

SHIRT WAIST TO STAY

THEY MAKE THE WOMEN LOOK YOUNG YOU KNOW.

Washes For All Waist Ornaments.—Bright-Green Waist—The Pulley Belt—The Neckless Gown—Fruits 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 dollars plethoric 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 waist. The goods is the thinnest silkiest material in a panel tint, let us say of rose, with big dots of rich red thereon, else a cream-white shirt is bespoken with blue, one green, one rose, one lilac, and so on, and the girl who wears such a bit of twentieth century color gets 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 frills.



Women's Shirt Waist.

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

A delicate question needing decision, says an authority, is whether the waister to wear a shirt with a heavy inner 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 249 different and wholly commendable ways of decking 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 elbow, 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, shirtings 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 Venise, 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 godolce 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 fish collars accompany 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 suiting 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 held snugly, has just now appeared in England, where it is welcomed as a good pulley ring in gilt, gold, nickel or silver, with other substances. It is worn by the couple on a picnic. The invention of this simple excellent device do not profit by the name of the pulley on the card, though it is understood that they were invented and will reap rich harvests from their name. Some manufacturers have taken it upon them to use the name, and some have used it in their own name.

AT DEERINGTOWN.

When shall I go to Deeringtown, How shall the place seem fair, Though roses rim the meadow's gown, If Linnie is not there? If I miss something from Love's skies: The blue—the blue of Linnie's eyes?

When shall I go to Deeringtown, How shall the world find grace, If all the streams go dashing down, And give not back her face? If I miss something from the rose The blush, the bloom her soft cheek knows?

When I shall go to Deeringtown The world shall still be sweet And be the meadows bright or brown Or dashed by wintry sleet, For Linnie's sake the bells shall ring; For Linnie's sake the bells shall ring!

For where her step hath blessed the sod The sun shines ever bright A daisy decks the meadow's sod, And smiles live in light And grace and glory I shall win Only to be where she has been.

—Frank L. Stanton.

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, white, or 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 black velvet ends with rose gold tips. The pretty under blouse is of white Japanese silk, untrimmed. There is no check.

The hat is of natural rice straw trimmed with a swirl of coral 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 coatlet 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 coatlet, 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 lawn, 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 wafers 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 purestified 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 first 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 vegetable. If game is served, the salad is served with a separate course. There is no objection, however, to serving salad with meat or with fish or asparagus, following the vegetable course.

Mortimer, whom I was to apprise of the robbery's advent would help to overpower the others, two desperadoes, for they had not wished to have too many concerned in the job.

Friday came, and it was, I am bound to confess, with no slight feelings of apprehension that I set forth toward the work which was before me, for I was no fighting man, of course I had not met any of the meditated robbery to the old baronet, for that would have spoiled everything.

At twelve o'clock I stole noiselessly down to the kitchen, and quietly waited till the burglars should arrive. I had not long to wait. I heard the muffled sound which warned me that they had commenced operations, and slipped away as noiselessly as I had come. I slipped to the back door, and slipped to the kitchen, and slipped to the door. I found him sitting in his bed-room on a chair, clad in his dressing gown and slippers. His face was buried in his hands, and he was evidently lost in thought. At my entrance he started violently up and gazed with wonderment, not unmixed with anger, at me as I intruded myself on his solitude. I at once came to the point.

"Sir," I said, "there are burglars trying to force an entrance at the back."

Now my master's bed-room was a little extreme wing of the building, it had not been for the fact that I had not known of the contemplated robbery, he would probably have heard nothing of the burglars taking possession of the dining room, where the family party their object, was secured.

He gazed at me curiously for a few seconds, and then calmly walked across the room to his chest of drawers, which he opened, taking therefrom a small rectangular box. He slipped into his pocket having nothing to me at the same time.

"Sir Mortimer took the lead, and following close behind him I noiselessly stole along at his heels. Arrived at the kitchen door the sounds inside told us we had come on the scene at the right moment. The baronet threw open the door. The gas had been lighted and the three men, young Mr. Geoffrey apart from the other two, palisades and backward looking.

And then, I do not rightly know what happened. It was all done so quickly. Sir Mortimer, stepping a little into the room, raised his revolver and fired at his son, who was waiting for me—who had had all presence of mind to act on the initiative. With a groan he threw up his arms and fell forward with a dull thud on the stone floor. The other two did not wait for me, but with incredible swiftness darted through the pantry and into the kitchen, and behind them, made good their escape.

Just then a white dog, figure appeared at the open kitchen door, and gazed wildly about her. As her eyes fell on the body of the man lying prone and lifeless on the floor, Miss Linda Harbican—for she it was—rushed forward and with a moan threw herself down beside her brother, apparently dead, killed by his father.

"My sin has found me out!" she moaned. "My sin has found me out!" And then, in a state of wandering to the little pool of blood, which was crimsoning the cold flags, she cried out, "I can bear it no longer! Father! father! the forgery was my work!"

Casting one look of concentrated hate and anguish on the wretched girl at his feet, he brushed her tremblingly aside, and knelt down moaning softly to himself beside the body of his apparently lifeless son.

"I do not die! His father had shot something high, and the ball had glanced off along the collar bone making a long jagged wound, but still he was seriously ill, brain fever setting in afterward and for some time he lay hovering between life and death.

I explained fully to the baronet the scheme his son had formed for thwarting the burglars, who, by the way, were captured some weeks after the attempted burglary, and Sir Mortimer's feelings of remorse and sorrow at the way in which he had wronged Mr. Geoffrey were terribly poignant.

As for Miss Linda, her story can be briefly summed up by the following. Years ago she had had a worthless lover, with whom she was completely infatuated. Gambling and other forms of excess had left him in low water, and his sweetheart had forged the check to give him the money he had needed so sorely, laying the blame on and accusing her of robbing him of her inheritance around her innocent brother. What ultimately became of her I never knew.

If I had only kept my presence of mind, and carried out my instructions, the baronet's hand might have been stayed, and Mr. Geoffrey would not have been shot. But then, perhaps, Miss Linda would not have confessed, and thank Heaven there are not many women like her in the world.

FOR ANOTHER'S SIN.

Sir Mortimer Harbican was an old man, one of the old types of English aristocrats, very impetuous, and indomitably proud of the integrity of his name and ancestry. At the time I went to his employ, years ago, now, he was living alone with his only daughter at his family seat in Gloucestershire.

A strange-looking tall lady was Miss Linda Harbican, with large black eyes and a pair of darkest features, bearing the traces of some inward sorrow.

Sir Mortimer, I learned, had had a son whom he had disinherited and disowned, owing to some act which had brought dishonor on the name of Harbican, and he forbade all mention of the scapegrace of the family.

The evening some few months after I had been there, I was summoned to the door by the clanging of the front door bell.

A young man shabbily dressed, with a reckless, albeit a handsome face, stood on the doorstep and seemed me curiously as I looked questioningly at him.

"Is my name Sir Mortimer Harbican engaged?" he asked huskily.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Will you please come in?"

"Is there any one in the library?"

"No, sir."

"Then show me in, and tell your master I must see him."

"Very well, sir! What name shall I give?"

"Oh, never mind the name." He'll know me fast enough," he added bitterly.

Sir Mortimer looked up in a surprised way when I communicated to him that a visitor had arrived and wished to see him. He opened the door and strode into the room.

"Father!"

"That was all. One short, despairing cry, and father and son stood face to face once more.

A gray, drawn look stole over my master's face, as for a brief moment he stood eying the prodigal, who had so mysteriously reappeared. Then he found his tongue.

"So it is you, you hound!" he said, his features working strangely, while there was a tone of suppressed rage in his voice. "It is you, is it? Have you forgotten how we parted? Have you forgotten his voice rising ominously, 'How I cast you off, and forbade you ever to step in my house again? Be off before I forget myself and whip you out as you deserve!'"

"I will speak," cried the young man. "As there is a God in heaven, I am innocent! But since you will not hear me, I will not try to save you. May it be your own head, and may you reap as you have sown! But you will have the comforting assurance of knowing, that you have sent me to the devil, and I curse you!" and striding from the room the young man passed out into the hall.

I hastened to open the door for him. As he was passing out into the night he turned.

"You are a stranger to me," he said, after a brief space, "but your face looks an honest one. If you can consent to come to-morrow, about this time, at the drive gate. It is a matter of life and death."

The next morning after breakfast, Sir Mortimer turned to me and said: "If you value your situation here, Parkin, you will bear this in mind. Not a word of what you saw and heard last night, and never mention my son's name to me again under pain of instant dismissal. That is all."

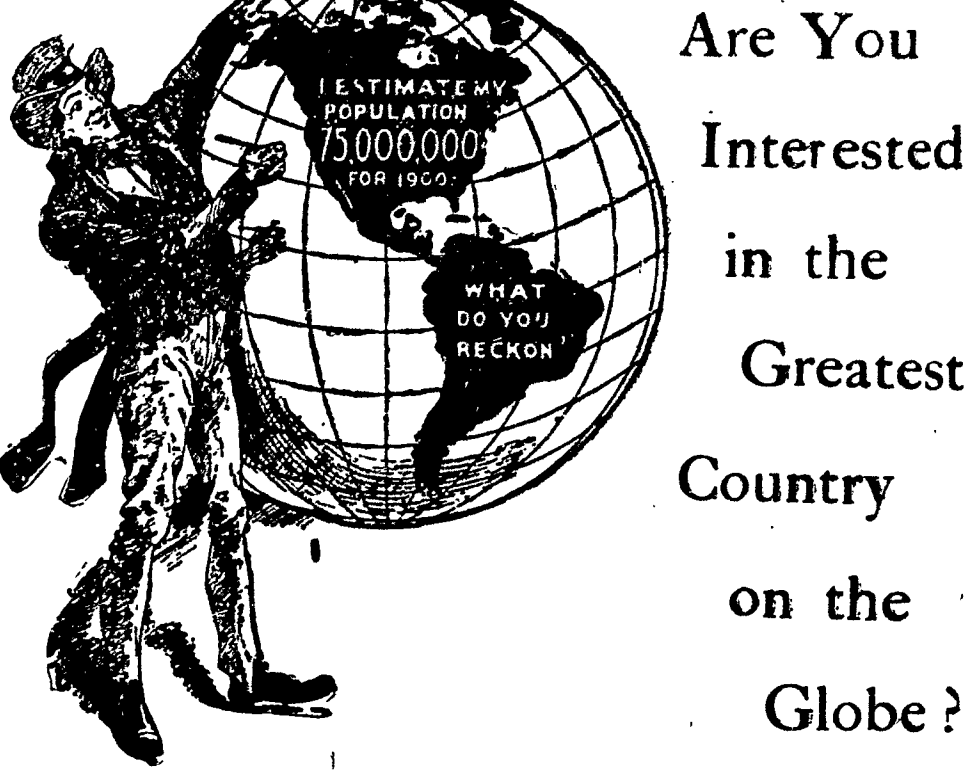
It was with some feeling of trepidation that I repaired to the trying place that same evening to await the arrival of the disinherited son. Having inquired my name, he began: "You must first know how I came to be in this plight. Some years ago a forged check in my father's name was discovered. Suspicion at once fell on me, and, though innocent, I was at once branded as guilty by my father. He did not wish to have the family name dragged into court, so he took the easier course of disinheriting me, and casting me off entirely. My enemy, whoever he was, and Heaven knows I thought I had none worth speaking of, had done his work well. I became a frequenter of the turf, a gambler, and, nearly, but, thank Heaven! not quite—a thief. I was tempted some few weeks ago to join a band of burglars who contemplated robbing my father's house. But though I had sunk low I was not quite so hard-hearted as that, and, over-coming with remorse I determined to seek an audience with my father and warn him of his danger. The result of that interview you know and:

Here he broke off abruptly, a queer break in his voice.

I will pass over the rest of our conversation and merely state the plan which the remorse-stricken man had formed to checkmate the robbers.

I must explain that at the back of the house was a courtyard, shut in on three sides by the kitchen premises of the house. It was a small window—that of the pantry—which was to be the mode of ingress. Young Mr. Geoffrey—that was the son's name—was to lead the burglars in their enterprise. He would conduct them through the window, and then with the aid of myself and Sir

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1810	7,322,881	2,013,397	To the 3d..... 1,000.00
1820	9,638,453	2,317,572	To the 4th..... 500.00
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1890	62,682,250	12,466,467	To the 11th..... 40.00
			To the 12th..... 35.00
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