

LETTER ON CORSETS

DIFFERENT STYLES FOR THE THIN AND STOUT.

The Newest Designs—For the Effects Corsets Should Be Shaped to the Figure at Every Wearing—Another Style of New Corset Form.

This, the happy moment for miscellaneous of the wardrobe, develops what is new and best in corsets. Whatever the details, the ideal of the corset is a design which shall best array the figure for the display of the princess dress. This costume, whether actually made in one piece or with waist and skirt which simulates a princess effect, is without doubt the choicest present and immediate future ideal.

The art of dressing has come to such perfection that the corsetiers work to minute measure with the modiste. A radical change in the cut of the gown means a thorough making over of the corset. Although at present there is only one end to be arrived at in a cor-



set for formal dress, there is great variety in the designs. The thin may not wear models intended for the stout, and there are styles for the use of those with figures of medium proportions. These last are made with straight front, bust neither extremely low nor high, hips four or five inches in depth. The corset is made to curve in emphatically at the back and sides. This last fact is true of stays of all figures.

A handsome corset "for the multitude" is of the above description, in brocaded blue batiste, price \$10.50.

Particularly thin women choose corsets as short as possible on the hips. They are low or high in the corset, depending upon whether the thin woman prefers the contour of a high corset or that of the corset form on sashet described further on.

The particularly plump woman has been the object of special study. She it is who, by some fatality takes with most enthusiasm to the severely plain gown. The problem has been to train the rotundity of her hips. By repeated experiment it has been found that there is no need of harmful compression. Bias, fitted extensions of the corset material are sufficient for most women, if they are held in place by stocking supporters.

The newest garters are fastened in ten places to the corset, three on either side, meeting in one ribbon, which is fastened through a loop on the stocking, and two on either side of the front. Thus the corset is kept firmly in place for quite two-thirds of its width.

The bones do not extend through the depth of the bias piece. A smoother effect is obtained by ending them some inches above the hem of the new addition.

Silk batiste is the smartest of the new materials in choice use. It is firm, and yields to the movements of the wearer without stretching. Twenty dollars is a fair price for the shapely new stays, guaranteed almost to transform one into a princess, so far as looks go.

Some women prefer brocaded satin stays. Such may find handsome ones to fit the peculiarities of her figure in plain white or white with pompadour colorings.

A handsome pair of stays is of black satin brocaded in violet and green. These stays are unlined, as well as those of pink silk batiste. Other things being equal, the corset without a lining fits far better than the one which has a doubleure.

Front lacing is a fact of some new says. Many women found that the straight front steel was painful to wear. Two straight front stiffeners, a lacing between remedies the difficulty.

A noted French corset has two front lacings, and, of course, none at the back. Not all of the front lacings are confined to corsets with extremely long hips.

It would be idle to pretend that even a majority of women can pay twenty, ten or perhaps even five dollars for their stays. Though it is coming to be admitted that is worth while to be liberal with one's corset maker, even at the risk of offending the dress-maker.

The Judic corset, which is a popular imported style, and representative of prices, sells for from \$1.50 to \$25, according to cut and material.

But the needs of women who can afford to pay only one dollar, or a dollar and seventy-five cents have been considered as never before in the preparation of spring styles. Fineness of material has been sacrificed to carefulness of design. And this, women admit, is as it should be. For any of the prices just named a woman can find a corset in white, gray or black of which she need not be ashamed.

Moreover, in the best shops, she can have it fitted to her. A customer pleased with a dollar corset is thought to be of more value to the dress-maker.

or the dress-maker than several pairs sold for a dollar.

Batiste, coutil, jean, are the materials of low-priced corsets, though it is possible to find very good examples, all ribbon, for a moderate sum. Ribbon stays are for the thin woman, as they usually are made with next to no hips, and so leave free play for her arms.

Many are the devices for lending fullness to the figure by the trimming of the corset. So successful are the new ideas that an unsuspecting person might examine a pair of stays padded exceedingly without knowing that the original shape had been changed at all.

This is because all bones, wires and wadding are covered with silk ribbon, embroideries, lace, thus making a matter of adornment of what used to be an unsightly addition. The Delia's principle is expressed pointedly here: "If you cannot conquer a defect make it beloved." Corsets sometimes must be padded here and there. Very well, use the loveliest of materials.

Kuchens of pinked silk in pink or blue or white, made double box-plaited are slightly stiff for the corset of the corset. These ruffles must be renewed when their freshness is gone. Washington the silk in water slightly stiffened with gum arabic, and fresh pinking, makes the same silk serviceable for repeated wear.

The sashet coat, hangers, which women have used for a season or two, may have suggested another style of new corset form; its appearance is nearly identical with the padded hangers made from ribbon which fastidious women like, no matter how delicate their taste in sashets, except, of course that the corset form is made without wires. Two lengths of five-inch ribbon extending from arm to arm, are sewed together and filled softly with the best of padding. A big ribbon bow is placed to indent the sashet at the front steel. The entire arrangement is placed just at the top of the corset, the loops of the ribbon overhanging.

Another device is entirely a great bow of double ribbon, made from two lengths of ribbon sewed together and filled with cotton, but not roundly. A third method is a flat sashet placed across the front of the corset and indented at the steel with a flat ribbon bow. Exactly covering the flat sashet, innocently, as if it were only a new style in trimming, is an inserting of fine lace.

Similar artifices for rounding the hips are placed inside or outside the corset, and all with the appearance of being decorative.

These matters are studied carefully by specialists, who also have ideas about the trimming of stays at the top. Indeed, this has become a trade of itself. The need to keep the trimming perfectly flat for plump women, or of even fullness for those who are thinner, offers plenty of opportunity for the exercise of taste.



Some pretty new ways of trimming are these: A mere turnover of lace, the pattern of the lace stitched in by hand with embroidery silk in one tint; a full close frilling of fine cotton tulle, the top flat with the top of the corset, the lower edge disappearing under a band of embroidered ribbon; lace with from three to six runnings of baby ribbon velvet, a flat rosette of it topping the front steel. Sometimes the heading for the ribbon runnings is placed a third of the way from the top of the corset, and the lace is placed so that its wrought edge comes at the top of the stays. In this case two bows of inch width ribbon are placed in front, one at the top of the steel, the other near the belt line.

Tiny bows of baby ribbon are placed at three inch intervals among the top lace of another example. Running the lace in V shape quite to the waist in front is a favorite decoration. The flat binding with white satin ribbon two inches wide is considered good style. Perhaps the most chaste method was seen on a princess corset of white silk batiste. The decoration was two very flat folds of taffeta silk. How such restraint would gratify the woman who wears no other than hand embroidered French lingerie—the woman who thinks the faintest suggestion of lace on undermuslin vulgar.

Inclined railroads to the tops of famous mountains are increasing in number. It is not likely that within a comparatively short period such lines of ascent will be built to the summits of the Egyptian pyramids? How old Ramses would stare if he could come back to earth and see excursion trains moving on cogged wheels or drawn by cable to the crests of Cheops and of Chephren!

A little village paper in this State recently announced the cause of the death of a little child as cholera and phantoms.

THE BROOK.

I looked in the brook and saw a face—
I felt the but a child was it
There was water in that place.
And they quivered at the brook in the brook
I can't say.
And the brook it ran its own sweet way.
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And all ran I heard it say:
To the rushing sea.
That is worth with the same of the morning
sky?

I look in the brook and see a face—
I feel the but a child was it
There was water in that place.
And the willows I saw when a child was
And the brook it came to me as my
As ever it flowed on its way—
I saw it now and not in play.
To the rushing sea.
That is worth with the same of the morning
sky?
High—oh, but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I!
—Augusta Field, in Chicago Record.

SQUIRE'S LOVE LETTER.

Squire Maddox sat at breakfast reading the leading county newspaper and chinking with toast and indignation at a fierce editorial attack upon his own political party.

Since the death of his wife, whom he had tenderly loved, his daughter had been dearer to him than anything on earth.

"What is the day's programme, Eva?" he asked quite mildly. "Haven't you better drive down with me to Chester and see the Lyne girls while I call on my lawyer?"

"No thank you, papa. The Lyne girls are coming here to tea and croquet this afternoon."

"Ah! And whom have you to meet them?"

"Young Mr. Moffit and his sister and the Harmon girls and Jack Riverton, and Mr. Patton will bring a friend with him."

The squire's brow darkened. "Wasn't Jack Riverton here yesterday?"

"No, not yesterday."

"Well, the day before, then. Seems to me he is always here. Pity his father don't keep him more closely to his desk in his office, or that he can't find some other place than my house in which to pass his superabundant leisure."

Eva's soft, dark eyes had filled with tears. "Papa," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "why do you object to Mr. Riverton? Everybody likes him but you."

"I have nothing against the young man's character," he said at length, still more impatiently, "but I don't like him personally—that is, his ways. I wish to see in his office, or that he can't find some other place than my house in which to pass his superabundant leisure."

Eva, to your accepting the attention which he has recently been paying you, and I must request you, Matilda, not to encourage his visits here."

"I am sure I don't encourage him," Miss Matilda replied, bristling a little.

"When a man comes courting my daughter"—this in a very positive tone of voice—"I like him to appear as a man, and a man of sense and business. He should come to me in the first place and say frankly that he wishes my consent to his addressing my daughter. If there is anything I thoroughly despise it is to see a tall young fellow like that dawdling about for hours in the moonlight repeating poetry and calling her darling and dearest and other such baby names. It's disgusting! When you find a man making love in this idiotic way you may be positive of one thing—that the love is only skin deep, and that he will make an indifferent, if not a bad husband. For this reason I object to Mr. Jack Riverton courting my daughter."

"One day the squire, returning from his morning ride, found his daughter and his sister seated in the pleasant little sitting room opening upon the garden.

Eva's white fingers were deftly fashioning some rose-colored ribbons into dainty knots and loops.

"What are those for?" her father inquired as he seated himself in his own big armchair and unfolded his paper while glancing at the silken stuff.

"To wear at the lawn party this evening, papa. And you will go with us, of course?"

"A lawn party! Ah, I had forgotten! Well, where is it to be, at the Lyne's?"

"At the Rivertons," Miss Maddox said.

"I do not wish to interfere with your pleasures or enjoyment, Eva," he said, "but I would rather that you should not go to this party at the Rivertons."

She knew that when her father expressed a wish it was intended as a command, and her hands dropped listlessly into her lap, crushing the crisp ribbons. Tears forced themselves between the long lashes, and she presently rose and quietly left the room.

Then Miss Maddox looked up from her own work, and there was something unusual in her expression.

"Archibald," she said gravely, "I have something to say to you. I would warn you not to carry this matter too far, lest you drive her into open disobedience and even an elopement."

"His sister took from the little work-box which Eva had left on the table a folded letter.

"I found this here, just where you see that she keeps it. Perhaps I ought not to have read it, seeing that it is a love letter. But, under the circumstances, I consider it my duty to let you know the contents. Will you read it, or shall I do so?"

"Since a cruel and relentless fate at present forbids our meeting, I can but tell you that I cannot exist apart from you, my own dearest darling, of how unspeakably and unutterably dear you are to me."

"For heaven's sake, Matilda, spare me any more of that sickening and idiotic stuff! Why, it's worse even than I would have thought Jack Riverton capable of. What were you saying about an elopement?"

"It is this," answered his sister, glancing down the paper.

"I find that I cannot exist apart from you, and since your unfeeling father—"

"—will not consent to our union, we must take our fortunes into our own hands and defy any earthly power to keep us asunder."

"Not another word! The idea of a racial and idiot like that presuming to court my daughter!"

"But at least hear the last lines:
"Good night, my soul's beloved!
May angels fan you to slumber with
their fragrance laden wings, and in
your dreams think of your own devoted
squire."

"ARCHIBALD MADDOX."
There was a blank, bewildered pause.

"What does this mean, Matilda? What letter is that?"

"It is the one which you wrote over twenty years ago to the woman whom you loved and married. Your daughter found it a few days ago among some old letters and papers in the attic closet."

"I would not have believed that I could ever have written in a style such as this," he said in a strangely subdued voice.

"And yet you were a devoted husband and made your wife a happy woman."

Just then Eva entered the room. Her father put out his hand and drew her gently to her former seat.

"Sit down, dear, and finish your ribbons. I will take you over to the Rivertons' this evening."

And Eva never knew until after her marriage to Jack Riverton what had caused so sudden a change in her father's views and sentiments in regard to that subject—Maryland Advocate.

How Lightning Fell.
Something of a stir was made at the Ravine house, in Randolph, N. H., by the arrival recently of three dilapidated men. Were they intoxicated? No. Vagabonds? Evidently not. Nor were any limbs broken. But all three had been burned by electricity from a clear sky, or which more probably was discharged from the mountain peak on which they were sitting into the clear air above. They were upon the tip-top of Mount Adams, watching thunder storms below them, when all were knocked over. Mr. Gilbert Trafton at once sprang to his feet, and he thinks he remembers a great noise. But the Rev. Arthur Patten, of Gosham, remembers no noise, although he did not lose consciousness. Both speak of a hot feeling. Mr. Trafton being somewhat burned on each foot, and Mr. Patten rather more on one foot. The shoes and trappings of each were badly torn.

Mr. George Goodwin, of Gosham, was more severely hurt. Probably his fall of several feet bruised him, as he was struck quite unconscious for a time, and was badly burned, from his hair down his neck, body and legs to his feet. Both he and Mr. Patten were partly paralyzed on the right side, the effect lasting about a half-hour.

After resting nearly an hour longer, Messrs. Patten and Trafton were able to help Mr. Goodwin down to the stone hut of the Appalachian Mountain Club although it was then dark. Here the night was passed, and next day five hours' work brought the party down to the hotel. By this time Mr. Goodwin had recovered from the state of mind when he would repeatedly inquire where he was and what had happened, but he needed all the encouragement his companions could give, and this made the party somewhat light-hearted on arrival than their appearance warranted.

Early Mistake in Drying Lumber.
The earliest attempts at the artificial drying of lumber made no difference in the matter of varieties of wood or quality of stock. All kinds and qualities were run in promiscuously, and all subjected to the same treatment. The only theory acted upon was that the lumber, being green or wet, must be dried in the shortest possible time. To effect this result it was only thought necessary to create as great a heat as possible within the limits of safety, and to raise it to the maximum degree in the very shortest time, the limit being often raised to a reckless height, not infrequently reaching the point of actual partial carbonization to an extent that killed the life of the lumber so treated. Often the kiln would be hastily opened for the removal of the dry stock, while it was under full headway, with the heat up to the highest point, and green and often frozen lumber hurried in to replace at the very outset a mass of lumber as near the point of combustion as it was possible to raise it with any degree of safety.

This, of course, has reference more particularly to the days of dry hot air and furnace heat, though the same was true of the earliest attempts at steam heating. Nothing was known or thought of the effect of thus subjecting lumber to a high temperature at the first stage of the drying process, and nothing was known of the effect of high temperature upon different varieties of wood or the same variety under different conditions, whether entirely green, or partially or wholly air-dried. One thing only was known—that heat would drive the moisture, whether supernatural or acquired, out of the lumber, if it was only applied hot enough and long enough.—Popular Science Monthly.

Negroes, Horses and Mules.
Why is it that the negro is so successful at managing the mule and is so unsuccessful at managing a horse? It is generally admitted that both these propositions are true. The negro is a noisy driver; while he is teaming he is constantly shouting at his beasts of burden. The mule is by no means so sensitive to noise as the horse is; he is less excitable and more patient. The horse's excitement exhibits itself in violence, that of the mule in stubbornness. The phrase, "horse sense," is founded upon absurd error, for the horse actually has very little of that which humanity terms "sense." Yet have we a right to expect any vast amount of sense in an animal whose eyes are so constructed as to magnify objects from eight to twelve times their actual size.

While it is true that the negro soon ruins the average horse, it is not true that he is more successful than other people in the management of the mule. The mule is adapted to every class of driver, but the negro can be adapted only to the mule, and this we suppose is really why we judge the negro a noisy driver; that nobody can get along with the mule but the negro. The fact is that the mule is the only quadruped that can get along with the negro.—Chicago Record.

Admiral's are sought with eagerness and with interest.

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