

HOW SHALL I PRAY.

Father, how can I thus be bold to pray  
That Thou shalt grant me that, or spare me  
this?  
How should my ignorance not go astray,  
How should my foolish lips not speak amiss,  
And ask for woe when faint they would ask  
bliss?

How shall I dare to prompt Thee, the All  
Wise,  
To show kindness? Thou art ever kind.  
What is my feeble craving in Thine eyes  
Which view the centuries vs. at before, behind,  
And sweep unnumbered worlds like viewless  
wind?

Thy goodness ordereth what thing shall be,  
Thy wisdom knoweth even my inmost want;  
Why should I raise a needless prayer to Thee,  
Or importune Omnipotence to grant  
My wishes, dim, shortsighted, ignorant?  
And yet I come—for Thou hast hidden and  
said,  
But not to weary Thee, or specify  
A wish, but rather with this prayer instead,  
"O Lord, Thou knowest—give it or deny;  
Fill up the cup of joy or pass me by."

"Just as Thou wilt is just what I would will;  
Give me but this, the heart to be content,  
And if my wish is thwarted, to life still.  
Waiting till puzzle and till pain are spent,  
And the sweet thing made plain which the  
Lord meant."  
—Susan Coolidge.

THE "SHIELD'S" GIRL REPORTER.

BY FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

There were five of us, and the world was ours. It is a rare sight to see, and one that does the heart good—that a party of slaving newspaper men off duty for a week, and turned loose where there is air to breathe and something green to rest the eye upon. Pranks of yearling calves in the lane, capers of colts on the grass, are but the meaningless antics of animal life. But our antics meant something. They meant a sweeping away of ball and chain, a throwing down of dull grim walls, and no night police, fires, or suicides for seven great glorious days.

We were at Sisson, which, as everybody ought to know, is in northern California, near the end of the great Sierra chain. Bunzie, who always used the word "excavate" instead of "dig" in his copy, and had to be restrained from poetry by the city editor when there was a lannery conflagration to be written up, was on his stomach before snow-capped Shasta, which, he insisted, was the proper attitude to assume before so "wonderful a manifestation of the powers of the Deity." But Gordon, the late Mr. Johnson, and myself merely lounged around. The late Mr. Johnson was not in his coffin. The title had been given him by the city editor for persistent procrastination in showing up when he had an important assignment. There, I had forgotten "Ott"; but "Ott," whose full name was Ottinghouse, hardly counted. He was merely an echo of the late Mr. Johnson, for whose easy bohemian ways he had a profound admiration, copying them as closely as he could. Then, too, "Ott" was not a newspaper man. But he was fresh from the university, and he meant to be one.

The late Mr. Johnson was telling the story. He was always telling stories, and "Ott" was absorbing a vast stock of them for future recital. This time the story was on a theme that Johnson seldom touched, for he hated shop, and this was shop. I don't believe that any of us except "Ott" heard the first part of that tale. The pine scents came to us so freshly, the smoke drift moved so lazily before our eyes over on the side of the wood-clad buttes, near whose base we had come, and the little creek was telling a tale so much more charming than dry old Johnson's, that we let "Ott" have the preface all to himself. But, according to Bunzie's notions—he had caught a word now and then—the story did not fit into the picture. He wanted it closed up. The nearest way to do this, as he believed, was to blurt out:

"Oh, hang your long introductions, Johnson! Your yarns are just like your copy. A man can always find a good line for a starter on the middle page of it. That's what Fenslow says."

Now Fenslow was Johnson's city editor, but no allusion to him would cut short the story. Johnson kept on, and finally came to the place where the story really began. It was about "that singular anomaly," as Gilbert calls her, "the lady journalist."

"She came to Fenslow in the beginning of that awful rainy winter three years ago," said the late Mr. Johnson. "Her name was Savage—Gertrude Savage."

"I remember her," said Bunzie, "I was working on the Tribune then, and the Shield wasn't in it that year. "Too much economy then. That was the trouble," said Gordon, between puffs; "but Fenslow did well with the city news, though he did hash up the evening papers for all they were worth."

We were now deep in the shop again, as you see, and the pine scents and the smoke drift were lost upon us. Not even the grandeur of Shasta could avail against shop.

"For a girl she was a rattling good reporter," Johnson went on. "I never saw a better. She was not of those who run around with a fore-and-aft cap on and try to be mannish while they gather in the stuff for the paper. Fact is, she was modesty itself. She walked up to Fenslow's desk very timidly when she made her first appearance. I was his assistant then, and so, of course, I heard all that was said."

"There isn't enough work for the regular reporters, let alone extras," said Fenslow, after she had made application for a job in tones that would have won over a grizzly. Not a whine, not a whimper, and yet nothing brassy in her whole talk. "But I'll see what I can do for you, Miss Savage. If you are from Boston and have worked on the Precipitator, you ought to be able to suit us."

"Thanks," she said, and smiled. "I know enough not to bring a scrap-book or I could show you some of my articles written for the Precipitator. May I go to work to-morrow?"

"Let's see. Yes; you can take that women's temperance meeting in Briggs Hall at 11 a. m. It is on in the afternoon too. Keep it all in five hundred words, please."

"She pulled out a small note book, and with a dainty pencil put down the memorandum, in rather a shy way, as I thought. But that is what I liked about her—nothing mannish, not the least. Though it's deuced rare among girl reporters."

"Why don't you say women reporters?" put in Bunzie, on whose fine ear "girl" grated.

"Because this one was nothing but a girl, and a slip of a girl at that. And then you never heard of a woman reporter, did you? They're all girls. Don't try to ring in your poetry on the profesh. Bunzie. Devote that to Shasta."

"As you all know," went on the late Mr. Johnson, "California journalism has many quirks and quirts that are not known to our brothers of the East. Sometimes it's very hard for a newspaper man from there to make it go with us, and it's surely a deuced sight harder for a girl. There was one thing that favored Gertrude, however. She was not in the office a week before every man there fell in love with her."

"That's a big thing for a girl reporter, because it means no end of pointers on what to do and where to get the news in the easiest way. So she got along swimmingly."

"A morning newspaper office is the place where you see the scales fall off the shams of life. This is instanced by the pursuit of the newspaper man by the conceited fellow who wants his virtues made known by your types and paper, and who thinks those types and paper were made for the express purpose of lifting him upon a pedestal. But there was no sham about the devotion of the Shield staff to Gertrude Savage. You couldn't blame them. Her black eyes were so darkly lashed, and her cheeks were so peachily fleshed—so round—and her brown hair fell so carelessly and so lightly upon her brow, that—"

"Who's getting poetical now?" came Bunzie's centre shot.

"As I was saying," went on the late Mr. Johnson, "as if Bunzie's interruption was no more than the dropping of a pine cone from the branches above us—as I was saying, they couldn't help admiring her. In a way, she became one of the boys, laughing and talking with them as if they were all her old chums, and yet demure enough all the time, and the very soul of a lady. Nothing that ever struck the local room, not even Fenslow's savage lecture after the outbreak against the coin-borrowing rule, ever did the men so much good as the coming of the girl reporter. We had only had one or two of them before, and they were no earthly good—cheeky things from Hill's Seminary, who drove the copy-reader to the ragged edge of despair by their essay style of writing up. Gertrude knew the ropes too well to put anything but pure newspaper English into her stuff, and when she handed in her wad of copy there was precious little work in it for the desk man."

"The way she sized up the fellows that tried to ring in ads on her when she was out getting news, and the way she tumbled the hopes of self-important ones who were itching to be interviewed, won Fenslow over almost as readily as did her clean copy. He gave her all the work she wanted, and I think she hit the business office pretty hard on pay-days, for, besides her regular assignments, she got in yards and yards of space. Fenslow said it used to make his arm tired measuring it all. This went along for several months, and then campaign rot crowded out so much of the other local that she had to hang her hopes of a good sack on Sunday supplement specials. For, as you know, there are a good many kinds of work you can't give to a girl reporter, and hustling about among ward politicians and round among the clubs before the fall elections is one of them."

"I didn't know for a long time after she came to us that there was a mystery about the girl; but there was. Not that she could be put down with the people for whom the glorious climate of California works a change of name, as they say it does in habits. Nothing of the sort. But that she had, for some reason or other, run away from New York; I managed to learn in the course of time. I found out through—No, I'll not tell how I found out."

"As we knew the late Mr. Johnson had a way about him that would have drawn confidences from the furniture in the office, we did not doubt that he had obtained his information from the girl herself. So we merely asked what the mystery was."

"Why she had been engaged to a newspaper man back there, and he had thrown off on her. I even learned his name. It was Byron Palethorpe. D—him!"

It is queer how those mountain echoes take up words—even the slightest sounds. I am sure I heard come back in triplicate a bunch of "damn him!" Now that I think of it, I believe I saw the lips of the other listeners move at the same time, and there may have been—but I am not positive on that point—a fourth echo.

"I think she must have felt me start, for she was lightly clinging to my arm as we walked along the street. That was the trouble with the whole crew of us—we all thought too much of that girl. Not too much, either, for, devil take me, if she wasn't worthy of all our adoration and a good deal more!

"You mean Palethorpe?" I put in. "He has been to see you?"

"No; but I have seen him, and—he was very much intoxicated. I did not dare to make myself known to him while he was in such a state. And yet I would like to know where he is now. Perhaps I could help him."

"Then indignation, strong and deep, laid hold upon me. Why, in the name of all her worshippers, couldn't she leave that fool Palethorpe to work his own ruin? I felt very much like blurring out the question. But then she was so deadly in earnest. I know she would have asked me to go and hunt him up if she dared, but I was not equal to that. Silence lay between us all the way to her door, but I thought she seemed more at ease when she said her 'good night,' and I knew in my heart that in my rough, blundering way I had helped her. Sympathy goes a long way in such cases, you know, though my sympathy wouldn't carry me so far as to place her in Palethorpe's arms, even if he had been as sober as a mule in a treadmill."

"Next day the girl reporter was among us as usual, but she was no longer one of the boys. As I viewed her, she looked to be more of a woman than before, and—yes, the gang of us worshipped her more than ever. Johnny Maddern added flame to the fire by proposing to her. Though she let him down as easily as she could, I know that this was another pain for her sensitive heart. From that time she seemed to hold aloof from us. Perhaps she realized the fact that such a one as she might work mischief among a lot of men in the way that Johnny was suffering; but there may have been another thought in her mind—that she should keep in the darkness with her trouble, and struggle there with herself alone. In those days I am sure she passed very closely to the fires that try the souls of women, and of which a great brute of a man can know nothing. Still he did not come to her, and sent no word, though she knew that he was still in the city. It was mighty rough on her to sit at her desk, grind out her copy, and keep herself within herself; and yet, so far as her real trouble went, she gave no sigh. The boys thought she was waiting for the Maddern affair to cool down, and then she would come back, and be the merry girl she had been before. But I, who knew that it was deeper than that, was only praying that Palethorpe would hark back to where he belonged, for then she might feel some peace of mind."

"Well, winter came on in earnest, and the weather reports, which are very wet affairs at that time of the year, showed more inches of rain than

we had had for many a season. There was an all-fired lot of work to do, and it kept us flying about like so many ants around an overturned stone. One night, when the office was bare of men, there came in a telephone message that there had been a suicide out at North Beach. Then the night editor wanted some one rushed out to hunt up something about a St. Louis scandal with a local side to it. And, to cap it all, in came a report of a shooting affair on Stockton street.

"It made Fenslow tear his hair when he saw there was no one to send out. He rang up the Press Club, but there wasn't a *Shield* reporter there. Then he sent out to a meeting that Maddern was covering, with an order to hustle into the office at once, for it was eleven o'clock, and there was no time to lose. But Maddern had heard of another meeting, nobody knew where, and had gone off to get that. Fifteen minutes past, and nobody came. Fenslow was getting badly rattled. His assistant would not be back until midnight, and there was no telling where to send for him. He telegraphed for the man on night police, and found that he had gone about the suicide. But who was there to cover the shooting? That was the awful question of the moment, and it made Fenslow dance up and down while he struggled with it. Then in came the girl reporter.

"Fenslow swore. If she were only a man, he growled. That's the deuce of keeping women about the place like this; you can't do anything with them when you want help the worst."

"The girl noticed Fenslow's agitation, and asked what the matter was. "Why, there's been a shooting up on the hill, and perhaps there's a big story in it. I suppose the *Tri-ib* has had four reporters digging on it for half an hour, and here I haven't a man within call."

"Where is the place?"

"He told her, and cursed a little under his breath about a woman's curiosity."

"The girl sprang up from her chair. 'I'll go,' she said, buttoning up her gossamer, for it was raining again."

"You, Miss Savage?"

"His eyes were full of admiration for her pluck; but then she was a woman, and women had no business in such places."

"Yes, I'll go."

"And she pinned her badge on her breast—a badge that was always respected wherever it was shown, though she had had occasion to use it but rarely. Gathering up some sheets of paper, she was off before Fenslow could make any remonstrance."

"She went to the house on Stockton Street, and it so chanced that she was the first reporter on the spot. A man had been badly shot by a young woman in a quarrel. He was all but dead. He gave the name of James Dorman. I don't remember the story, but the girl got it all down some way or other, though they say she kept her eyes off the dying man much as she could, and seemed to be terribly broken up. She sent word to Fenslow of her success, and said she would be back at the office in an hour."

"I was standing by Fenslow's desk when she came in. He asked her, as city editors always do, some points about the story, thinking she had not yet written it up."

"She told him in a dozen words nearly all he wanted to know—all except one point."

"What's the man's name?" he asked.

"It was—he's dead, you know. It was—you'll find it in the copy."

"And she laid on his desk what she had written."

"Fenslow looked up in surprise, but he saw that her face was white as snow, and he guessed that the name meant something to her. She started away quickly, and as she turned, I heard a half choked sob. Then I saw her reel, and grasp at the handle of the door. She managed to open it, though it was with an effort, and as soon as she let go, she fell all in a heap in the hallway outside. Maddern, who had just come in, was at her side in a minute, gasping, choking and wringing his hands—behaving, in fact, like the young fool he was."

"Well, we soon brought her to, and Maddern took her home in a cab."

"Looks like a good story," remarked Fenslow, as he ran his eye over the girl's firmly written copy. Byron Palethorpe—Byron Palethorpe. It strikes me I've seen that name somewhere before."

"Then I knew what had happened, and I cursed long and deep within myself. I cursed Fenslow for ever letting her go out on such an assignment, and I cursed myself for not hurrying back from the hotel where I had been interviewing a fat old duffer about the condition of the Riverside orange crop. I felt vaguely that we would never see our girl reporter again."

"And we never did."—*Harper's Weekly*.

In almost every neighborhood throughout the west there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhoea by it. Such persons take especial pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows its introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Frank P. Green.

Three Pennsylvania cities will get public buildings this year. Altoona with 30,000 inhabitants, will get a \$150,000 building; McKeesport, with a population of 20,000, will get a building costing \$100,000, and Washington, with about 15,000 population, will have a \$50,000 building.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine which was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I. N.

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"LAUGH A LITTLE BIT."

Here's a motto, just your fit:  
"Laugh a little bit."  
"Laugh a little bit."  
"Look Misfortune in the face,  
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;  
Ten to one 'twill yield its place  
If you make the zest and wit  
Just to laugh a little bit."

Keep your face with sunshine lit—  
"Laugh a little bit."  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Little lils will sure beside you,  
Fortune may not sit beside you,  
Men may mock and Fame deride you,  
But you'll mind them not a whit  
If you laugh a little bit.  
—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in *May St. Nicholas*.

Why Should I Belong to the W. C. T. U.?

BY ESTHER T. HOUSH.

It is a question busy women ask each other and ask themselves.

"We have all the duties there is time and strength to perform. Shall we neglect our homes and children for the W. C. T. U.?" say some of our best women when they are asked to become members of the Union. There are two distinct reasons why every intelligent Christian woman should, because of her relation to the home, belong to the W. C. T. U.

1st. Home is the centre and source of life, and woman is the home keeper. Whatever concerns the home, therefore, is of vital importance to her.

2nd. The enemies of home are her enemies and she is called upon to defend both it and herself against them. Intemperance is acknowledged to be the greatest enemy of the home, the leader of vices in whose wake many deadly foes follow.

"But why is woman called to combat the evil? Why cannot men regulate the affairs of the world and leave us to the management of the homes?"

Partly because they cannot; partly because they will not. The world is simply a collection of homes. Possibly for every ten happy and well-ordered households, where man is industrious and temperate, there are five where man is improvident and intemperate. The women of these homes are helpless, the children grow up in tainted atmosphere, and so go out to curse the world by their own sinful lives, and by their influence counteract much of the good otherwise existing. It is very plain. The mother-love that shields her own child must also shield her neighbor's child. She is prompted to do this by her own self-preservation and that of her home, and by that love—Christ-like—which, for the sake of the lost, seeks to save them.

But intemperance has always been combated by good men and women. Why is the W. C. T. U. a better organization than any other?

Because it is organized mother-love, and "in union there is strength. Nearly two hundred thousand Christian women in the United States have banded together and say: "We are the home-keepers; the children are ours; the saloon is our enemy, and the saloon must go!"

"How has all this been brought about?"

The Crusade was the first personal work of women for temperance. True, societies existed, and much work was done in reclaiming drinking men. The Crusade women virtually said: "The drunkard must not be made. We will pray the saloon-keeper not to sell intoxicating drinks. We will save our husbands and sons and brothers. The spirit of the Lord was upon them and great good was accomplished. Into the temperance work a strong spiritual element was introduced and the women were shown the power of organized effort. The W. C. T. U. was the outgrowth of the Crusade. So ready were women for this work that twelve states responded to the call for the first National Convention held at Cleveland in 1874. The blessing of the Lord has been constant, and the earnestness and devotion of the women without a parallel.

The National W. C. T. U. is now organized in every state and territory, with nearly 10,000 local Unions. Much of this success is due the untiring labors of the National President, Miss Frances E. Willard, but much also to the faithful women who make up the rank and file of the army.

By means of these Unions, the homes of the women themselves are directly influenced, children are better taught, public opinion is educated a large amount of temperance literature is circulated, and the power of the liquor traffic is being undermined.

What the home-keepers of the country decide must be done, will be done. They have said temperance is a part of religion, and its blessed truths are being taught in Sunday-schools, and children are early learning to take and keep the pledge; they said temperance is a part of education, and numerous states have made its teaching compulsory; they have said temperance is the foundation of the true home, and health and the training of children are emphasized as primal duties.

All true work for humanity is for Christ. The mothers of Judea brought their children for his blessing, and it fell upon them also. When the mothers of to-day bring the home to Christ, his blessing shall abide within it, and the "heel of the serpent"—the serpent of the saloon—so long bruising the heart of woman, shall itself be bruised and banished from our beloved land.

Pledge we then our faith and love, pledge it still anew,  
To our country, to our homes, to our God, be true!  
Not till victory comes lay our armor down,  
Bear 'till the burden till the cross shall be a crown!"

When you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

More butter per head is used in England than in any other country. There they use thirteen pounds per head per annum; in Germany eight pounds, Holland six pounds, France four pounds, Italy one pound.

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The World of Women.

Jet trimming of tiny beads.  
Grenadines replacing black lace.  
Spangles sprinkled on everything.  
Figured alpaca with spots and lines.  
Bewitching chrysanthemum pompons.

"Storm blue" and "London smoke poplins."  
A bewildering variety of bell-shaped skirts.

Black tulle brocaded into pompadour bouquets.  
Glimpses of dainty black and gray silk stockings.

Mrs. Hearst, the widow of Senator Hearst, of California, carries a life insurance of \$400,000.

If the hair is very greasy, try washing it in warm water in which a pinch of borax has been dissolved.

Fashionable caterers are serving ice cream in tiny pineapple molds, facemiles in miniature of the luscious fruit.

Cuffs of all kinds and shapes are being used upon the tailor made gown. The mousquetaire is the most popular.

Late model in sleeves all display the loose cape like effect, under which placed a coat sleeve. This is generally of a different fabric.

Dr. Mary P. Jacobi, in New York, and Dr. Mary Hoxen, in Washington, are each reputed to earn \$40,000 a year at their profession.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney, of Galesburg, Ill., is not widely known in the world of letters, and yet she is the author of that interesting little poetical meceum beginning "Little drops of water, Little grains of sand," etc.

Stiff-looking wooden benches are being offered in the art stores that are very much like the old-fashioned wash bench of the farm house. They are of plain wood and are to be decorated and cushioned for apartment use.

While for stout women—the berth is a mistake, nothing lovelier was ever designed for a willyow figure. Frequently a yoke of lace is finished with a berth. These yokes are always very narrow, in order to edge with as deep a ruffle as possible.

Miss Lalla Harrison, of Leesburg, Va., has been selected, as the most beautiful woman in that state, to represent it as one of the ideals of the thirteen original States at the World's Fair. It is feared that the honor which has been conferred upon her will not meet the approval of her unsuccessful competitors for the choice.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

"The rights of women," what are they? The right to labor and to pray;  
The right to watch while others sleep;  
The right to wear other's woe to weep;  
The right to succor or reverse;  
The right to weep while others curse;  
The right to love whom others scorn;  
The right to comfort all that mourn;  
The right to shed a joy on earth;  
The right to feel the soul's high worth;  
The right to lead the soul to God

Along the path the saints have trod—  
The path of meekness and of love,  
The path of patience and of wrong,  
The path in which the weak grow strong.

Although some conservatives still cling to the white muslin skirt, they every day become fewer, and for promenade, visiting and shopping, the silk skirt holds first place. This may seem an economy, as it saves washing, but this is not so. In fact it is one of the most costly items of the present outfit.

At least two of these skirts are a necessity, and the simplest, home made one cannot be completed for a smaller sum than \$5, and one can indulge their fancy in material and trimming until a neat little income is disposed of. For summer wear a Twenty third street house has introduced inexpensive and dainty skirts made of pretty gingham, which are very desirable for the summer tourist.

An ideal street gown for such weather as we are now enjoying is a navy blue serge, made as "plain as a pipe stem." The bodice, to be entirely correct, will have long narrow coat-tails, and the skirt need not necessarily flare the ground, though a little dip is more graceful with the long coat-tails. Moderately high shoulders and a tiny edge of black silk passementerie for skirt and bodice, with a row of small silk buttons up the front of the waist and back of the sleeves. With this wear collars and cuffs in linen, a snug turban trimmed with black ribbon and quilts, the jaunty veil and heavy tan kid gloves with black stitching and you can be sure if you are certain of your dressmaker that the quiet style of your get up far exceeds the rustle and jangle of the frou frou girl with her heavily ladened chatelaine and bobbing jets.

The newest cut for the popular Russian gowns, says *Harper's Bazar*, copies literally the waist worn by peasant women in Russia. The waist and sleeves are cut in one piece, without seams on the shoulders. This design is liked for crepons of bright blue and gray shades trimmed with tan leather and white lace, and is also used for rough striped woolens tied around the waist by a rope like cord with tassels. The crepon is doubled from the top, and a large oval piece is cut out across the top to form the neck opening, and is gathered as a half low neck. The material dropping to the selvage forms half-long Russian sleeves, and a curved seam taken below on each side shapes the waist, the whole being done very much in the way old-fashioned saques chemises were cut. The waist opens in the back. The trimming is a band of leather galloon around the low neck, and two rows of this galloon are set lengthwise half way down the front on each side, and are laced together with silk lacing-strings tipped with gilt. The full open sleeves fall only to the elbow, and are simply hemmed. This blouse is then worn over a fitted white silk lining, covered at the top with guipure to represent a yoke, or a guimpe, with close sleeves of the lace reaching to the wrists. Loops of gold cord pass over the tiny leather buttons down the back. The skirt in umbrella shape, has six narrow gored breadths, and is trimmed down each side with rows of the leather laced together. A row of the galloon above a band of dark brown or blue velvet trims the foot of the skirt. The belt is of the leather.