# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* A VICTIM OF REFORM.

How the Captain of the Coaster San Antonio Was Undone.

#### By John Fleming Wilson.

ed slender funneled coaster, not beautiful or shapely, but-profitable. So profitable, indeed, that she was now eing painted and her skipper had gone East to get married

To the friends of Captain Van Olinda the two facts were indicative of a revolution. To think that the grimy San Anton' should glory in fresh colors! To think that her stiff-legged, heavy-handed, hoarse-voiced tyrant bould take a wife! Now that the day approached when the bridal pair were expected the mate and engineer grew strangely uneasy. "I don't like it a bit," said the mate. "I tell you, Ben, when a scarred old ruffinn like the skipper gets a wife, there's trouble brewing. Why, he can't even get along with us.

Ben Harris, the chief engineer, grunted amiably, "Oh. you take it too hard, Sam. One 'ud think it was you, in stead of Van, that was getting spliced. It won't make any such tremendous difference to you and me. We'll just work on twenty-four hours a day, same as usual. Old man may beef around a little more, may bat the mess-boy a little oftener, but I reckon we'll make about the same number of revolutions per minute. Nothing makes much difrence to me, s' long as I have boilers made of tomato-tins. I horrify to think what'll happen some day when they get really het up."

"Go on," grumbled the mate; "you sit around in any old weather and watch your stew-pans and run that egg-beater engine of yours, while I'm trying to tell by the color of the water where we're at, and banging old clothes on a rotten clothes-line to try and claw off a lee-shore. And then, when the old man finds we've gone back twenty miles instead of fetching fifty, he blames me."

"So he does, so he does. And I s'pose you'll be pretty sore when they be two of 'em to cuss you. Likely ough the new missus is ten feet long. and has an arm as heavy as a packingcase. But she can't fool with me. If she does, 1'll accidentally rock up against the main-steam and scald her to death. Say' Sam, have ye got some rood, stiff putty? The donkey-boiler's tot a hole in it, and I'd like to patch it. I've used up all the oller's shoes already on that hole. Somehow, leather won't hold."

The mate gave no response to this pleasantry, and went forward to hit deck-hand who was over-anxiously tightening a fast.

It was on a fine February afterneon that Captain and Mrs. Van Olinda were met at the gangway of the San Antonio by the mate. Hello, Sam!" shouled the skipper.

'How's every thing?' 'First-rate, sir," answered the mate,

with one eye on the "missus." "Sah, this is my wife, Mrs. Van

Olinda," said the captain, proudly. "Mrs. Van, this is Mr. Twizzle, my

"Mr. Twizzle, I'm glad to meet you," responded the lady. "So'm I," said the mate, after a pause

of desperation. For the lady, into whose face he was looking, was a wholesome, clear-eved matron of perhaps thirty-five-the opposite of all he had fancied. The husband did not notice his mate's embarrassment, but in stentorian notes he was calling: "Ben! Ben Harris! Hang you, Ben, where

The San Antonio was a square-stern- | stores-sails and such-and you are forever cussin' your boilers. D'ye

s'pose we could get 'em?" "Sort o' mean," answered the engineer, "sort o' mean to mix her up with our troubles. Though, by jinks, she will be mixed up anyway if the lid ever comes off those pots below. We don't know but what he might welcome some trouble like that. Marriage is uncer-

tain in its effects on some people." For thre days they stowed cargo for a run north to Portland, and the captain watched operations without any suspicion that his vocabularic mate and tinkering engineer had conspired against him for his own good. The last case was lowered into the hold; the last unruly bundle of iron blasphemed into its place, and the San Antonio put out into the channel and headed for the Golden Gate. It was clear and warm, and under the declining sun the bey stretched into a shimmering glory of dazzling, sparkling beauty. Mrs. Van Olinda answered her husband's call and came up to the ridiculously small bridge. With quiet eyes she watched the solemn ferry-boats trundle by, the ships lying in the stream with yards trimmed to a hair, the busy moles, domineered over by tipsy coalcraft, and above, and about, and through all the wonderful light of the sun. With a gesture of comprehension of what all this was to be to her, she put one hand over the rough fist of her husband. The mate turned modestly away, but he heard her murmur: "Oh,

Van, how I love this!" That night Twizzle sought Harris in the engine-room, and, after relating the above event, asked his opinion on it. "D'ye reckon he's going to run her to suit himself?" he said in conclusion The chief swung himself upon an oll-barrel lashed in the corner, and lit

his pipe. "Who knows?" he said, "I don't." the mated admitted. "Well, I'll tell ye what I think. I thing all women are very easy han-

dled, if you know how to get about "How do you go about it?"

finally.

"Um-m-several have wondered," said the engineer. "Personally, I have an opinion that they're summat like engines. Look after 'em, keep 'em running in clear water, don't let 'em race 'emselves sick, and-whatever else ye do-never take your eyes off 'em one minute. Coax, wheedle, pet, talk nice, and never cuss. Save your cussin' for a place where it'll do good."

"If Van ever cusses her," the mate broke out, "I'll hit him sure as I'm Samuel Twizzle."

"You're racing now: shut off steam. Sam. It's not your business, nor mine. Anyway, that isn't the question. And let me tell you," continued Harris warmly, "that you'll get into trouble quicker that way than any way I know

The mate felt foolish and started toward the deck. "We might suggest oc-casionally," he hinted.

"Oh, yet, suggest if you like-not a had idea, that. You suggest good stories, and I'll suggest new boilers. You bet; suggestion 's the safe way.' So the conspirators parted.

The next day the chief left the engines in charge of his assistant, and smoked a pipe on the forward deck. Presently he thought he would look in on the cook and see how matters progressed in the galley. To his utter astonishment he found Mrs. Van Olinda

"What of it! Why, the missus snoop for'ard, see's a new place she's not been into, and down she soes. Then up she comes."

"Are ye sick?" "Go topside and look." With this the mate collapsed. Ben Harris shut his book on a bit of

waste (to keep the place), and went, slowly up the ladder. When he thrust his head out of the door that gave on the deck he looked forward. A halfdozen dirty sailors squatted dumbly ontheir blankets, while the captain and his wife faced each other in anger "Filthy hole," she heard Mrs. Van Olinda say, "and those men sleeping

there! I wouldn't put a dog into a cellar like that." "Plenty good enough for deckhands," her husband responded. "I won't have it on this ship," re torted his wife. "That's settled. That place has got to be scrubbed and paint-

ed before they set foot in it again." But --" the skipper protested. "No 'buts' about it." The captain glared around, and caught an uneasy grin on a sailor's

"You dirty scare-crow," he face. thundered, "jump down there and clean that out; all of ye, jump! What d'ye mean by keeping your end of the ship in such condition? Fly, now!' The sailors tumbled around, and the engineer withdrew his head. "That settles it," he murmured to himself,

'Now for new boilers.' That evening the captain called down the speaking tube to the engineer.

"I'm going to bring my wife down to see the engines. Is it all right?" "Sure." With this answer, Harris

called the oller and told him to wipe down the railings on the ladders, The captain and his wife were received most gallantly by the chief. The motion of the steamer was very gen-

tle, and the machinery ran smoothly and very evenly. Mrs. Van Olinda locked and admired. Harris had never approved of "women-folk messing around an engine," but he carefully concealed any such feeling, if he ex-

perienced it, on this occasion. "Is there any danger?" asked Mrs. Van, as scon as she recovered from her first curicsity.

"None in particular," said Harris, with a very apparent attempt at evas-"None in particular!" she echoed.

'Is there any? Might the boiler explode?" "Not exactly explode," responded the engineer slowly. "The boilers are too

old for that. There wouldn't be much pop to them. They'd just open out sort of gentle and easy. No; they wouldn't explode."

The skipper figeted violently, but the chief did not (apparently) notice it. "But the steam would come out?" she continued.

"Yes, ma'am; it comes out now. Of course, it would come out more then, and kill whoever was down here." Mrs. Van Olinda moved back hastily.

'We had steam heat in our house in Iowa," she explained, "but 1 never knew it was dangerous." "Oh, then you wouldn't mind this little affair. Why, I s'pose this wouldn't heat that house, even if we fired up extraordinary. Do tell, to think

that after living in a house with real steam heat, you should care to see Harris's voice was very gentle. this." He was talking for the skipper's bene fit. But retribution was swift.

"I imagine," the captain roared out (after long repression), "I imagine you think this is funny." "Funny?" repeated his wife, "I don't

see anything funny about it. Oh, yes, Mr. Harris, what was the funny kettle you promised to loan me?"

-I-forget," stuttered the engineer

#### prior to putting in the new sill. To "What of it?" growled the engineer. TAKING CARE OF A TRAIN some instances this would requiré a long time; in other instances not so long.

# THE ELABORATE SYSTEM OF IN-SPECTION AND RENEWAL

The Largest Repair Shop in the World -Remarkable Locomotive Hospital Has Just Been Completed at Collinwood, Ohio-Marvelous Wrecking Machinery.

wreckers receive the same wages as Few people who travel, and few of ...e car repairers who work on the rethose who daily depend upon the railpairs tracks, except that for extra time roads of the country for the hauling the men on the wreckers receive about of freight, have any idea of the part 20 cents an hour. The average wreckwhich the army of men who work, er carries a crew of 12 men. These, day in and out, on repairs only, play of course, are skilled in their particuin the world of transportation, nor of how many thousands of human lar line. The modern machinery with which they work is marvelous in many lives are annually saved by the conrespects. Every one is familiar with scientious attention of these men to he remarkably short time that is retheir work. In the inspecting and required to clear a track in this day. pairing departments of the American That which would require but a few railroads are employed not less than hours now would have taken several 100,000 men, to whose skill and quick days a quarter-century ago. perception the public owes a debt of The average American railroad sysgratitude. tem employs several thousand men

The average passenger train is thorin its repair departments alone. In oughly inspected at all large cities, the big shops of the companies the 100 to 150 miles apart, and is hastily largest numbers are employed, but looked over at many other stops beeven in small cities as high as 125 sides. Six minutes' time is allowed men will be kept steadily at work. for a thorough inspection. Four men, These men are cauable of building a two at each end, begin the work of car, from the trucks up, with the valooking over the wheels, the trucks, rious parts that are so extensive somethe couplings and all parts of the car times after a wreck that the car may which are liable to get out of order. be said to be rebuilt.

These men from both ends meet at the middle of the train, and the inspection is completed. While they are doing this work the oiler, who is nicknamed in the car repairing circles sometimes as the "doper," looks out for hat boxes and properly lubricates all the heated parts. At the same instant the ice-man, with his tongs, is lifting chunks of ice into the tanks

in the interior of the coaches. employed, and their sole work will be Freight trains are inspected with repairs. The machinery will be mar just as much care as the passenger velous, including cranes with a liftcoaches, but, the work being done uping capacity of 100 tons. No locomo on the repair tracks, in an obscure lo tives will here be built, but many will cation, the public practically sees nothing of it. At some of the principal repair tracks, even in cities of

not more than 15,000 population, as many as 1200 and 1500 cars are in spected every 24 hours, and this by four men, two working nights and two days. When a train moves in upon a track for an inspection but a halfminute is allowed to each car, and so rapid are the workmen that they do it thoroughly in this time. Were the milroads not sure that these men are perfectly capable of doing the work in the time now allotted, they would, of course, increase the limit, for if there is one department more than another in which the railroads are particular about perfect work it is in the line of proper and adequate repairs.

When a train of cars arrives in the yards near the repair tracks the repairers place a blue flag in daytime, or a blue light at night, at each end of the train. This warns railroaders

that the inspectors are at work on the train, though they may not be visible, often being under the cars. The locomotive must not be attached when these blue signals show forth from the ends of the train. One of the inspectors passes over the tops of the cars. He is on the lookout for a leaky roof, if it be a box car; if it be an ore or coal car, then he must look out for the condition of the chains which hold the drop-bottoms. The men working about the trucks must look

out for a broken flange, a checked wncel, bent axles, loose bolts, had air connections, condition of the air reservoirs and many other things. As soon as a defect is found a card is tacked on the car by the inspector. There are different cards used to de-

signate rolling stock that is in bad order. One card denotes danger, and



New York City .- Short blouse Etons, From these depend deep pleatings of are much more jaunty than jackets chiffon. The bow at the neck is also which reach below the waist line, and of chiffon. The circular skirt is fitted closely are usually preferred for moderate

around the waist and over the hips with small darts. The fulness at the centre back is arranged in an under-lying pleat at each side of the closing. Rosettes of panne, connected by festoons of the same material, are used to decorate the walst and skirt. This mode of trimming is especially pretty for a plain skirt, and may be repeated in the back, the rosettes being placed on each side of the centre pleat.

In some cases three or five narrow ruchings of chiffon are used for foot trimming, or arranged in scallops and points at the lower edge of the skirt. To make the waist in the medium size will require two and a quarter vards of twenty-two-inch material.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require three and three-quarters yards of fifty-inch material.

## A Pretty Hat.

A simple and pretty hat of a darkblue rough straw is trimmed with a couple of clusters of Illies of the valley, with their green leaves.

### A Fancy Shirt Waist.

Owing to the great popularity of biscuit and tan shades, waists made of ecru linen are seen in large assortments and merit special attention, as they may be worn with so many different colors. They are especially ef-

weather. The garment illustrated is made of gray Venetian with black fective when accompanied by a skirt of marine blue cheviot or serge for out-It is simply adjusted with shoulder ing excursions.

The waist illustrated is made of linen and under-arm seams, the back being perfectly plain. The fronts fasten in in this fashionable shade. The founda-

A BLOUSE ETON.



te practically rebuilt .- Philadelphia Record. moire trimmings. THE ROMANCE OF A SQUALL.

At Collinwood, Ohio, there has just

been completed the biggest locomotive

repair shops in the world, by the Lake

Shore & Michigan Southern railway.

Later, it is said that very extensive

car repairing interests will here be

added. The dimensions of the new

shops are 600 by 300 feet. The walls

are of brick and the framework of

steel. Here some 2000 men will be

A Tugboat Captain Who Rescued a Girl Becomes Her Husband.

The rescue of a young woman from a capsized sailboat last summer in the bay by the captain and mate of a Providence tugboat has resulted in a ro mantic wedding, Cant. Warren H. Brown, now of the towboat Gaspee. was married Saturday night by the Rev. Charles Denfield to Miss Clara L. Pickering of Edgewood, who owes her life to the captain's act.

It was on the 2d of last July. It was rather stormy, late in the day, with thunder, lightning and squalis, and among the craft that were on the bay was a slooping yacht, in which a party, consisting of J. Walter Pickering, Mrs. Pickering, their two daughters and Agda Johnson and Ethel Tucker, was out on a pleasure trip. When they were off Potter's Cove at Prudence island, the boat was struck by a squall and was capsized. There was a small rowboat with the sailboat, but no oars. and when the accident came the occupants had to take to the bottom of the yacht, as the smaller boat would hold but three.

The women were in the cabin when the squall struck them, and it was necessary to break the windows in order to get them out. As the boat would not hold all, and there was a chance of bringing assistance by reaching shore, Mr. Pickering, with the two smaller girls. Miss Tucker and his voungest daughter, Miss Essle, started for the shore, paddling the boat with a broom. They disappeared in the darkness, leaving Mrs. Pickering and one daughter and Miss Johnson lying that the car must be handled with care upon the boat's side, which was about

keep yourself?

The engineer rose out of the engineroom depths and walked steadily up with outstretched hand. "Glad to see you back, sir. Congratulations-coments"-this last to the lady. ""Ir. Harris, I'm pleased to make your acquaintance," said Mrs. Van nda, without waiting for her hus-

"Hope you'll never regret it." anwered the chief, politely. He, too, as surprised, but he plumed himself on never showing his feelings.

It was late that evening before the San Antonio reached her new place San Francisco water-front. When all was fast for the night, the mate and ngineer washed away the most of the rime and went aft to dinner. The lit. saloon was spick and span in new te paint, and, to the mate's disguet, an inadvertent placing of his hand on the bulkhead left a smut un stakable. "And I just washed it." he muttered to the engineer.

"P'raps it was the other one," sugted the chief.

This did not mend matters and they voured their meal in silence. But with a full stomach there usually steals over the normal man a sense of the pleteness of life, and a vague ap-lation of blessing. Both the offiof the San Antonio yielded to this. over their pipes they sought each other's opinion on the new mistress of their ship.

"She's too good for him." said Har ris, finally.

I'm not so sure of that." replied izzle. "It doesn't lower any wo-n to marry a good, skillful seaman. he evidently sets his pourse to Twizzle. her. They're gone to the play

So the meas-boy told me when I was Ig up.

all, now, Ben, doesn't that show to do the square thing that I agree with you that she's how, she reminds m

okee here," suggested the mate. old skipper's married, see? a to hinder us getting a few wed-presents ourselves? I need new

superintending some culinary operation that was wholly strange to him. "Come in, Mr. Harris," she said cheerily, "come in, and try some mar-

"Marmalade!" gasped the engineer, feebly.

malade."

"Yes; I'm making it myself. It's not cool yet, but it's good. Here-" She handed him a piece of bread covered with the delectable preserve, and he bit into it wonderingly, "Yes," she went on, "we people from lowa know how to make things like that. Tomorrow I'm going to make apple-but-

"Why don't you leave it to the cook "" he asked.

"To that dirty man?" Why, I had to tell him just now to go and wash his hands. He doesn't know anything. I'm going to get a good kitchen-girl that'll keep things decent."

"You haven't a big kettle down stairs, have you, Mr. Harris?" Mrs. Van Olinda inquired with anxiety. "I can't let you have the donkeyboller," said Harris, gravely. "It's got a hole in it, but I might patch it up for you."

"Is it copper or iron? You know apple-butter ought really to be made in copper.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do them, Mrs. Van," responded the engineer, fearing he had gone too far. It's iron, and rather dirty.'

"I'm sorry, Mr. Harris, for all the cook's pots are too small. It might do, even if it is iron."

Ben Harris, with a face of prodigious solematty, thanked her for the marmalade, and descended hastily to his own realm.

An hour later the mate came down, too full for speech. Harris, who was reading a novel with one eye on his ngines, looked up at him inquiringly. 'Anything happened?'

"Ye know, Ben, how filthy the foc's'le

"Never was in it."

"Well, it's dirty. Ye see, the deck above it isn't well caulked, and the skipper never would have it done. The water that comes in doesn't hurt cargo, so there's no money lost."

in horror. "Oh, I remember," continued Mrs. Van Olinda, "it was the donkey-boiler." "The donkey-boiler!" shouled her

husband. "Yes, to make apple-butter in. Have you put that patch on it. Mr. Harris? I hope it wasn't an awfully big hole?" "Excuse me, please," said the engineer hastily. "I must see to some-

thing." He did not return until his visitors were gone. But his soul was at peace. A couple of hours later the captain appeared alone. Harris looked non-committal, and handled a heavy steel spanner gently. But his supe

rior was past fighting, and simply breathed heavily, "I think, Ben," he said, presently, "that you might have joked about something else." "Look out for that main steam-pipe If you lean on it, it'll break, sure,

'Hang you and your engines! Why don't you keep them in repair?" "If you can find anything about my engines. Cap'n Van Olinda that ain't all repair, and re-pair, show me it, I've nursed your blasted pots and pans just as long as I'm going to. Anybody but me couldn't make that heap of

cheap tinware turn a peanut-roaster." "Well, why didn't you say so before," growled the skipper.

"Say so! Haven't I said so? Then you risk your wife down here, and I don't want her death on my head." "She seems to be afraid of your life.

She don't know me, you old lummox! "Does she still want the donkey-boil er to make apple-butter in? I ain't

got any further use for it." The captain turned away, but half way up the ladder he stopped. "Ben,"

he said meekly, "Ill put Dew boilers in her next tip. I'll be clean broke, but I'll do it. Twizzle has already made a list as long as a woman's tongue of what he wants. Now, let, me tell you, Ben Harris," he

went on with sudden temper. "Don't you ask me for anything more. Ye won't get it while I'm bors." This is the history of the reform of the San Anton', as instituted by Ben-

in Harris, engineer, and Samuel mate.-San Francisco Argo-

until it is unloaded and placed upon the repair tracks. Another card denotes the condition of the air brakes. The car may be in such shape that it must go at the rear of the train, and

have no connection with air, or it may pe that it can be run between cars of air, but that the reservoir of the car must be cut out, the air simply passing through the pipes of the car, without having any effect as to setting the brakes upon it. Box cars with leaky roofs must be transferred to some distinct line of of traffic, such as the carrying of coke.

No one can well doubt that the car repairers are skilled workmen. They must be able to discern checks on a wheel and know that eventually it may mean a crack which will develop into a broken wheel. A broken wheel, in turn, may mean a fearful wreck. When a man begins as a car repairer he must

first work about the repair track with some one who is experienced, and before he learns perfectly every part of the trade should spend, perhaps, two or three years. It would seem that these men would receive big pay, but they do not get as much as in many of the other departments. Western roads, it

is said, pay men more than the eastern for this work. In some parts of the eastern and central states they get but 151-2 cents an hour, while the switchmen of the same locality get in the neighborhood of 25 cents an hour. This the repairers believe is a bit unjust, and they are now in some sections of the country asking that their

wages be raised. Of late there has been a tendency

to change the plan of this work to that of piecework, but the change has not yet been in effect ong enough for the man to feel just sure how they like it. By the plecework plan they are paid a certain scale rate for each separate bit of work they do. For example, if there is to be a sill put

into a car the workman is paid the scale rate for placing sills. The questions which arise, however, relate to whether he is to be paid for the extra work he must do in tearing away timbers and bolts in a disabled car

18 inches above the surface of the wat er for about six feet of her length. For four hours they lay clinging to the boat as best they could, with hands that had been badly cut by the jagged edges of the cabin windows.

About 10 o'clock the tug Gertrude, with two barges in town, which had left Providence early in the evening, reached the vicinity, and Capt. T. C. buckle. Brown thought he heard a faint cry for help. He steered toward the sound and found the women clinging to the boat. They were nearly exhausted and probably could not have hold on more than 15 minutes longer. Capt. Brown called to his mate, and, bringmoire cuffs of unique shaping. ing his boat alongside, jumped from the pilothouse to the deck. A rope was thrown to the women, but they were unable to grasp it, and so William Lawson, a deckhand on the Gersame material, and make stylish walktrude, jumped overboard, and brought one of the women to the tug, while the ing costumes. The blouse may be worn lace. others were reached from the deck. They were taken into the hot hitchen beneath, if so desired. of the tug and given restoratives and exchanged their wet garments for of forty-four-inch material. overcoats and blankets.

When Capt. Brown found their homes were in Providence he cut loose from the barges, leaving them anchored, and steamed back to this city, reaching here about midnight. The women were taken to Mr. Pickering's home at 353 Smith street in Edgewood, and left in charge of their friends. Capt. T. C. Brown of the Gertrude is the father of the bridegroom of Saturday evening. The latter was at that time mate of the Gertrude, was the

first who saw the ship-wrecked party and took an active part in the rescue The acquaintance formed at that time was continued through the cordial invitation the captain and mate received to call at the Pickering residence whenever they chanced to be in town and the engagement and wedding fipally resulted .- Providence Journal.

Room fer Doubt.

Judge (to elderly witness)--In what year were you born, madam? Lady-In '76, your honor. Judge-Um! in 1876 or 1776?-Chicago News.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

single-breasted style, with black silk tion is a glove-fitted, feather-boned linloops and crocheted buttons. They are ing that closes in the centre front. This fitted smoothly across the bust, but lining may be omitted and the waist blouse stylishly over the narrow moire adjusted with shoulder and under-arm belt that closes with a fancy silver seams if preferred.

Tucks extend from neck to belt in The neck is completed with a rolling the back, forming a simulated box collar of moire that forms narrow repleat that tapers toward the waist line vers in front. The sleeves are regula- in a becoming manner. A smooth adtion bishop models fitted with inside justment is maintained under the arms. seams. They have slight fulness on The fronts fasten in double-breasted the shoulders, and are finished with style, the right side lapping the left and closing with pearl buttons. Three tucks Etons in this style may be made of on the shoulders are stitched down taffeta, peau de sole, cheviot, broad or some distance and the fulness thus provided blouses stylishly over the velvet ladies' cloth and worn as separate outside garments. They are, however, girdle. The neck is completed by a usually accompanied by skirts of the plain collar that fastens in the back and is trimmed with a band of linen

The one-piece shirt waist sleeves are open to display the fancy shirt waist shaped with inside seams only. They To make the Eton in the medium size have gathers on the shoulders, fit the will require one and one-quarter yards upper arm closely and are completed with deep wristbands. The cuffs, col-

A Waist With Elbow Sleeves. Robes of black or white lace, span gled and jetted net or embroidered chiffon are very fashionable this season. The lining of shimmering satin or shot silk forms an important part of the general effect, and the toilets are asually made quite plain, in order to display the rich fabrics to good advantage.

The costume illustrated in the larg drawing is made of saffron lace over white satin lining and trimmed with turquoise blue panne. The waist is mounted on a glove-fitted, feather boned lining, that closes in the front. The back is drawn smoothly across the shoulders, and has slight fulness at the waist, arranged in tiny pleats. Th front is also plain, and forms a decide blouse over the narrow belt. The lac closes across the left shoulder around

A plain transparent collar completes the neck. The elbow puffs are finished with narrow bands that are covered



PANCY SHIRT WAIST.

lar and edges of fronts are finished with machine stitching.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two yards of thirtywith panne fastened beneath a rosette, siz-inch material,

the arm's-eye and under the arm.