

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—Full waists with yoke effects of contrasting material are eminently smart and suit many figures far better than any other style.



WOMAN'S FANCY WAIST.

The attractive May Manton model illustrated exemplifies the mode in a most satisfactory manner and can be used for the entire gown or the odd waist with equal propriety. The original, however, makes a part of a costume of satin foulard in pastel violet with figures of white lined with black, and is combined with plain violet overlaid by a lattice of black Chantilly insertion, while fastening the yoke is a wider band or heavy lace through which panama velvet ribbon is run. At the left of the corsage is a chout of the same material and the same material makes the belt.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that includes the usual pieces and closes at the centre front. The back is faced to yoke depth with the full waist arranged beneath, but the front yoke is separated, included in right shoulder and neck seams only and looks, with place at the left, white

shade, but a clear, bright light blue, like a June sky. The green is a willow green, and loses a little color at night. Red flannel, striped with white, and blue and lilac, also barred, are pretty and suitable for the purpose. Green and bright-blue flannel with pin dots (not polka dots) of black, are choice materials.

Novelties in Swisses.

Of course you know that Swisses are to be the craze of the summer for fashionable cotton fabric gowns. In deference to this demand the utmost has been done to secure the most varied designs and beautiful colors. Certainly success has crowned their efforts, for the offerings already shown are lovely in the extreme. Stripes predominate in fashion's favor; they are embodied in a majority of the most desirable Swisses, those of hemstitching or lace work particularly. One of the late white Swisses for the summer of '01 has its familiar dotted design relieved and beautified by a stripe, rather resembling feather stitching, with a hemstitching on each side. These fancier Swisses are to entirely supersede the ordinary plain dotted kind, as far as style goes.

Pompadour Effects.

Pompadour effects are very evident among the new evening gowns, which show festoons of flowers hand painted or embroidered of silk, lace or mousseline, with gold or silver ribbon twined in and out.

New Kind of Stocking.

The newest idea in hosiery is the delicated stocking, which has a separate compartment for the great toe. This is for the purpose of restoring the natural shape to feet distorted by the polished shoes so long worn.

Boy's Pajamas.

Every mother knows the advantage to be found in a sleeping garment that means protection from chill and exposure when the coverings are tossed aside by restless childish limbs. Pajamas being fancied by big men as well as little possess the added merit



KIMONA OR LOUING ROBE.

of being mannish, and therefore desirable from the boy's point of view. The May Manton model shown is made from striped chevrot, blue and white, but Madras, pongee and similar materials are used for warm weather, while Scotch and French flannel and flannellets are admirable for cooler nights.

The trousers are cut simply and drawn up at the waist by means of tapes inserted at the upper edge. The coat has a seam down the entire back and is shapely and well fitting at the same time that it is easy and comfortable. At the left side is a patch pocket that is eminently convenient and the neck is finished with a soft turnover collar. As illustrated the closing is accomplished by means of pointed straps, in which button-holes are worked, and pearl buttons, but Brandenburgs of washable cord can be substituted if preferred.

To cut these pajamas for a boy of eight years of age five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and

one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with seven-eighths yards twenty-one inches wide and two yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Kimona or Lounging Robe. Nothing that we have imported from Japan has taken a firmer hold on feminine fancy than the Kimona robe, and nothing that is interesting people, and to import is more needed than the lessons of quiet and rest the gown suggests.

The attractive May Manton example illustrated in the drawing is made from lowered silk, of genuine Oriental make, in dull rose tints, in white, with borders of plain white, but in addition to all the lovely silks offered cotton crepes, wool crepe de chine, simple Scotch and French flannel, cashmere, and albatross are all used, as well as such washable fabrics as chevrot, Madras, percale, dimity and foulardine. The garment is absolutely simple and includes shoulder and under-arm seams only. Both neck and fronts are laid in tucks that run to yoke depth and provide fullness below, while the latter are turned back at the neck to form reverses. The sleeves are loose and ample, becoming wider as they approach the wrists.

To cut this Kimona for a woman of medium size eight yards of material twenty-four inches wide, six and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide or five and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide will be required.

Wash Flannel Waists. The albatross waist attracts customers because it is so light of weight. But a wash-flannel is too useful an acquaintance to be dispensed with. The new flannels sold for shirt waists are commonly striped. Raspberry pink lined with black, blue barred with black, and gray and green are all offered. The blue is not so pale as to look gray, neither is it a turquoise

one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide or three and seven-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide will be required.

Wash shirts are most often finished

WOMAN'S WORLD

THE ESSENTIALS OF BEAUTY.

Some Things in Which the American Girl Makes a Mistake.

There is a distinctive something in a manner of dressing or a correct carriage—that makes the American girl head the list by their natural right of precedence, writes Amelia Bingham, in the Chicago Times-Herald. They have their faults, to be sure, but such faults as are easy to correct. Loud voices are the commonest lapses into the unbecoming and simple. I never realized this so much as I did on my last voyage from the other side of the Atlantic. On shipboard there was a crowd of girls who had been finishing their educations abroad. They sat on deck and chattered like magpies, their voices rising shrill and high and great fearfully on the nerves of any listener blessed with fine sensibilities. They were pretty girls, charming, stylish, in splendid health, robust and athletic. But their voices were something fearful to listen to. A low, sweet voice, carefully modulated, always speaks the lady. A voice that is rasping, quick of action, high-strung, nervously pitched, will undo the beauty ambitions of many years.

A broad sailor collar has been modified with star-shaped edge. The upper part of the collar is of yellow pique. It has a wide border of white pique and the yellow is applied to the white by an inch-wide band of embroidery, with small black dots at intervals, resembling the white mixed on brocade.

The shield also is of yellow pique, with star-shaped points. White pique shows for some distance below the yellow on the shield. The sleeve of the blouse is rather full, and it is gathered into a wristband or cuff of yellow and white pique, with an application of the same embroidery with colored dot on white ground.

This makes a handsome dress for a little girl, and can be donned for afternoon wear.

Luncheon for Working Women. The Young Women's Christian Association, of Kansas City, Mo., has opened a luncheon room for working women. The food is sold at exact cost, and a dinner consisting of soup, fish, roast meat and potatoes, cabbage salad, apple pie, coffee and cheese can be bought for twenty cents. Although intended for women, a number of men have applied for luncheons, and are admitted for the present. The room has just been opened, however, and is not yet widely known, but when women need all the accommodations the men will be debarred from its privileges.

Day Gown of Brown Cloth.

A very attractive day gown is of brown cloth cut in polonaise fashion, the underskirt showing applied roses of velvet. The polonaise folds simply around the figure over a chemise of coarse rennaissance lace and is caught at the side with a large chain of brown chenille, forming a trimming for the edge of the polonaise. The inner sleeves are of the bishop shape, confined at the wrist by a strap of brown panne.

Royal Patron of Needlework.

Princess Christian has purchased from Vienna for the benefit of the Royal School of Art Needlework two "needlework pictures" by Frau Maukiewicz, who invented a method of combining needlework with water color painting. Princess Christian is deeply interested in the school, and procured for it the honor of embroidering the new throne in the House of Lords for Queen Alexandra.

A Woman of Great Age.

Mrs. Mary Stewart, of Applebyshire, Scotland, 119 years old, and said to be the oldest British subject, was brought up to speak the ancient Gaelic tongue, and she has got along so far without hearing any other. She has never married, and for more than eighty years was consecutively employed in domestic service in the vicinity of her birthplace. She is still hale and hearty.

A Woman to Explore Africa.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the traveler, explorer and writer, has gone to Morocco for two months of needed rest. Her next expedition is to be through a little known and dangerous portion of Africa.

Corset wash silks are shown in dainty colorings suitable for shirt waists. Embroidered Henrietta cloths come in all colors for waists and negligé gowns.

White summer gowns heavily trimmed with yellow gulfare are the extreme of fashion.

White slip linings are preferred to colored. The requisite touch of color is given at the waist and throat.

Dewdrops can now be bought by the dozen and sprinkled over flowers of gauzy gowns to suit the taste of the wearer.

New Persian bands on mousseline grounds are one of the newest and smartest trimmings for this summer's gowns.

Panne cloth is the novelty of the present. It is very soft and pliable, and the correct material for an elegant gown.

The great considerations of the lady of fashion of the spring of 1901 is to appear long of limb, long of waist and long of neck.

Bags of brocade and satin in dark or delicate colors, with long satin ribbon loops to hang over the arm, are fashionable.

Long jeweled feathers, either black or white, with a jeweled ornament, where they fasten into the hair, are considered smart.

The spring boss are fluffier and longer than ever. They are made of frilled chiffon, fluted taffeta, mirror velvet ribbon and panne ribbon, with lace quiltings, or chenille trimmings.

Skirts to be correct should be very, very close-fitting to the knees, but should flare tremendously at the bottom, where countless ruffles and flounces give the desired form.

Gift or metallic ornamentation on neckwear having become too popular to be desirable, is soon to be superseded by little bunches of colored ribbons, pluks, forget-me-nots, buds, etc.

CREMATION'S ODD PHASE

WAY IN WHICH PEOPLE DISPOSE OF THE ASHES OF THEIR DEAD.

Joe Widow Credited With Eating the Ashes of Her Husband—Many Ashes Scattered in Wind—Bodies From Abroad to Be Cremated.

A good many queer things have happened in connection with cremation, but perhaps the strangest of them all was the case of Mrs. Mathilda Francefort, relates the New York Sun. Mathilda ate her husband, which sounds cannibalistic, but isn't.

In 1896 Mr. Francefort left his sphere of usefulness in Brooklyn and his soul, it is to be hoped, soared to a better world. As for his body, they took it to Fresh Pond and cremated it. Then his widow went after the ashes and took them carefully home with her. All widows do not. Some don't even buy a niche for them at the crematory or pay storage for them in the columbarium.

But Mrs. Francefort was different. She got the ashes of the late Mr. F. and carried them home in a japanned tin box, like a tea canister or a spice box. Perhaps that was what suggested to the sorrowing widow the disposition she should next make of them. At any rate she decided to eat them. There was much to be said in favor of this plan. It was economical. She would save the expense of an urn and a niche and a monument by being all that herself. Then, too, she and the dear-cremated had lived together for thirty-one years and she was lonesome without him. She was informed that the ashes would enter permanently into her system, and it seemed to be a clear case of eating your cake and having it too. Anybody could see that under the circumstances it was the only way of keeping the family together.

Having decided to eat her husband the next question was the manner in which he should be served. Mrs. Francefort went over his qualities with a sorrowful heart. He had been a witty man, there was always a spicy flavor in his conversation. Mrs. Francefort made a note: "Spice."

Then she defied anybody to say that he had not been the salt of the earth. Another note: "Salt." Still she had to admit that he had a bit of a temper. Note number three: "Pepper." But then he was always sweet to her. Final note: "Sugar." Clearly, Mr. Francefort's most meritorious specialty should be in the condiment line. Mrs. F. determined to make a sauceing.

So she put a pinch of him in her coffee at breakfast and sprinkled him lightly over the boiled shad. At luncheon he went into the tea, and contributed distinction to the lamb stew. At dinner—well, at dinner the supply of Mr. Francefort's ashes went down in more ways than one. And what ever the gentleman may have done in life, there is one thing sure, he never disagreed with his widow when he was dead, though a little of him did perhaps go a long way.

People who take to cremation seem to have a fondness for having their ashes scattered to the winds. There was the first man who was cremated in this country. That is to say, the first in recent times. Toward the end of the eighteenth century a Southerner by the name of Lawrence left a request to be cremated. His sons built a furnace especially and the first cremation—not Indian—took place on American soil.

But in 1876 Baron von Palm was cremated in Dr. Lemoine's private crematory at Washington, Penn., and his ashes were scattered upon the Hudson River. Then there was Ernest Rosin, who, in 1887, stood on the Eads bridge over the Mississippi and poured his father's ashes into the stream below. In both cases the dead men had asked to be thus thrown adrift. It is said that Joaquin Miller has made a similar request.

Another case of the same kind was that of William Peterson Appleby, an officer in the Mexican and the Civil wars. His body was cremated at Fresh Pond in 1888, and the widow took the ashes to her home in Hempstead. Her husband had asked her to scatter them abroad on the first windy day after his cremation. She waited until a gale was blowing, and then in the presence of some of her husband's friends held the ashes out by handfuls and let the wind blow them away.

At Bromberg, Germany, in 1897, the ashes of one Robert Arous were sold at public auction for \$3.75. The purchaser was not a member of the dead man's family. The records stop short there, and one is left guessing who wanted the ashes badly enough to pay \$3.75 for them. It would seem, too, that there must have been more than one bidder, for \$3.75 would hardly have been offered as a single bid.

The remains of Abbie Sage Richardson, the writer, who died in Italy, were brought to this country to be cremated. They were incinerated at Fresh Pond. Her brother died from the shock and was cremated on the following day.

Kate Field's body was also brought home to be buried. She died in the Sandwich Islands and was buried there. It was a long time before her friends got the money together to bring the remains to this country, but it was finally done, and they were cremated at San Francisco. Mrs. Whitling, whose efforts the carrying out of Mrs. Field's wishes were due, brought the ashes from San Francisco to Boston in a handbag filled with flowers. The ashes were finally buried at Mount Auburn beside the grave of Miss Field's mother.

Emma Abbott, the singer, was cremated at the Washington Crematory. An interesting item about this case is the costliness of the gown in which the body was burned. It was an imported gown of silver and gold brocade, and the papers of that date placed its cost at \$5000. That may have been a trifle high, but the gown was certainly worth a great deal.

A peculiar case was that of J. Z. Davis and his wife. Davis was a California millionaire. The wife died first. She was cremated, and her husband put her ashes in a box twice the usual size, because he intended to have his own mingled with his wife's when he should die in his turn.

When he did die it was in Philadelphia, and the undertaker's first orders were to embalm the body. He had no sooner embalmed it than he received orders by telegraph to cremate it. So

he cremated it. Then he was instructed to send on the ashes, but this he declined to do until his bill for embalming and cremating had been settled.

In the meantime trouble over the dead man's will and broken out in California, and nobody was paying bills just then. So a peculiar state of affairs came to pass. The urn with the wife's ashes—which rested honorably around in their ample receptacle—was produced as evidence in court, while the husband's ashes were held in Philadelphia as security for the undertaker's bill.

Appropos of California cremations, there was that of Durraut, the young murderer. The crematories in San Francisco were so squeamish that they refused to burn the body, and the father had to take it to Pasadena. The medical men of the State had been keenly interested in the young man, and were anxious to have the brain for examination. The family was determined they should not get it. So the father did not let the coffin out of his sight until he saw it placed in the rotund of the Pasadena crematory.

Pet animals have sometimes been cremated, but the prize instance of this kind was when a rich London woman had a pet Yorkshire terrier, named Monkey, cremated, and the ashes placed in a \$3000 urn.

Branch 90 of the Cigar-makers' International Union is at the Labor Lyceum in East Fourth street. On the top of a desk there is, or was not long ago, a novel exhibit. It was a collection of fifteen cans and one urn, containing the ashes of sixteen members of the union. In a vault adjacent to the bowling alley in the Avon club-house there is a similar collection of the ashes of dead Arionites.

Helen Brerman, one of the Bostonians, was credited with carrying her husband's ashes in a chamois bag suspended from a gold chain around her neck. As the ashes from a full grown body weigh from three to five pounds it is doubtful if the singer carried more than a small sample of her husband with her in that way. It is by no means uncommon, though, for surviving widows to carry the ashes of the departed with them whenever they travel.

CURIOUS FACTS.

In a state of nature tea trees grow to a height of forty feet in cultivation and they are dwarfed by pruning to not more than three.

The common potato, when decomposing gives light enough to read by—a light so vivid that once a cellar at Strasburg was thought to be on fire when shining with the phosphorescence of decomposing potatoes.

A bird never before seen at the London Zoo is the openbill, and it owes its name to the fact that the two halves of its beak do not meet for some distance from their bases. The open bill is tall, with long legs, presumably for wading, and hails from Africa.

A South Paris (Mo.) man recently secured a price in the form of a horse which snored so it rattles the dishes in the pantry. The owner of the horse has to turn out in the middle of cold nights and go down to the stable and feed the horse so he will stop snoring and the family can sleep.

Professional story-tellers roam from house to house in Japan, to spin their yarns. In the city of Tokio there are about 600 of these professional romancers. Their pay averages twenty cents an hour. When the story-teller discovers that his romances are becoming dull from frequent repetition he moves into a new district.

There is at present to be seen in the British Museum an extremely curious bonnet, once possessed by Queen Victoria, and presented by her to that institution. It is composed entirely of tortoise shell, and though both costly and curious can hardly be said to be elegant. It was made some years ago expressly for Her Majesty by the natives of the Samoan Islands, who have their own ideas on the subject of fashion.

The inhabitants of Hanover object to paying highly for the fire brigade, which seldom has to extinguish a fire, so they now require that the wearers of the regulation helmet and axe shall attend to accidents and sudden illness in the public streets. For instance, says a Hanover correspondent, if an old lady feels faint she has but to attract the attention of the nearest policeman, who in his turn telephones for the fire brigade, which promptly turns up in a carriage and four.

Dominated by Hysterogenic Germ. The standard joke about the Frenchman who got "extenuating circumstances" in his trial for the murder of his parents on the pathetic plea that he was an orphan, says the Westminster Gazette, is not so far removed from the truth as might be imagined, according to the story told in the Paris letter of the Daily Chronicle. A man was tried for parricide, and the medical expert declared that the prisoner, instead of being punished, was to be pitied. He was dominated by hysterogenic germs and anti-peristaltic symptoms, and the idea of "suppressing his father for the benefit of his family" was a thing that grew and had to be completed. We quite agree that many crimes arise from physical and mental defects reacting on each other, but it is hard on the unfortunate who are "suppressed." The case reminds one of the system in "Erowshon," where moral offences are treated as physical complaints.

Clergymen Collect Their Own Due. An extraordinary survival from the primitive tradition of the clergy openly collecting their own "dues" in kind from the people may now be seen in Full Sving in Switzerland. Every year about the middle of October, clergymen, attended by youths bearing sacks and baskets, go from village to village, receiving the contributions of their parishioners. No sort of commensurable commodity comes amiss, though money is most favored, and every evening the sack or basket goes back heavily loaded. These contributions are a popular test of respectability, and many a housewife has been known to borrow the whole amount of her offering to the parochial incumbent.

A Substitute For Canvas. An ingenious and economical way of preparing a substitute for a canvas for oil painting purposes is to take Russia sheeting, a wide material resembling burlap, only of a more even and better grain, and cover a stretcher with it. Give it a coat of white paint of the ordinary kind and let it dry. Then give it another coat. It will then have an excellent surface for painting.

Forsaking His Mind. When a married man goes to see his folks, his wife looks for signs upon his return that he has been poisoned his mind.—Aitchison Globe.

"SPEAKIN' PIECES."

Kou bet my face got thortly washed that day for good an' all. And Ma gets out my other coat and brushes out the crosses. As for my usual shirt an' tie, they wouldn't do at all.

For when a Friday comes around, at our school they speak pieces. I have my hair brushed fit to kill. Sus braids her's over night. So Friday, when she lets it out, it goes all crimps an' wavy. At breakfast time I think my piece, to see if I got it right.

And "Give me liberty or death!" I said once, 'stead of "gravy." 'Ca almost died a-laughin'; but Ma fixed her face. Said she: "I'll see to it you jest onet with power o' concentration; it shows he has a serious mind and takes more after me."

Yer Pa's folk's minds is always light an' wanderin' through creation. An' then at school we have to wait till afternoon, you see. Some Parents come and sit beside the teacher. They look upon their child with pride and great solemnity.

And "Give me liberty or death!" is then announced by little Johnny Beecher. An' then a Parent says: "That led's an honor to the school."

"Week of the Hes'pus," it comes next, an' "We are Seven" follows. Sus, she says that, but twists her feet—which is against the rule. An' hangs her head, "most whippers first, an' towards the last high rollers." A Parent puts her head, though, and kindly asks her name.

"What a thoughtful brow!" the Parent says, "her voice has such expression." And after her comes "William Tell," an' teacher says the same. That "century," y'ell, ort ter be Jim Smith's pertension.

Then one an' all gets up an' speaks an' bows an' takes a nice seat. "Remember the Maine," is next sung by Susie Brown's two nieces. Then teacher coughs an' smooths her skirts. "This is a day of pride," says she, "a Friday speakin' piece. An' children, dear, I see in you on this—the future Pilgrims of the State, our grand an' glorious Nation!"

PITH AND POINT.

"Does Bobby cry much?" "No; he doesn't cry at all unless he wants his own way about something."—Chicago Record.

"Rather a large boy for half fare, isn't he, sir?" "Yes, he is now, but he was a small boy when we started."—Moonshine.

Teacher—"Man proposes, and—and what? Who can complete the sentence?" Bright Pupil—"And that's the end of him."—Philadelphia Record.

"A plain cook wanted," is the way he advertised, then wondered why, not knowing woman's vanity. He did not get a lone reply. Bobbie—"Pop, are we among the best people?" Papa—"We are, Bobbie." Bobbie (after a thoughtful silence)—"Pop, is the best always the cheapest?"—Leslie's Weekly.

"When a man gets married," said the Hashed Philosopher, "it's a mistake." "Supposing she's a widow?" asked the Pert Clerk, who always liked to spoil a jest.—Syracuse Herald.

A low, soft voice, well down the post sign, in a woman is a rare and precious thing. But when your voice says: "John, I need ten plunks. For shoes," it hath a most metallic ring. "Did you notice how many people gave me the encores—in addition to the ushers?" "Just two." "That's funny. My father and both my brothers promised to be in the audience."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Bobbs—"I suppose Talkatoot wears hats with those little arched in them because they give his head the proper ventilation." Slobbs—"Or maybe he finds them easier to talk through."—Philadelphia Record.

Client—"How much can I possibly get out of the case if I win?" Lawyer—"Two hundred dollars." Client—"What will your charges be?" Lawyer—"That depends; if you lose, only \$150; if you win, \$250."—Ohio State Journal.

Benson—"Look here, that boy of yours threw a stone at me just now, barely missing me." Proud Father—"You say he missed you?" Benson (angrily)—"You heard what I said, didn't you?" Proud Father—"Then it couldn't have been my boy."—The Bits.

Five Minutes With Minister Wa. "What is your middle name?" "How much do you get paid a week?" You are not worth half of it? "Do you beat your wife?" "Is your liver in good working order?" "How many baths do you take per annum?" "Does your hair curl naturally?" "Does insanity run in your family?" "What makes your nose so red?" "You ought to have been born a Chinaman. Then your bow-legs wouldn't show." "Do you have fist?" "Did your chin always loll down over your collar that way, or is it because you eat too much?" "Have you ever been indicted for horse stealing, and if not why?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Loyal Clevelander. A school teacher coming to Cleveland from a small town was very much impressed with the brilliancy and originality of the children of this city. To illustrate this point she cited this instance: In the reading class one day the letters "B. C." occurred. She asked the class what these letters stood for, and was surprised by the number of hands raised to volunteer an answer. One of the boys had raised his hand a trifle sooner than the others, and he was called on to answer. "Born in Cleveland," was the reply, and the instructor could hardly convince him that the letters referred to time divisions and were not employed to denote one's distinguished nativity. —Cleveland Leader.