

HEROES BRAVE TO BE PRESENT

Interesting and Timely Suggestions Arising from the Pittsburg Encampment.

AMONG THE NATION'S DEFENDERS

The Point of Confluence of the Monongahela and the Allegheny a Peculiarly Fitting Place for This Year's Meeting of the Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic—A Glance into the Future—History, Past, Present and to Come Searched for Facts and Fancies Appropriate to the Big Reunion.

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The part of the Grand Army of the Republic at Pittsburg on Sept. 1 may possibly be less imposing in point of numbers than some which have taken place in the past, especially those at Boston, Washington and Indianapolis, although Pittsburg lies in the center of a stretch of territory which furnished



CAPTAIN J. B. ADAMS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

more than one-third of the soldiers of the war—the states of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. But whether the gathering be large or small the event is great in significance and in the suggestions for new ideas or the rearrangement of former ones which it brings with it. The anniversary is held upon soil peculiarly sacred to the cause represented at this gathering. Pennsylvania gave more sons according to her quota as a sacrifice to the god of battles than any other state in the Union. She stood on the border in 1781. She sent the first volunteer defenders to the imperiled capital in the crisis following Sumter. Her genius ruled in the national camps and councils, and within her limits, far set among the charming hills of the Cumberland, lies the battlefield of Gettysburg. Cold must be the heart that will not respond to the occasion and give the hour to gratitude and congratulation.

There remains little to be said of the sacrifices of the armies whose remnants still march along Fifth avenue on Sept. 12. Four hundred thousand dead and a long procession of the stricken and maimed is the story the nation knows, alas, too well. But there is another side to the patriotism of the Union soldier that might be recalled today, a less gloomy one to dwell upon and a more noble one because it furnished the inspiration for those deeds of courage whose glory brightens as the years roll on. It would be an easy task to prove that the Grand Army, itself a body unique in the world's experience, is not due to military clanship nor to the protective union principle which is so active in this era. The genius of the Grand Army lived in the breasts of the soldiers in the war days, and the mind is almost started to come upon such witnesses to the fact as this poem of Miles O'Reilly's, "The Song of the Soldiers," written in camp in 1862:

Comrades known in marches many, Comrades tried in dangers many, Comrades bound by memories many, Comrades ever let us be. Wounds or sickness may divide us, Marching orders may divide us, But whatever fate befalls us, Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest, Tried when death was near and nearest, Bound we are by ties the dearest, Brothers evermore we are. And if spared and growing older, Shoulder still in line with shoulder, And with hearts no thrill the colder, Brothers ever we shall be.

Companions of the banner, Union, white and starry banner, The baptism of the banner, Children of one church are we, Nor faction can divide us, Nor language can divide us, Whatever fate befalls us, Brothers of the flag are we.

There is nothing of sordid selfishness nor of caste or guild exclusiveness breathing through those lines. No more were there to be found in the hearts of Stephenson and his colleagues, who in their bivouac in the southwest in 1864 dreamed out their magnificent scheme for perpetrating in peace the spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty which characterized the soldiers in the field. The veterans' estimates of themselves are far too modest when they rest satisfied with eulogies upon their battlefield prowess and their heroic bearing under severest hardship, and if proximity to scenes so rich in war associations shall unclose the tongues of Commander in Chief Adams and his staff of orators at the encampment they may give to the careless yet responsive thoughts of outsiders new cause to doff their hats to the Grand Army. They will tell us how the soldier set the pace for Union saviors in 1861 and how, by the guiding and shaping amid the storm and stress of civil war of these same men, the yeomanry, who filled the ranks as volunteers 80 years ago, this vast nation sprang into existence from an aggregation of states whose watchword until then had been "each man for his own." They might give voice to the claim that the heartless hero, who, as far as time and Confederate bullets have spared them, will appear in the marching lines at Pittsburg, alone made the war possible, alone made possible those victories and results which the encampment, standing out as the exponent of the military spirit of the nation, celebrates with due civic and military eclat. The war—that is, the war now held in memory, that which announces itself by cannon peal and the "clash of resounding arms"—would not have been

commenced nor maintained but for their Spartan vim, their virile, aggressive, unworldly and unflinching attitude when statesmen hesitated and civic leaders trembled; that the war was right and everlastingly right and must go on and that they would stand surety for its success.

Had there been no volunteer army with its blood up, no martyred Ellsworths and Bakers and Lyons and Winthrops appealing from their crimson shrouds with "lifeblood warm and wet," no Cushings and Ellets and Wordens and Morrises and Farraguts to tread the decks, and no Hancock, no Warrens, no Uptons, no Custers and no Sheridans, with their firm battalions standing sword in hand, the war would have fizzled out in six months for lack of enthusiasm. This is history, and because the veteran when all was accomplished glided quietly back to his commonplace groove as a man and a neighbor, showing many of the weaknesses and follies of the common mold, is no reason for losing sight of the grander part of him. A slave of Napoleon's high minded philosophy would suit the occasion.

"I remember nothing but Ansterlitz," he said when people complained to him truthfully that his old marshal, Soult, who had made Napoleon and France by his wonderful genius and valor on that field, was becoming ambitious and self-important. "As he fought then think of him," and there will be no room for too familiar trifles to break the spell of distance.

THE G. A. R. IN THE FUTURE.

The veterans passed the half century point some years ago. How long they remain upon the stage in sufficient numbers to give spirit to ceremonies commemorating the civil war? Twenty years from now we shall be celebrating the centennial of the victories at Landy's Lane, Lake Champlain and Ball's Bluff; also that of Jackson over Pakenham at New Orleans, and about that time the semicentennial of the closing battles of the civil war. Is it a daring assumption to presume that there will then be living twice as many Union veterans as there were boys in blue on any of the battlefields of 1861-5? There are good grounds for believing that such will be the case.

There were about 2,000,000 individuals recruited for the Union armies, of which number 800,000 (official figures) died in service, and at least 40,000 died after discharge during the war who are not included in the government statistics. At the close of the war, then, in 1865, there were living about 1,600,000 veterans averaging about 26 years of age. At the average rate for men in health the number would decrease in 20 years about 480,000, leaving 1,120,000 survivors in 1884. About four years ago the pension and Grand Army roles and the rosters of veteran associations showed 1,350,000 survivors, but part of the figures were not trustworthy, and a revision of them, together with the deaths of the past five years, has brought the number down to 1,000,000. In other words, there have been 600,000 deaths in 20 years, an increase of the usual mortality rate. But if there are only a million left, those being of advanced age, and the mortality rate being as excessive thus far, does that argue against marshaling an army of them 20 years hence? Their average age now are about 60. The death report of the departments of Michigan and New York for 1893 and of the national encampment for the whole United States for 1893 shows that the mortality rate is less than the average recognized by insurance companies.

The Michigan report for 20,000 veterans, averaging 55 years, showed a mortality of 15 to 1,000, that of New York a rate of 30 in 1,000 among 41,000, and the national report for 400,000 men, including inmates of soldiers' homes, precluding the least healthy of the survivors, a rate of 17 to 1,000. The average age of the veterans in 1894 is usually fixed at 55 by experts, and the rate of mortality for average men at that age is about 22 in 1,000. That the loss since the war has been excessive no one will dispute, but that naturally would occur in the decade following the soldiers' discharge. Men were discharged for wounds and diseases by the hundreds of thousands, and no doubt death claimed them within a few years at a rate three or four times greater than the average

"BOUND ARE WE BY TIES." for civilians. Over 200,000 men died from diseases in the army, and it must be supposed that the seeds of death were brought out of the army by tens of thousands of those discharged out of hospitals or prison parole camps.

As has been stated, the death rate is now much under the average for civilians, and the veteran at 55 or 60, or even at 67—which is probably the proper age to consider—all things being equal, has one chance in three of reaching 76 and one chance in four of reaching 84, and one chance in five of reaching the age of 88 as one of the 40,000 or 60,000 survivors. At the present time there is about one veteran in every 60 inhabitants, old and young, or in every 12 adult men, and at that date, if the population increases normally, there will be one to every 1,700 people or every 850 adult men—that is to say that in the average gathering of 850 men at a patriotic meeting or on election there will be one tattered veteran of 86 years. Not much chance for G. A. R. gatherings then, surely, except in the great cities. The record of longevity among the veterans of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war sustains these calculations, and this thought has been carried still further by a writer in the Washington Post, who sees the dramatic and interesting climax a generation beyond that I have hinted at, or at the middle of the next century, with the centennial days of the Mexican war, the discovery of gold and the conquest of California. He says:

Herein you are admonished by unseen lips and innumerable voices that the day will come down upon all the Grand Army of the Republic, now year by year closing in thinner ranks around the hearth of their veterans, comrades, there shall be no survivor to stand lone watch at the portals of the "eternal camp." It is expressive if not bewildering thought. It carries us to a period when the millions of today shall be doubled, and when among the teeming hosts bound with their own ambitions and conflicts with new responsibilities, radiant in the light of new revelations, strangers, except through history, to the mighty events out of which no glorious a destiny was wrought, the solitary soldier shall be the sole remainder and incarnation, as it were, of the heroic age of the Union. The war of the American Revolution closed in 1783. At that time a soldier belonging to the regiment of New York militia commanded by Colonel Marinus Willett, who had been four years in the army, was a young man of 28. Eighty-six years later, April 8, 1869, having reached the great age of 109, he was called to his heroic father at the town of Freedom (now inaptly named, Cattaraugus county, N. Y.). His name was Daniel F. Bakeman, and he was the last of the Revolutionary pensioners under special act of congress. The last of the Revolutionary pensioners on the regular roll was Samuel Downing of Saratoga county, N. Y., who died in his bed in 1784, when only 14, and died in 1867 at 101. Only 23 years ago there walked among us one who bore a moustache at the surrender of Cornwallis, yet lived to hear the tidings of the surrender at Appomattox! These incidents furnish no date, of course, on which to base exact foreknowledge of the time when they shall remain in the land of the living only a single soldier of the great armies that were disbanded in 1865, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that, even if none of the veterans of the war survive the extraordinary age of Daniel Bakeman, it will be reserved to some of them to turn the century point. If there is a soldier who, like Samuel Downing, was but a boy when he was discharged from the service, and lives to Downing's age, he will die in 1907. If 23 at the time of his discharge, and he lives to the five score and nine of Daniel Bakeman, he will die in 1911. The chances are that the man who is destined to bear the proud but melancholy distinction of being the last survivor will not be living later than 1904. And what a retrospect will be his as, standing upon this remote and isolated locality, he peoples the haze distances of the past with

armies and banners; with the great captains whose names are called to their remembrance in charge and countercharge of legions melting in the smoke of the conflict; with the sheeted dead that hang vast battlefields; with the mingling of the smoke of the war; with the clouds of gray, the aftermath of glory, the grand review, the grateful increase of peace and the line of march toward immortality, of which the soldier's name is the only trace, save his worn and weary self, waiting for the signal of welcome from the shining ramparts just above him.

SIXTY years from today it may be, in some great center of the nation's dead, or haply within some quiet churchyard, will be reared a mound of flowers over the grave of the last survivor, for, though he be a stranger among strangers, a waif upon the shore left by the receding tide, will not a comrade to bear him company, he will not be unbefriended. There will be sons of veterans, grandsons of veterans, daughters and granddaughters of veterans, to guard his declining footsteps, to smooth his dying moments, sublimer far than those of Napoleon at St. Helena, to write his wondrous epitaph, and over his ashes build a fitting monument.

Many and momentous may be the changes that our country in the evolution of its progress shall see in the years to come. The flag that floats above us this morning in all its constellated splendor may gleam with other stars, transplanted to its azure field from both the northern and southern hemispheres. New conditions may be developed to challenge the profoundest philosophy and bravest statesmanship of the age in their adjustment to an advancing civilization. Changes that we would not dream of in the solution of social and economic problems to further tax the stability of our institutions. But in God's good providence the covenant of union, sealed with the blood of the bravest and the purest of men, which accends today from a hundred thousand altars, shall remain unbroken and immutable, like the bow of promise in its beauty, but like the bow of heaven, shall radiate in its bending majesty and perennial duration.

The citizens of Pittsburg are to make an unusually lavish display of Old Glory during encampment week. Louisville and Atlanta are striving after the encampment in 1895, in order, as they say, to "bridge the bloody chasm."

The Sons of Veterans and the national guardsmen, in full uniform, will act as guides to the visiting comrades in their travels about the city. No tents at Pittsburg, says Commander in Chief Adams. The veterans average 55 years of age, and the older boys are just the ones who do not wish to miss an encampment nor come away with aches and pains. So the quarters will be in substantial barracks or in hotels, halls and private houses.

Two Signs. A hasty and inconsiderate breeze played a mean trick a day or two ago on the little old woman who grinds a hand organ on Fourteenth street near Sixth avenue. A black ink placard hung on the front of the wheezy instrument, telling in white letters to passers by, "I am paralyzed." Suddenly a vigorous gust of wind swept around the corner, and catching the placard on the under side swung it well out of its perpendicular and turned it completely over. When the wind, the dust and the flying particles of paper subsided, the little old woman mechanically grinding out "Annie Rooney" behind the pathetic inscription on the sheet of black tin: "Kind friends, I have been blind since childhood."—New York Times.

HIDDEN TREASURES. There are treasures locked and sealed, Never to the eye revealed. There are songs whose hidden flow Mortal ear can never know. There are flowers whose perfect hue Seems to shrink from common view, And a ruthless human touch Is a death blow unto such. There are lives that stand alone, To the outer world unknown; Only here and there they find Kindred spirits in mankind. Scattered through the crowded street, One or two we sometimes meet; What on earth can be so rare As the love such faces wear? What in heaven can excel The serene and magic spell Of one in such responsive love, Leading us to God above.—Annie Russell in New York Ledger.

Fashion's Fancies...

GOOD MANNERS.

Judic Chollet on the Occult Law of Trades in Etiquette. One of the worst breaches of etiquette of which you can be guilty is to attempt to teach your acquaintances etiquette. If you invite a friend to luncheon at a restaurant, for instance, or accept her invitation, you thereby confer that degree of social equality exists between you and her, and if she eats her oysters with an ordinary fork instead of the trident that has been specially provided for that pur-



BLUE SERGE COSTUME.

pose it is not within your province to correct her, unless she has previously recognized you as a guardian of her manners. If she chooses to convey her cream to her mouth by means of a spoon instead of a fork, let her do it unmolested, the matter is not of the slightest consequence, and to be in constant fear of transgressing some occult law of etiquette one's sense of or associating with persons who do so is to prove one's self not to the manner born, but by nature a snob. Even if your country guest eats with her knife in public you will prove yourself a provincial by paying any attention to it. It happens to be her custom, to which she has been reared, and if you have a cosmopolitan air, do not be too inquisitive a thing to worry you. However technically perfect your own manners may be, they will exhibit a glaring deficiency if you correct those of other grown persons. Besides you are not sure of infallibility, and it is not impossible that you may occasionally rebuke a person who knows even more on the subject than you do, and is behaving quite properly in the eyes of the cultivated world.

When she eats her cheese with her knife, she is merely following the English habit, and it is quite permissible to take olives, corn, dressed lettuce and lump sugar in the fingers. Again, many of the actions that you consider faulty may be due to the absence of mind engendered by lively conversation, while others are accidents to which anybody is liable.

Most persons whom one meets socially have a sufficient knowledge of etiquette to be at ease among the people with whom they associate, and that is all that is necessary. A really well bred person never rests her faith on such minute trifles as the angle at which the knife is left to fall from the piece of bread. Consideration for others is the foundation of all good manners, and the man or woman who lacks that has more affectation in the place of tact and true politeness. The sketch shows a gown of rose and gold changeable silk. The skirt drapery is of white mousseline de soie, the bodice of white guipure, the sleeves and girle of old yellow satin and the two bows of cherry velvet ribbon.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

Haste is the Mother of Many Sins of Omission and Commission. These are the days when neatness in dress goes under the name of smartness, says a common sense fashion writer, and the smartly gowned woman owes her success to the fact that she makes everything clean and tidy before she leaves her room, invariably making a final careful scrutiny of her attire as she stands, fully dressed, before her mirror. She who boasts that it never takes her a minute to dress may be fully assured that there will be abundant shortcomings in her toilette, and that she owes to the truth of her statement. The bonnet and dress covered with dust collected during yesterday's walk; the veil badly adjusted; hooks that seem to have a mortal antipathy for their corresponding eyes; lankish hairpins hanging; like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair. These are some of the things that she devotes insufficient time to her toilet. Believe me, you may possess the most expensive of gowns, bonnets, coats and gloves, yet if they are improperly cared for and carelessly worn your next life neighbor, with her "made over" dress and her hat year's bonnet, will put you to shame in the matter of personal appearance. There is a gentility about her which brings her the most pleasing attentions, and men and women alike pay her homage because she is so neat and trim. She is a firm believer in that last look in the mirror. If the mirror is a full length one, so much the better, for things sometimes go wrong with the lower part of a costume, of which the wearer, looking down upon herself, is quite ignorant, but which are perfectly evident to everybody else. A sketch is given of a gown of old blue batiste trimmed with white guipure. The sash is of white satin.



BLACK NET GOWN.

purposes this should be lined throughout with black silk, and worn with a colored hat and parasol the effect will be charming, but for the house the sleeves and upper part of the corsage require no lining. Some women have a black lace bodice made entirely unlined and wear it over different silk bodices of varying colors, but a lace corsage looks far better held in shape by a fitted lining. A novelty in silk and wool gingham is displayed having a motif stripe alternating with a wool one brocaded with small silk flowers. This material is not transparent, but of light quality, and although thin is rich looking, so much so that it is suitable only for middle aged and elderly women. Plain black silk muslin is also seen and is a very pretty sort of stuff, thin and cool. These black gowns are in good taste and generally becoming, but there is at least one type of woman who should shun black with a dull finish, and that is the florid type. Instead of toning down her color, it increases it tenfold by contrast and is as detrimental to the appearance of her complexion as turquoise blue, which is putting it strongly. A woman who is inclined to overmakeup should never venture to wear dull black unless she modifies it by a liberal use of cherry or scarlet, which are strong enough tints to make her skin look white. A sketch is given of a gown of dotted net, the skirt of which is caught up with bands of jet. The corsage and collar are of satin trimmed with jet. The sleeves are divided into two puffs by a band of jet, and jet bangles trim the front of the bodice.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Even Blazers and Eton Jackets Are Ornamented With Them This Season. Not only is millinery more profusely decorated than it was last year, but everything else is correspondingly more ornate. Frills and furbebows of all kinds adorn gowns and wraps, and even blazers and Eton jackets have been ornamented out of their pristine character. This is a very becoming freak of fashion to the slender American type of woman, and she had better make the most of it. Every indication of height in the matter of sleeves has disappeared, but they are permitted to extend horizontally as far as

SOMETHING ABOUT SILKS.

The Best China and India Silks Come From Lyons. All the best china and india silks, so called, come from Lyons. In fact, there is no sort of silk tissue not made there—and better made than anywhere else. Danusk, for example, of brocade, came from Damascus. Indeed there is a flavor and fragrance of the east through all the bead roll of silken stuffs. Designing silks is something that employs and pays well for much of the best artistic talent in France. A pattern that takes months to make to the mill that makes it. Each house has its own pattern makers and guards jealously the fruit of their labors. A pattern cannot be protected by letters patent. A large buyer may, though, secure from the maker exclusive control of the sorts he buys. It behooves him to buy carefully, preferably. The verdict of a petty jury is not more uncertain than that of the silk wearing public. Shrewd advertising, good display, may do something toward influencing it, but the pattern that is in stock is at once heaved down in price and cast upon the bargain counter.

Each year there are new surfaces in variety, but all of them resolve themselves into the original elementary combinations possible to the handloom. Moire has its season when it is unseasonable, stripes come and go, but silk goes on forever. The use of it increases yearly, and it is safe to say that the consumption will double in the next 20 years. Yet the market for raw silk is merely "steady." China, Japan and India are such inexhaustible storehouses of it that they can send us twice our needs without materially affecting the price. There have been sporadic efforts to raise silk in the United States, so far as it

has produced so small an amount in comparison that it is not worth mentioning. The sketch shows a gown of rose and green changeable taffeta, trimmed with white lace, green mousseline de soie and arrow jet passementerie.

CHANGABLE TAFFETA GOWN. A gown of thin black goods is an extremely useful item of the summer wardrobe. Its wear in city streets is to be deprecated if the material be of a lace texture, but for house, carriage or out of town use it is eminently satisfactory. A beautiful quality of large meshed silk net is shown for summer dresses. It is rather expensive, as it is only a yard wide instead of the usual 45 inches, but it will wear practically forever, being of a firm texture. It is to be found both plain and sprinkled with small dots. For outdoor

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bits of glove history. A writer interested in the history of the wardrobe tells us that gloves were not known in England until near the close of the tenth century and were then worn with a thumb and no finger, like mittens. They were larger in every way than they needed to be, and wondrously unadorned and starred with jewels. No gloves were finer than those of the clergy. They were mostly of white silk or linen, cunningly brocaded and sometimes fringed with pearls. One ecclesiastical had a red silk pair, with the sacred monogram worked on the back, surrounded with a golden glory, and later on they had gloves to match their different vestments. In fact, gloves had departed from the primary idea of utility and become a decoration. They were too magnificent for common wear and were frequently carried in the hand or worn in the girdle. It was by the fine gloves his grace had in his girdle that Count de Lion was betrayed on his way home from the crusade, and so fell into captivity. But already the glove was more than a mere bit of foppery. The knight's mailed gloves sheltered his hand. It became a sign of power, and when a gracious lord meant to signify his intention to protect a town he sent his glove as a sure sign of his willingness. The glove, too, was the token of defiance when one knight declared war against another, and to show his fealty to his mistress he bound her brocaded glove to his helmet. Long gloves came in at the close of the seventeenth century. Nell Gwynne's gloves were a proverb for their beauty. All through this time gloves were prettily set off with lace, ribbons and fringe, although the fashion of the finer artistic embroidery of the middle ages was falling into disuse. The bare hand was deemed an offense, and the costliness of

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BLUE SERGE COSTUME.

one desires. This horizontal effect is additionally carried out by means of wide collars and revers. Sleeves are invariably large above the elbow, whether plain or trimmed. Skirts are less flaring than they were during the winter, and many among the French models are plain, although trimmed ones enjoy greater favor here. The long coat is not so much seen as it was. It contains too much cloth for warm weather wear and is not in general use, although it is occasionally made up in thin goods. Eton jackets are of course short. The new blazers are also short, and few coats have a waist more than 30 inches long. If a fashion, such as the long coat, or instance, happens to be especially becoming to some particular woman, if she is sensible she will continue to wear it until it becomes obsolete or so nearly so as to appear absurd. The fashion was made for woman, not woman for the fashion; therefore let her exercise her privileges and cleave unto the styles that are her own by right of fitness. White trousers largely into costumes of the present season. A sketch is given of a gown of greenish blue serge, with a rather full skirt and an exceptionally long cord girdled at the waist by a white silk sash cut at the left side of the front. The coat has flaring cuffs of white silk, and revers and flaring collar lined with the same material. The revers part to display a white silk vest, having a variegated collar and a full jabot of lace. A hat of black straw accompanies the gown. It is lined with blue velvet and trimmed with black ostrich plumes.

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THE FLORID GIRL'S BETE NOIR.

She Should Shun Black if She Desires to Tone Down Her Complexion. A gown of thin black goods is an extremely useful item of the summer wardrobe. Its wear in city streets is to be deprecated if the material be of a lace texture, but for house, carriage or out of town use it is eminently satisfactory. A beautiful quality of large meshed silk net is shown for summer dresses. It is rather expensive, as it is only a yard wide instead of the usual 45 inches, but it will wear practically forever, being of a firm texture. It is to be found both plain and sprinkled with small dots. For outdoor

CHANGABLE TAFFETA GOWN.

bits of glove history. A writer interested in the history of the wardrobe tells us that gloves were not known in England until near the close of the tenth century and were then worn with a thumb and no finger, like mittens. They were larger in every way than they needed to be, and wondrously unadorned and starred with jewels. No gloves were finer than those of the clergy. They were mostly of white silk or linen, cunningly brocaded and sometimes fringed with pearls. One ecclesiastical had a red silk pair, with the sacred monogram worked on the back, surrounded with a golden glory, and later on they had gloves to match their different vestments. In fact, gloves had departed from the primary idea of utility and become a decoration. They were too magnificent for common wear and were frequently carried in the hand or worn in the girdle. It was by the fine gloves his grace had in his girdle that Count de Lion was betrayed on his way home from the crusade, and so fell into captivity. But already the glove was more than a mere bit of foppery. The knight's mailed gloves sheltered his hand. It became a sign of power, and when a gracious lord meant to signify his intention to protect a town he sent his glove as a sure sign of his willingness. The glove, too, was the token of defiance when one knight declared war against another, and to show his fealty to his mistress he bound her brocaded glove to his helmet. Long gloves came in at the close of the seventeenth century. Nell Gwynne's gloves were a proverb for their beauty. All through this time gloves were prettily set off with lace, ribbons and fringe, although the fashion of the finer artistic embroidery of the middle ages was falling into disuse. The bare hand was deemed an offense, and the costliness of



BLACK NET GOWN.

purposes this should be lined throughout with black silk, and worn with a colored hat and parasol the effect will be charming, but for the house the sleeves and upper part of the corsage require no lining. Some women have a black lace bodice made entirely unlined and wear it over different silk bodices of varying colors, but a lace corsage looks far better held in shape by a fitted lining. A novelty in silk and wool gingham is displayed having a motif stripe alternating with a wool one brocaded with small silk flowers. This material is not transparent, but of light quality, and although thin is rich looking, so much so that it is suitable only for middle aged and elderly women. Plain black silk muslin is also seen and is a very pretty sort of stuff, thin and cool. These black gowns are in good taste and generally becoming, but there is at least one type of woman who should shun black with a dull finish, and that is the florid type. Instead of toning down her color, it increases it tenfold by contrast and is as detrimental to the appearance of her complexion as turquoise blue, which is putting it strongly. A woman who is inclined to overmakeup should never venture to wear dull black unless she modifies it by a liberal use of cherry or scarlet, which are strong enough tints to make her skin look white. A sketch is given of a gown of dotted net, the skirt of which is caught up with bands of jet. The corsage and collar are of satin trimmed with jet. The sleeves are divided into two puffs by a band of jet, and jet bangles trim the front of the bodice.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Even Blazers and Eton Jackets Are Ornamented With Them This Season. Not only is millinery more profusely decorated than it was last year, but everything else is correspondingly more ornate. Frills and furbebows of all kinds adorn gowns and wraps, and even blazers and Eton jackets have been ornamented out of their pristine character. This is a very becoming freak of fashion to the slender American type of woman, and she had better make the most of it. Every indication of height in the matter of sleeves has disappeared, but they are permitted to extend horizontally as far as

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF N. J.

LEHIGH AND SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION. Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1901. Trains leave Scranton for Pittsburg, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8:30, 9:15, 10:00 a. m., 12:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 9:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00 p. m. For Atlantic City, 8:30 a. m., 1:00, 3:00 p. m. For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8:30 (express), 9:15 (express with Buffet parlor car), 10:00 (express), p. m., Sunday, 8:30 p. m. For MATCH CHURCH, ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM, EASTON and PHILADELPHIA, 8:30 a. m., 12:00, 3:00, 6:00 (except Philadelphia), p. m. For LONG BR