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It is no longer proper to speak of the people who started a revolution a while ago in Colombia as rebels. They have won out and are patriots now.

Cremation is becoming increasingly popular in Paris, and the crematorium erected at the cemetery of Pere Lachaise has already been found to be too small.

The Detroit House of Correction during the past twenty-one years has turned over to the city \$621,578, earning, in addition, \$125,000 more, which was expended in construction and repairs. This was a yearly average of over \$35,000. It is not believed that this record can be maintained. Hitherto many of the inmates have been United States prisoners serving long terms, who became proficient in the work given them, and were able to finish large quantities of well-made goods.

The government of Liberia has offered to lease one of its harbors to the United States for a coal station. This will give the United States navy a harbor of refuge and repair on the other side of the Atlantic that will be of great convenience if we should ever become involved in another war. If you will look at the map, also, you will see that a naval station in Liberia will be quite as convenient for operations on the east coast of South America as for Africa and Europe. The two continents come very near together at this point.

The tendency of the present day to make ocean steamships larger and larger is emphasized by the plans of the new vessel which is to be built for the North German Lloyd line. This ship when completed will be forty-eight feet longer than the Oceanic, which measures 704 feet. The Deutschland, the big ship of the Hamburg-American line, measures 685 feet. The new steamer will also be the fastest ship afloat, beating the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, whose average daily record is a fraction over twenty-two knots. The new ship will also have 5000 more horse power than the Deutschland. It would seem that the size of ocean steamships must soon reach its limit, otherwise we shall have to enlarge our harbors.

A town in Wisconsin has recently passed an ordinance regulating the speed of street cars within city limits at not to exceed eight miles an hour on single track and ten miles an hour on double track. It was claimed by the local police that the street railway company had been violating the ordinance and a test was arranged. Two city officials quietly took their seats as passengers on a car, and a third official, mounting a bicycle provided with a cyclometer, pedaled alongside, the two officials inside the car acting as timekeepers for him. The general speed of the car between stops was never less than twelve miles an hour. At several places it reached twenty miles an hour, and in one instance it went as high as twenty-six miles an hour. Warrants were issued against all motorman running cars above speed, and the city trolley is now vying with the old horse service in speed and the disgusted citizens are talking of rescinding their foolish limitations and thus prevent their town from drifting into a back number.

**Uncle Sam's Ropo-Walk.**

Nearly all the rope used by the United States navy is manufactured in the government ropewalk at the Charles town yard. The plant has just been thoroughly overhauled and electrical motive power has been installed there. At the time of the outbreak of the Spanish war the government ropewalk had been allowed to deteriorate, and the navy department was obliged to buy large quantities of supplies outside, but the improvements made since then have so increased the capacity of the plant that it is now one of the largest in the world.

France consumes 925,000,000 gallons of wine annually, equal to 24.25 gallons per capita of population.

**FOREVER.**

BY ANNETTE KOHN.

Every golden beam of light  
Leaves a shadow to the right;  
Every dewdrop on the rose  
To the ocean's bosom goes.  
Every star that ever shone  
Somewhere has a gladness thrown.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

Never yet a spoken word  
But in echo it was heard;  
Never was a living thought  
But some magic it has wrought.  
And no deed was ever done  
That has died from under sun.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

So, O soul, there's no farewell  
Where souls once together dwell;  
Have no fears of beating heart,  
There is no such word as part.  
Hands that meet and closely clasp,  
Shall forever feel the grasp.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.  
—New York Independent.

**THE COIN TELLER'S ATONEMENT.**



It was quite remarkable that any one could be vexed at Thornton—he was such a thoroughly congenial fellow. But vexed at him I certainly was, as I sat regarding him through the smoke wreaths that drifted upward from our after-dinner cigars. It was not merely his having refused me the \$3 loan I desired of him that accounted for my resentment, but the absurdness of his excuse that I took most seriously to heart. Had he contented himself with pleading temporary financial destitution, it had been amply sufficient and entirely above criticism. But when my companion nonchalantly appended his declaration of bankruptcy with the statement that he had that same evening utilized his last \$3 in the payment of his quarterly contribution to a foreign missionary fund it was too much.

"It's a straight tip, Joe. Fact is, I've been doing that sort of thing for six years steady now."  
"Seeing that I looked incredulous, he added: 'My interest in foreign missions is a simple obligation, quite as essential to my own mental equanimity as to the spiritual welfare of the heathen. Besides, my donations are restricted to a single country.'"  
I was quite in the humor to hear one of Thornton's stories. Wherefore, I lighted another of my friend's good cigars, settled myself comfortably in the big studded chair I had procured and graciously observed: "Go ahead, old chap; I'm listening."

"It happened somewhere about six years ago," began Thornton. "I was at that time employed as coin-teller in the United States treasury in a large Western city. The duties of my position brought me in contact with people of every nationality. 'Most popular of all our cosmopolitan clientele was the Chinese contingent. Hardly a week passed without one or more of those Celestials putting in an appearance before my window. Though intensely ignorant as to business methods, they were crafty, and as time went by their irrelevant pigeon English, coupled with an inveterate tendency toward deceitfulness, aroused in myself and assistants a cordial dislike for the race. 'Their business was invariably the exchanging of specie for gold certificates, which they were accustomed either to send away to China or take with them upon leaving the States for their native realm. In negotiating the exchange for these certificates they made it a rule to turn over their money in paper rolls of miscellaneous amounts and denominations. 'And the provoking part of it was that each and every one of the rogues would mark fictitious values upon their various packages, with the result that on counting the money the aggregate would invariably fall short of the amount their figures represented. Expostulations on my part were persistently ignored, and the deception was attempted with exasperating regularity. Finally, having endured the annoyance for over a year, I determined to use heroic measures in order to extirpate it. 'Jack,' said I in sheer desperation to my chief assistant, one day, 'this bunco business has continued quite long enough, and has got to stop. The next Mongolian that tries to work this department will hear things from me that'll make his quene curl at the end.' 'I hadn't long to wait. The very next morning in walked a dapper little Chinaman carrying a sack of coin. Approaching my window, the celestial deposited his funds on the counter. 'Catchee certificate,' he said in his picturesque dialect. 'You want a certificate? I rejoined with a preliminary survey of the money rolls. 'How much you got, John? 'Three hun'd fty dollah,' promptly returned the celestial. 'All right, John, I look see,' I rejoined, not a little skeptically, as I transferred the sack to the computing table. Having emptied the contents thereon, I tossed the canvas receptacle into my office chair, which stood conveniently at hand, and proceeded with my calculations. As usual, the result failed to correspond with the Chinaman's statement. The amount was exactly \$10 short. Hurriedly dashing off a certificate in accordance with my figures, I turned to the waiting customer. 'See here, you yellow scoundrel!' said I roughly, 'what for you t'ell me you got \$350, when you got only \$340? You think 'Merican man fool to let Chinaman cheat him that way? 'With this rebuke I thrust the document under the window guards toward the Celestial, but to my surprise he pushed it back, protesting excitedly. 'No—no! Catchee three hun'd fty dollah! Chinaman no cheat! 'Merican man no countee light—catchee ten dollah no!' 'Not on your life!' I rejoined.

'You've got every cent you're entitled to. Now clear out!' "This served only to augment the Celestial's perturbation, and wild gesticulating. So vehement was his insistence that I went so far as to re-explore the interior of his canvas money bag, in quest of a possibly overlooked note or gold piece. The inspection, however, was unavailing, and as to any miscalculation on my part, I felt that to be out of the question, for, in view of the circumstances I had been more than usually careful in my counting. "The final conviction that my original conclusions were correct had anything but a mollifying effect on my temper, and turning again to the Chinaman, I berated him roundly, and finally ordered the porter to eject him. The last I saw of him he was tearfully relating his hapless venture to an unsympathetic policeman. I dropped into my big chair to indulge in a laugh over the affair, but in the midst of my hilarity I all at once became aware that some hard substance was pressing against my right hip, and reaching down I found wedged between the cushion and scroll work of the chair a roll of silver coins. With a sickening certainty the truth flashed upon me. It was the Chinaman's missing money, which I had carelessly thrown, together with the canvas sack, into the chair seat, where, partially hidden by the upholstery it had until now wholly escaped my notice. "For a moment I was quite overwhelmed by the awkwardness of the situation, I recalled all too vividly the helpless celestial's efforts to convince me that his claims were accurate, and my heart smote me as I pictured his opinion regarding my motives for subjecting him to the disgraceful treatment he had received. Then a wild impulse dominated me to overtake the poor fellow and restore his money into his hands. I thrust the package of coin into my pocket, caught up my hat and hurriedly left the treasury. "I think the world never seemed so large or so densely populated as when I got out into the street. Though I followed the same direction which I had observed the Chinaman to take, I knew that with his ten minutes' start there was little chance of immediately overhauling him. My chief hope lay in finding him in the wretched little slum familiarly known as 'Dope Alley,' where the major portion of the local Chinese colony lived. While I hurried along I strove to recall his name as I had written it in the certificate. The first part thereof I felt sure was 'Ah,' but whether it were Ah Sing, Ah Foy or Ah Sam I could not for the life of me have told. "In this bewildered state of mind I found the Chinese quarter. A solemn-faced Mongol, whose corpulent anatomy entirely filled the doorway of a dingy, evil-smelling den, was the only visible inhabitant of the district, so I went up and spoke to him. "I say, John, you know Chinaman, him first name 'Ah?' "At my question the Celestial's erstwhile stolid countenance relaxed into an expansive grin, and he chuckled gleefully for a full minute before answering my query, whereupon he said: "Ch, yes, I savvy heap Chinaman fustname Ah. Pallee near all Chinamen catchee that name. My nem,' he added, by way of example, 'him Ah Fat.' "But the Chinaman I want,' I explained, 'he buy certificate to-day—send China. You savvy him?' "Catchee certificate three hun'd fty dollah?' inquired the Celestial astutely. "Yes, yes! he's the chap,' I eagerly rejoined. 'Do you know where he is?' "Oh, yes; he go China! "Gone to China! Why, man, he buy certificate only half hour ago. "I savvy,' was the comfortless assurance. 'He go China bou' ten second ago. "Ten seconds ago! I echoed, gazing wildly down the street. 'Which way him gone?' "Pa' way to lalloah, pa' may go ste'aboat.' "Yes, but which one railroad?' I persisted desperately. "No savvy him. One lalloah—two lalloah, ale sem Chinese. "My hopes of overtaking the wronged Celestial were rapidly dissipated. One chance only of returning his money to him now seemed open to me. "See here, Fat,' said I confidentially, depositing a coin in his yellow palm, by way of holding his interest. 'You tell me all you know 'bout this China boy, will you?' "He scrutinized the coin critically for a moment as if to satisfy himself as to its genuineness, then thrusting it into some hidden pocket within the folds of his baggy pantaloons, he ran his little eyes suspiciously over me and asked: "Walla matta China boy? You detective, like catchee fo' got China—eh?' "No, no; not that! I protested averrily. 'I China boy's friend—got

money belong him—like pay him—savvy? "My you no pay 'fo' him gone?' was the still skeptical rejoinder. "Whereupon I told him the story of the certificate, explaining that I wished to send the amount in my possession to the owner's address in China. The suggestion, however, elicited no enthusiasm from Ah Fat. "No can do,' he declared with convincing brevity. "But why not,' I persisted. 'You know China boy's name and where he's gone, don't you?' "Oh, yes; him nem Ah Sin, an' he go China. But China not sem like Melican town. China alle sem big countree.' "I accepted this latter statement as incontrovertible and went back to the treasury. What to do with that \$10 was the most difficult problem I ever wrestled with. "Finally an idea struck me. I would put another \$10 with that of the Chinaman's and take the entire sum to the treasury to dinner. It was the only way I could conceive whereby to rid myself of that beastly roll of silver. "So I gave the dinner, but every dish on the board seemed branded with the accusatory legend 'Ah Sin.' "That night I had a dream. I thought I had been cast among many tribes, whose manners and religions were alike perplexing and diverse, but none were so vile as the Christian. He it was who had reviled me without cause and robbed me of my earnings. And when I had returned to my own land and found that the Christian was seeking to sow the seeds of his religion among my people I was wroth in my heart, and made a vow that while I lived my hand should be raised against him and my voice against his teachings. "Early the next day I communicated with a foreign missionary association and pledged myself to pay each quarter throughout the remainder of my life an interest of ten per cent. per month on that \$10 deficit, the amount to be applied solely to Chinese missions. Therein lies my one hope of some day reaching my unintentional victim and of convincing him that all Christians are not like the one he may have mistaken for an example of the creed."—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

**SUED FOR A SHOCK.**

An Amusing Case That Has Just Made Washington Laugh.

There was a funny case tried in the Washington courts recently. A butcher of the name of Nealon had an electric fan in his stall at the market to cool the atmosphere and drive away the flies. It was manipulated by a small thumbcrew beneath the counter, and when Nealon discovered that he could charge his body with electricity by placing his hand or his foot against the thumbcrew he indulged in practical jokes upon such of his customers as he thought were amiable enough to endure them. When some handsome young girl or jolly housewife would pick up a leg of lamb or a roast of beef to examine it Nealon would place his hands upon it, close the circuit, and she would receive an electric shock. Nobody was hurt or badly frightened and Nealon made a good deal of fun for his customers. One day, however, a man of the name of William Schultz, who has no sense of humor and hates practical jokes, picked up a piece of corned beef from the counter of Nicholas Auth, who had the adjoining stall. Mr. Auth had left his place in charge of Neighbor Nealon for a few moments while he went to do an errand. When he returned Mr. Schultz, who was one of his regular customers, was dancing around like a wild man and crying for vengeance. It seems that Nealon, with his hunger for fun, had taken hold of the chunk of corned beef which Schultz had picked off Mr. Auth's counter and had given the nervous man a shock from which he claims to have suffered both in body and mind. The butcher tried to soothe him, but he would not be consoled, and went straightway to a lawyer and brought suit for \$10,000 damages against Mr. Auth. The case was tried this week, but the jury found for the defendant on the ground that Mr. Auth had nothing whatever to do with the case. While it was his corned beef it was Nealon's electricity, and the latter was responsible for whatever damage Mr. Schultz had suffered. Schultz had sued the wrong man.—Chicago Record.

**Fleed-Like Atrocity.**

On July 26, 1874, there was perpetrated about ten miles from Chambersburg, Penn., what Parkman, the great historian of Colonial times, pronounces "an outrage unmatched in fiend-like atrocity, through all the annals of the war." It was the massacre of Enoch Brown, a kind-hearted exemplary Christian schoolmaster, and ten pupils, eight boys and two girls. There were eleven children in the school, but one boy escaped death, although horribly butchered. On the above date, during the Pontiac war, the children, under the care of the teacher, were pursuing their studies in the little log cabin, when suddenly from the pine forest, emerged a number of Indians, who fell upon the master and his pupils. The teacher offered his life and scalp in a spirit of self-sacrificing devotion if the savages would only spare the lives of the little ones under his charge and care. The school house was located on a ravine, near a spring. Down this ravine the savages fled, after having committed their fiendish work and, coming to the Conococheague Creek, they traveled along its bed to conceal their tracks as far as the mountain, and made their escape eastward to their village in Ohio.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Origin of Confectionery.**

The modern confectionery business is a very large one, and it is of old standing. If we wished to trace it to its origin we might have to go back not far short of five hundred years. It is about five centuries since sugar was first imported into this country, and it is probably not much less than that since "confections" began to be concocted. They first appeared in a medical form. Apothecaries, whose patients were at one time very generally supposed to be efficacious just in proportion as they were horribly nasty, took to the newly imported sugar as a means of mitigating the nausea of their doses. They mixed their drugs with it and coated their boluses. That seems to have been the origin of the syrups and medicated candies, the cough drops and lozenges of one sort and another that are now so largely in demand. They were originally concocted by the doctors, and for many long years all sorts of "lollipops" were medicinal only. Sugar was too dear and the generality of people were too poor to permit of its being eaten for its own sake alone and as a mere luxury.

Somewhere about a couple of centuries ago, however, there began to appear a new development of the apothecary's art. "Confections" began to be made more or less apart from any medicinal purpose, and merely because people liked them. The confectioner's business began to evolve as an offshoot from the profession of the apothecary, and eventually became altogether a separate thing, though the common origin of the two is still indicated by the syrups and pastilles and troches prescribed by the doctors, and the "drops" and lozenges and other things sold among the sweet stuff of the confectioner.—Chambers's Journal.

**Smallest Sheep in the World.**

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle, and because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the persons shed tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way.—Stray Stories.

**A Chinese Wonder.**

Eliza Babamah Seidmore describes in the Century a great national phenomenon which she has observed on one of her many visits to the long-lived Chinese Empire. "There are three wonders in the history of China," she writes, "the Demons at Tang-chau, the Thunder at Lang-chau, the last the greatest of all, and a living wonder to this day of the open door, while its rivals are lost in myth and oblivion. On the eighteenth night of the second moon, and on the eighteenth night of the eighth and ninth moons of the Chinese year, the greatest flood-tides from the Pacific surge into the funnel mouth of Hang-chau Bay to the bars and flats at the mouth of the swift-flowing Tsien-tang. The river current opposes for a while, until the angry sea rises up and rides on, in a great, white, roaring, bubbling wave, ten, twelve, fifteen, and even twenty feet in height. The Great Bore, the White Thing, charges up the narrowing river at a speed of ten and thirteen miles an hour, with a roar that can be heard for an hour before it arrives, the most sensational, spectacular, fascinating tidal phenomenon—a real wonder of the whole world, worth going far and waiting long to see."

**The Best Policy Put to the Test.**

A certain woman, who is fond of seeing her smart frocks described in the "society columns," advertised for a servant the other day. Among the applicants was a neat, prepossessing young person, armed with references. Among the former employers whose names she gave was Mme. O'Flaherty, the modiste, for whom she had worked as "confidential maid." The woman of many frocks sent a note to the great gown builder, in which she said: "Is Suzanne Binet, who says she has been in your employ, honest?" Mme. O'Flaherty's reply was brief and to the point: "Suzanne was in my employ; as to her honesty I am not certain. I have sent her to you with my bill half a dozen times, but she has never yet given me the money."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Very Serious Case.**

Mrs. Briske—"Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?" Little Johnny (stopping his play)—"No, ma. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head, and said it was a very serious case, and he left this paper, and said he'd call again before night." Mrs. Briske—"Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby."—Tit-Bits.

Twelve thousand people in the Missouri-Kansas mineral district live in tents the year round.



**WOMANKIND**

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.  
Their Opportunity in the Postage Stamp Business.

Women appear as particularly adapted to the identification and classification of postage stamps, necessary in the stamp dealer's business, and are to be found in the employ of leading dealers. They also sometimes do business as philatelists on their own account. Girls are largely preferred as clerks by dealers of experience, as they are said to be more trustworthy than boys, who will sometimes steal stamps when nothing else would tempt them. Possibly the collecting mania or instinct is stronger with boys than with girls. For most boys collect stamps as they have the mumps or the measles, but the girl collector is more rare, although not by any means entirely unknown.

The girl who enters upon employment with a stamp dealer without any knowledge of stamps is first instructed by her employer in the identification of the more common varieties, but when stamps are purchased by him in bulk, as is often the case, the first thing to be done is to sort them and to gather together all of those belonging to the Argentine Republic, Austria, the Azores, and the other A countries. Those of B countries are placed by themselves, and so on through the rest of the alphabet, until this classification is finished. With experience the girl's knowledge, of course, increases, and from the identification of such stamps as those of Baden, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, and others, upon which the name of the country of issuance appears in English, she passes at last to familiarly with and comprehension of such stamps as those of Afghanistan, Albur, Bulgaria, Cashmere, Corea, Russia, Turkey and others printed in strange characters. When once the certain knowledge of the stamp's point of origin has become fixed in the girl's mind, there then arises the perplexing questions of roulettes and their variations, perforates or imperforates, water marks, grills, inverts, surcharges, errors, essays, trial or experimental stamps, measurements in millimetres, the perforation gauge and a host of other items that are dear to the hearts of collectors.

The stamp business is well adapted for women. There is always a chance of finding overlooked rare stamps in purchased collections, or among old and castaway letters, frequently offered to dealers. Several stamps among the United States issues are individually worth a thousand dollars, while a certain one of the British Guiana stamps of the face value of one cent has a catalogue price of \$1,500.

**Novelties in Dress.**

The high corset of satin, velvet or panne promises to be a popular dress accessory throughout the summer. Panné is the favorite material, and it is fastened with handsome buttons of paste or of art-nouveau. Embroidered effects in silk, in combination with open-work patterns, are steadily gaining in favor. The material most used is satin or crepe, and the open work is filled in with tulle, either plain or figured, and bordered or surrounded with embroidered effect. All styles of embroidery are seen, with a slight preference for chenille. It is no longer an open question as to who's got the button. Every smartly gowned woman can answer the puzzle. Satin buttons of small size, covered with a spidery net work, are used in great quantities. Some costumes require as many as six dozen to trim them, according to the mode. Draped berthes, narrow Venise lace yokes, pieces at the tops of decollete bodices, accordion-pleated fronts of diaphanous fabrics, Greek draperies brought from the right shoulder to the waist and terminating in long scarf ends, flecus of lace or chiffon, are all in favor for evening dresses. A novelty is canvas veiling. It is usually plain, but one variety is striped with fine, white cords half an inch apart.

**Women as Surgeons.**

That for women women surgeons are the best, and that nature has especially adapted them for the work by bestowing on them peculiar gifts and qualities, is the opinion of Sir Thomas Smith. "Their small hands, deftness and dextrous use of the needle and thread," he says, "are no small advantages, now that surgery is becoming more constructive."

fon capes to match are among the latest novelties. They are shown in different shades of color, of tulle, chiffon, and even fancy straw, and are all on the picturesque order, and suitable only for midsummer. Many of the hats are without trimming of flowers or feathers, while others again are heavily trimmed with artificial fruit—a late and very popular fashion. A pale green hat of this sort is in the toque shape trimmed with bunches of purple and green grapes, and the cape designed to be worn with it is an absurd affair in green chiffon tied with purple ribbons. These fashions are decidedly conspicuous, and bound to be short-lived, but as they are among the novelties of the season call for comment. In contrast to them are the hats made of light fancy straw and chiffon combined, and three or four small buds. While on the subject of hats there must be included the poke bonnet of small size in fine straw that has white ribbon around the crown, and white ribbon strings. The brim inside is faced with chiffon caught down with one small bunch of flowers.—Harper's Bazar.

**The Size of the Waist.**

It will be a relief to some girls with athletic proclivities to know the extreme limit which they may attain in waist size without being considered "out of fashion." For there is a "fashion in waists" as in everything else. Years ago, before girls were allowed to engage in open-air recreations, a thin, slim waist was considered correct and children at an early age began to wear corsets which were laced tightly. A girl of seventeen or eighteen would endure agonies in order to reduce her waist. It is now considered very bourgeois to lace tightly, and the waist of a full-grown girl should not be smaller than twenty-four inches. The proper measurement for the chest of a girl whose waist is of that size is thirty-eight inches. Thus it will be seen that the modern beauty must be solid and nearly approach the proportions of the heroic age. The present age is an athletic one, and as long as girls continue healthful exercises—lawn tennis, rowing, riding, bicycling, fencing and vaulting—bright eyes, good complexion and firm, well-knit and muscular figures will be found.

**For the Little Coat of Tweed.**

The jaunty little tweed and frieze coats worn by the athletic woman, who walks and drives a great deal in the country at this season, are considered smartest when they have revers faced with pique woven in faintly colored lines. A coat of blue tweed has a simulated bolero carried out in stitichings and held with old silver buttons. A short coat of scarlet—bever pardon—huntin' pink—has the revers faced with striped pique, the ground of which is creamy white, the stripes pale pink, blue and amber.

**PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR**

Sleeves are larger at the top, and are trimmed with tucks or lace insertions.

Organdies on which the design is painted on the under side are the prettiest examples of pastel colorings. Black net, well covered with applications of black taffeta, makes a very pretty short cape, finished with frills of lace and chiffon. This sort of garment is made in cream tints as well, and also in gray and beige.

Fancy lace neckwear is receiving some new development every day. A long lace scarf to carry several times around the neck and tie in a large bow in front is one of the popular styles.

Long wraps of lace are the proper summer covering for dress occasions. These are made long in the back and sloping up to the waist, or a little below in front, and there coming together all the way to the throat.

Embroidery in chiffon and other thin materials is a great feature of the new trimmings. Open embroidery, lace beads, gold and silver thread and silk are all employed and variously combined in these pretty novelties. An entirely new idea is the use of voluminous scarfs of tulle, carried twice around the neck and tied in a large bow at the back. This undoubtedly may be accepted as a precursor of the ribbon tied at the back, so popular a few years ago.

The silky effect added to the great variety of mulls, batistes, canvas fabrics, zephyrs, organdies, and other summer fabrics renders them more than ever desirable and attractive. Many of the cotton materials thus treated, either in plain or fancy patterns, have all the lustrous and dainty effect of an India silk or satin foulard.

Some effective new waists that are just in are of a heavy coarse linen, though in delicate shades, and are trimmed with heavy embroidered linen in colors. It is evidently Russian peasant work, it is very similar at any rate, is stylish, and will be durable. The embroidery is in the form of insertions that are put in lengthwise in the bodice, around the sleeves, and to outline yokes.