FIRST WOMAN IN DEAD CITY.

Story of a Chicago Girl Who Explored St. Pierre's Ruins.

IT was perhaps natural that the dozen or so correspondents, artists and explorers who had been dodging volcanoes on two islands for a week should feel that they were the only passengers aboard, and that everybody should love them for the dangers they had passed. There is no doubt about it, some were a trifle "brash," and there was much talk about eruptions, pillars of steam, mountains of ashes, rivers of mud and cities of ruins. They had not been aboard a day, and had not yet got well "shaken down" with the other passengers.

A sunny-faced little woman of gentle speech, with fluffy white billowing all about her in the light breezes, reclined restfully in a steamer chair outside the starboard staterooms of the deck cabin. She listened courteously to the personal experiences of half a dozen men who had just "been through the ruins of St. Pierre," murmuring from time to time, "How very interesting!"

It was the Bluenose skipper who first gave me the hint. I thought I saw a wicked gleam in his eye as he overflowed in a Bermuda chair nearby, and his five feet (circumferentially) of wind-tanned seaman quivered all over in silent mirth.

"The joke, O worthy mariner," I quoth, skirting his flanks, "give me the tip. Let me in. Put me next. I enjoy comedy, and I lack cheerfulness. Wherefore those mirthful body-quakes?"

"Young man," he said, slowly, "some of these boys have gone full steam ahead without looking at the chart or taking soundings. There are other hookers than the Madiana bumping the sad sea waves. Do you fall overboard?"

I thought I did, and respectfully withdrew. That afternoon I cast anchor by the deck-chair of the sunny-faced woman in white and said gently, but firmly: "I should like very much to know what you saw, and how you felt, in the ruins of the dead St. Pierre."

She laughed. "Well, let's go up on the roof of the back porch, as I heard the young man from Indiana call it this morning."

And so, on the hurricane deck of the Madiana homeward bound from Barbadoes, in the shadow of the cloud-crested peaks of the Dominican Mountains, I heard the story of the first woman to visit the desolation of the buried city at Martinique, and the only woman yet, so far as I know.

"When the news of the catastrophe reached us at St. Kitts," said the woman in white, "my husband, Dr. Joseph Haven, who represents the United States on that island, announced his intention of going to Martinique at the earliest possible opportunity. I thereupon announced my intention to the same effect. He didn't want me to go, of course, out of course I went. You know I'm a Chicago girl. We caught the Madiana at Basse Terre on Wednesday, May 14, and anchored in the harbor of Fort de France on Friday night.

"On Saturday morning we went ashore and wandered through Fort de France.

"All Saturday showers of fine ash fell from time to time over the town. They came in gusts, blinding our eyes and streaking our faces. I kept up an umbrella most of the time in an effort to shield myself, but the ashes sifted down the back of my neck just the same. I had used umbrellas for many sorts of purposes, but never thought I would use one to protect myself from a storm of ashes from a volcano. The houses were covered, and the people in the streets looked like ghosts in a fog. The statue of the Empress Josephine was completely draped in the ghostly mantle.

"We had intended going down the coast to St. Pierre on Sunday, but the captain of the Cincinnati declared that it was unsafe. I spent the day in visiting the hospitals.

"On Monday morning at 6 o'clock we went aboard a tiny steamboat which Dr. Haven had chartered. There were about half a dozen in the party.

"Dark clouds were rolling out of Mont Pelee as we drew near. We steamed up and down the roadstead three or four times, in front of the ruined city. The grim, ghostly desolation of the scene, as viewed from a distance, was too much, almost, for my mental grasp. There was no detail to seize upon. It was a relief even to look at the menacing outpour of steam and vapor from the volcano.

"We went ashore at the extreme southern point of St. Pierre, where a little stream separated the city from the village of L'Anse, that lay under the slope of Morne d'Orange, on the top of which was the splintered statue of St. Mary the Virgin. The little steamer ran close in shore, and we were landed on the beach by a small boat. I had to jump, but took the right moment, and got ashore without a wetting. How was I dressed? Oh, I wore just ordinary womankind clothes, with a short skirt, the 'Rainy Daisy' skirt you call it in New York, and stout boots.

"At the first step I slumped in ashes to my boot-tops, and after that everything was ashes. Great, gray-coated walls, that rose in jagged edges to the first story near where we landed, they told me were the ruins of the rum distilleries.

"We made our way painfully over the ruins, and crossed the ash and mud choked bed of what had been the little stream that divided St. Pierre from L'Anse. There, on the slope of Morne d'Orange, under the statue of the Virgin, had been two very fine estates, the homes of Dr. Barbe and M. Leon Marie. Their estates joined, each having its handsome, solidly constructed chateau, its servants' lodges, and its magnificent grounds, gardens, walks and driveways.

"L'Anse had not felt the full effect of the blast that came from Pelee on the morning of May 8. The ash line that marked the desolated zone from the zone of safety ran just beyond on the crest of Morne d'Orange. But there was nothing left of life in L'Anse, Chateaux, lodges, walks and walls were blended in one gray ruin. The big iron gates that had opened to the grounds of the Barbe estate lay prone, broken and twisted as by some giant strength.

"Just inside the gates lay a gray, charred form, perhaps the body of a servant who had got that far in his rush for safety. All around, as we proceeded toward the chateau, lay other gray, charred forms. I couldn't think of them as the shells of those who but a little before had breathed the breath of life. The sight of one dead body may be grewsome, even horrifying, but in the presence of hundreds, thousands of them, the impression is too general; it is so much as to benumb the sensation of particular and individual horror. They seemed to me at the time as so many ashen mounds.

"Pelee's wrath had been fearful. Massive stone structures were demolished, but here before us, a hundred yards or so from the stricken chateau, was a frail lodge, one of the servants' quarters, standing intact, with not an inch of the wood of its shingled roof scorched. My husband pushed open the door, into a little room perhaps 12x10.

"The single article of furniture in the room was a box-made cot against the side of the further wall, with a little extension running out from the head, like the base of an L. On the cot lay a negro woman, in an attitude of sleep. Her face was calm and unmarked. The white garment she wore was not even blackened.

"A short, black clay pipe hung from her lips, and rested with the bowl on her breast.

"On the table part of the cot stood a half-filled bowl of gruel, with a spoon still in it, a part of a loaf of bread, and a little tin oil lamp.

"Lying on the floor beside the cot were two little children, perhaps three and five years of age, the head of one resting on the breast of another. Their single garments, little slips, were not even scorched. It was as if they had fallen down while at play and gone to sleep.

"The mother had evidently had her morning meal and lain down on the cot to smoke, with the children playing about the floor. They were not crushed, they were not burned. They must have been killed, sharply and suddenly, by some very deadly gas, as quickly and mercifully as by a lightning stroke.

"Dr. Barbe's fine chateau we found in ruins almost complete. Broken walls were standing to the second floor, and part of the roof still remained. The interior was a mass of broken stones and ashes. Dr. Barbe, with his family and all his servants, perished.

"We had a mournful mission to the ruins of the estate of M. Leon Marie. Signor Paravacieno, the Italian Consul at Barbadoes, was one of the party, and he was looking for the body of his daughter. This young woman, who was one of the most beautiful girls in Barbadoes, had been at school at the convent on the heights of Morne Rouge, back of St. Pierre. She was about finishing, and her family, who idolized her, had been making all sorts of preparations for her homecoming. Her brother had imported a new carriage from England for a coming-out gift, and her father had built a new residence especially in her honor. Plans were in preparation for a grand fete when she came home.

"On the day before the disaster the nuns sent her from the convent to the residence of M. Marie, thinking that, in its much further distance from the volcano, she would be safer there than at Morne Rouge. The convent was untouched, while every soul in and about M. Marie's place perished.

"The Marie estate was an extensive one. M. Marie entertained lavishly, and had a corps of forty servants. On the very eve of the destruction of St. Pierre he had a big house party from the society folk of the city. None of the merry guests who drove through the big carved gateway that night ever went out again. Half a dozen big elegant carriages were found in the courtyard. Under one of them lay the body of a man. All about the grounds were other bodies, some of them lying in heaps. They were charred and unrecognizable. Bodies of horses, cattle and chickens were strewn about. In the bed of the little rivulet lay a dozen cattle, with the herdsman's body among them.

"The Marie chateau was a heap of stones and ashes, surrounded by jagged walls perhaps ten feet high. The Italian consul, with a force of workmen, conducted a systematic search for the body of his daughter and recovered it. In addition to other means of identification, this body was corseted. Martinique girls do not wear corsets usually, and never in the morning.

"Passing over the stone bridge over the rivulet, we made our way toward the city. The road was strewn with bodies. On some of them the clothing had not been burned; other bodies were charred so as to be unrecognizable as human forms. In one place we saw the bodies of a man and a horse lying in the roadway before a gate. One of the man's legs was thrown partly over the horse, as if he had been in the act of mounting to flee when both man and steed were overtaken by the deadly breath of the volcano.

"From the ruins of the city we saw the Potomac steam in and cutters laden with men put ashore from her. It was the landing party coming ashore to rescue the bodies of Mr. Prentis, the United States consul, and Mr. Jap, the British consul. A few minutes later the big British cruiser Indefatigable steamed into the roadstead and lay to without anchoring.

"Mont Pelee began to look threatening. The clouds that arose from the volcano got denser and blacker, and seemed to be rolling down over mountainside toward the city.

decided to embark again and put off to our little steamer.

"This took some time, and the aspect of Pelee momentarily grew more awesome. Suddenly a huger gust than usual surged upward from the crater, and billowed down toward us. The sky grew overcast, crashes of thunder smote our ears, and bright flashes like lightning played through the denseness that now enveloped the great mountain's flanks. A deluge of rain came suddenly, and the air was sharp with a sulphurous odor.

"The steam whistle of the Potomac began shrieking wildly, and we were near enough to see her cast off her lines from the landing buoy. The captain of our steamboat had lost his entire family at St. Pierre. With an exclamation that not all the riches of the world could tempt him to stay a moment longer near the accursed spot, he headed full speed seaward.

"For a moment or two the Potomac headed away from the shore. We had been lying very close to her and could see all that went on aboard. Then a big fellow rushed on deck, jumped to the pilot house, there was a clanging of bells, and the little tug began to swing her nose shoreward again.

"At that instant the siren of the Indefatigable emitted the most blood-curdling shriek I have ever heard, or ever hope to hear. I nearly jumped overboard. Then the big warship dashed for the open sea. It was for all the world like the flight of a great living monster suddenly and badly wounded—the siren cry of pain, and the precipitate rush for safety.

"Then, the grandest sight of all—that made my patriotic soul forget for a moment our terrible peril. The black pall had come down so that we couldn't see the city.

"Right into the inky wave of blackness, this Stygian pit, plunged the little Potomac, like an intrepid soul charging alone all the forces of sheol. One instant we saw her silhouetted against the velvet wall, the next she was swallowed up in its awful gloom. It was full speed ahead, not away from the peril for the Potomac, but into the face of it. Her commander and other officers and men of the United States Navy were ashore in the path of the volcano's fury, and the little Potomac knew her duty.

"Hot ashes shrouded the decks of our little steamboat before we got into the sunlight again."—New York Sun.

The Drop of a Penny.

Have you ever noticed the interest that money attracts, even if it is only a single cent? The next time that you see a copper coin dropped in a street car just observe. Every eye in the car will turn to the spot where it dropped, and there will be manifested a real general concern over its recovery. Two or three heads are likely to come in contact over the point of its disappearance, and then their owners will draw suddenly back and try to appear unconcerned; but in another second they are again leaning forward.

The man who dropped the cent is usually the first who appears to have brushed memory of the trivial occurrence aside, but just as soon as the eyes in the car have turned from him his own are sure to go back to the floor in the hope that the truant coin will be seen.

When he has gone there is a renewed interest among the passengers, for the stage of "finders keepers" has arrived, and those near the spot of disappearance become quite diligent until they are aware they make a centre of attraction. But interest in that little coin is not lost while there is a passenger left, and when the car is empty the conductor takes his turn and resurrects the cent.—Chicago Tribune.

Terrier With a Glass Eye.

The owners of the prize Boston terrier, Roland, who caught the distemper last year and lost the use of an eye, have sent to New York for a glass eye, on the advice of veterinarians who believe it will improve the appearance of the animal for exhibition purposes.

It is believed that this is the first attempt ever made to give a glass eye to a dog, and the outcome is awaited with interest.

Roland weighs eighteen pounds, has a three-quarters length tail, and is almost perfectly marked in brindle and white. He is a brother of Roxie, one of the finest terriers in the country.

In 1898 Roland won a reserved prize in the novice class at Braintree; the same year he won first prize in the novice class at the pet dog show in New York.

January, 1899, at Providence, he won second in limit class, also third in limit class at Boston terrier show. The same year he won a reserved prize in limit class and third in open class at Boston dog show.

At Providence the same year he was first in limit class and reserved in winner's class. Last year he won first in limit class at Providence and reserved in limit class in New York.—New York Herald.

Syrian Asphalt.

Asphalt is found in the provinces of Syria on the banks of the Dead Sea, floating on the surface of its waters. Through the action of earthquakes the asphalt has been torn from the bottom of the sea and driven toward the shores, especially to the east. The narratives of the Greek and Roman historian to the effect that asphalt at small islands was upheld by the salt water and driven over the surface of the sea are without doubt true. This asphalt, and generally the oriental or Egyptian, is pure and expensive, and used principally in the manufacture of a certain kind of varnish, but for general purposes, owing to its brittleness as well, is useless in the asphalt industry.—American Asphalt Journal.

Children and School.

It is curious the difference in the regard children have for their school and schoolwork. When a fire started in the Warren street school a little girl went sobbing down the street, with streaming eyes, because she feared her school was to be destroyed. A moment later a boy came tearing down the street on his wheel working and shouting, "Hurrah, kids, on fire!"—Toledo

ANIMALS' SUMMER GARB

WHEN FURRED AND FEATHERED CREATURES CHANGE ATTIRE.

Some Dress in Accordance With Their Age—Costume Depends on Climate—Thick Wraps of Winter Give Way to Something Cooler.

It seems almost a pity that it did not occur to Herr Teufelsdrockh, when he enriched the empire of thought by his famous "Philosophy of Clothes," to add a few remarks on the summer garb of animals; for in the reasons which lead so many furred and feathered creatures to change their attire once at least in every year the learned professor might have found ample material for deep musing.

Many of these animals, of course, merely moult, throwing off the old coat for no other purpose than to put on a new one. In some cases they do it by degrees, as every one knows who has enjoyed a ride in a dog cart behind a white pony. In others the change is more rapid. Witness the annual peeling of sheep which are never shorn. But no matter how long the toilet may last in such cases, the fashion never varies.

Other creatures dress in accordance with their age. They seem to hold strongly that costumes suited to juveniles are out of place in the case of adults. So lion cubs are brindled like tabby cats, and cygnets are clothed in smoky-gray instead of in white. Certain sea birds are even more particular, for their young are called upon to wear four successive changes of raiment, equally different from one another and from the plumage which denotes maturity. This last plan must be a great convenience to parents who find it difficult to remember the ages of their offspring. They have only to glance at the feathers of the little ones in order to know.

Far more frequently, however, the summer change of costume depends upon climate. The thick wraps of winter have to give way to something cooler and lighter; so the ermine, towards the middle of spring, is metamorphosed into a stoat, and remains a stoat until the latter part of autumn.

It is hard to realize that the costly fur which marks the judicial dignity, which peers of high degree are proud to wear has been stripped from an animal included by every gamekeeper in his list of "vermin." Yet such is in truth the case. In northern countries, where the temperature for months together is a minus quantity, they become yellow in autumn and perfectly white a few weeks later, the muzzle and tip of the tail alone excepted, while in spring and early summer they pass again through yellow back into reddish brown.

Arctic foxes follow their example—partly, perhaps, for the sake of warmth, dark clothes being better conductors of heat than light ones of the same thickness and quality. In winter they are as white as the driven snow itself, but in summer they become gray, or brown, or smoky blue, according to their individual idiosyncrasies. Nansen tells us in his "Farthest North" that the Arctic foxes were at times the plague of his life, not only invading his camp by night and carrying off every particle of food which they could find, but repeatedly stealing his thermometers. The reason for this larcenous behavior baffled the great explorer altogether; he could not understand what foxes could possibly want with scientific instruments. But their annual change of attire may explain it. No doubt the animals in question are keenly interested in the variations of temperature, and anxious above all things to know when it is time to think about putting on their summer clothing; and, of course, a thermometer would be a guide.

Among the birds the most notable change of plumage for climatic reasons is that of the ptarmigan. No one looking for the first time upon a ptarmigan in its summer costume, side by side with another in its winter dress, would dream that the two birds were identical. One is ashy gray, mottled and marbled with chestnut and black, the other is perfectly white. The reason is that ptarmigans in summer have to crouch among rocks which are covered with mosses and lichens, while in winter they sit upon snow, and nature dresses them to suit their surroundings. The resemblance in each case is exact. You might stare straight at a ptarmigan in summer from a dozen yards away and be utterly unable to distinguish it from the rocks, while in winter you would be equally unable to discern it upon the snow. And at the same time the bird has the satisfaction of being clothed in accordance with the thermometer.

The black headed gull, too, is black headed only in summer. All through the rest of the year its head and neck are as white as the rest of its body. The change takes place just about the time the birds desert the seashore for the great inland marshes in which they breed; and the odd thing is that no sort of moult is involved. The feathers slowly darken until they become almost black, and black they remain till the summer is over; then the dark hue gradually fades and in about a fortnight's time the birds are entirely white once more.

But a far more common reason for the summer change of clothing is the desire to look well in the eyes of the opposite sex. This desire is practically restricted to the males, who monopolize all beauty and color of form, and whose great idea of winning the affections of their soberly tinted mates is to strut in brave array before them. The palm in this respect is borne away by the ruff. During the autumn, the winter and the first two or three weeks of spring this bird is one of the most insignificant of the feathered race. But no sooner does its fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love than it dons a special costume in which to go a-courting. Its bill becomes orange-yellow, instead of brown; the whole of its plumage seems to brighten. A tuft of long feathers grows on either side of the neck, and the throat is swathed in a mass of dense plumes, which are always gay of hue, but are differently colored in every individual. Then the bird parades slowly up and down before the particular lady on whom his affections are set. Other gallants, equally desirous to please, do the same, and the natural result is a row. Day after day ruffs meet by dozens to fight, while the reeves look calmly on. Plumes are torn and feathers fly, till half the combatants, perhaps, own themselves worsted. Then the gentle beings for whose sweet sake the battle has been waged bestow themselves upon the conquerors, and ruff and reeve go happily off together to enter upon the joys of matrimony.

Mallards adopt similar tactics—bar the fighting—when they feel the pangs of the tender passion coming on, but can scarcely be said to play fairly; for no sooner has their gayety of plumage had the desired effect and won for them partners of their joys and sorrows than they throw off their brilliant garb and appear in the sombre plumage of their mates. One cannot but feel sorry for the ducks, who choose their suitors purely for their good looks, only to find immediately that their beauty is not even skin deep.—The Rev. Theodore Wood, Naturalist, in the New York American and Journal.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The largest coral reef in the world is the Australian Barrier reef, which is 1100 miles in length.

In Japan archers test their arrows by balancing them on the nails of the second and third fingers of the left hand and rapidly twirling them by the feathered end with the fingers of the right hand. If the arrow makes a whirling sound it is crooked and must be straightened.

An old English law provides that in default of payment of certain taxes by the church the rector shall be put in the stocks. The other day the rector of Corby, in Lincolnshire, in order to save his church the payment of this tax, voluntarily submitted to sit with his legs in the stocks, while a crowd of officials and other parishioners witnessed the singular ordeal.

A remarkable discovery has been made at Girgeh, in Upper Egypt, in the unearthing of human remains at least 8000 years old. These represent the most ancient of prehistoric periods, and Dr. Elliot Smith, of the Medical School at Cairo, has gone there to investigate the remains. The remains are in a remarkable state of preservation, due, perhaps, both to the dryness of the climate and the excellence of the embalming. It is said that in several cases the eyes are so well preserved that the lenses are intact.

A curious discovery has just been made by Mr. Fuller, of Yately, Hampshire, into whose possession there recently passed a richly embroidered tablet, representing King Charles II. and Queen Catherine. Neatly concealed in the back of the tablet he found the parchment will of Thomas Hodgkins, a London merchant. The document is dated April 14, 1648, and is now in possession of a vicar of Ridge, Hertfordshire. It is believed that it will lead to the discovery of an accumulated sum of many thousands of pounds for the poor of that parish, in whose favor the will is made.

During the tour of the New South Wales Minister of Lands along the drouth-stricken region of the Darling River he had to pass under an extraordinary triumphal arch, which had been erected at a station called Darling Hotel. The arch was composed of the skulls of bullocks, the horns of cows, sheep and rams, together with the hoofs, ribs and bones of these animals, while it was surmounted by the skulls of a bullock and a goat. The legend, "King Drouth," had a prominent position on the arch, which was meant as a practical illustration of the terrible effects produced by the lack of rain.

An Old Boat Excavated at St. Louis.

In excavating on the site of the World's Fair in St. Louis, workmen have discovered an old boat, which must have been buried there many years. It is built of zinc and copper from stem to stern, with only here and there a fragment of wood. It has a length of some twenty feet, a depth of perhaps five feet, and a width of six feet. That it could ever have been used on the River des Peres, excepting in seasons of high water, is thought impossible. It has the appearance of having been made for use on the sea, and is so large and heavy that it cannot be readily associated with the neighborhood in which it now lies. It has been entirely buried, with the exception of a few inches of the bow, which rose higher than any other point. Its grave was on a high bank close to a bend in the River des Peres. Workmen finding the bow projecting from the ground, had their curiosity aroused, and called the attention of Chief of Construction Isaac S. Taylor to their discovery. He investigated, and had a detail put to work unearthing the craft. No one can offer any suggestion as to the history of the craft. The ground about it was packed, and had no indication of having been disturbed for many years. The name of the craft, which had evidently been stamped in the metal side, has been cut out. The bottom, near the bow, has been stove in by some cause, and was evidently the last chapter in the history of the boat.

Dust-Borne Disease.

In the discussion at the recent congress of surgeons in Berlin on the first aid to the wounded on the battlefield it was brought out by Burus, Bartelsmann and others that the danger in modern warfare is not so much from primary infection by the small-caliber projectile of rapid-fire rifles as from secondary infection by contamination of the wound from the clothing or the dust of the battlefield. The effect of the field surgeon is, therefore, more to exclude septic and tetanus germs than to disinfect the wound. But to come nearer home, the danger of dust is emphasized by the report that New York City has over 450 street sweepers on the sick list with diseases due to the inhalation of infectious dust. A number of infections are so commonly conveyed in dust as to merit the designation of "dust diseases." Of these cerebro-spinal meningitis is of frequent occurrence in cities during the spring months.—American Medicine.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—There are almost as many styles of Gibson waists in the new assortment of blouses as the regulation shirt waists, these broad-shouldered effects being very popular at present. They are worn by stout and slender women alike, but are far more becoming to the latter. Heavy wash fabrics are usually employed for their development in order to keep the pleats in shape across the shoulders.

LADIES' FANCY GIBSON BLOUSE.

In the blouse illustrated heavy green madras is used, the collar and cuffs being embroidered in black silk.

Two deep pleats extend from shoulder to belt back and front. They form a V in the back.

The fronts close in double-breasted style, the right side fastening on the left with small cut jet buttons. A plain embroidered collar completes the neck. It is trimmed with a lace protector.

The bishop sleeves are shaped with inside seams only. They fit the upper arm closely and are quite full at the lower edge. The narrow waistband is finished with a flaring cuff.

Waists in this mode are made of percale, madras, pique, linen or duck. The style is also appropriate for taffeta, moire, French flannel or peau de crepe.

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

An Attractive Costume.

White batiste, embroidered in marine blue polka dots, is used for this attractive costume, with blue satin and ecru lace for trimming.

The waist is made over a glove-fitted, feather-boned lining that closes in the centre front. The bastiste is drawn smoothly across the shoulders in the back, and displays slight gathers at the waist.

The skirt is shaped with five well-proportioned gores fitted smoothly around the waist and over the hips without darts. The closing is made invisible at the centre back under two inverted pleats that are flatly pressed, and present a perfectly plain appearance.

The front plastron of lace is permanently attached to the right lining, and closes invisibly on the left. It is completed with a plain collar. The sailor collar is square in the back and finishes the edges of the plastron in front. It is trimmed with a broad band of blue.

The full fronts are gathered and arranged at the lower edge of the plastron, forming a stylish blouse over the belt. This fastens at the left side under a rosette with long ends. Inside seams fit the sleeves to the upper arm. They flare at the lower edge over full puffs that are arranged on narrow bands.

The flounces are of circular shaping, but slightly full at the top, where they are gathered and arranged on the skirt. A broad band of blue finishes the upper edge, and lace is applied on the hems.

They are narrow in front, and graduate toward the back, providing a smart sweep to the lower edge of the skirt.

Dresses in this mode are made of linen, pique, madras or cotton cheviot for summer wear. It is also an appropriate mode for satin, foulard, India silk, crepe de chine, nun's veiling or albatross.

To make the waist for a miss fourteen years will require one and one-quarter yards of forty-four-inch material, with one-half yard of contrasting material for puff and plastron.

Admirable India Linen.

There are some of the loveliest shirt waist suits in India linen, which are delightfully sheer and cool. Many of them are far from being plain, too. In many cases even elbow sleeves figure, which, of course, takes them out of the regulation shirt waist class. One pretty affair has a blouse in all-over pin tucks. A smart little hemstitched tie, with stock to match, is the finish. Pin marks in clusters of five accent each of the nine skirt gores, with two rows of hemstitching in addition. Embroidery squares are let in at the flounce top, the same figuring on the blouse at the bust line.

A White Chiffon Collar.

A deep collar of white chiffon finished with several ruffles of the same material has over the upper plain part a basket work of narrow black velvet ribbons, and set into the long chiffon ends is an insertion of the narrow velvet in crosses and making a wide open-work band.

A New Blouse.

The Tuxedo blouse is new. It is cut low at the front to show an expanse of shirt front and a prim collar and tie. The narrow flat revers round widest at the bust and narrow to a point.

New Hat For Golf.

The new hat for golf and outing is a wide-brimmed Bajuta straw trimmed with a long striped scarf.

Dainty Shirt Waist.

This dainty shirt waist is made of pongee embroidered in pale blue spots. The black velvet collar is trimmed with a blue chiffon stock and cravat.

The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted feather-boned lining that closes in the centre front. This may be omitted. The back is drawn smoothly across the shoulders and displays slight fulness at the waist arranged in tiny pleats.

The fronts are gathered at the neck and blouse prettily over the black velvet belt. They close invisibly under the centre box pleat. The plain collar fastens at the back.

The sleeves are made in one piece, gathered at the shoulders and at the elbow, where they are completed with flaring, pointed cuffs embroidered in blue.

Waists in this style are a decided change from the severe tailor-made models and the short sleeves give them an airy, summery appearance that is very acceptable at this season of the year. Fine wash fabrics in white and pale shades of blue, pink, violet, yellow and green are used for waists in this mode. In some the collar, cuffs and box pleat are embroidered, while the rest of the waist is plain. Square and motifs of lace are often inserted across the front and on the tops of sleeves.

MISSES' PROMENADE COSTUME.

SHIRT WAIST WITH ELBOW SLEEVES.

To make the waist in the medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material.