

The Girl From Gold Gulch.

How She Outwitted an Arrogant British Matron.

BY W. W. RELBATS.

THE excursion season was at its height, and the Alaska liner, Senator, was crowded. There were tourist parties from all over the country; gold-seekers of all sorts and conditions on their way to the lee fields; some Government officials on their regular rounds of inspection; companies of school teachers eager to crowd the trip into their short vacation; the inevitable bridal couples and several family parties, but the girl from Gold Gulch was traveling alone.

The first day out was so rough that all the women kept quietly out of sight—all but the girl from Gold Gulch, who confided to the captain that the motion of the ship was not unlike that of a lurching horse, and that she rather liked it. So, crushing her cap down over her eyes, and buttoning her raglan close up to her chin, she strode resolutely up on deck to find herself monarch of all she surveyed.

By the end of the day she had accepted every possible courtesy from every man on board, and was beginning to think she saw her way clear to a pleasant passage. But when, the next day, the other women, white-faced and miserable, began to struggle upward, the wild rose color and the ability of this girl to walk the decks in slippery weather, became to them a personal affront, for weakness is not conducive to the practice of Christian charity. So every day thereafter the little group that formed itself into an exclusive for-ard circle, made common cause in discussing the impropriety of this young girl's traveling without a chaperon.

Miss Mamie McGinnis, of Gold Gulch, never joined that group. Not that she knew, or would have cared if she had, that she was the target for their criticism. She always found herself the centre of another group on the opposite deck, where she held full sway, or promulgated the decks with some equally good sailor till the others had gone below; following always her own sweet will, and never suspecting she had not the benediction of the elect. It was Mrs. Whitewall-Warde who was the most horrified by Miss McGinnis's escapades. She, with her three florid, raw-boned daughters, had come to America first to visit her son, Algie, on his cattle ranch, and now with Algie himself, more florid and raw-boned than all four of the others put together, she was making a flying trip to Alaska to see her youngest son, Winston.

One evening even as they censured on the probability of her being an actress or chorus girl on her way to join her troupe, two figures swayed into the arc of light emitted from the cabin. The wind-blown hair of the girl, and the frills about her shoulders left no doubt as to her identity, for her gowns were also a subject of disapproval among the elect, but the tall black figure behind her was lost in the shadow. A dozen pairs of eyes strained eagerly to see who it might be, their owners conjecturing and commenting on what new freak of indiscretion she was up to. Then, as if in answer to the curious gaze riveted upon them, the figures turned and came to a standstill under the light.

The man's cigar had evidently gone out, for with a gay little laugh the girl took his proffered match, reached out her arm, and steadied herself against his ready shoulder as if he had been a mast. Then there was a sudden swirl of frills, the gleam of a shoe buckle—and something more—and the girl had struck the match, man-fashion, on the sole of her boot, and was holding the tiny flame to his cigar.

At this the Englishwoman turned with a horrified countenance to point a moral to Algie, who had not seemed to disapprove of this terrible girl's conduct sufficiently, but Algie had slipped his leash and was not at her elbow. The next flare of the match showed Algie's florid face bending over the laughing eyes of the girl, and Algie's big hand closing over the pink fingers that held the match.

Hoping no one but herself had seen this dashlight picture, Mrs. Warde, with characteristic arrogance, turned the topic of discussion, and dominated the conversation so skillfully that no one had a chance to refer to the subject uppermost in every mind until she felt it safe to withdraw. Then, clucking up her raw-boned brood, she fled into the bosom of her family, there to call down curses on the curly head of this terrible girl who was trying to entangle poor Algie in her meshes.

The captain, of course, was taken into Mrs. Whitewall-Warde's confidence, and threatened with being reported to the company if he did not put the girl in irons to save poor Algie, or stop the ship and put her off, and the clouds of disapproval from the rest of the elect gathered so thickly that the very air seemed charged with explosives. Even the girl at last began to realize that she was not entirely popular with this faction; she had not taken much notice of the women herebefore, and their disapproving glances had escaped her. When the full force of their attitude struck her she turned abruptly to Algie with: "Is your mother worried about something?"

"Aw, she's a bit chafed about something she saw last night, you know," he explained, looking somewhat browbeaten himself.

"And your sisters, too," she continued, cheerfully, "they look as if they had been pulling out somebody's hair. Do they get that way often?"

"Your sisters a bit while I have a few words with this—ah—this—"

"Miss McGinnis," Algie supplied, dodging his mother's look and retreating ungraciously, leaving the girl alone on the field.

"Ah, yes, to be sure, Miss McGinnis," she repeated after him, looking straight over the girl's head and taking Algie's chair, which, considering its change of occupants, was drawn unpleasantly close.

"You are a most ill-advised young person," the woman began, wasting no time on preliminaries, "and seem to have no one to tell you so. Do you know it is highly improper for a girl of your age to be traveling about alone, without a chaperon?"

"Nope," the girl's rosy lips lisped indifferently. "You never hear of such things in Gold Gulch."

"Can it be that there is no attempt to preserve decorum of any kind in these western wilds?" asked Mrs. Warde, incredulously.

"Yep, course," answered Miss McGinnis, indignantly. "If things go wrong, much, somebody gets shot, see?"

"Then, for your own good," the woman continued, finding the Gold Gulch code inadequate to the occasion, and still looking over the girl's head, "I shall tell you that every one on board is horrified by the way you are carrying on, and the rest of the voyage you must either mend your ways or stay below, or—"

"Or what?" the girl interrupted, resting her eyes calmly on the heated face of the older woman, with a look of deep interest.

"Or let Algie alone," commanded his mother, surprised off her dignity by the girl's cool question.

"Oh, I'm not doing a thing to Algie," the girl answered, innocently. And it was owing to the matron's ignorance of American colloquialism that she was made no wiser by this frank confession.

"It would do you no good to try to win his esteem, you know, for it is arranged that he is to marry his cousin in England."

"I did not try to win his esteem," the girl interrupted, hotly. "He just got up and—"

"He what?" the British matron almost screamed.

"He just up and said 'how-d'y-do' when we met on deck," the girl explained. "And now you'll have to excuse me while I go and dress for dinner."

And with a sweeping bow the girl sprang up and was gone.

At dinner the "terrible girl," as she was designated by the elect, changed her plan of campaign. Instead of consulting her listeners with her amusing prattle, she sat silently listening to Algie, hanging with breathless attention upon his every word, until he began to feel like a great hero. The stern British matron sat glaring at them, not knowing whether she had been routed or not, but gathering her forces for a furious and final attack. As the girl uttered these signs her spirits seemed to rise beyond all precedent, and she telegraphed messages across the table that said unutterable things, apparently quite unconscious that others had been there before and understood her elation.

The elect gathered at the rail as they reached the deck and waited apprehensively to see what the outcome would be. The girl's skirmishing, they prophesied, would have to go down before the heavy raking fire of the Englishwoman's wrath, and they watched her approach with a feeling akin to pity. They certainly were not prepared to see her walk up to Mrs. Whitewall-Warde and say coolly: "Will you walk a little with me? I have something to say to you."

And neither was Mrs. Warde herself prepared to hear the girl, with a womanly dignity quite new to her: "I think it only fair to explain to you, Mrs. Warde, before this feeling goes any farther, that I am going to be married as soon as the steamer lands, so your mind will be relieved of any unjust suspicion that I have been flirting with your son."

"Oh!" The woman's gasp of relief came like an explosion. "So you are going to be married as soon as we land?" she asked, as soon as she could command herself to say anything.

"Well, as you have no one to look after you it is quite the best thing you could do. I hope he is a good young man. You must let me be present." She was determined to see this was no ruse on the part of the girl to make her relax her vigilance.

"Oh, will you, really?" asked the girl, eagerly. "Will you promise to come? I have no parents, you know, and I should be so grateful." This, with a slight break in her voice that could be attributed to nothing but sadness.

During the remainder of the voyage the prophesy about the lion and the lamb was fulfilled. Mrs. Warde seemed to look upon the girl as a sort of deliverer, and she was taken to the bosom of the elect as a protégée of their ring-leader. For all of which the girl thanked her gratitude by having her trunks brought up and her trousseau exploited for Mrs. Warde's approval.

"But are they not much too elaborate for the place you are going?" she ventured.

"Yep," the girl answered, innocently, "but they were made for the road. You see, I was going out with the Gaiety Company to do soubrette parts this season before I decided to be married."

"Oh, it is true, then, you are an actress?" said Mrs. Warde, with a horrified gasp.

"Nope, not now," Miss McGinnis explained, shifting her quid of gum gracefully into her cheek. "I'm going to jump my contract, and Mr. ———, ahem! he is going to square it up with the old man." She always avoided mentioning the name of her fiancée, which the elect thought a commendable show of reticence.

not fail to come to my wedding, will you?" she again pleaded, earnestly.

"No," answered Mrs. Warde, thankful this disagreeable business was so soon to be taken off her hands, and deeply mortified that circumstances had connected her with the affairs of this little player-person. "You may depend upon me as I have promised." Then, with a flush of pity for this lone little thing, she added: "And I will also give you my blessing." This last remark was made as if she were about to bestow upon her the Order of the Garter.

"Is your young man going to meet you?" asked one of the elect, thinking the spectacle of a red-shirted miner jumping up and down and waving his hat in the air would be diverting.

"Not on your life," Miss McGinnis answered, with dignity, "but he'll be at the hotel when we get there, all right."

And although there was not even a proxy to meet her at the dock the girl's faith in his presence did not waver. "He'll be there," she assured them, and asked a favored few to be present at the ceremony.

It was several hours after their arrival that the guests were assembled for this impromptu little affair in the hotel parlor. Mrs. Warde, bored and tired, leaned back in her chair with half-closed eyes; Algie and her own precious daughters had not been allowed to come; the crew was any part in. When the girl entered every eyebrow was raised to the limit of its reach as she clanked across the room in her barbaric Gold Gulch splendor, but all were bound to admit that, after her type, she was bewitchingly pretty. So absorbed was every one in the girl's looks they almost forgot the red-shirted miner they were looking for, and the girl herself, instead of assuming a becomingly modest air, even if she did not feel it, seemed bubbling over with suppressed mirth. At last a tall fellow came in at the side door, and, facing the justice, turned his back to the people.

The service was shortened to the fewest possible words. When Mrs. Warde heard of this, "I, Mary Ann McGinnis," etc., she drew a deep sigh of relief. The girl was now safely disposed of, and poor Algie out of danger. But the next instant her peace of mind burst like a bubble when the overwhelming words, "I, Winston Gordon Lennox Warde," fell upon her startled ears.

Algie was indeed safe, but to the horror of Mrs. Warde and the remnant of the elect who had gathered in the parlor, his youthful brother had been landed high and dry by the happy, yet unscrupulous bride from Gold Gulch.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Kitchener Distishes Monocles.
Monocles are plentiful in Cape Town, but in Johannesburg and Pretoria they are conspicuous only by their absence, says Pearson's Magazine. "K" does not like them. Captain —, of a famous cavalry regiment, out of all the swell officers, alone refused to give up his monocle for anybody. It was the current report in the regiment that he wore it in bed and also when he took his bath.

One day Lord Kitchener met the Singapore officer outside the Transvaal Hotel in Pretoria. "One minute, Captain," said the commander. "May I ask if it is absolutely necessary for you to wear that glass in your eye?"

"Yaas, certainly, Lord Kitchener, or—I could not see without it."

"I am sorry to hear that, Captain —, as I intended to give you a staff appointment, but I must have men around me who can see well. Kindly report yourself for duty to the other commanding the lines of communication."

The discomfited cavalry officer obeyed the instructions. Three months afterward he was taken prisoner by the Boers, who stripped him of his clothing and sent him back into camp, still attired in his eyeglass, but in nothing else. Such is fate!

Where Australia Buys Books.
"Anyway," said an Englishman who was at the Hotel Imperial, "if you do send immense quantities of books to England, if commercially you do own the British Islands, if you do send golf sticks to South Africa and drain pipes to India, and sewing machines to Australia, at least Australia still turns to us for the bulk of her reading matter. On the whole, I guess Australia sends you more orders and prize lists than you send her literature."

I saw recently the latest statistics from Australia on the subject, and they showed that Australia imports yearly from England over \$2,500,000 worth of literature, in the form of books and periodicals, while the entire importation from the United States is hardly \$75,000 worth. Now, while this preponderance of English publications is natural, the fact that nearly \$700,000 worth of books and magazines are imported from other countries than England and the United States shows that the taste of Australia is not insular to bigotry. It also shows one spot on the globe where, in one department of life, the American invasion has not yet reached.—New York Tribune.

He Missed Them.
"What has become of that Mr. Jolliffe who used to be so fond of your little Percival?" we ask of the proud mamma.

"Oh, she says, 'don't mention that detestable person to me again.'"

"But why? He seemed thoroughly enamored with the child. He was always dandling it on his knees and getting it to talk to him—"

"That's just it. He would take little Percival on his lap and stuff the child with candy, and encourage him in every way to try to talk, and then—"

"And then what? He didn't try to kidnap the infant?"

"Worse than that!" she lamented. "We learned that he was the manager of a biscuit factory, and his only purpose in fawning over our darling was to get him to say something that could be converted into a name for a new brand of goods."—New York Times

Iron and Steel.
The manufacture of iron and steel stands second of the nation's leading industries, with an aggregate product of \$255,750,000. More than half the entire values, \$424,445,250, are produced in the single State of Pennsylvania.

WOMAN'S REALM.

CORRECT CARRIAGE.

Nothing So Distinguishes a Woman as Grace of Movement.

With the introduction of common sense shoes and common sense clothing comes a more graceful and natural carriage, and a graceful, natural manner of walking, born of freedom of movement. Whatever may be said in praise of the girl of our grandmother's days, she could not have been graceful, arrayed as she was in hoopskirts, her stays tightly laced, and her feet cased in slippers with ridiculously high French heels.

There is nothing that distinguishes a girl so much as an erect and natural carriage, a good poise of the head and grace of movement, set a correct carriage can be acquired with ease, though it requires time and patience to perfect it. It will seem difficult at first, and may prove fatiguing, but if one perseveres grace of movement will become second nature.

The correct standing position is one in which the weight of the body is thrown not on the heel, either wholly or in part, but wholly on the ball of the foot. The heel should rest lightly on the floor. The hips should be thrown back, the chest elevated as much as possible, and the head raised with the chin not thrust out but drawn in. The most important thing to remember—and the hardest to do—is to keep the weight of the body on the ball of the foot. When the weight of the body is changed from the heel to the ball of the foot the centre of gravity of the whole body is changed, and it is necessary to throw back the hips and throw the chest forward to keep from falling. So if one remembers simply to keep her weight wholly on the balls of the feet a correct carriage will follow as a natural consequence.

When a correct standing position has been acquired, it is a comparatively simple matter to walk lightly and gracefully. When the weight is on the heel, a heavy jarring walk is the result. It conduces to headaches and is ungraceful in the extreme. Some people argue that the toe and not the heel should first come in contact with the floor in walking. This, however, only makes matters worse, for the heavy jarring gait is exchanged for a mincing walk that is infinitely more ungraceful. The heel should come in contact with the floor first, but if the weight is on the ball of the foot, the heel will come down as lightly as a thistle-down. Even when the heaviest of shoes, with thick veiled soles, are used, the step is light and graceful. The girl who practises walking thus will soon become unconscious of her feet, a state which certainly approximates the perfection of grace.—New York Tribune.

Autumn Boa Beauty.
We feel reassured at seeing a lot of new boas. Some alarmists have even suggested that boas might not be revived. Those of us in our right minds knew we were safe in saying "Boa!" to any such foolishness. The boa will not be given up until something even more becoming has been found to take its place. That is likely to be a long time, especially as regards dark-colored ones, which may be worn anywhere. They not only give a becoming finishing touch, but change the plainness of suits into something fairly festive in effect.

Ostrich boas are, of course, standard; one might say classic. They are, however, expensive and perishable, and unweird in damp weather. They really wear off much quicker than one would suppose, a process which curling hastens. While short ostrich boas may be had at smaller sums, a handsome one of good length costs \$45, or thereabouts.

Coque feather boas are to be as good as ever. They are as handsome as they are durable, and to most women these glistening black beauties, with metallic glintings, are very becoming. The fancy still is to have them curled a bit at the ends of the feathers.

Many of the loveliest boas are all of part of marabout. These are worn into the broad, flat, stole-like shapes, most of them terminating in three or four tails at the ends. These are lovely in two-tone effects, as well as in plain colors. Brown and castor are both beautiful and suitable for street wear. They come in all the delicate tints. A mixture of pearl and white is exquisite, so is maize and cream.

Women Who Golf Too Much.
"No race in the world is so devoted to beautifying and renovating itself as English women of the present decade," says a beauty specialist. "Under the smooth, gracious currents of society a mere, ruthless undertow sweeps out wreck all women who lose their Cytherean gifts of charm. It is life and death with them—that is, to keep the appearance of youthful good looks. Few achieve the defiance of time which is the crowning glory of the woman in the highest rank. In the middle class, and below it, the same dread of forfeiture of claims and privileges rules—in pudgy matron, governess, companion or shop-woman. When the looks go the woman goes—uttering consequence of the tense materialism of the epoch. The last device in physical refinement is the chin holder, for remedying double chins, which are the fatal consequences of too much golf and overfeeding. Golf is supposed to be an athletic sport, but, with some one to carry the sticks and caddies to save steps at every turn, and sauntering about with preferred company over the links, an afternoon is put in at the game with no more exertion than mere digestive exercise, enough to keep one in the most fatal condition of taking on flesh. Women get 'puppy' under the chin very early, and the throat sags enough to fill up that deplorable contour which is the pride of the photograph girl, and which she twists her neck tightly to secure. Who would not sleep with their head in a cage rather than have a bag chin, forehead of a tuberous nose and wheezy

breathing? The face modeller who first imports the chin holder will be sure of a wide clientele."

The Tyranny of Little Things.

Little things—olds, trifles—can wear away a woman's life if she will let them.

Women are so constituted that they are naturally lovers of detail, and as such are in constant danger of being wholly submerged by the small calls upon their time.

In the access of "new ideas" women are in danger of crowding their lives into a corner.

One of them is a slave to her bric-a-brac, another is overcome by fancy work and still another has a new form of "new thought" once a week.

She is the most emancipated and nervous of the lot.

Although women were never in such danger before of being covered out of sight with the new thought, they are also, by a wise provision of things, given weapons against the very trouble.

Housework cluttered with the new ideas would kill a woman if it were not for the many inventions that have sprung into life to make it easy.

How to select these is a problem in itself, but once settled, the wheels of the machinery run smoothly enough. The secret is discrimination, wise selection, moderation.

Look calmly on, take what you need in the way of ideas for regulating your life, and the rest will be done.

The "foxes that are destroying the vines" are the Tyrannical Little Things.—New York Herald.

Furs For the Winter.
With the approach of the winter thoughts turn to the furs, and no little anxiety is felt as to whether old garments will adapt themselves to new modes. In the matter of design it is whispered that a simpler spirit will prevail during the winter. On the shorter fur garments it is reasonably sure that coat collars will appear and that collars will be flat. Sealskin, it is predicted, will find a rival in moleskin, although the change may be temporary. Mole skin has a charming color and is peculiarly suitable for an outer garment because of its neutral but bright tone, which harmonizes so admirably with any shade. Mole skin, too, is a perfect background for all the favorite gems. An attractive winter costume might comprise a skirt a tone lighter than the fur coat. The blouse, hat and silk petticoat with these accessories would be charming in either cream color, pale blue, mauve, a dainty pink or an emerald green. A moleskin toque finished with a touch of bright color is always attractive.

Easily Made Corset Covers.
Embroidered nainsook and Swiss edgings, just the right depth for corset covers, are provided for that use. A yard and a quarter of the material is required for a person of average size. The fitting is simple. The piece is held, embroidered side up, ends in front, around the body; the back is made smooth, and openings to fit the arms are cut in both sides. Any extra fullness is left in the front. The arm holes are faced with plain cloth and the openings at the shoulders are enclosed with ribbons tied at the top. The fronts are hemmed. Darts to relieve extra fullness, if the waist is for a stout figure, may be taken below the arms. Then across the bottom is stitched an inch or an inch and a half wide heading, and through it a ribbon is run. This serves as a belt and ties in the front. Baby ribbon is laced through the eyelets of the embroidery at the top of the front, drawn sufficiently tight to hold the garment in place and tied in a bow.

Hats For Girls.
Young girls, in choosing hats, would seem invariably to take advantage of picturesque styles, and some of the straws which are well shaped have a most airy effect and look well with the pretty lace skirts, embroidered with raised leaves and flowers in silk, or worked in designs with narrow ribbons. There is a very glossy make of gauze that is kilt pleated and makes the prettiest gray dresses, which are simply captivating when worn with a rose hat.

Though not a distinct novelty, the rose boas have a novel look. These are composed altogether of delicate silken rose petals, or (and newer) the petals nestle in a downy bed of marabout. These are really most exquisite and are to be had in all colors.—Philadelphia Record.

Frills of Fashion.
Wide sleeves are on everything, from cloaks to negligees.

Shell combs for the hair with large pieces of coral are one of the novelties of the collifure.

Most sleeves show some flat trimming at the top, and the baggy part usually ends above a cuff.

White Irish crochet lace with black velvet baby ribbon and embroidery added is noted on a new dress.

White china silk makes a lovely tea gown. In a quality that will wash well it gives splendid service.

Among pretty things is a gun-metal chatelaine watch representing a golf ball. On each side protrude gold links.

There is a novelty in corset fabrics that has the effect of a herringbone stripe from its interwoven silk thread, and is called fancy drill.

The kilted skirt is shown in the fall gown. Some of the light autumn chevrons in leather tints and the soft neutral tones are especially pretty.

A novel fan is of ivory, having a series of wings like a windmill, which are set in motion by a spring. They are not only practical but pretty.

There are tassels of silk, wool and shikon. Some of them dangle from slender sheaths which are a cross between scarf petticoats and trousers.

Smart and practical dust cloaks are shown made of a very fine sailcloth in pale biscuit shades decorated with gold and silver tassels and black velvet.

One of the prettiest styles of collifure ornaments is the little circular bandeau formed of minute multi-colored gems, with a large pearl or diamond for the forehead.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Short jackets and Etons are receiving a large amount of attention at present for tailor made suits as well as separate garments. A



BLOUSE ETON WITH SLOTT SEAMS.

new and very stylish blouse is shown here, developed in dark blue Venetian with black moire and bands of white taffeta for trimming.

The back is fitted with seams that extend from shoulder to belt, tapering toward the waist line. A half-inch tuck at each side of these seams is flatly stitched to produce the fashionable slot seam. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

In front, seams reach from the shoulder to correspond with those in the back, and the garment blouses over the velvet belt. This is narrow at the back and extends to a point in front. Shaped tabs of velvet are applied.

The fronts are deeply underfaced with moire and rolled back to form revers. The neck is completed with a deep rolling collar of moire. They are finished with bands of white taffeta, machine stitched. The garment may be made without the collar and finished plain at the neck, giving a collarless Eton with long revers and slot seams.

The bishop sleeves are shaped with

flower in the hair. Had women realized to what an extent the pretty custom was admired and even loved by the majority of the opposite sex it never would have fraternized with the spinning wheel, the lace dishes and the lace mitts in the dim and cobwebbed garret of things past.

To man, and that man a sweetheart, this little art, for such it is, of putting a flower in the hair is a signal to all the sensitive sentiment within him. If you doubt this, look to the voicings of the poets. There you will find holding sway and running riot as roses on an old wall such phrases as "a blossom in her tresses," "a flower to bewitch me in her hair," and "that rose above her ear was my undoing."

Whether the hair be black or brown, red or gold, the charm of primeval femininity remains the same.

An All-White Hat.
In an all-white hat, a big flat one has the white ribbon trimming put on the top to give the effect of two big rosettes, the only trimming, with the exception of a line of single white dahlias set on under the rim on the left side and carried well to the back.

Green a Popular Color.
Green continues to be the popular color in millinery, as well as in dress fabrics. Green camels' hair hats, trimmed with green wings and blue velvet, are a prominent feature of this season's display of advanced styles.

Girl's Dress.
Green in all shades is very fashionable this season and will be used for children's dresses as well as ladies' costumes. It is shown here in a light shade, trimmed with white liberty satin and darker green velvet.

The foundation is a fitted body lining, adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams. It is faced with velvet to a pointed yoke depth back and front, and completed with a shallow collar.

The backs are arranged to outline the yoke, plain across the shoulders, and blousing stylishly at the belt. The fronts are crossed just below the yoke in double-breasted style.

A fancy sailor collar outlines the yoke and extends down the front edges,



LATEST MONTE CARLO COAT.

inside seams and fit the upper arm closely. Two tucks on top of the sleeve are inverted to form a slot and stitched down almost to the wrist. The fullness provided by the tucks makes a puff that is gathered and arranged on narrow wristbands.

Any light weight cloth is appropriate for this mode, with silk or velvet trimmings. Some severely plain tailored effects have the collar and revers of the material heavily machine stitched.

To make the coat in the medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide, with one and one-quarter yards of silk for trimming.

Monte Carlo Coat.
The latest thing in outside garments is the Monte Carlo coat, which is in reality a very loose three-quarter length garment. Some beautiful fabrics are employed for their development—heavy silks, rich velvets and broadweaves with exquisite laces and applique for trimming.

The large illustration shows a coat made of black velvet trimmed with ivory satin. The adjustment is made with shoulder and under-arm seams only. The garment fits well on the shoulders, but flares widely at the lower edge. It closes in double-breasted effect with large pearl buttons. The fronts are deeply underfaced with white, and rolled back to form broad revers, that meet the wide cape collar in notches.

The sleeves are made in one piece, fit the upper arm well and flare in bell effect at the wrist. They are completed with deep cuffs of white. Bands of ecru lace that trim the edges of collar, cuffs and revers are run through with black chenille, which gives an odd finish.

Coats in this style are made of biscuit and ash colored cloth, severely plain with machine stitching or bands of cloth for trimming, and make splendid garments for automobile and carriage wear.

To make the coat in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material with one yard of silk for trimming.

A Flower in the Hair.
One long discarded custom is being brought into favor—that of wearing a

the right side fastening on the left with a small rosette of velvet ribbon. The collar is made of white satin trimmed with ribbon.

The full puff sleeves are gathered at upper edge, and attached to short fitted caps, the joining being concealed by ribbon that ties in a bow at the back. The sleeves are finished with narrow velvet cuffs.

The skirt is made in one piece, full at the waist and the body portion closing in the back. A ruffle of the material, headed by ribbon, provides an attractive finish, and gives an extra sweep to the back of the skirt.

Very stylish frocks in this mode may



GIRL'S DRESS.

be made of silk, muslin, foulard, liberty satin, crepe de chine, Lansdowne or poplin, with contrasting material for trimming.

To make the dress for a girl of eight years will require two and three-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide, with three-quarter yards of contrasting material and one-half yard of velvet trimming.