

THE PINK SHIRT-WAIST GIRL.

IN these spring days, when every second sentence is punctuated with a sneeze, the thoughts of the young woman, when not concentrated on her handkerchief, grimly turn to thoughts of clothes. For the windows of the dry goods stores remind us that a time is coming when not only will our streets no longer resemble an annex to the North Pole but we shall be absolutely grateful when the iceman so far forgets himself as to leave a lump the size of a hail-stone on the front steps. Our climate will undergo its annual lightning change. And we shall slide from the Arctic Circle into the banana belt with the rapidity of a scalded dog through the back kitchen door. Noses will no longer be worn red at the end, and the dainty shirt waist and the fascinating tan shoe will replace the fur collarette and the hideous gaitered rubbers.

In fact, inside of a month, we shall have acquired the shirt-waist habit. Already we see them in the shop windows, of every shade, from the white, which is the trade mark of the ingenue and the married woman who goes to matinees, to the yellow, which is affected by the frankly naughty. For yellow is a most reprehensible color. It is the color of new journalism, new women, freight cars, gold bricks, and people whose livers have gone on strike. But from the goody-goody white to the staid and sombre black, worn by women who are working hard in order to save up enough money to support a husband, there is a wide range of colors besides the suspicious yellow. There is the brown holland of the bicycle girl which bids fair to be as plentiful as the freckles on a summer girl's face. There is the scarlet of the golfing girl which will give her many an exciting sprint if she happen to encounter a bull anywhere on the links. There is the plaid shirt waist with its suggestions of oatmeal and haggis. And last of all there is the pink shirt waist which denotes the summer girl who stays in the city all year around, and which is the refined essence of the utmost possibilities of the seashore and the mountains concentrated and brought up-to-date by the alluring influences of a great city.

For the pink shirt waist stands alone, like the solitary strawberry in the boarding-house shortcake. We associate it with white gloves, usually slightly sticky from caramels, and bewitchingly blonde hair, which, evidently, owes as much to art as to nature. There lingers about it a subtle essence of attractive naughtiness, half-veiled by innocence, like the soupçon of cognac which nestles coyly in the recesses of our after-dinner coffee. Yet it is always appropriate. One never feels it to be out of place. It is at home picking wild flowers on the mountain when the police are not looking or making after-theatre omelettes on a chafing dish in a west-end flat. It is not out of place on a bicycle, nor when the wearer is off the machine temporarily enjoying a short travel on her shape. It is delightful, seated in a canoe in blissful oblivion of the half inch of cedar which swims between it and a ducking. It looks dainty through the glamor of a large cold bottle and a small hot bird, and equally betwitching when its pretty wearer is absorbing sufficient frappeed sizz at the soda fountain to qualify as a portable fire extinguisher. It is irresistible in the cool moonlight, strolling along the quiet streets, and equally fascinating in the front row of the dress circle under all the glare of a choking theatre. The click of the typewriter keys does not disturb its serenity any more than the howls of the comic opera tenor, or the lamentations of the heroine, annoy its owner at the matinee or interfere with her flow of conversation. In fact, the pink shirt waist is full of maddening possibilities—sometimes too full.

There are other delightful points about the pink shirt-waist girl. She does not talk golf. She does not chatter about brassies, clecks, toffy spoons, bulgers, mashies, niblicks and all the mysterious appurtenances which it takes the golfing girl six months to learn the names of, and six months more to tell apart. She does not talk gravely of waggles, stances, stymies, and other things which one cannot eat. Nor does she



TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

MRS. BOSS.—Your friend Smythers has offended me, and you must demand an explanation.

MR. BOSS.—My dear Jane, for eight-and-twenty years, I have been beaten by you, and now you ask me to be beaten for you!

hore us with century-runs, nor descant upon gears and pedals and other bicycle adjuncts. For she is not an athletic girl. True, the pink shirt-waist girl can be seen at every athletic sport. But it is on the grand stand or at the club-house. Never on the field. And her conversation is so delightfully irrelevant that it is evident that she feels it to be her first duty to look pretty and therefore leaves any worrying over the game to her escort. Her tinkling laughter rings out as clearly when our best batsman has struck out in the ninth innings and the opposing team is two runs ahead, as it does when our inside home man lays the enemy's goal tender out with an artistically accidental swipe of his lacrosse stick. She merely takes a fresh caramel, when the horse we have backed to the limit canters last past the post; and uses the moment when we are yelling ourselves hoarse over an exciting finish to put a fresh dab of pearl-powder on her nose. No one ever saw a pink shirt-waist girl excited except when she shoots over her handle-bars and tries to hold on to the Canadian climate. Even then she only whimpers a little and leaves her escort to do the swearing. In fact, she is the epitome of the nineteenth century—the choicest product of modern urban civilization. She reconciles us to the fact that we have to starve town and work while others are freckling their sinful skins on the seashore. Without her life would be as corrugated as a boarding-house mattress, and as dull as a society novel. She represents our Platonic ideal.

SIXMAN.

THE Spokesman-Review, of Spokane, Wash., says: "Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gault, of Montreal, arrived in the city last evening, returning here with Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Laberee, after a trip to the Virlin Collateral mine, near Baker City, and the Cumberland, near Silver City, Idaho, both the property of the Virlin Consolidated, a Montreal corporation. Mr. Gault is secretary treasurer of the company. Sir Frederick Fairbanks, an eminent mining engineer, accompanied the party, but did not return to Spokane with them as he was called east by wire, and went on from Boise. Francis Jenkins, general manager of the Cumberland mine, was with the party on its trip to that famous Owyhee mine and came to Spokane with them."