

SHIRT WAIST TO STAY

THEY MAKE THE WOMEN LOOK YOUNG YOU KNOW.

Laces For All Waist Ornaments.—Bright Grass Green Vests—The Pulley Belt—The Neckless Gowns—Fruita Which Survive.

Why does she cling to the shirt waist? Because it makes her look young. Why does he try to be a shirt-waist man? For the same reason.

Or, at least, that is the verdict of a man who is making orators' pathetic and plenty from the manufacture of the shirt waist.

If anybody has told you that the shirt waist is going out this season, don't you believe them. The fall styles show it on every side.

The latest breeze from Paris has blown us the Trouville shirt waists. The goods is the thinnest silklike material in a pastel tint, let us say of rose, with big dots of rich red thereon, else a cream-white shirt is bespunged with dots in a half dozen pastel colors, one blue, one green, one rose, one lilac, and so on, and the girl who wears such a bit of twentieth century color twists about her throat a scarf of wide cream white liberty silk. It goes around twice, knots in front and there waves a long pair of sash ends finished with fringe.



Women's Shirt Waist.

Having fitted lining which may be omitted. The model would develop well in flannels, cashmere, tailor cloth, wool canvas, Venetian cloth, albatross and poplin, as well as in cotton fabrics.

A delicate question needing decision, says an authority, is whether 'tis smarter to wear a shirt with a heavy linen cuff or a shirt finished with a dress sleeve. The dress sleeves are pretty, but the stiff cuffs are a degree more modish. In the short space of one season we have developed at least 90 different and wholly commendable ways of docking dress sleeves, and every day sees new fashions of this branch added to the list. The reason of this lies in the fact that every woman is a law unto herself in the making of her arm casings. She is privileged to turn her cuffs up or down, or have none at all, to run her sleeves clear down to her second knuckles or chop them off at the elbows, to set them in the armholes with a little puffing or fit them as flat as those in a man's coat, and the consequence is a new sort of sleeve for nearly every gown that is made.

Stock collars show numerous novelties composed of chiffon, crepe de Chine in folds, tiny puffs, shirrings and ruckings effectively lightened by velvets and satins. Many fanciful jabots and barbes of insertion and lace form a dainty finish to silk bodices or a fancy chemise. Laces are largely employed for all waists ornaments, such as the quaintly patterned Renaissance, Point Venice, real Valenciennes and Point de Beauvais. The new models in lace are exquisite as well as becoming and very useful. There are many varieties of the bolero, both with and without revers and sleeves as required by the corsage; the short French bolero to be worn with a high corset; another model, long like a bodice and opening in the front to show a vest of entredeux and velvet ribbons fastened with small, gilt buckles across the front. Lace yokes over pale colors and fichu collars accompany to various toilettes.

It was a clever conception the "Ladysmith" hat of rough and ready straw, which some one brought out early in the season. At \$5 the Ladysmith sold readily and was well liked by women of exceptional taste. Unfortunately, such ideas cannot be copyrighted. So soon in the summer the Ladysmith has become so common that as a Newport girl put it the other day, "You are really quite distinguished in a sailor." The Ladysmith outfit hat, with a scarf of printed material, is seen this week where bargains thrive for 49 cents.

The pulley belt, an American invention, with two rings through which a ribbon may be drawn and the waist field snugly, has just now appeared in England, where it is welcomed as a boon. Pulley rings in gilt, gold, nickel, silver, jet and other substances are sold reasonably by the couple on a card. The inventors of the simple and excellent device do not profit by the sale of these rings on the card, though it is understood that they reap and still reap rich harvests from their made-up belts. Some material for fastening them which is more modish than ribbons is required. A leather belt, when leather is used, is a better morning or afternoon dress than a belt of ribbon. It is tied together with a satin

They are hard to find, because rather fussy to make, and therefore expensive, but belts with hooks on the wrong side at the back are worth searching for. The best shops keep them in black, white, gray and tan leathers. The hook fastens into an eye on the skirt, and keeps in place with most provoking neatness when it is recalled how many seasons we went about with belt and blouse gaping.

That pretty fashion, the neckless gown, which has succeeded so well this summer in country places, is threatened by its quick adoption for other and inappropriate costumes. I recently have seen it on Fifth avenue, New York, at the church hour, worn by a woman who had been misinformed; again on Broadway, in the evening, and, worse yet, on a woman a wheel. True, everybody wears dresses cut low when our mothers were girls, but there is no present good authority for low, even for visible necks except in domestic and social life, neither of which thrives in the city in public.

Of all the fruits which came in with Easter fashions hardly any has survived early summer showers except cherries. In velvet and satin they are recognized millinery trimmings. Pretty are red cherries, whether decorating a straw hat of white, black, red or the natural color. The preferred fashion is a big bunch, ranging in color from a green just beginning to turn to the rich, almost black hue of the ox heart. The maker of artificial cherries has artistic license to grow on the same stem fruit in all shades of red which please him.

A French country gown of unbleached linen is trimmed at the hem of the skirt with two full ruffles of the plain material and two bands of linen embroidered in primitive Oriental colorings, in which Chinese red predominates. The short jacket of the costume is of linen, adorned with the striking embroidery and four back velvet ends with rose gold tips. The pretty under blouse is of white Japanese silk, unstiffened. There is no choker.

The hat is of natural rice straw trimmed with a swirl of ecru silk and linen and a bunch of cherries in which Chinese red is prominent.

Tried by time and weather as the shirt waist has been, the original objection to it remains true; in no circumstances is it complete dress. Women consent to appear without coats to their skirts because of the great comfort in this style of dress. Yet when it is desirable to wear even morning costume correctly a coat or coatie is put on over the washable blouse. Even a linen skirt requires a linen jacket worn with it to give to the dress an altogether neat appearance. Women there are who never would appear in public in town without at the least a coatie, ever so small, carried on their arms.



The Garden Party Frock.

White is always a fitting color for the gowning of a young girl during the summer months. The garden party frock shown in the illustration is of snowy, sheer English nainsook, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, alternated with white satin ribbon. A touch of color can be given to the costume by using ribbon of some pale shade in place of the white. The hat is one of those pretty, soft wash affairs which are so becoming to fresh faces and have the added recommendation of economy, as they can be ripped up, laundered and come out good as new.

Something Worth Knowing. To obtain the perfume from any favorite flower is possible with little trouble. If one has an abundance of flowers, the blossoms should be picked without a stem and dropped into a jar half full of olive or almond oil. After standing in that until the next day, they should be put into a coarse cloth and squeezed dry over the bottle of oil. Then fresh flowers should be added and the operation repeated until the required strength is obtained. The oil is then to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits. This should be shaken every day for three weeks, when it may be turned off and bottled for use.

Serving Meals in Courses. It is an old-established rule to serve but two vegetables with the meat course; at an elaborate dinner one is preferable. Such vegetables as corn on the cob, asparagus or cauliflower may be served alone as a course. Where fish is not served, and unless it is very good it is much better omitted, the vegetable may be served here; then will follow the meat and the starchy vegetables. If game is served the salad is served with the game; otherwise it is served as a separate course. There is no objection, however, to serving salad with roast chicken or capon, following the heavy meat dish.

A SUMMER SCENE.

The sunlight streams o'er hill and rill and winsome fields of clover; The green corn waves its shining blades, with gray doves flying over, And ho! for life, my dearie, and all the skies of blue; But all the world is weary for just the smile of you!

What the bright skies above me—the hills with banners bright. Without your heart to love me—without your eyes of light? And every prospect dreary, and not one flower I view; For all the world is weary for just the smile of you!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A SHAKEN ATTACHMENT.

The cannery cook looked nervously at his watch. Quarter past eight and no fruit! He stooped to the tank rack, and three experimental jets of steam sputtered up in impatient bubbles through the cold water. Some he relieved, he shut the valve and glanced at the clock on the wall. Apparently it had stopped like the rest of the works.

The slowest gang of girls I ever saw," he started Dave was a high pressure boiler, but he frequently let off. A youngish brown-haired man, in a pink golf shirt, jumped on the edge of the tank and balanced the pen on his nose. He was the manager of the California Consolidated Apricot Company. Recklessness and vehemence boiled down, he often said he paid Dave extra wages to help him fume. One reason why the manager managed everything so well was because he knew so well how to manage the manager.

"Hang it, Dave," said the manager, "a girl gets to be good for anything, she gets and marries. If I could keep my best help life would be worth living. Come, girls, come!"

It quickened the workers across the half partition, this clatter and the glimpse of the manager's tense face.

"The boss is getting cranky," said a brown haired girl with rubber glove fingers on, hurriedly poking a half apricot through the little round hole in the top of the can. All the packers had their fingers protected against the cruel curve of the tin. White cotton rags would do.

"Have you noticed how the boss has dived up lately?" asked the blonde who scooped the apricot into the packed cans with the rubber lawn hose that came down from the vat in the attic. She was rather stately and ambrosial, and reminded one of Hebe on a frieze irrigating her row of gods with sweetened water. The California Consolidated had dumped a ton of sugar into its net pots that very morning.

"Don't you sassy?" asked another girl. "Jessie did pretty pronto" Spanish adapted itself elegantly to slang in the Southwest.

"Oh, a sassy looked!" rejoined Hebe, swishing the nectarous nozzle from one little tin god to another with an elysian disregard of the spill. "The manager will look above Jessie," she added.

"You see?" Dave had turned the valve again, and the steam roared into one of the big tanks. Another hissed and growled, and the conversation of the girls was inaudible. The packers had caught up with the process room, and the apricot factory was in full blast. How deftly the sealer hissed the jam of solder around the can tops, which spun on the revolving disks in front of him! The metal ring ran down from a coil over his head, the whirling man caught it, and the hot iron tied the knot. The other workers might fall behind, but the sealer could stand in his tracks, hold his hands over the whirrigigs, look pleasant and keep caught up.

The manager drew a breath of satisfaction as he saw the platform of cans lowered into the hissing bath. "Give 'em forty-five minutes this time, Dave," he said, and passed into the labelling shed.

If there was anything that pleased the manager more than another it was his labelling department, and perhaps he could not have told whether his labels or his labeller gave him the more pleasure. To the eye they were equally inviting. The cream and yellow under-tones of the enamelled wrappers appealed to one's imagination; they tasted good. Upon them the designer had ripened two juicy apricots, suggesting that the only bite in the world worth taking came from the fabulous orchards of California. "It's the label, and not the steel that sells the pack," the manager would admit in a confidential moment. The golden apples of the Hesperides would have lugged more people than they did had there been lithographers in those days.

Jessie's left hand picked up a glistening label, and her right seized a can of fruit; one end of the label flitted daintily through a little pool of paste at the end of her bench; the can revolved once and rolled itself into the wrapper—doge! An ugly tin had turned into a thing of beauty. Jessie had the steel that sold the pack; the manager would admit in a confidential moment. The golden apples of the Hesperides would have lugged more people than they did had there been lithographers in those days.

He stood for a moment and admired her. The lines of her fair young face and blooming figure had not been hardened by the month she had spent in the cannery, earning her \$1.60 a day. "I wonder if I shall lose her, too?" the manager said to himself. It would be hard to tell all that was in his thoughts merely beckoned, and it had jumped into the difficulty of keeping good help. "By Jove!" he went on, his countenance lighting up with a business inspiration, "I'll put her picture on the new pie label!" This enthusiastic intention was intended as a compliment, and perhaps more. With his absorbing devotion to the fruit trade and his glory in the standing of his brands, possibly the manager could not have thought of a happier distinction than having one's face stamped in green and gold on the glittering labels of the California Consolidated No. 1 Pie Apricot. And indeed, he had not been flattered into serving the less gorgeous designs of tooth powder and soap.

There was a little hiss, an audible

fermentation, then a pop and a slam. A pyramid of cans toppled over and a splash of yellow lusciousness was flung upon the manager's golf shirt. Jessie wiped a sticky blotch from her rose face. A box of freshly labelled tins was in disgrace.

"Cursed carelessness!" exclaimed the angry manager. "See here, Dave!" "Sir?"

"Another burst. Can set away with a leak in it again. Why don't you stop such slovenly work?"

"The mender went over 'em all," muttered Dave. "With his eye shut," commented the manager, severely. "Accidents will happen," the cook persisted.

"If there's another in your department there'll be a shake up." The manager's tone closed the conversation with a sort of bang. It hurt Dave as though his finger had been caught against the door jamb, and the worst of the pain was that Jessie had heard. The manager had not said anything so very bad if he had not said it before Jessie. Dave wondered if there was any foundation for the girls' gossip about the pink shirt and all that. He turned a flushed and injured face toward Jessie.

"Hurt, Jess?" he asked. "No," she laughed, still beckoning to the cans. That was all, but it seemed to soothe Dave, and he laughed. Jessie laughed too. The manager was in his office, seriously divesting himself of apricot juice and sugar.

It seemed cooler in the steamy kitchen, though the mercury was rising. Through the open door Dave saw the manager strolling among the hurrying cutters. Some of the girls could have the hot and flip out the pit with one quick twist of knife and thumb. The motion seemed simple, but you could not understand it at first sight.

"Have 'em look a little sharper after their sorting, Miss Bumblin'" the manager called, after a flash of his quick eye around the room. "All right, sir!" said the "fore-lady," who was checking a hole with a trestle pin in the tag of a fat and wheezy cutter who had brought her pile of pits to set out for being finished. A box of the pits. A hole in her tag was worth six cents to her. "My ain't it hot?" she puffed, wiping her face with her apron. It was late in July, and the sun beat remorselessly on the corrugated iron roof. The fat woman wondered why the manager had not set some eucalyptus trees around the works as she stood in the doorway for a moment, and gazed longingly at the mountains, half hidden by a gray gauze of dust. "Looks like a Santa Ana," said the wheezy one.

"Tra!" sang out a shrill trio of sopranoes in the cutting room. "Always short of trays!" I believe the boys eat 'em!" growled the manager, passing through to the kitchen and shaking things up all along the line. The manager spent more time in the kitchen than in his office, not altogether to the gratification of Dave. The cooking was a critical process, and then from the back door of the kitchen the manager could keep one eye on the labelling. Privately Dave had expostulated to Hebe that it didn't do the help any good to eye 'em all the time; whereas Hebe winked privately and luminously at the sealer.

The last batch of the forenoon had been put in to cook, and Dave scanned the water closely to see if a telltale bubble was escaping from a leaky can. Suddenly the water quivered. Dave felt a little jar, and heard a crash as if a tall stack of trays had toppled over in the cutting room.

True to his truck, the manager leaped up and stood astride a corner of one of the big tanks, peering across the half partition, to see what the mischief was.

There came a creaking sound. The building swayed, the partitions heaving and the boards grinding against each other. There was another jar, as if a freight shifter had bumped into the cannery—then a tremendous splash and sprays of water hissed upon the sealer's hot iron.

A second of staring, startling silence was followed by a chorus of shrieks that overwhelmed all things. After the earthquake was over, the girls had time to be frightened.

"My God!" yelled the sealer, "the boiler is parboiled!" For a quivering moment the whole cannery seemed horror stricken; then all rushed for the tank. One woman fell in a faint, and the others swept by her. Dave stood as if paralyzed, but with a queer look on his face that was either lunacy or amused self-possession. There was a sound of a struggle in the tank, but no cry was heard.

With blanched face the sealer brushed by Dave and reached for the steam valve. "No," said Dave, holding him back, "that's a hot tank." The manager was clambering out, rejecting courtesies. He was dumb, pale, unreconciled. It was his weakness to take himself too seriously. If nobody else laughs at him, a man should jolly himself once in a while. There was only one titter, and it came from the labelling shed. The manager turned, colored, bit his lip, and wrung out his brown side whiskers. The one word he escaped him, and he hurried off, the pink shirt clinging to him like a shiny sticker on a can.

When the new pie label came out it was decorated with a striking figure of a mountain lion showing his teeth and crouching for a spring—which was, at once businesslike and appetizing, the manager said to the artist. "Jessie!" Dave whispered, as they sat on the porch one September evening, after she had put on the ring, "would it have been any different if there hadn't been any quake?" Jessie laughed. "Who knows?" she evaded. Jessie was always rather elusive; but Dave caught her in his arms and took several satisfactory answers. —The Argonaut.

The soil of Peru contains the largest number of minerals of any known country. At Florida in the north petroleum and sulphur; silver, lead, copper and coal in the great mining basin of Cerro de Pasco, in central Peru, and phosphate, quicksilver, auriferous grounds and bauxite at Arequipa, in the south. At the present time the number of mines being worked is 2,500, employing 70,000 workmen.

Two hundred thousand seagulls are shot every year around the coasts of Britain.

CONCERNING PEKIN.

THE COLLECTION OF CITIES WITHIN CITIES.

A Description by Dr. Williams Who Knows More Than Any Other White Man About the Mysteries of the Queen City—Chinese Would Learn of Japan.

Pekin is a collection of cities within cities. There is the Tartar city beside the Chinese city. Then within the Tartar city is the Imperial city and within the Imperial city is the Forbidden city, which no foreigner is allowed to enter. As a great concession the foreign Ambassadors have been received in a hall at the entrance of the Forbidden city.

The Forbidden City. This Forbidden city is the most fascinating and mysterious place in the world. It surpasses any conception of fairyland that has ever been put in print. It is filled with stupendous palaces, marble bridges, walls of gold and silver, curious shrines and altars, gardens suspended in mid-air and all manner of strange and fantastic productions of Chinese ingenuity accumulated for countless centuries.



General Yatabe, Originator of the Japanese Secret Service.

Dr. S. Wells Williams, who was Secretary of the United States Legation at Pekin, and is a famous Anglo-Chinese scholar, is credited with knowing more about this mysterious region of Pekin, sometimes known as "Heaven's Region" than any other man. While at the capital he won the confidence of a great many educated Chinese at a time when there was much less anti-foreign prejudice than there is now, and thus obtained an invaluable store of information.

The Palace of Heaven.

Ascending a stairway and passing another gate one reaches the Tranquil Palace of Heaven, in which is the Imperial council chamber, and wherein candidates for office are presented to the sovereign. This is the richest, loftiest and most magnificent of all the palaces. In a court beneath its walls is a small tower of gilt copper adorned with a great number of statues. Beyond this building is the Palace of Earth's Repose, which accommodates the Imperial harem, superintended by the Empress.

Between this palace and the north wall of the Forbidden city are the gardens appropriated for the use of the inmates of the harem—the wives of the Emperor, the eunuchs and other attendants. These gardens are adorned with pavilions, temples and beautiful groves of trees, interspersed with canals, fountains and other ornamental artifices.

This walled Imperial precinct is a veritable city of the Arabian Nights, and its truthful annals might compose many a volume of fascinating and romantic interest. It is surrounded by a deep moat, and the eastern part of it contains, among other buildings, the offices of the Cabinet and the treasury.

North of these offices is the so-called Hall of Intense Thought, where periodical sacrifices are made to Confucius and other sages, and near by is the Hall of the Literary Abyss—in other words, the library—which publishes from time to time a catalogue, which is an excellent synopsis of the best Chinese literature up to date.

Palaces and Temples.

At the north end of the eastern division are numerous palaces and buildings occupied by Princes of the blood royal and their relatives and families. In this same quarter is a small temple, to which the Emperor and his family go to perform their devotions before tablets commemorating their departed ancestors. Whenever he leaves or returns to his palace on the first day of the year and on all other occasions of importance the Emperor goes through elaborate devotions in this hall. The European powers may find it necessary to desecrate this temple as a punishment for the present Chinese outrages, because an affront to the memory of his ancestors is the greatest injury that a Chinaman can suffer. In the last Anglo-French war against the Chinese the allies desecrated the graves of the ancestors of the ruling Emperor, but the peculiar situation of the present ruler may make a difference this time.

The inclosure which surrounds the imperial palaces is called wang ching, and in an oblong rectangle about six miles in circuit, encompassed by a wall twenty feet high and having a gate at each face. From the southern gate, called the Tien-an Manor Gate of Heavenly Rest, a broad avenue leads up to the kin ching, and before it, outside of the wall, is an extensive space walled in and called the Gate of Great Purity, which no one is allowed to enter except on foot.

On the right of the avenue within the wall is a gateway leading to the Tai Miao, or gate temple of the Imperial Administration.

perial ancestors, a large collection of buildings inclosed by a wall 3,000 feet in circuit. It is the most honored of religious structures next to the Temple of Heaven, and contains tablets of Princes and meritorious officers. Here offerings are presented before the tablets of deceased Emperors and Emperesses and worship performed at the end of the year by members of the imperial family to their departed ancestors. Across the avenue from this temple is a gateway leading to the Shie-Tsh-Tan, or altar of the gods of land and grain. These were originally Kau Lung, a minister of public works, who flourished 2,500 years before Christ, and Hiatsih, a very remote ancestor of Chau Kung. Here the Emperor sacrifices in the spring and autumn. He always has to sacrifice somewhere at least once a day. This altar consists of two stories, each five feet high, the upper one being fifty-eight feet square. No other altar of the kind exists in the empire, and it would be the highest kind of treason to build one like it.

The north, east, south and west altars are respectively black, green, red and white and the top yellow. The ceremonies connected with this worship are among the most ancient in China.

Prospect Hill.

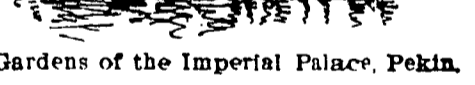
On the north of the palace, separated by a moat and surrounded by a wall more than a mile in circuit, is the King Shan, or prospect-hill, an artificial mound nearly 100 feet high, and having five summits crowned with as many temples. Many of these show the neglect into which public edifices soon fall. Another name for it is Mt. Shan, or Coal hill from a tradition that a quantity of coal was placed there as a supply in case of siege. From it a fine view of the city is obtainable.

The western part of this enclosure is occupied by the Si Yuen, or Western Park, which is the most beautiful place in the city. An artificial lake more than a mile long and a furlong in breadth occupies the centre. Its waters are covered with the beautiful lotus. A marble bridge of nine arches crosses it, and its banks are shaded by groves of trees under which are well paved walks. It contains several buildings, partly in or over the water, and a number of gardens and walks, in and around which are small artificial hills or rock work, supporting in a most wonderful manner groves of trees and parterres of flowers. This is a triumph of Chinese gardening.

On the western side is the hall for examining military candidates, where the Emperor in person sees the candidates, for the army exhibit their skill in equestrian archery and stone slinging.

Pekin, which is properly pronounced Peeking, according to Dr. Williams, has a population at the present time of somewhat less than 3,000,000. Its name means northern capital. The high walls surrounding it are composed mainly of earth dug from the surrounding moat, and are faced with brick and stone.

At intervals of sixty yards square towers project, and similar towers stand on either side of each of the sixteen gates, connected in front in every case by a semi-circular fort. Each gateway is surrounded by a wooden building several stories in height, with painted portholes for imaginary cannon.



Gardens of the Imperial Palace, Pekin.

Pekin has no manufactures and no trade in any proper sense. It is fed mainly by supplies from the southern provinces and by flocks raised in the northern part of China. The thoroughfares leading across it from gate to gate are broad, unpaved avenues, more than 100 feet wide. The side streets are lanes.

The different characteristics of the Chinese is their intense hatred of the white man. But Japan does not come in for a share of this hatred. She could pacify China and save her if the other nations could give a clear field. Perhaps Japan will have opportunity after China has atoned for the murdered ministers. She has studied the Flowery Empire as carefully as Prussia had studied France before the Franco-Prussian war—a study that led to such quick and brilliant victory for the Teuton arms. Japan alone could make such a study. She alone has the mental, moral and physical equipment. She is the friend of China. She owes her art, her literature and her religion to China. Her educated men read Chinese more generally than educated men abroad read Latin. For centuries the mind of the Japanese student has followed in the train of Chinese thought. The code of Confucius governs the Japanese household. There is therefore a sympathy between China and Japan impossible between China and any other nation.

It may seem odd at first thought that China should like Japan, but she does like her, though Japan gave her such a drubbing only a few years ago. Since that war she looks upon the Japanese as beloved cousins. She hates the white devils as keenly as ever, and is as contemptuous of them as ever—though that contempt is likely soon to change—but she is eager for Japan's friendship. She feels that Japan can teach her and she is willing to learn from her, but she dreads the European touch as the touch of a reptile. Japan is welcome. When three years ago China asked her to send over officers to teach in every department Japan did so, and China sent 400 of her best young men to study in Japan in the various branches of the Imperial Administration.