Pull Bodice Fronts Are of Many Kinds signs that Are Applicable to o-Over Dresses Saving Devices rested by Adjustable Fronts.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.



of acceptable ones, it is a comparatively simple matter to select one that can be applied to last season's dress, to render it entirely stylish. It is, in deed, rare that a new fashion that prevails so generally is as easily adapted to processes of home manufacture, or

to making over by the amateur designer. The following descriptions of several of the more distinct types of full fronts are complete and accurate, and show in each case excellent opportunities for carrying them out on dresses that have passed from stylishness. First, many of these dressy full fronts are made with a yoke top attached to the usual coliar. The yoke fastens smoothly along the shoulder seams and ats about the armholes. From under it the bag front falls, either covering the entire front of the bodice, or being brought down to a curving loose point to front. This sort of front is also made without the voke, the loose portion hanging from a band of passementerie or spangle work, the same trimming outlining the armholes and finshing the edges of the bag. The bodice over which the front is worn shows



above the front in yoke fashion. Another method suggests that a simple tailor-fitted bodice buttoned down the front has been subjected to the scissors. The front portion bearing the buttons appears to have been cut out panel-like and in the space thus left is set an elaborate bag of material contrasting in color with the rest. Perhaps bril-Mant satin covered with baggy chiffon is used. Then the removed panel appears to be loosely replaced. Of course the effect is not secured in this way in new dresses because the middle panel earing the buttons is a flat pleat or

The fronts of other bodices are re duced to three or four straps of the chief material of the dress, loosely hanging over an under bagginess of contrasting stuff. Then a great many fects are obtained by the arrangement of two side bags, between which the closely fitting line of the under bodice thows. Now and then a slit appears to have been made horizontally across the buttons at the bust line, reaching about half way across the figure. From this alit a bag wells forth in an irrelevant and startling manner; indeed, when the heg is bright red, as it often is, and th strong contrast to the remainder, the cearer seems to be spouting forth what dime novel calls "a steam of vital fluid." But what of that! The dress thus has its bag and its wearer need not stay in bed. The looping of several extes of ribbon to hang from the collar



WHAT WOMEN WEAR, she can win from such saving devices as these adjustable fromes suggest, she is more than likely to have nothing to expend on a gown to "get there in"that is, a travelling dress. For though many of the loose fronts can be turned into a means of money saving there are few other wrinkles of current styles that can be put to the same good end. So it is a common thing to have "any old dress" serve for the day or days of journeying. This is to be regretted, for a neatly dressed traveler being far more comfortable herself, and against the law. ACGY bodice the trick can be done inexpensively fronts are now of The initial picture presents a servicemany kinds and able model. Made of dark blue mo of many degrees hair, the moderately wide skirt shows of bagginess, and at one side of the front three tabs fastfrom the long list | ened with buttons. The bodice is made



A NEW AND NEAT LOOSE PRONT.

to match, first booking in the center and then the part with the buttontrimmed tabs laps over and is fastened with a few hooks and eyes. Especially handsome 1830 sleeves are added, and the standing collar is left severely plain. A leather belt confines the waist. The original of this sketch was prepared for a June bride, and made a remarkably neat costume.

Devisers in economy need hide their heads at the approach of costumes like the one next pictured, for such are unattainable by even the most ingenious of scrimpers. Here the fabric is illuminated taffeta, the godet skirt demanding the best quality of hair cloth. besides silk lining and an inside frill of lace. The bodice comes outside the skirt and has a deep yoke of white guipure and a pleated piece of silk that fills up the space between yoke and waist. Its standing collar is made to match and spangled net tabs come over the shoulders. Epaulettes consisting of five circular ruffles top the full sleeves. and white gloves and hat are the completing accessories.

In the third picture it will be seen that the design for the full front is one of those that were mentioned in the beginning of this depiction as being applicable to made-over dresses, but here t appears in a new dress made of dark-green cloth and Rob Roy slik plaid. This dress is princess in effect, the skirt's front panel extending into the bodice, while the remainder forms deep godets. Fitted at the back, the green fronts of the bodice are rather gy and are held at the waist b buckles. The sleeves are very full at the top, but fitted at the lower arm, and the green collar is garnished with plaid

Another combination of plaided and plain stuff sappears in the artist's fourth



presents a very dressy loose front that and the yoke is perforated, the edges introduced half way through the cenalso gives the collar.

Collar and basque-girdle match in the left hand costume of the concluding dinner hour was still fixed at midday; illustration, and are ingenious enough afternoon visits were paid by the fash to be recorded in the Patent Office. Before considering their construction it is met in the old collegiate church at well to know that glace silk with dahlla prayers when the hour of 4 was strikreflections is the skirt fabric, and that ing. In the evening the gentlemen asnink silk gives the bodice, the latter being entirely covered with Florence lace. ment was at first limited to fourpence Then the box-pleated collar is from the changeable silk, and the black girdle of bacco, reaching at last to the unprecethe same, fastening with a pair of fancy dented extravagance of a "sixpennybuttons. Biscuit colored crepon is worth of punch." This was at the trimmed with figured bluet silk in the house of John Shaw, who had been a other dress of this picture. A wide fold trooper in Queen Anne's forces, and had of the latter borders the foot of the brought from the Low Countries the skirt, and is slashed at the top, buttons art of brewing punch. The hours of if crepon tabs were fastened over the silk. The bodice is of bias cloth, fastens at the side and is trimmed with if his behests did not effect their purfitted basque and girdle of the bluet silk, cut in one, for which the silk is taken bins. The collar and straps along the shoulders are silk, and the slong the shoulders are seeves of the skirt's stuff.

se gown to coming in style again, but in such a m

PIRATES IN THE COLONIES.

The Different Colonial Governments Too Weak to Protect Themselves.

We, in these times of America, protected by the laws and by the number of people about us, can hardly comprehend such a life as that of the American colonies in the early part of the last century, when it was possible for a pirate like Blackbeard to exist, and for the governor and the secretary of the province in which he lived to share his is a comfort to all who see her, besides plunder, and shelter and to protect him

At that time the American colonists were in general a rough, rugged people, knowing nothing of the finer things of life. They lived mostly in little settlements, separated by long distances from one another, so that they could neither make nor enforce laws to protect themselves. Each man or little group of men had to depend upon his or their own strength to keep what belonged to them, and to prevent fierce men or groups of men from taking what was theirs away from them.

It is the natural disposition of every one to get all that he can. Little children usually try to take away from others that which they want, and to keep it for their own. It is only by constant teaching that they learn that they must not do so; that they must not take by force what does not belong to them. It is only by teaching and training that people learn to be honest, and not to take what is not theirs. When this teaching is not sufficient to make a man learn to be honest, or when there is something in the man himself that makes him not able to learn, then he lacks only the opportun-Ity to seize upon the things he wants, just as he would do if he were a little child.

In the colonies at the time, as has just been said, menowere too few and scattered to protect themselves against those who had made up their minds to take by force whatever they wanted.

The usual means of communication be tween province and province was by water, in coasting vessels. These small consting vessels were so defenseless, and the different colonial governments were so ill able to protect them, that those who chose to rob them could do it

almost without danger to themselves. So It was that all the Western world was in those days infested with armed bands of cruising freebooters or pirates -men who had not been taught, or who had not been able to learn, that they must not take from others what belonged to those others. These pirates used to stop merchant vessels, and take from them what they chose.

Each province in tho e days was ruled over by a royal governor appointed by the king. Each provincial governor was at one time free to do almost as he pleased in his own province. They were accountable only to the king and was so distant that they were really responsible almost to nobody but them-

The governors were just as desirous of getting rich quickly, just as desirous of getting all that they could for themselves, as was anybody else, only they had been taught that it was not right to be actual pirates or robbers. They as to lead them to dishonor themselves mothers were in the Gusher Colleg in their own opinion, and in the opinion of others, by gratifying the desire. They would even have stopped the pirates from doing unlawful acts if possible; but their provincial governments were too weak to prevent the freebooters from robbing merchant vessels, or to punish them when they came ashore. The provinces had no navies, and they really had no armies; neither were there enough people I ving with the communities to enforce the laws against the e stronger and fine men who were not house t -St. Nichol s.

Old Manchester.

About 1600 there were 300 burials in the parish of Manchester in eight years. A century later the population of the town, township and parish of Manchester and Salford had increased to 50,000. The wealth of the district grew with strides which were equally rapid. At the close of the seventeenth century the houses of wood and plaster gave place to more commodious buildings of brick. The manufacturers attended at their yarehouses before 6 o'clock in the morning, a breakfast of milk and porridge was provided in huge bowls for offering, brown sack cloth and Scotch all, and masters and apprentices alike plaid being the materials, and besides dipped therein on terms of equality, this attractive partnership the costume | with coarse wooden spoons. A dancing assembly opened about 1710; ten years is confined by a plaid belt ending in a later there were but three or four carbow. The plastron is also of the plaid riages in the town; sedan chairs were being embroidered with brown silk and tury, and it was not until 1758 that any underlaid with plain scarlet silk, which one in business presumed to set up his

At the accession of George III the ionable dames at 2 o'clock, and they sembled at a club, where the enterrainfor ale and a single halfpenny for tobeing set in the open spaces to look as gathering began at 6, and at 8 the guests were summarily ordered from the room by the burly landlord, and pose the floors were flooded with water by his surly maid-servant.—Temple

Bar. Why is it that we never hear o books designed to be read on the chan-nel between Dover and Calais? There ntly a great dearth of that kind of Mterature, for I have seldom seen any

one engaged in reading while crossing the channel. I never read during that delightful trip; not because I am sea Mr. B. Takes "Something" for "That sick, but because I want every one to notice that I am perfectly well; and that end can best be achieved by walking the deck and singing softly to my

As has often been observed, nothing makes e man so unbearable as exemption from seasickness. Some three years ago I was crossing from New haven to Dieppe, and, being very hungry, I went down into the cabin, where there were, by actual count, thirty-one men who were deadly seasick, besides seven who had apparently died; and I made a hearty meal of cold ham and porter.

Just before the train left Dieppe, a gaunt American fellow-passenger came to me and said: "I suppose, sir, you are an Englishman, ain't you?" which I replied, with charming humor, that I was a Japanese. "All right," he continued. "It don't make a cent's worth of difference what you are. All I want to say is that if ever you come to the States, and make a voyage on one of our lake boats, and eat ham in the face of the suffering public, you'll be miss ing when that boat comes to land. I'd have drawn on you myself this after noon if I hadn't been too sick to reach

my gun. You hear me?" Since that day I have never eaten ham in the presence of seasick people I would even be willing to read during a channel passage if there were any books fit for the purpose. I am wait ing to see some new novel, say, of the advanced woman school, advertised as "the very book for the channel passnge."-The Idler.

THEY PITIED POSTERITY.

Though They Could Not Suggest An Alleviation for Its Sad Lot.

"I've just been wondering," said the dreamy, blue-eved girl, "what the next few generations are going to do for romantic beirlooms."

"My goodness," cried the energetic black-eyed maiden, "I've no time to think of such things; mamma is learn ing to ride a wheel, and I'm busy try ing to keep a few of her bones intact.

"Oh, girls!" cried the thoughtful bazel-eyed damsel, "do you suppose that a hundred years from now people will be tying bleyeles with blue ribbons and putting them up in the parlor as they do spinning wheels now? Fancy say ing, 'Yes, that was my great-grandmother's wheel,' and trying not to look proud because of the fact!"

"I suppose they will," returned the blue-eyed girl, "and perhaps the poets will all be writing under such titles as 'When Grandma Rode a Wheel.' Yes. and girls will be wearing ancestral bloomers and sweaters to fancy balls and---

"I don't doubt it," broke in the hazeleyed damsel, "and people will be going to visit at remote farmhouses and tall; the home government; and England ing of the delightful old-fashioned fold ing beds in which they slept."

"Well, it doesn't sound romantic, said the bine-eyed girl, "but I suppose it will all come true. I wonder if I had better give up wearing common-sens shoes, after all? They wouldn't look quite as nice as my grandmother's satio slippers do now."

"H'm; perhaps not. Do you suppose wanted to get rich easily and quickly. girls, that folks will be putting on airs but they did not desire riches so much of aristocracy then because their grandfootball teams in the year 2000? There may even be a society of Daughters of Early Athletic Dames; who knows?

"Yes, and then the clothes, what a puzzle they will be! Imagine taking a blazer out of an old trunk and saying; 'This was my great-grandmother's, or, no, it must have been grandfather's, after all.' Oh, I tell you, posterity is going to have its own troubles in the good times coming."

"Oh, dear, yes," sighed the blue-eyed girl, "and there will be none of thos delightful old love letters smelling of musk and things. Fancy treasuring a type written document and writing a romance about it."

The hazel-eyed damsel grouned:

"Yes; only think of it. And don' forget the china. Do you suppose peo will be hoarding up the cups bought on State street at a bargain sale for 12% cents apiece?"

"I hope not, I am sure," said the blue eyed girl, "but there is no telling Girls, do you suppose the curling iron of commerce will be extinct by that time?

"Not unless a curly-haired race of women has arisen, my dear," calmly replied the black-eyed maiden, "but i n't doubt that some of the instru ments of torture such as we use now adays will be preserved as delightfully quaint, and, tied with blue ribbons, used as ornaments to dressing tables instead of being ignominiously con cealed under them."

"Perhaps so," sighed the hazel-eyed damsel. "Speaking of instruments of torture, what do you suppose they will make of the sleeve extenders we are

wearing now?" "Oh, dear, I can't guess," said the blue-eyed girl, "but, perhaps, they will display the yards and yards of haircloth they find in old trunks as proofs that we mortified our bodies after the fashion of the middle ages."

"They may be right in that.' Look here, do you suppose that the tiu-type of to-day will be treasured as one of the miniatures of a century ago? Because. if you do, I am going right upstairs to destroy all of mine now

"I hardly think so, dear" said the black-eyed maiden, in a soothing tone "still, one might as well be prepared for the worst. I don't myself think that amateur photography is calculated to make posterity think any better of our personal charms.

'Oh, dear," said the hazel-eyed dam sel, "I'm glad you spoke of pictures. Grandma gives the portrait painter her first sitting to-day, and, in the interes of posterity, I am going right home to try to persuade her not to do it in the nnet she wore to the opera.

In summer time every fat man re grets that he cannot wear a shirt waist

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Tired Feeling.

Just as the Bowser family had finished dinner the other evening a boy rang the bell and delivered a package. Mrs. Bowser answered the bell in person, and as she re-entered the sittingroom with it in her hand she said:

"This seems to be for you, and I

guess it's a bottle." It was a quart bottle. Mr. Bowser slowly remoxed the paper and then held the bottle up to the light and shook it and observed:

"Yes, he said he'd send it over this evening. I think I'll take a dose right

"Is it a patent medicine?" asked Mrs. Bowser with a tinge of sarcasm in her

"Suppose it is a patent medicine." he demanded as he bristled up and glared at her over the bottle. your personal benefit, however, I will my that there is nothing patent about It is a compound prepared in the laboratory of the most noted chemist in the country. I suppose the formula has been copyrighted, but they don't patent such things the same as they do washing-machines."

"What use are you going to make of

"What use! It is just like me to pay \$3 for a bottle of invigorator and then chuck it into a rat hole or feed it to the cats, isn't it? I've felt the need of it for the last two months."

"I didn't know that you were run down in health," persisted Mrs. Bow-

"Oh! you didn't!" he hotly exclaimed as he ceased shaking the bottle. "That shows what sort of a wifely wife you are! Some wives are not blind when a husband loses five pounds of flesh a week and has a dozen undertakers itching to measure him for a coffin, but you haven't discovered that anything was wrong! If the doctor was to drop in and say that I couldn't live till morning it would be quite a surprise to you, wouldn't it!"

"You were dancing around the other day and telling how coltish you felt, and so I naturally supposed your health was all right."

"I danced around, did I! I said I felt coltish, did I! Never, Mrs. Bowsernever! Why on earth you want to sit there and talk such stuff and nonsense is more than I can make out! That's your policy, however-opposition. If I was dying you'd oppose my taking anything to restore me to health. Are you anxious for me to die? Do you want my life insurance on which to cut a swell? Have you tried mourning and found that it improved your looks? Woman, I demand to know why you

In his excitement Mr. Bowser got up and dropped the bottle and picked it up and walked about, with his face very red and his toes inclined to crack.

"If you didn't buy so much stuff I shouldn't say a word," explained Mrs. Bowser, as he finally came to a halt "You are always getting tonics and sarsaparillas and blood purifiers and in vigorators and cures for this or that, and after a dose or two you set the bottle away and never touch it again, 1 was looking through the cupboard yesterday, and I found-"

"That will do Mrs Row do!" he interrupted as he waved the bottle around his head. "You talk about my buying stuff. In the last year | totin'." I have bought just one bottle of cough medicine. Two doses of it effected a cure and I put the bottle away. If you found ten thousand bottles in the cunboard you put them there yourself. We five minutes, breaking the silence finalwill drop all that and speak of this bottle. I am all run down. I have chills fever, cold sweats, insomnia, lassitude and general debility. If I go on I am a dead man inside of two months. If I dunno," replied the other. take this preparation I am restored to health inside of two weeks. Shall I take it or not?"

"Why, yes, of course, if you think it will do you any good."

do me good! I'm not taking it to blow doesn't send an invigorator out into the world to kill off his fellow-men, does he? The object is to invigorate-tone up cure make a man of a man."

Mrs. Bowser had no more to say. She was sorry she had said as much as she had. Mr. Bowser was bound to take that invigorator whether or no, and the best way was to hope it would do him good, though there wasn't a healthier and more robust man in town.

"I'll take a dose now and another at bed-time," he said as he headed for the basement, "and if you don't see a change in me even by to-morrow morning then I'll be disappointed."

He went downstairs, pulled the cork out of the bottle and took his dose, and when he returned upstairs he sat down to his newspaper with a self-satisfied look on his face. Ten minutes later he patted himself on the lower button of his vest and exclaimed:

"By George, but that stuff went to the right spot! I feel better'n I have felt in a whole month. You'll see me a new man in about a week."

That was ten minutes later. Twenty minutes later Mr. Bowser gave a sudden start and laid his hand on his stom-

"Is it going to the right spot?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Say! I have a pain and I feel queer!" be answered as he stood up. "Couldn't be anything wrong about that invigorator, could there?"

"Of course not. A noted physician esn't send an invigorator out into the world to give his fellow-men pains and queer feelings, does be?" "Ooch! By gum, but the room is

nd and I can't keep my feet on the floor! I believe I've been

"Here—lie down on the lounge," said Mrs. Bowser as she helped him over. "You are sure that was invigorator, are

"It must have been. Great Scot! but see how I sweat!"

"Let me go down and get a look at

the bottle. She was back in thirty seconds with the bottle in her hand, and as she held

it out towards him she asked: "Did you order a bottle of Dandruff Eradicator this afternoon?"

Y-yes!" "Well, here it is, and you've taken a big dose of it in place of the invigorator! You never even stopped to see what the stuff was!"

"And I'm-I'm poisoned!" he gasped as he drew up his legs and threw up his bands "Perhaps not. As you haven't over forty hairs and not a scale of dandruff

on your head perhaps this is to remove the dandruff from your stomach!" 'And will I die?" "I hope not. You lie still while I get

the sweet oil and mustard." For the next hour Mrs. Bowser doped and dosed and plastered, and Mr. Bowser kicked and groaned and took on like a sick child. By and by the eradicator seemd to have finished eradicating and he began to feel easier. Mrs. Bowser could have said lots af things to make the situation more painful for him, but she gave him words of sympathy and condolence instead. It was not until he was so far relieved that he was slowly creeping upstairs to bed

that she said: "Of course your lawyer will see my lawyer in the morning and arrange about the allmony and the custody of

the child!" Mr. Bowser sat down on the stair step and looked down at her for a minute. Then he sighed and grouned and went creeping along up with tears in his eyes. Mrs. Bowser had floored him for the first time in a year.-M. Quad. in Detroit Free Press.

Business Methods in Tennessec.

One bright forenoon last fall near a descried mill in the outskirts of Chattanooga the following bit of Tennessee bargaining was overheard: An aged negro, driving an old, slowly moving mule hitched to a two-wheeled dumpcart, came along. He was bound for a wood yard on the banks of the Tennessee River near by, where that muddy stream sweeps around the foot of Cameron Hill and begins curving a graceful bow to bold Lookout Mountain, which looms up before it. Just as the outfit had crossed a rickety cultert the negro was accosted with the customary "Howde?" by a lazy-looking native wearing a Jeans suit and a broad-brim-

med hat. "Howde?" grunted the negro, as he stopped his mule with a flerce jerk, which sent the front of the cart against the beast's haunches and the shafts higher that, its ears.

When the cart had come to a standstill the young man took a portly chew of tobacco, slowly adjusted his right foot on the hub of the curtwheel, and with slow, measured accents, asked the other:

"How much be you selling wood

"Four bits a load, boss." After mature deliberation and mastication the prospective purchaser drawled out:

"Four bits a load?" "Hits little 'nuff, boss," replied the

colored man. "Hit leaves me only two shillin' fer totin' gin I pay two shillin' fer the wood at the yard-little 'nuff fer "Yes, I reckon." Then the languid young man picked

up a stick and began whittling, and the teamster sat mute in his cart for ly with:

"D'ye reckon you'll want a jag o' wood?

"That's wat I 'lowed I would, but I

There was another silence of ten minutes, broken only by the slash of the lackknine through the yellow pine stick. A horseman rode by "totin" a bag of meal in front of the saddle. After the "Any good! What's it for except to usual speculation as to whom the stranger "mout be," the whittling and the my head off, am 1? A noted physician blank staring processes continued for several more minutes. Finally, when the stick had been all whittled away, the prospective purcaser said:

"Wall, I don't 'spect I'll take any

wood today." His foot fell lazily from the hub, the wood-hauler clucked to his mule, and the two men slowly went their respective ways.

An Accommodating Boy. A woman residing in a flat ordered a

piece of ice from the grocery. The youth who brought it was a German, He put it on the dumbwaiter in the basement to be holsted up. She pulled

"Gracious!" she exclaimed; "how heavy this ice is. The grocer must have given me good weight." By great exertion she succeeded in

getting the dumbwalter up. To her astonishment, she found the boy scated on the ice. With what breath she had left, she demanded:

"What did you make me pull you up here for? "Why," replied the boy, "I thought

the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so came up to help you off with it." Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Solemn Truth.

One business man met another on the street. The second man seemed downcast, and had a look as if he were ashamed of himself. "What is the matter?" asked the first

"Well, to put it briefly," said the other, "I have been speculating in stocks."
"Indeed? Were you a buil or a bear?"

"Neither-I was an ass." An Apple for a Starving Sc For staving off the hungry craving when a meal is unavoidably delayed it is difficult to find anything better than