negro who had charge of it to open it a little way. Carefully and slowly the bolts were drawn and daylight admitted. All was quiet without. The darkness that had accompanied the storm, caused by the dense clouds and sheets of rain, had been dispelled by the sun, which was now shining brightly. The wind had died away to a moan; exhausted nature lay prostrate, torn and bleeding. Hardly a tree was left standing; huge cedars, cedars and sapote trees had been uprooted and cast to the ground. But the most mournful spectacle was the palm avenue, for in place of the columnar trunks, with their waving plumes, was a ragged row of shattered stumps. The huts of the negroes, which had been grouped about the sugar mill, were entirely destroyed, and soon a hundred despairing beings were groping in their ruins. But the crowning desolation of all was the total destruction of the Tascher mansion.

Only the great sugar house remained standing of all the buildings pertaining to the estate. To this structure the new homeless family directed their steps. Its walls were of stone some two feet in thickness, its rafters heavy and covered with earthen tiles, the doorways were broad, with granite lintels. Above the ground floor, where the machinery was placed, were two large chambers. The beams supporting the floor were sound and strong, and the floor itself intact, and there the family took up their abode. M. Tascher de La Pagerie never rebuilt the great house, and thus fate, or fortune, willed that Josephine should know no other place of residence while she lived in Trols-Dets, unless visiting at the house of a friend, or at school. But she was to live to know still stranger places of abode; the grim Carmelites prison, the stately palace of the Tulleries and cheerful Malmaison, in whose gardens she cherished the plants of her native isle.

Domestic Ability.

An aristocratic East Superior street woman, who has had the usual number of failures in the way of domesticities, having tried nearly every nationality, heard the other day that a number of girls had come here from Finland to seek employment as servants and that they were highly recommended as strong, intelligent, capable and generally excellent help.

With high hope the housekeeper bled her to the office where these paragon were on exhibition, and was soon brought face to face with a brawny specimen, who could not speak a word of English. With the aid of an interpreter the following conversation took place:

"Can you cook?"
"Oh, no."
"Can you wash and iron?"
"No."
"Can you sweep and dust or clean house?"
"I have never done anything like that."

"For goodness sake," exclaimed the astonished matron to the interpreter, "ask her what she can do."

With calmness and complacency the reply came back: "I can milk reindeer!"—Duluth News-Tribune.

The man with a poor memory can never hope to be a successful liar.

BUDGET FUN

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Hear me singing,
See me winging,
Feel me stinging—
I've just come back to woo you,
To wake you and to chew you,
Extract a little pabulum
With sharp, incisive labium,
For I'm an awful eater—
Yours truly,
A. Muskeater.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE ORIGINAL PATENT.

Teacher—What was the forerunner of wireless telegraphy?
Scholar—The wink.—New York Sun.

GOING 'TO MEET.

As it is talked nowadays:
She—Are you going to go?
Another She—Yes. Are you going to come for me?—Indianapolis News

SUCH IGNORANCE.

Glee Club Man—You ought to see a sunrise on the Pacific Ocean. It is simply grand.
His Partner—Why, I didn't know the sun ever rose in the West.—Yale Record.

EARLY EXPLANATION.

"And she married Jagers, did she? Well, well! How on earth did that come about?"
She—So far as I can learn, it is owing to a mutual misunderstanding.
—Brooklyn Life.

A DELICATE CHOICE OF TERMS.

"I suppose those newly rich friends of yours will entertain in society next season."
"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "they won't entertain. They will amuse."—Washington Star.

NOT POETRY FORSOOTH!

"Pshaw!" he said after having read it through the second time, "I can't see any poetry in this."
"You can't!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Why, look there—there's 'adown' and here's 'meseems.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

HARD LOT OF THE FOX.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?"
"It's all on account of the business I'm in," replied the wolf. "I always have to keep from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Philadelphia Press.

HIS PHILANTHROPY.

"If you had \$400,000,000, which would you do, start universities or build libraries?"
"Neither; I'd establish free soup-houses for educated people whose refined tastes unfitted them for ordinary work."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HE LACKED TACT.

Nell—He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel.
Belle—I know, but she got mad and tore it up.
Nell—The idea! Why?
Belle—He headed it "Lines on Mabel's Face."—Philadelphia Record.

HE ENJOYS IT.

Borem—You can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a joke better than I do.
Biffkins—Guess that's right. I've heard you tell the same old joke twenty times, and you laughed every time you told it.—Chicago News.

MONOTONY.

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician.
"But, my dear sir," protested the patient, "I am a traveling man by profession."
"Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and depots."—Washington Star.

A GENIUS.

"There goes a great genius!" exclaimed the Georgia citizen, as a tall figure slouched by.
"Novelist?"
"No, but he reads all the novels the other fellows write."
"You call that 'genius'?"
"Well, if it ain't exactly genius, it's the patience of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

HER REGRET.

"Did you see the trained animal exhibition?"
"I did," answered Miss Cayenne.
"Did you enjoy it?"
"No. Such things always give me a certain impression of sadness. When I see what can be done in educating dumb brutes I cannot understand why more human beings cannot be moved to a display of intelligence."—Washington Star.

HIS ALTRUISM.

Maud (newly married)—You look very melancholy, George. Are you sorry you married me?
George—No, dear—of course not. I was only thinking of all the nice girls I can't marry.
Maud—Oh, George, how horrid of you! I thought you cared for nobody but me?
George—No more I do. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of the disappointment for them.—Punch.

A woman appeared before the York, England, Guardians the other day who had just buried her seventh husband.

The person with a keen sense of humor is the one who knows when not to be funny.