

\$2,500 Presentation Gown, Her Birthday Present of a Rope of Pearls from Her Father and Her Mother's Necklace of 30 Matched Pearls Each Worth \$3,000.



THE DEBUT OF

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HUNDREDS of thousands of dollars of American money have been spent in making a little American girl over into a full-fledged English young lady. She was presented at the last Drawing Room and will make her real debut into the smartest society in the world this London season. This Anglo-American girl is Pauline Astor. She is the daughter of William Waldorf Astor, the greatest landowner in America. If her father so pleases he can make her the richest girl who ever lived.

Miss Astor is nineteen years old, and is said to be a perfect picture of her mother at that age. She was Miss Paul—the beautiful Maudie Paul—who was famous in all America, not only for her beauty and her charm, but for her jewels as well.

The average American girl can scarcely understand what a season of London "high life" gaiety means to one whose life has been as simple and quiet as if she had lived in a convent. Miss Astor's school life and training have been that of an English girl, and she has been made to fully appreciate the importance of being properly launched in society in England.

The preparations made for her entrance into society are not only as elaborate as boundless wealth could make them, but are absolutely correct in every detail of good form.

The first and most important of these preparations was her formal presentation at the Queen's Drawing Room in March.

Following that was the necessary step of engaging a noble chaperon to direct her social career.

In order that she may entertain with a degree of magnificence suitable to her wealth and position the Astor town and country houses have been rearranged and refurnished in imperial style.

During this London season Miss Astor will wear for the first time some of her mother's priceless jewels. They will be only pearls, but each one of them cost \$3,000. There are thirty of them. But the most important of all the preparations is Miss Astor's wardrobe. English society will never see finer gowns worn by any debutante.

This is the first time in her life that clothes have interested

Miss Astor. Before now she willingly allowed other people to decide almost entirely what she should wear. But when it came to ordering the gowns for her first London season Miss Astor decided to have something to say about them herself.

They are truly wonderful gowns, and many of them skillfully carry out Miss Astor's own ideas. A number of these gowns Miss Astor brought with her when she made her flying trip to New York and Philadelphia two weeks ago with her father.

Never was debutante presented at the Queen's Drawing Room wearing such a regal court gown as Pauline Astor. The velvet for the train was specially manufactured for the gown, and the lace which adorned it once belonged to Miss Astor's mother, and no price can be put on it. The front of the dress is white satin, veiled with white net. It is trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce of the rare old lace. The conventionally long court train flounce of the rare old lace. The conventionally long court train is of white mirror silk velvet, lined with white satin and elaborately embroidered with Roman pearls. This hand-wrought pearl embroidery added greatly to the cost of the gown. It is a most exquisite piece of workmanship.

The low cut bodice is of white satin, covered with the rarest and richest of lace, and is trimmed with a band of satin, thickly embroidered in pearls, which reaches from the left shoulder to the waist. Two bands of the pearl-embroidered satin encircle the arm, substituting a sleeve. From the lower band depends a short white silk and pearl fringe.

Miss Astor wore with this resplendent gown a long tulle veil, fastened with the usual three white feathers, and she carried an enormous shower bouquet.

This costume alone, including its trimming of wonderful lace, cost \$2,500.

Miss Astor has a luxurious collection of evening gowns, varying from simple tulle frocks to marvellous—yes, really marvellous—creations of velvet, satin and lace.

One of her most effective dinner gowns is shown in the illustration. It is a hand-embroidered costume. It is literally a work of art.

The material of this gown is a rich quality of pink satin. It

is embroidered by hand—spiders may have done it, it is so exquisite—in shaded silk threads, which change from the faintest tint of pink to a deep old rose. The gown is trimmed with founcces of invaluable antique lace, which Miss Pauline's mother wore on her first ball gown after she became Mrs. William Waldorf Astor.

The lace encircles the skirt in three founcces, and adds a charming billowy effect to the flaring part of the gown. To bring out the beauty of the intricate design, each lace founcc has beneath it a filmy ruffle of black tulle.

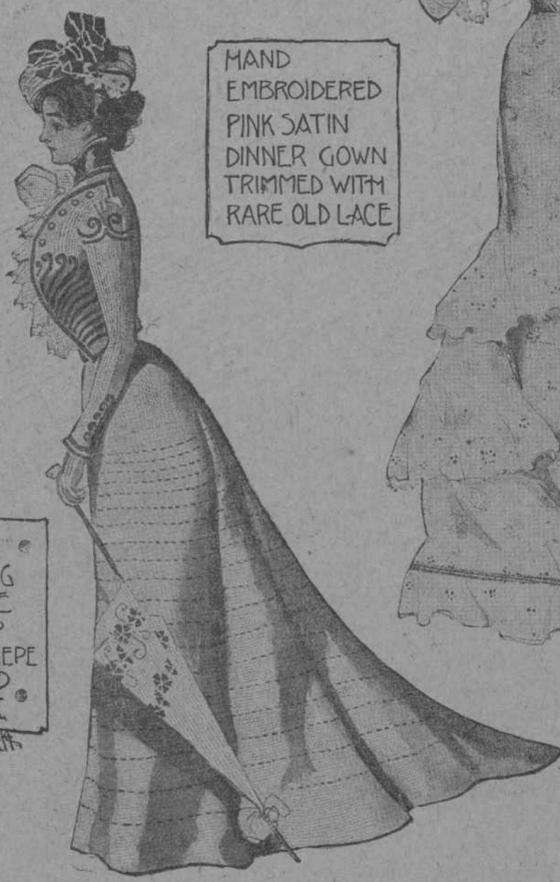
The embroidered décolleté bodice is draped prettily over the corsage. The bodice fits to perfection and fastens invisibly. It has the appearance of being suspended from the shoulders by straps of lace. Below the lace straps are soft bands of black tulle.

The delicatest of Miss Astor's evening costumes is a beautiful dress of fawn color crepe de chine and embroidered chiffon. The gown is made with one of the new overskirts and yet clings closely to the figure. The crepe de chine is made over a foundation of fawn silk and the ruffles are of cream chiffon finely embroidered in baby blue, pink and green. The overskirt is cut in long points and two of the ruffles outline it. The lowest ruffle, which belongs to the petticoat, is of plain chiffon and is in a much deeper shade of cream than the embroidered ones.

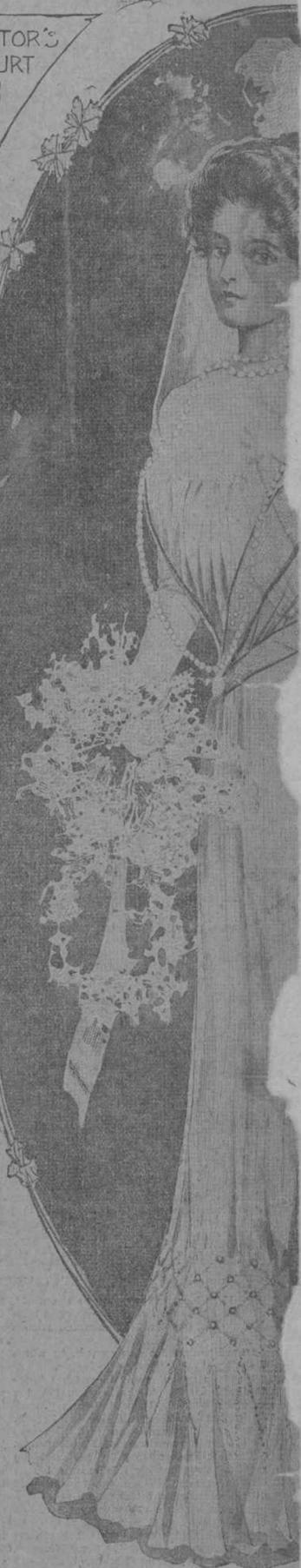
MISS ASTOR'S \$2,500 COURT GOWN WITH ITS WHITE VELVET TRAIN



MAND EMBROIDERED PINK SATIN DINNER GOWN TRIMMED WITH RARE OLD LACE



HER WALKING COSTUME OF DEEP BLUE CREPE STITCHED IN BLACK



YOUNG WOMAN TO CROSS THE OCEAN IN A 20-FOOT COCKLE SHELL.

MISS BELLE SHANE, of Norristown, Pa., is going to make a 3,000-mile ocean voyage in a twenty-foot dory. She will start from Atlantic City with Captain Andrews on this perilous trip on June 17. The famous captain will start on that day on his seventh trip to Europe in a small boat. The two will make the journey in the merest shell of aluminum and canvas, not over half an inch thick, with but a single mast and with just room enough for the two venturesome navigators and their stock of provisions. The provisions will, with the nicest calculation for eighty days' consumption, be stowed "between decks."

The craft in which the venturesome voyage will be made is but twenty feet in length and only four and one-half feet from keel to deck. The cabin will be less than six feet high and ten feet long and four feet wide, the boat's beam being a few inches over six feet.

Over the thinnest of steel ribs an aluminum shell will be riveted and the whole hull and deck and cabin will be covered with thick canvas. A twenty-foot mast will carry a single sail and jib to a short bowsprit forward. Captain Andrews has named the craft the Superba.

His companion tells here all the details, suit, some smoked glasses, cold cream and other preparations for the trip. She will witch hazel, a hair brush, a tooth brush carry along a combination canvas bathing and a comb.

BY MISS BELLE SHANE.

I AM an "odd girl," you know, and I like to do odd things. I will be the first girl to cross the ocean in such a little bit of a boat. Oh, no, I am not a bit afraid of a shipwreck nor of the sharks and whales which Captain Andrews told me he saw on his other voyages. He told me how they swam up close to his boat, just to frighten me, I am sure. The sharks and things never harmed him, and if they would not harm him alone they wouldn't harm the two of us.

I have been a visitor to Atlantic City for several seasons. I was one of the most enthusiastic of the crowd of enthusiastic spectators who waved Captain Andrews a farewell from the ocean pier last August, when he started on his trip to Spauld in a canvas yacht. Then I decided to make the effort to go with him if he ever crossed again. When a few days ago Captain Andrews announced his intention of a seventh voyage I called on him and said, bluntly: "I want to go along with you, too."

"A woman could never make the trip," was the captain's answer.

But I wouldn't be balked by a little objection by a man, and so I persisted until he agreed to let me go with him. He only stipulated that I must pay for my own provisions and outfit and that I must not get seasick. There was no room in his little boat for seasick folks, said he.

I have begun to get ready for the trip. It is only about eight weeks before I go, and there is a whole lot to be done before that time. I will have to get my outfit ready and say good-by to all my friends, and the time will go by quickly. I am counting the days until we start.

Captain Andrews says he will have to alter the plans of his boat, enlarging the cabin and also the hold. He will make the boat three feet longer than he intended to have it at first, and the cabin will have to be big enough for two.

Here is a list of the things I will— or, rather, we will—take along in the way of provisions: Twenty pounds of canned beef (we shall be careful it is not the "embalmed" kind), twenty-five pounds of canned fish, probably salmon; fifteen pounds of prunes, six pounds of sea biscuit, fifty cans of baked beans and twenty cans of condensed milk. Regular army rations isn't it?

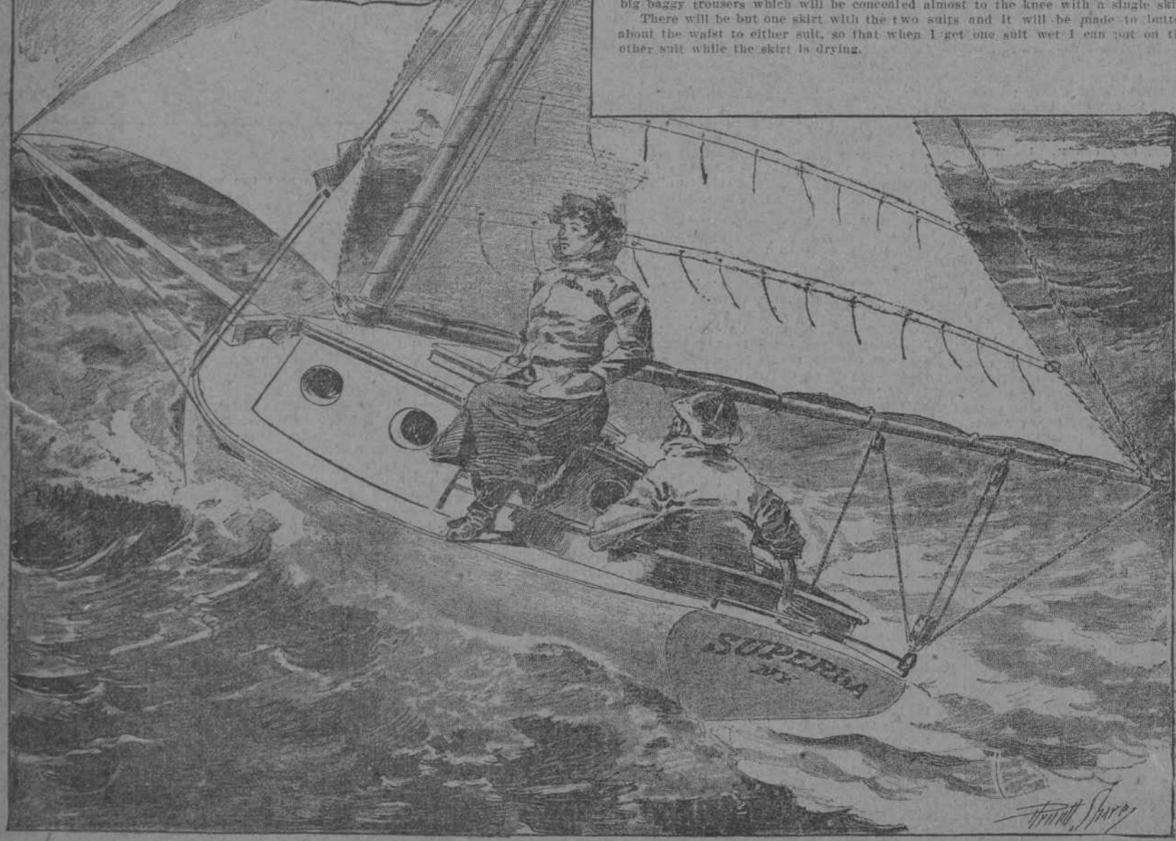
Then we shall take several lanterns and five gallons of oil for light at night and to use on the waves if the weather becomes very rough; also twenty gallons of water in demijohns and about four gallons of whiskey. I won't use much of that, though.

We don't expect to be on the water much over sixty days, but we have arranged to take provisions for three weeks longer in case we are driven out of our course. We expect to make Havre, France, about August 15, and perhaps we will then go on by rail to Paris. If we can we will sail up the Seine to Paris, but we are not certain about this as yet.

The trip will cost me about \$150; not more than that, I think.

My wardrobe for the voyage won't be very extensive. I will have to live just like Captain Andrews, you know. I shall take two canvas suits, three sets of underwear, besides a big rubber blanket and a fur robe to sleep in. Captain Andrews says he found some of the nights quite cool and damp, even in a snug little boat in midsummer.

My canvas suits are something entirely original. I have designed them myself, and they will be made by my friends in Norristown. They are to be just alike except that one will be a little larger than the other so that one can fit on over the other. They will be something like a bathing suit of white canvas, but will have big baggy trousers which will be concealed almost to the knee with a single skirt. There will be but one skirt with the two suits and it will be made to button about the waist to either suit, so that when I get one suit wet I can put on the other suit while the skirt is drying.



How Miss Belle Shane Will Make the Most Daring Ocean Voyage Ever Undertaken by a Woman.

A Missouri Infidel Who Fenced Out Christianity With Barbed Wire.

ONCE Kipling wrote a story about of Paine preparations were going on for along—and the third time proved the charm. "Letting in the Jungle." This is church service, and from the roof tree a story about "Letting in the Church." In the early days of Missouri's reconstruction a lawyer named G. G. Walsler soured on Christianity and embraced infidelity with all the fervor of a soul turned black by hate.

Walsler owned a vast tract of land in Barton County, and there he journeyed and built in its centre the town of Liberal. He waved Tom Paine on high and gathered about him several other disgruntled citizens out of jolting with Christianity.

The earnestness of Mr. Walsler in his chosen cause was soon demonstrated, and that without delay. The charter of the town absolutely prohibited the building of churches in its corporate limits, and, too, Mr. Walsler, the real estate "pooh-bah," flatly refused to sell lots to any one un-ably to give the very best atheistical references. He also started a Free Thought paper, bitter in the extreme, and with a clang threw down his iron gauntlet to the followers of Christianity.

All Missouri writhed in indignation, and siege was at once laid to the stronghold of infidelity, but Liberal proved impregnable. Christians in the guise of Free Thinkers were steadily installed in Liberal, until at last the population was considerably leavened with saving grace.

And so the true believers were awakened one Sunday morning with a horrible start. Church bells! Church bells in Liberal! Even in the home of a man for some time a most rabid declaimer of the beauties of Paine preparations were going on for along—and the third time proved the charm. On the north side of Liberal ran a road built by Gould, and through some oversight Walsler had let it be laid down right over the narrow strip usually reserved by him for barb-wire purposes.

The Christians moved just across the railroad. Church after church was built, and from that time on was Walsler doomed to the ringing of the bells—bells—bells.

In a year a trocha of churches surrounded Liberal, and in the centre writhed the Walslerian band.

For a while Walsler endured it, in the gloomy expectation that some great cataclysm would sweep his tormentors off the earth. But none came, and the consciousness dawned upon him that Paine perhaps was a false prophet.

Straightway he renounced infidelity and cast his lot with spiritualism. He soon improved upon this faith and now calls himself a Naturalist, his philosophy being laid down in a recent book from his pen, entitled "Orthopneidia or Atomic Solution."

The object of the Orthopneidia is homes for the homeless.

He hopes to colonize all of his belief and provide them with homes which can neither be sold nor mortgaged, but always kept for those who avail themselves of his protection.

And all around the town of Liberal—not in it—now ring the bells—bells—bells.

Walsler charges a small ground rent of his tenants so that a perpetual fund will be building from which account more homes can be bought for more homeless. The colony is growing pretty steadily.

By this time every month was May to the Christians, and without ado they moved