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Capital, \$250,000.  
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Undivided Profits, \$110,000.  
Facilities of our magnificent New Vault  
containing 400 Safety-Lock Boxes. Differ-  
ent Sizes are offered to our patrons and  
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# Edgefield Advertiser.

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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1902.

VOL. LXVII. NO. 3.

## You Will Want a Nice Christmas Present.

We have the most complete stock of Christ-  
mas Goods of every description; Fancy  
Goods, Fine Watches, Jewelry, Silver-  
ware. No matter what you want we have  
it. Everything the best and guaranteed.  
Fine Engraving and Repairing.  
Call early or write us your wants.

WM. SCHWEIGERT & CO.,  
702 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.

## Woman vs. Woman.

She gave a little gasp and sat down. The hotel porter discreetly looked the other way; he was enjoying the little scene greatly; the Mt. Seymour Hotel provided many of them. The girl was young and pretty; the hand which typed with the letter before her was studded with valuable rings, among them a narrow one of gold. It was evident that she was a wife. There was no husband to greet her, though the car with her luggage from the mail boat was standing at the door. Alphonse had had the pleasure of handing her the letter; it had been given to him by a handsome, dark-eyed man only a few hours before.

"Monsieur le Capitaine he said, 'Give to the lady direct she come.' Hein, I do give."  
The girl arose, her blue eyes dim with tears; the susceptible Alphonse was overwhelmed.  
"Marie," she said to her maid, "Capt. Molyneux has been ordered up to Pretoria; he only left today. Please see to the boxes."  
She crossed the hall toward the elevator and disappeared.  
Many eyes had watched the little drama; the lounging chairs in the hall were all occupied; officers on sick leave, men convalescing, and men on their way up to the front or back to old England. Women, too, some grass widows, a few real widows, many more with a special concern in the war at all. But it was the war which had drawn them to Cape Town—the war, or rather, the soldiers who were fighting. Where else but to the Mt. Seymour Hotel should they go? Rank and fashion, joy and misery, virtue and vice rubbed shoulders in that fashionable and exorbitant hostelry.

"Ah, a pretty woman," drawled young Dennis of the 14th Lancers.

"Who is she?" queried his companion.  
John Beresford rose languidly from his chair and satisfied his curiosity at the porter's office.  
"It's Bob Molyneux's wife," he said to his friend. "Fancy. One of my oldest pals. I was so sick at having missed him this morning. He left just before I got here. Ah! there is Mrs. de la Fane; she's a pretty woman, if you like. I was introduced to her this morning by old Vigors."

He sprang to his feet and offered his chair to a tall, graceful woman who had entered the hall as he spoke.  
She accepted it with a smile, and in a moment the little group attracted all eyes. Mrs. de la Fane was one of the leading spirits of the hotel; the acknowledged beauty, whose wonderful eyes drew every man into her toils. Her husband was rolling in money; he was reported to be a Johannesburg millionaire; but the reports were rather vague. It was sufficient for her admirers that she spent her money like water, gave the best dinners a man could wish to sit down to, and did not scowl when other men smiled at his wife.

"What brings you down to Cape Town, Capt. Beresford?" asked Mrs. de la Fane. "Major Vigors tells me your regiment is in the thick of it just now." She raised her face violet eyes to the young man's face as she spoke.

The implication underlying the word stung him. He flushed, and tapped a side pocket in his coat.

"I have got a little bag here," he said with meaning, "which contains—well, a few papers of importance."  
"Oh!" laughed Mrs. de la Fane. "I see. You are one of Kitchener's messenger boys. Rather a satisfactory berth, isn't it, Captain? No risk, no worry, no exertion."

John Beresford caught those violet eyes again full in his own. His heart beat faster. He did not care to appear as one of no importance in this woman's eyes. His mission demanded secrecy, yet for the moment his tongue ran away with him.

"You are wrong, Mrs. de la Fane," he smiled in reply. "The papers would be worth—well, a lot to Kruger or Botta."

A sudden gleam came into the woman's eyes. John Beresford saw it, but thought nothing of it. The silken toils were already about him.  
"Come and lunch with me, Capt. Beresford, and you, too, Mr. Dennis," said Mrs. de la Fane.

Two days passed away. Muriel Molyneux felt inexpressibly lonely. This bustling, frivolous atmosphere of hotel jarred on her. Tortured with anxiety for her husband, she hated the laughter, the music, above all, the society. She kept aloof from it all. Her husband was an intelligence officer; she knew that he was never sure from day to day where he would sleep the following night. To attempt to follow him to the front was impossible.  
Now Muriel, for all her love for her husband, was an elastic little patriot. This dreary, unwholesome life to which she was condemned taxed her nerves to the uttermost. The quiet of the gardens overlooking the sea appealed to her. After dinner on the third evening after her arrival Muriel slipped out alone and paced the gravel paths in angry impatience with her fate. The gardens were empty. Her white dress looked ghost-like in the shadows.

In a little summer house at the furthest limits of the garden, bitter tears rose into her eyes as she thought of her own incapacity, her own enforced idleness. Suddenly a voice at her elbow startled her. Some one thrust a note into her hand, with the words: "Will you give me your answer to-morrow, or shall I wait for it now?" Taken unawares, and anxious to hide the trace of her recent tears, Muriel stammered hastily, "Tomorrow." No; the day after; and the next moment she was alone again. Bewildered, she turned the note over in her hand. There was no address upon it. She rose hurriedly and hastened to the door of the summer house. A man's figure, evidently that of a gentleman, was disappearing out of the garden gate on to the high road. It was too late to recall him.

She opened his note mechanically. In the dim light it was difficult to

trace the writing, but a second glance left no room for doubt.

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch."

"To Mrs. de la Fane."

"Have you procured the dispatch case carried by the officer, J. B. Vigors? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted; give it to him. If you have not yet secured it, tell him when to see you again."

"J. X. de W."

Muriel drew her breath sharply. She sat motionless, her brain busy. She realized at once that she had been mistaken for somebody in the pay of the Boers; a plot was hatching, and she—  
At that moment she heard footsteps hurrying down the path. She thrust the note in the bosom of her dress. Suppose the messenger had discovered his mistake, and was returning? Her heart beat wildly. With sudden resolve Muriel had made up her mind. The summer house had an inner room, to which a small doorway gave admittance. Opening the door she plunged into the darkness. Holding her breath, she peered through the half-open door, not daring to close it for fear of making a noise. A man entered the summer house. A quick sigh of relief escaped Muriel's lips. It was not the messenger. She glanced at the man's face; then started back in horror. She recognized him as a man she had frequently seen in the hotel; but his eyes were now bloodshot, his expression wild, his manner distraught.

John Beresford (for it was he) drew a revolver from his coat and raised it against himself.  
Muriel waited no longer. With a little cry she flung open the door and threw herself upon the man. The revolver fell from his hand.

"Oh! stop, stop!" she cried. "You can't know what you are doing."  
John Beresford stared at her as though she were a ghost. He stood motionless, his arms hanging limply by his side, his wild eyes searching her own.

"Can't I help you?" whispered Muriel, gently, all the sympathy of her nature going out toward him. "Please let me try."

"Hello! am beyond help!" echoed the man, struggling with the words. "Leave me, for pity's sake, Mrs. Molyneux." There is only one way out of this.

"How do you know my name?" asked Muriel, in surprise.  
"Molyneux was an old pal of mine," answered the other. "He would not speak to me now."

A sudden inspiration flashed across Muriel's brain. "What is your name?" she asked.

"John Beresford. For pity's sake leave me."  
"Your initials are J. B., then? Have you—the dispatches?"

"How do you know about that?" said John Beresford, raising his head with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Not a soul but myself and the thief knows that it was stolen from me within the last 24 hours."

Mrs. de la Fane glided down the footpath leading toward the summer house. She was dressed in white. As she drew near she caught the sound of voices, and walked slowly past the doorway.

She gave a little dry cough when she recognized John Beresford and Muriel Molyneux.

She seemed annoyed to find the summer house occupied at that moment. She paced the footpath for a few moments and then returned to the hotel. She went to the pigeonhole where she generally found her letters and telegrams. It was empty. Soon after midnight she went to the pigeonhole again. There was a sealed packet waiting for her. With a sigh of relief she carried it hastily to her room and read:

"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch."  
"To Mrs. de la Fane."

"Have you procured the J. B. documents yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted. Give them to him. If you have not yet secured them, tell him when to see you again."

"J. X. de W."

A second note in another handwriting was inclosed:  
"Madam—Not finding you this evening at the appointed place, I am leaving this note for you at the hotel. I shall be there tomorrow evening at 8.30 to receive your answer."

"J. X. de W.'s Messenger."

Mrs. de la Fane slept the sleep of the just that night.

On the following evening she kept the appointment. She was again dressed in white. Punctual to the moment she heard a man's footsteps on the path outside, and a tall, bearded man stood in the doorway.

"Mrs. de la Fane, I presume?" He spoke in a deep, gruff voice.

She handed him a carefully sealed packet, saw him place it inside his breast pocket and waited till he disappeared. The next morning she received an invitation from Capt. Beresford to dine with him that evening.

She handed the note to Mr. de la Fane and remarked, callously:  
"What nerve the man has. Surely, he knows there is nothing for him to do but shoot himself. . . . He's ruined. . . . silly creature."

Mr. de la Fane laughed harshly.  
"So that evening a cheerful party assembled in the private dining room. Mrs. Molyneux and Mrs. de la Fane were the only ladies present, but some half-dozen men made up the party. With the dessert, John Beresford looked around at his guests, and placed a leather case on the table.

"I've had the queerest adventure since I've been in the hotel," he said laughing. "It's too rich to keep to myself; it might amuse you."

"Fire away," said some one.

Mrs. de la Fane turned very white, but Muriel, watching her every movement, felt no pity.

"You know, of course," Beresford continued, "that I was sent down on special service to deliver some dispatches to Gen. G., who arrives here this evening. Like an ass, I made no secret of my errand. I shall be

wiser another time. Well, two days ago the case with the dispatches disappeared. You can imagine what felt like. After wild searchings for 24 hours there was only one thing to be done."

He then described his meeting with Muriel in the summer house, and her adventure with J. X. de W.'s messenger.

"I wrote a note," he continued, "and inclosed it with the original letter, addressing it to a certain lady, whose name does not matter, asking her to meet J. X. de W.'s messenger last night. In disguise I myself represented the messenger and received my dispatch back into my own hands."

The men laughed loud and long.

"The sequel, too, may be interesting," said John Beresford, coolly. "A couple of detectives are at this minute collaring J. X. de W.'s man."

"What about the lady?" he was asked.

"Well, I fancy you'll hear that she and her husband have been presented with tickets to Europe by the next boat."

A little choking cry came from Mrs. de la Fane's lips. She had fainted.—The Onlooker.

## BRITISH SAILORS' FOOD.

Neither as Good Nor as Abundant as is  
"The food served up to the British  
jackets is neither as good in quality  
nor quantity as the American sailor  
gets," said William Allison, an official  
of the Washington navy yard. Mr.  
Allison has recently returned from a  
visit to Portsmouth, Eng., where he  
personally inspected several of the  
British warships stationed there.

"At present the British sailor gets  
three meals a day, which consist chief-  
ly of canned corned beef, potatoes, hard  
biscuits and soup, the monotony of  
which diet is supplemented every Sunday  
by a sort of imitation bean soup. There  
is no meal between supper, which  
is served at 4.15 p. m., and  
breakfast next day at 5 a. m. Our  
sailors would not put up with these  
feeding conditions. It is the bill of  
fare of a century ago. They men, of  
course, have the privilege of sending  
ashore for anything extra in grub they  
may want, but they must do so at  
their own expense."

"I was informed by a naval officer  
while on board one of the British war-  
ships that a committee had been ap-  
pointed by the war department to in-  
quire into the question of naval rations  
and other kindred matters. This is  
the result of long standing discontent  
among the sailors and the great  
deficiency in the number of recruits,  
who are becoming more difficult to  
get every year. The officer also in-  
formed me that the committee had al-  
ready drawn up a report which, he  
said, recommends among other things  
that there be five recognized meals in  
future instead of three, and that the  
rations include tea, sugar, a jelly, con-  
densed milk, and that mutton be in-  
cluded as well as fresh beef. The re-  
port, he also added, does not recom-  
mend bread as a substitute for bis-  
cuits. On our warships there is always  
fresh bread, and it is considered in-  
dispensable.

The cost of these extra victuals, it  
is estimated, will amount to close on  
\$900,000 per annum.—New York  
Post.

## QUANT AND CURIOUS.

A costly marble monument stands in  
a fashionable cemetery at Seattle,  
Wash., sacred to the memory of a  
faithful horse. The animal's owner  
was himself buried beside the horse  
recently.

The other day James Pelter, who  
lives near Winchester, Va., killed a  
half eagle, whose spread of wings was  
seven feet. Mr. Pelter had lost several  
lamb and thought it remarkable that  
the eagle tried to carry off a dog  
which followed him, but when he  
saw the bird was the robber.

During the recent session of the British  
parliament no fewer than 6448  
questions were asked in the house of  
commons. This number has only once  
been exceeded in recent years—namely,  
in the session of 1893-4, when the number  
of questions asked was 6534. But the  
house sat on 226 days during that  
session, while there were only 118 sit-  
tings during the late session.

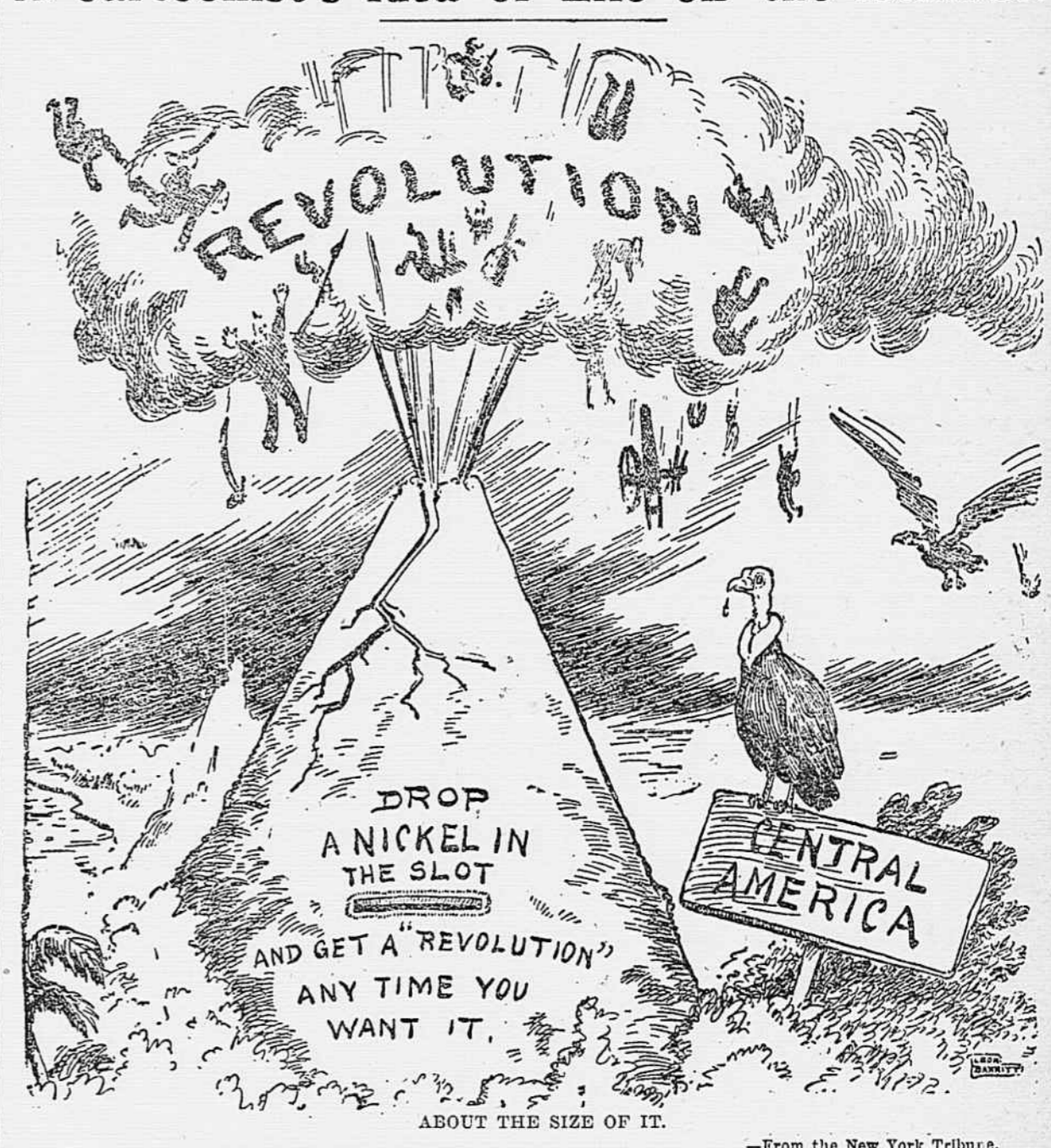
There are three nut cracking plants  
in St. Louis, Mo., giving employment  
to considerable numbers of people.  
The nut crackers are driven by electric-  
ity, each nut being fed individually  
into the crusher. After the shells are  
cracked the nuts are winnowed by an  
air blast, and the meat is picked from  
the crushed shells by hand, women  
and girls being employed for this part  
of the work.

A curious case came up the other day  
before the court in Caroline county,  
Md., when an ancient resident was  
sued for the larceny of nine eggs. Extra  
jurors had to be summoned, and it  
cost the county \$250 to try the case.  
The accused was 73 years old. His  
counsel said he had known the de-  
fendant for 40 years, and it was in-  
credible that he would steal eggs. He  
argued that anyhow the state had not  
shown that the eggs were sound and  
nine rotten eggs would have no value  
at all. The jury stood out 15 minutes  
and returned a verdict of not guilty.

A Jamburg schoolteacher recently  
undertook to find out what his pupils  
knew about common things. Out of  
120 children between 10 and 16 years  
of age, 53 had never seen a flock of  
sheep, 70 had never seen a violet  
growing, 99 had never heard a night-  
ingale, 59 had never seen the sun rise,  
and 23 had not seen it set. 49 had never  
seen a man plow. He asserts that  
while city children may know about  
theatres and concert exhibitions, un-  
sophisticated things in life are mere words  
to them that convey no coherent idea.

Travelers on Prussian railways  
whose baggage through no fault of  
their own, fails to arrive with them,  
now have it cent, on request, free  
to their houses.

## A Cartoonist's Idea of Life on the Isthmus.



—From the New York Tribune.

## Wonderful Brain Work.

Mail Clerks' Memories Heavily Taxed

MILLIONS of people are com-  
plaining nowadays of being  
taxed financially, but an  
army of men in the employ  
of Uncle Sam are burdened with a  
mental practice unheard of, as re-  
gards extent, in any other country  
of the world.

Things that a railway postal clerk  
must remember have increased in such  
volume that one would think every cell  
of his brain would be filled with the  
name of a postoffice or railway com-  
munication, and the wonder is that the clerk's  
mind does not fall under the pres-  
sure. Despite these facts cases of lu-  
sant among this class of public serv-  
ants are rare.

One Chicago postal clerk maintained  
for several years a record of 21,000  
cards (which take the place of letters  
in examinations) with an average per-  
cent. of correct distribution of a frac-  
tion over ninety-nine per cent. He  
knew how to reach that many offices  
in several States by the shortest,  
quietest route, and he knew the cor-  
rect location of each office in his State.

A clerk on the New York and Chi-  
cago Railway postoffice must know the  
correct location of every postoffice in  
a group of States made up of Illinois,  
Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota,  
South Dakota and Nebraska. In these  
seven States there are 12,317 post-  
offices. Not only is the clerk required  
to be "up" on the general scheme,  
which means the correct location of  
the postoffices in each State, but he  
must know how to reach the whole  
12,000 postoffices from one or more  
stations.

A clerk running between Chicago  
and Minneapolis underwent no fewer  
than seventy-eight examinations in  
fifteen years, learning 13,306 offices in  
fifteen different sections of the United  
States. In some of these examina-  
tions he was required to make a Chi-  
cago city distribution, which means  
that while running over the country at  
the rate of a mile a minute he must  
distribute letters to the carriers of the  
Chicago delivery. He must keep not  
only where every public building and  
leading mercantile house is located,  
but also how to divide the numbers on  
a particular street, so that he can "lie  
out" his letters to the correct carrier,  
according to the route of the latter.

This same clerk made thirteen examina-  
tions in ten months, with an average  
correct distribution of 99.88 per cent.  
In twenty examinations he came out  
of nine of them with a clear 100 per  
cent. each.

Think of such a task, taking into  
consideration the puzzling similarity

## Circulates Warm Air.

Most people put away their electric  
fans in the fall, thinking they will  
no further use for them until the  
warm weather arrives in the spring.  
But we show here a simple arrange-  
ment which makes it possible to uti-  
lize the electric fan for blowing hot  
air as well as cold air. It is the inven-  
tion of Edwin F. Porter, and can be  
used to heat rooms and offices wherever  
there is a gas jet handy. It also keeps  
the air in circulation about the room  
instead of allowing it to remain still  
and dead all day. In this apparatus  
the blades of the fan is of hollow tub-  
ing, and is connected with a gas jet  
by a rubber tube. The frame being  
perforated at intervals the gas is ig-  
nited as it flows from the openings,  
the resultant heat being driven about  
the room by the action of the fan  
blades. The inventor designs this  
heater especially for attachment to a

## Principle of Magic Squares Made Plain.

Magic squares of odd numbers in  
which the figures added in perpendicu-  
lar, horizontal or diagonal rows make  
the same sum are found in books of  
puzzles, but the principle on which  
they are based is never given.

There is a principle, and it is appli-  
cable without limit, from one square

to any odd number of squares indefi-  
nitely. For illustration twenty-five  
squares are given, and the sum of each  
of its rows of figures perpendicularly,  
horizontally or diagonally is sixty-five.

Now for the rule. Always write  
your numbers consecutively, diagonally,  
upward, to the right. If that  
direction carries you outside of the

square, then go to the opposite end of  
the row at which you stand. If you  
reach a square that is occupied, or the  
upper right hand corner, then drop to  
the square below the last one used,  
and proceed as before. Begin with 1  
in the upper centre square. Now try  
it.—New York Herald.

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## Historic Place of Worship.

It has been ascertained that the first  
Protestant church erected west of the  
Mississippi River is still standing, near  
Jackson, Cape Girardeau County, Mo.,  
being used now as a hay barn. It was  
built of logs, in 1806, by a Baptist  
congregation, and was long known

## Street Aid in Accidents.

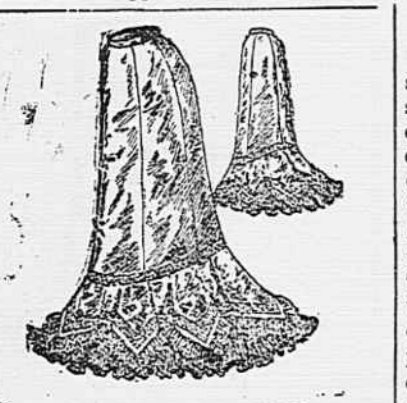
The municipal authorities of Paris  
are experimenting with a unique street  
equipment for rendering prompt aid  
to the injured. It is described as being  
like a letter box pillar, and contains  
a folding stretcher, a few medicines,  
bandages, etc. In order to get at these  
objects it is necessary to break the  
glass, as when "calling" a fire engine.  
In this way the key of the case is  
access to a telephone inside communi-  
cating the ambulance service are ob-  
tained. This would obviate at least  
the necessity of hunting up a tele-  
phone and a policeman, in order to  
give aid to a case of accident, as is  
now necessary.

## A Power in Town Building.

A newspaper whose columns over-  
flow with ads. of business men, has  
more influence in attracting attention  
to, and building up, a city or town,  
than any other agency that can be em-  
ployed. People go where there is busi-  
ness. Capital and labor will locate  
where there is an enterprising commu-  
nity. No power on earth is so strong  
to build up a town as a newspaper well  
patronized, and its power should be ap-  
preciated.—Rev. T. De W. Talmage.

## NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Carefully shaped,  
well fitted petticoats are as important  
as the gowns worn over them if the  
latter are to appear at their best. The



SEVEN-GORED PETTICOAT.

Very satisfactory model illustrated  
was designed by May Mantou with  
all the requirements in view and is  
suited to silk, moreen, brillantine,  
gloria and all similar skirting mate-  
rials, but in the original is of taffeta  
in old rose with bands and frill of  
wine colored lace.

The skirt is cut in seven gores that  
are shaped to be snug about the hips  
and to flare at the feet. At the lower  
edge is a straight frill of plisse silk  
lined with a ruche,