

A STORY OF A CLOCK.

I AM an old grandfather's clock. In these days, when there's a cry for "all things new," anything that is not "up to date," however interesting and valuable it may be, is apt to be relegated to the shelf.

In my long life I must say, truly, I have always been treated with the utmost deference and affection, for, you see, people of good family and high education generally are very much attached to handsome and useful bits of furniture, and seldom discard them for a fashionable "fad." Anyway, I hear that you are quite in demand now, though in bygone days there were few houses that could not boast of one of us, and, to my thinking—but that's neither here nor there.

I am two hundred years old, and not ashamed to say so. A good deal of ticking I've done in that time, and a good deal of life I've seen. I'm not the changes that take place with the flight of years. The old faces vanish and are replaced by the younger ones, who in their turn have their day, and then make way for others. Yet, looking back, it does not seem so very long ago that ladies wore powdered hair and patches, and indented their gowns with huge hoops, and went a-visiting in sedan chairs. Queer times those, when a man was hanged for stealing a sheep and ducks were every-day occurrences. 'Twas always love affairs they fought over. Ladies, I have heard, dye their hair now, instead of powdering it, and wear gowns in which "the clinging effect" is carried to such an extreme that I marvel how they get in and out of them. Of course it's a graceful style, if only people would not carry what they call "style" to such a ridiculous length. Thank goodness, though, there are numbers of sensible folk who like to look natural, in spite of the mandates of fashionable mediocres.

I haven't done much traveling. You see almost all my life has been spent with Scotch people, where the "mild hoose" passes from generation to generation, with all its belongings. Many a tale I could tell, oftentimes humorous and oftentimes sad, for is not life made up of contrasts? I often think what strange pranks human emotion, love, hate, fear, sympathy, make human beings play!

At the time I am writing of my fate was with three old sisters; high-bred, aristocratic ladies, with straight backs (guiltless of ever having yielded to the seductions of a rooking chair) and aquiline noses—the "family nose," they proudly called it. A trifle stern—reserved also—but they had dear, warm hearts beneath that coldness. Why, I've seen Miss Cecilia's faded gray eyes grow wonderfully soft and tender at the sight of the first rose of summer, for they fairly worshipped every plant and tree and shrub in that wonderful old garden of theirs.

I could see it from where I stood in the lobby, and away beyond to the red brick wall, where hung the most delicious fruit, sun-kissed into perfection of taste and color—golden apricots, peaches, plums—amongst the trellised leaves. If I've begun to tell you about the sweet, old-fashioned flowers that grew in such profusion, I'd never be able to stop. Most of them took prizes year in, year out, at the show, which old Sandy was "awful proud of." And you should have seen the "alleys" of roses, and the arbor thickly covered with them, where the "Gineral" used to smoke his pipe, and—

—but I must get on. One day, when the roses were blooming grandly, an unaccountable excitement got up in the house. I found out that a young nephew and his bride were expected from across the ocean. Goodness me, if there wasn't a fuss! I was rubbed and rubbed, till I shone like a looking-glass. The old ladies wouldn't allow "furniture polish" to be used for me—and I think it would have been quite degrading.

I remembered Mr. Archie—a fine, stalwart young fellow. He had married an American heiress. The fortune she would inherit had been made in "trade." Now, this was a great blow to the pride of the Ker family—besides, they had had other hopes concerning their nephew. So when the couple arrived I could see they had hard work to conceal their rather unjust prejudices. She was a tiny creature, with large, dark eyes and a plump little figure. I confess I fell in love with her at the very first, and she seemed equally taken with me, for she cried out when passing me, "Why! what a very quaint love of a clock! I do not see these delightfully antique things, with an old family air about them."

She had an attractive manner, and looked kind of shy-like, I thought. You see, she was but young, poor thing, and had spent most of her life at an English boarding-school, I heard. Then, of course, meeting new relatives must be a little bit trying, even for an American heiress. It seemed so for her, anyway.

Mr. Archie was gay and peppy as ever. He smiled at me and said, "Well, old fellow, glad to see you in such good health." Just at that moment I struck four o'clock, which meant from me, "The time to you!"

When "Peetie" (as we all called the young wife) chose she could be most fascinating, but I noticed she seemed rather ill at ease with her new relatives. You see, her ways were so different from theirs. Her voice wanted softness, and her expressions were often rather odd. I fancied they grated on the refined manners of the old people. I used to love to listen to the negro melodies which she sometimes sang in the evenings, to the accompaniment of the banjo. Her voice was clear and sympathetic, but often had a sad ring to it, I thought. Perhaps she was a wee bit homesick, for all she had a most devoted husband. Amongst her songs my favorite was "Swanee River"—it touched me wonderfully—and then there was the "Canadian Boat Song." She would sing that with Mr. Archie. I did enjoy that one!

It was such a pity, I often thought as the days went by, that the young creature seemed so far away from the old ladies' hearts as ever. The

trouble was, they had made up their minds that their nephew was to marry the fair, tall and stately daughter of a neighboring baronet, who possessed irreproachable manners, and "a family nose." Report said she had been "fair daff" about our young master, but report often makes mistakes—but I must not discuss, or you'll be dubbing me a tiresome old chatterbox.

About two months later we decided to give a dinner party—and to give it in style, too. Just the day before it was to come off an untidy accident befell the coachman, who was to assist in waiting at table. He sprained his ankle. Mrs. Archibald "fished up," as she expressed it, a seemingly very smart young man to take his place. So everything went off swimmingly. What a display of fine things! The old family plate was all on show, and made a brave one.

'Twas a bright, happy gathering; many young, fresh faces, too, amongst them. That pleased me; you see, when one gets old it seems natural like to feel that way. Mr. Archie told such amusing anecdotes of his life in the colonies, and also some terrifying ones, principally relating to his trip to a place called—something ending with "dike," where gold was plentiful. I fairly shivered when I heard them—such half-breath escapes! And there he was, sitting amongst us, alive and well, and as jolly—"Come now, old grandfather, get on; no hawing!" But I must say, Mr. Archie had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

A couple of days later I overheard Mr. and Mrs. Archibald talking, as they were coming down the stairs, arm in arm—for they were always "that loving." She seemed a wee bit put out, for there were tears in her dark eyes, and she looked different altogether, for she was wearing a black gown instead of the usual white one—a relative had died, I suppose.

It was the twelfth of August, and her husband was going away for a week's grouse-shooting, which begins in Scotland on that day.

I am soft-hearted. Those tears were quite a sight to my heart. They are the sorrow of the old, but the young should not grieve.

"It's my nose, Archie," she was saying, half laughing, half crying. "I think I could make them love me if only I had a 'family nose' and could look stately."

You should have heard Mr. Archie laugh, and be assured her she had the dearest little nose in the world. It was the feature of her face he'd first fallen in love with, and then he quoted some poetry about "the petal of a flower," "tip-titled, like the petal of a flower," that was it.

They stopped beside me. "They'll love you, never fear, some day, sweetheart," says he. "Won't they, old fellow?" And I struck two o'clock, which signified, "They will!" I didn't think then that I—but I'll tell you all about it.

So we were left alone—and some fine grouse from the moors made their appearance. Of course you know these birds are always kept till they are quite old, so Susan took them down to the cellar. I'm far away from heather and sportsmen now, but ah me! a tiny sprig of it affects me as nothing else can, except, maybe, the bagpipes. I dare say I'm very sentimental—but dear me! what would life be without sentiment, which is, after all, just love and proper feeling, without which, I'm thinking, the pulse of this big, bustling world would cease to beat.

Now what happened after this is one of the stirring incidents of my life. My body is long, but so is my head, and I'll always feel sure that 'twas the new man who had taken our old coachman's place for these few days who was the culprit. He was very far removed from being a professional at his work, but he meant business for all that, and Mr. Archie's absence from home was a step in the right direction.

About two o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth of August, when all was quiet and asleep in the old house, I heard a queer kind of fuzzing in the dining-room. Then light footsteps seemed to come to and fro into the hall. Everything was dark as pitch. Even the harvest moon was tired of shining, and not a ray from her fell (as usual) on the tiled floor of the lobby just then. "Hark! What—who is that creeping noiselessly down the thickly carpeted stairs? My old eyes could not see—and yet, is that not a white figure, for all the world like a big snowflake, drifting down, down. Ah! a streak of moonlight falls athwart it and shows clear and distinct the figure of Mr. Archibald's little wife.

She stooped as if to pick up or grope for something, and I heard her say, "I may have dropped it in the garden." A sort of stifled cry. Then—oh, my! I saw her lift our solid silver, richly chased coffee-pot from the lowest step, just behind the knight in armor, who had stood sentinel there, grim and stern, for long, long years. The moon, always apologetic, hid her face again behind a cloud, but I could see that big snowflake standing stock still, as if it had been frozen into a beautiful statue.

She stooped towards the dining-room as if listening, and then she crossed swiftly over to me. I was only a couple of yards away luckily. She pulled open my glass door and one after another she pushed inside of me the collection of silver plate that the "gentleman" at work now in the pantry had placed there, carefully avoiding "clinking" them against my brass weights—spoons, forks, teapot, salver—everything higgledy-piggledy.

Just think of the courage of that pretty young creature who had grasped the situation so quickly—and risen to the occasion—and it all seemed to be done in a twinkling. For all she knew, a gang of desperadoes might have sprung out and crushed the life out of her before she'd time to give one "clink" for help. But the best of the play was to come.

secretly lock the door of my case, they were trembling so! But she did it, and slipped the key within the bodice of her dressing-gown.

Just a few moments after we could hear the thief's footsteps returning. He evidently was going to make his exit by a small window just behind the staircase, and probably planned throwing the booty out and then making away with it. But if ever a man had mistaken his vocation, he had, for he hadn't the pluck of a mouse in him.

On hearing him returning, she crept behind me. All her courage must have left her, for she sank down, and I could hear her poor teeth chattering. My size and the darkness pretty effectually hid her small figure. Anyway, the whilom burglar (I could not catch a glimpse of his face, for his back was to me all the time) made direct for that precious coffee-pot and all the other bits of silver that were so dear to our old mistresses. He had a black, bluish bag with him, I noticed, and probably there was a confederate waiting outside. When he found they had been spirited away he expected next, I reckon, cold steel against his forehead, or he fancied some supernatural agency had been at work. If he only could have seen the frightened, helpless thing, all that was in his way—but, thanks to me, he couldn't. I stood solemnly, tick, tick, ticking, calm and brave and strong. I verily believe if that coward had seen and laid a finger on the little heroine of the play I would have cried out loud.

But he didn't—he just gave a smothered cry, a wild glance from right to left, and then he made for and was through that small window in a jiffy. I've often since wondered how he managed, for he was a phenomenally tall man. He did, anyway, and left everything behind; even the black bag was dropped in his flight.

Our poor little lady had to keep to her bed with a kind of nervous attack after her first, and, I hope, last adventure of the kind. And I had all out of order for some time after, my heart beating like a steam engine, and several times I struck twenty-four without stopping.

You may imagine the gratitude of our family and the praise we both did get. But what pleased me more than anything was that, then and there, Mr. Archie's wife, "the thorn in the flesh" lately, and quite unfairly, I thought, was forever after loved—ay, doted upon, by those high-bred dames. "For her own sweet sake," they said, but 'twas the lucky termination to that thrilling episode in which I played such an important part, that softened their hearts, say I; and I think the game was worth the candle. Good-by.—Waverley Magazine.

Rules For Vacation Sailors.

Any one with two feet to brace against something, two arms to pull with and two hands to grasp the oars can propel a rowboat after a fashion. Anybody capable of holding the end of a rope can get a sail out into the wind and sail in some direction or other until something happens. These are not a sufficient equipment for those who propose to go out upon the water in the summer. They must also know a number of other things—how to stay ashore when the wind is too high, how to sit still in a boat, how to abstain from tying the sheet, how to avoid being hit by the boom when the boat changes her course, how to retain one's presence of mind. Even without knowing how to swim, a person who has acquired the foregoing branches of nautical lore will be pretty safe anywhere. Neglect of the most simple and obvious of these precautions is what causes the summer death-list at seaside and lake resorts. The most important necessity of all is that which is commonly known as keeping your head. A person who can drop a hat or a handkerchief in the water from an Adirondack guide-boat, for instance, and not lean over to pick it up as though he or she were sitting in a dining-room chair at home, who will hold a boat when it leaks rather than attempt to get out and go ashore, who will not move, scream or get up when a trifling accident happens, is the kind of person, and the only kind of person, to be trusted in a small boat on the water.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Never Far From His Store.

Probably there is no tradesman on American soil who lives closer to his place of business than does a certain Chinese fruit dealer, whose stall at the corner of Clay street and Waverly place is one of the regulation sights of Chinatown in San Francisco. This merchant of the curb has his residence in an upper story of his modest stand, sandwiched in between his topmost shelf and an overhang, which projects from the second floor of the house against whose wall the fruit stall is built. This bit of a room, which is about as commodious as a deal packing box, such as upright pianos are shipped in, is provided with one very small window and one door. When the labors of the day are over, which in Chinatown is about midnight, Charlie—the Chinaman likes to be called John—puts his stall shutters, extinguishes his gasoline light and is ready for bed. By means of a ladder he mounts to his solitary chamber, pulls the ladder up after him, and shutting his door is as snug as you please until morning. A close place for a hot night, you think, but then the climate of San Francisco is peculiar in having no hot nights—at least that is what the San Franciscans tell you.—Philadelphia Record.

His Lesson.

She was a demure little woman with a baby. As the open car was crowded, she did not put the little one, who was old enough to sit up, on the seat beside her. She carried it on her lap and made room for a fierce-looking big man with a black cigar and a newspaper. The child kicked its tiny legs in delight at the strange things it saw while riding along the Bowery, and its shoes rubbed against the man's trousers. "Perhaps, madam," he exclaimed, "you imagine this conveyance is your private carriage?" "Oh, no I don't," was the prompt reply. "If it was you wouldn't be riding in it."

He shut up.—New York Times.

Germany's Oldest Warship.

Germany's oldest sea-going warship, the Krou, was built in England in 1807.

MIDDLE AGED WOMEN'S DRESS.

Its Limitations If It Is to Be Kept Within the Pale of Quiet Elegance.

"There is a limit, you know," said a middle-aged woman whose milliner had been urging her to buy a large, flat hat, shelving out in front. "It's all very well to say that there are no old women nowadays, and that we can all dress alike, at any age, but it's a matter in which good taste and common sense must get a check upon fashion."

"But you look young," said her friend.

"Thank you, my dear! But if that statement has any foundation in fact, apart from your favorable view, it is simply because I don't pretend to be young. If I dressed like a young girl, I should look old. It's true that there are no distinctive styles now for young and old, but there are subtle modifications that make all the difference. At my age we must be freer in some particulars, and more restricted in others."

"I don't quite see what you mean by that, though I do understand about your 'subtle modifications.' I think you manage them to perfection. But, as to freedom and restrictions—"

"Well we can have a little more freedom from the tyranny of 'styles,' for example. We needn't always appear in the 'very latest thing.' If we have a two-year-old waist that has not a very long front, or a stock collar too high for this summer's prevailing mode, we can wear them without fear that the 'girls' will say we look as if we had come out of the Ark. With years and honors, we have surely won some little emancipation from the smaller tyrannies of fashion. We have outgrown our dread of a 'back number.' We may even dare to adopt an individual style of our own, which ultra conventional youth could hardly venture upon. But, on the other hand, there are some things we must not, cannot, dare not wear!"

"For instance?"

"For instance, big picture hats, flat hats without trimming on the top, big flying veils hanging down at the back, a lot of knotted ribbon ends, and all such youthful duffs and frills. And we should avoid bright, delicate colors in large masses, which they only in small quantities to relieve an all black of very dark costume. A middle aged woman should never adopt conspicuous styles, or go to extremes in any way; she should study the 'little less' that gives quiet elegance. She should delight in black, and her favorite combination should be black and white. But she need not be afraid of a touch of pale color—a line of blue, or even rose—if it's only a line. Violet, of course, belongs to her, but pink should only peep out timidly, like a vanishing memory of youth."

"Come, you ought to write a poem on the subject," said her friend, laughing. "Such language is really inspiring."

"I feel inspired, with all the ardor of a reformer," said the woman of middle age, laughing in her turn. "When I see what guys some women make of themselves in their efforts to look as young as they would like to be. They don't appreciate the value of years or the beauty and dignity that belong to every stage of living when properly harmonized. I don't want to go back to the funny big caps and shapeless gowns of my grandmothers, but I do want to be fittingly and graciously attired."—New York Tribune.

Sleeping Car Kimono.

In the semi-seclusion of a section of a sleeping car women want to make some change in their dress at night, and yet not the change they would make in their own bedrooms at home. A kimono with loose, large sleeves is an excellent article for the purpose. Silken kimonos, or a silk and cotton mixture, take up little room in packing your dressing bag. Seen on the Federal express this week was a kimono of the pink and white, narrow-striped washing silk. The bars were only a quarter inch in width. This garment came a little below the knees, and had long, wide sleeves, with square, sewed-up ends which could be used as pockets. The sleeves were a yard long, and, as the full width is left cut perfectly square, and is gathered into no cuff, there is a deep space below the slit where the wrist and arm comes out. This helps to make the loose sleeve cool, and yet it does not blow about and show your arm, as an "angel" sleeve or "pagoda" would do. You can tuck your handkerchief in your kimono sleeve, as your Japanese has been doing for centuries and so have two capacious pockets in your sleeve ends.

There are no buttons, ribbons nor trimming of any kind to the true kimono, and this pink and white one is copied from a good model. The edges of the garment are hemmed. Around the neck and down the front on both sides for the distance of a yard the kimono is bound with a flap or revers of the silk. This gives firmness to the finish. It is fastened by two white metal safety pins down the front.—Philadelphia Record.

Skill in Needlecraft.

A marvelous example of what the needle of one woman may accomplish in embroidery, is now being exhibited in London. It consists of a series of panels, twelve in number, eleven by three feet, embroidered on cream satin.

In this work some 150 different shades of silk and chenille have been employed, all being exquisitely blended to produce the soft, subdued tones peculiar to the Louis XIV period. The subject of the panels, "The Months," is borrowed from a celebrated Gobelin tapestry. On each panel is represented the figure of some mythological deity, such as Venus, Juno, Mars and others, surrounded by its respective attributes and symbols, amidst a wealth of flowers.

In this beautiful needle painting an almost incredible variety and number of stitches have been employed; on the face of the Venus alone 2000 stitches are said to have been lavished. The embroidery is the work of Mme.

How Fashions Are Born.

Mr. Redfern, of London, tells in the Young Woman where the fashions come from. As to the way in which new fashions arise and how leaders of society determine what is to be worn, Mr. Redfern said:

"It happens somewhat in the manner: Some time ago large sleeves were all the rage, but when they reached the extreme size at the shoulder they began to be absurd, and their inconvenience began to be felt. The smart woman, having dined out once or twice in a gown the sleeves of which make it essential that the butler should move the convicts half a foot farther from each side of her plate, probably grows tired of this, and in consultation with her dress-maker for her next dinner gown brings the big 'pouffe' down to the finishing point, and adds some chic little idea as to change and note."

Her friends are not slow to mark the altered style and when they see the same lessening of size on one or two other choice spirits brave enough to adopt it, the flat goes forth and large sleeves are doomed.

Latest in Stocks.

There is always something new in stocks, and the newest shows a turn over of pink linen upon a stock of white insertion. The insertion is in narrow rows, joined by hem stitching, and the pink lawn turn over is an embroidered one. The whole is washable.

It is estimated that the woman of today could spend all her time upon the making of stocks and yet not to be any to well supplied. The newest ones demand an amount of handwork which is surprising.

The best of the stocks are washable and this is a good thing, for it means a fresh neatness which is not possible when the stock is of velvet, satin or non-washable silk.

The new standing collars for women are like the old linen collars, tall, high band turnovers. But, instead of being plain, they are embroidered by hand. Then they are given a laundry finish. The embroidery relieves them of their masculine look and makes them very smart.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Embroidered Gowns.

Embroidered white linen gowns are not to be thought of as a purchase by women who have only a small amount of money to spend on a summer wardrobe; but the embroidery is by no means difficult, and is very pleasant work, so that, if a woman can do it herself, and has the ability to make her own simple gowns, an embroidered linen gown is not beyond her reach. The designs for making them are quite simple; there should be a blouse waist and gored skirt with the embroidery either around the foot or at the seams. Another inexpensive way of trimming is the broad band of heavy lace put down the front of the waist to join a similar band on the skirt. A band of lace sometimes is put around the foot of the skirt, and a collar to match is worn with the waist. Effective faces can be bought very cheap if only a little time is spent in choosing a good pattern.—Harper's Bazar.

Exclusively Feminine.

Business women of Boston have had a new honor thrust upon them, namely, that of having a directory of their very own, not a man's name appearing in any light. But it does show women engaged in occupations which many believe to be controlled exclusively by men. In fact, the book reveals that women can do just about everything that is worth doing at all. And, of course, they do it well, says the Boston Transcript. The business women's directory may be called an enlightening, as well as interesting, work, and in time may be found chained in every drug store alongside of its big brother.

Very dainty collar and cuff sets are fashioned from Mexican drawn work. Belt clasps of French gray silver are finished with pendants of the same metal.

Indications point to a generous use of gilt buttons on fancy tailored costumes for fall.

Some of the newest shirt waist buttons are decorated with art nouveau heads.

Pretty little knitted shawls shaped to the shoulders are shown in all the pastel colorings.

Among the striking novelties is the beetle buckle of hard enamel framed in oxidized silver.

Crochet buttons and ornaments in heavier effects than at present will be used in the fall.

Olive shaped pearl buttons will dispense fashionable prestige with the familiar round variety next season.

It is predicted that next season a popular combination in jewelry will be royal copper and French gray silver.

Diamond shaped medallions of lace, so popular for dress trimming, are being replaced by those in oval form.

Umbrella handles in magnolia are among the novelties. The wood is polished and set off with mounting of gold.

Coaching parasols of solid colors are shown in tints to match shirt waist suits of blue, tan, pink, ecru, white, green and fawn shades.

For evening wear, white carries off the palm of popularity in England, and gold tissue, softened by a certain amount of white chiffon, is having a run of favor.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Waists made with tucks that extend from the shoulders to yoke depth always are becoming and provide most desirable of all lines.



BLOUSE WAIST.

This pretty May Manton one combines that feature with the plain centre front which is attached to the tucked ones beneath their edges. The original is made of embroidered batiste with trimming of Valenciennes lace, but the design suits all the materials of the season, cotton, linen, wool and silk, and can be made lined or unlined as may be deemed desirable.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation, the back, the tucked fronts and the centre front. The back is tucked for its entire length. The fronts are laid in one tuck at each edge and in three from the shoulders to yoke depth. The centre front is plain and trimmed on indicated lines and is attached to the right side, hooked or buttoned into place at the left. The sleeves are made in the latest style, which means that they are somewhat snug above the elbows but full and ample below.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven

inches wide, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide.

A new and popular material of the net class is tulle avaigne, a fine silk tulle with meshes forming symmetrical lace designs. It is much more durable than the ordinary tulle.

A Hand-Painted Frock. Among the hand-painted mousseline frocks worn at a recent Paris function was one in soft gray mousseline, painted in shadowy fuchsias in their natural tints.

Tucked Blouse. Blouses made with horizontal tucks are greatly in style and suit girls' figures to perfection. This one, designed by May Manton, shows three tucks in the blouse and three in the sleeves made on continuous lines, so giving the broad effect which is demanded by present fashions. The model is made of white handkerchief linen with collar and cuffs of lace and is unlined, but the design suits wool and silk as well as cotton and linen fabrics, and the lining can be added whenever desirable.

The blouse is made with the fitted foundation, the tucked front and tucked backs, and is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fullness in the front is laid in tiny tucks at the neck and both front and backs are gathered at the waist line. The sleeves are the new ones that form full soft puffs at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard of all-over lace.

One of the greatest conveniences to the home dressmaker is a special hemmer that can be bought now which fits any machine, either a lock or a chain stitch. Unlike the ordinary hemmer, it can be used for all wools and soft materials. It used to be that in tucking a woolen material of any kind each tuck had to be carefully basted in, and then run with a guide. This does away with all that. There is absolutely no basting to be done, and

ter yards thirty-two inches wide, of one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard of all-over lace.

SHIRT WAIST AND NINE GORED WALKING SKIRT.

inches wide, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a half yards forty-four inches wide.

A Popular Costume. Shirt waists are among the good things of which no woman ever has enough. The very stylish May Manton one, shown in the large drawing, is new and becoming to the generality of figures. The tucks, which are arranged to give a pleat effect, are stitched into yoke depth at the front, so forming becoming folds over the bust, while the back gives tapering lines to the figure. The original is made of dotted chambray, but all waist materials are equally suitable.

The waist consists of the smoothly fitting lining, which can be used or omitted as preferred, the fronts and the back, and is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The back is drawn down smoothly and snugly at the waist line, while the front blouses slightly over the belt. The sleeves are cut in one piece and are full below the elbows and gathered into straight cuffs at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

Waiking skirts have become so much of a necessity as to be included in every wardrobe. The very stylish one illustrated in the large picture is adapted to cloth of all grades, to chambray and the like and to the heavy linens now in vogue, but as shown is made of Sicilian mohair in royal blue with stitching in corded silk.

The skirt consists of nine gores which are shaped to fit with perfect snugness above the knees and to flare freely about the feet. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted pleats.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or three and a quarter yards fifty-two inches wide.

Dressmaking Made Easy. One of the greatest conveniences to the home dressmaker is a special hemmer that can be bought now which fits any machine, either a lock or a chain stitch. Unlike the ordinary hemmer, it can be used for all wools and soft materials. It used to be that in tucking a woolen material of any kind each tuck had to be carefully basted in, and then run with a guide. This does away with all that. There is absolutely no basting to be done, and

ter yards thirty-two inches wide, of one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard of all-over lace.

MISSES' TUCKED BLOUSE.

ter yards thirty-two inches wide, of one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard of all-over lace.

ter yards thirty-two inches wide, of one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard of all-over lace.

ter yards thirty-two inches wide, of one and seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard of all-over lace.