

FASHIONS



FURS ARE ALL THE RAGE

More in Vogue Than Ever, and the Costlier They Are, the Better Smart Women Like It.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—The vogue of furs this season is something quite extraordinary. In spite of the mild weather which we have had so far, furs are persistently to the fore. The makers of fashion decided early in the season that we were to prepare for extreme weather in the most becoming and cozy manner possible, and the fact that this was to be a fur season was announced before the "chipping and eager air" of autumn had well blown over us.

Here we are now, nearly ready for the holidays, and the weather capriciously refuses to furnish excuse for the luxurious sables, seals and broad tails which are worn by the fashionable, but nevertheless the display of handsome furs has never been greater than it is this season. Not only are coats, capes, jackets, boas, hats and neck ruffs of fur everywhere in evidence, but scarcely a dressy gown designed for receptions, calls, dinners, etc., is complete without a few trimmings of some kind.

Often there is a flushed and uncomfortable look upon the faces of the smart folk who disport themselves in furs these days, but the sweet conviction that fashion dictates this discomfort shines through all other expressions, and perhaps adds one extra touch to their general air of style.

Sable Tops the List.

Sable, as ever, stands at the head of the list of desirable furs. Sable tails, decorated neck ruffs and used as trimmings for gowns is a favored fur; as is also the broadtail, or unborn lamb. The fashion for broadtail has driven it up in price this season, and in consequence jackets and wraps of this lustrous black fur are greatly the rage. Persian lamb, too, is almost as popular, and these two furs are greatly in demand for inset trimmings and bands upon tailor-made gowns.

It is interesting to reflect upon the distance our finest fur travels to reach us. The finest Russian sable which we see comes from the Arctic circle. This is the most expensive and admired of all furs, and is very dark and rich in color. A second grade of fur, called the Hudson Bay fur, is sent to us from Northern British Columbia, and to the casual observer is almost as long and dark as the Russian, but to a connoisseur the difference between them is a conspicuous difference.

Another fur, of the same general name, is the Alaskan sable, but this is another story, indeed, being simply the pelt of a beautiful weasel, which is prepared with the utmost science and care, and thoroughly deodorized. This fur stands upon its own merits now, and scarcely pretends any longer to ignore its distasteful name, having proved itself a beautiful and worthy companion of mink and other furs less expensive than sables, ermines and broadtails.

White Quits the Thing.

White fox skins and muffs are a smart addition this season, and are extremely becoming and dressy, when worn with velvet coats or jackets. White, by the way, is altogether de rigueur just now, the white tailor gown, trimmed with fur, being one of the latest fancies of the ultra fashionable.

To offset this craze for white cloth gowns, and gowns of such pale color tints as to look almost white in tone, there is a contrasting rage for black gowns. These are worn only by very young women, the roses of whose cheeks refused to be dimmed by the darkness of their gowns, the somberness of the corsege being strikingly relieved by collars of white, falling over the shoulders in triple folds.

It is rather a turning around of things nowadays, when children, young girls and debutantes are wearing black, and women whose "premier jeunesse" is on the wane are stepping forth in pale tints and bright colors!

Strange as this whim may seem, there is a reason in it. As women grow older they rely more upon the general effect of their appearance than upon the details of flowers, complexion, brightness of the eyes, etc. In these the debutante has full rights, but why not defy time by an artistic "ensemble" of lightness and brightness?

No color so becomes white as white and pale gray, and our money-haired matrons are learning a few tricks about the use of light tones, which would have struck their mamma's dumb with surprise two decades ago.

Mourning Fashions.

Speaking of the custom of wearing black brings me to the fashions governing mourning. Simply the wearing of black is no longer considered a sufficient token of grief. In our country the customs governing mourning seem to be

pend more upon the feeling and taste of the individual than upon any prescribed rules for the mourning period, and yet as black becomes generally adopted, some addition must be made to it to stamp it as a mourning gown.

Crepe is almost essential to mourning gowns now, and indeed no well-dressed woman attempts to wear mourning without using crepe lavishly and heavily. Crepe is the sartorial expression of woe, even children now wear trimmings of crepe to indicate their mourning garb. Skirts with deep band of crepe are worn by widows and orphans, and entire jackets of crepe are also fashionable for deep mourning. Entire blouses of crepe covered with tuckings are now permitted by fashion.

The return of crepe to fashion is now nearly a year's standing, but its hold is more firm and steadfast than ever before. Doubtless the improvement in its texture and manufacture is responsible for this. It is no longer the unmanageable, awkward fabric it once was, but is made flexible and soft, with one other delightful quality, being waterproof. This, of course, makes it serviceable for jackets, hats and wraps, and solves some knotty problems as to serviceable trimmings for mourning gowns.

HOMESPUN LINEN TREASURES.

Curious Wardrobe Hoards of Women of Pennsylvania.

The recent distribution at Millersburg, Pa., to the heirs of old Mrs. Bashore of 131 filled nightcaps, 24 calico sunbonnets, 18 calico and gingham aprons, 27 homespun chemises, 55 handkerchiefs and a variety of other articles of female attire, mention of which was made in news dispatches, was nothing unusual in the hill districts of East Pennsylvania. Nearly every elderly woman there takes pride

Napoleonic Chapeau.



As the season progresses, the Napoleonic and Aiglon shapes in hats take precedence of other styles. This smart little hat is heavily-colored felt, trimmed with mink skins and beaver velvet. The front and back brims are held together by a long gilt buckle and a twist of the beaver velvet.

In the hand-made garments she accumulates. One elderly resident of Millersburg has six large drawers filled with hand-made linen garments she has spun out of flax and made up in the last 50 years. The old women in the hill districts live with their children and have very little to do. All have spinning wheels and they are experts in the manipulation of flax. Here and there are ancient looms designed for receptions, calls, dinners, etc., and a considerable number of fine trimmings of some kind.

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The old women do not care so much if they haven't thousands of dollars in bequeath to their heirs, if they have plenty of such garments to devise. In some instances they have each article marked with a slip of paper, upon which is written: "This is for Mary Ann," "This is for Jacob," for Sarah, Eliza, for little Maggie, for Malinda Almarétt, and so on. In the case of Mrs. Bashore all

DINNER OR THEATER WAIST.



This highly effective blouse for the theater and other evening occasions is of white silk, with a bold, raised design of roses and leaves brocaded in black velvet. The artistic introduction of ermine pink velvet, mink fur and lace applique makes this corsage a piece of artistic needle work. The vest is formed of jacobae lace, while rhinestone buttons placed upon the velvet add a touch of brilliance and glitter to this already royal waist.

her accumulated wearing apparel was willed to her four nieces.

Not long ago old Mrs. Bashore, of Millersburg, died. She left seven drawers filled with linen sheets, pillow cases and a large variety of old linen homespun garments. When the first drawer was opened a card was found on which was written: "All in this drawer goes to Vil-

lie." Tillie was her daughter. Every drawer contained such a card, and one written line showed to whom it was to go. Yet every heir was specially enjoined by a note found in the old lady's Bible that "Not a stitch is to be sold of what I freely give, because my fingers have made these articles only for you, my dear."

With few exceptions such articles are rarely used, but are held as keepsakes. Some young housewives can show drawers full of homespun linen which has been handed down from generation to generation. Some of the linen is worn through at the folds. The other day age Rebecca Akers died. Each of her three daughters received two drawers of linen. Nearly all the garments are made of a pattern common a century ago. The towels and sheets are coarse homespun, home-bleached and wide of hem.

An oddity is long gray wool stockings, knit in the style of Revolutionary days. Some of the hosiery is so large that the stockings can be worn over the shoes in snowy weather. It is a common thing to find a linen burial shroud in old women's effects, the deceased having made their grave habiliments with their own hands years ago, including stockings, gloves and cap.

VIOLETS IN HIGH FAVOR.

Favorite Flowers With New York's "Four Hundred."

This promises to be a great violet winter in the East. For 10 years the violet has been gaining in favor there until it has practically displaced every other flower for women's wear.

Ten years ago, says the New York Sun, a woman, when dressed for dinner or the theater, wore a huge cluster of roses as a corsage bouquet, extending from the waist to the shoulder. One evening in a crowded theater or a warm dining-room made a withered, wilted wreck of the blossoms, and a dance frequently ended their existence. Then the violet gained renewed popular favor, which has increased as the flower itself has been made larger, more fragrant and more beautiful in color.

Not the least of the violet's charms is its lasting quality. A fresh bunch of selected flowers will last during an evening's dancing; it will stand all sorts of climatic changes, and although the heat will wilt it slightly, it has most wonderful rejuvenative power. Economical violet lovers have been known to keep an ordinary corsage bunch in wearable condition for two or three days.

All may have the violet. The New York street vendors sell a second or third-rate quality of the flower for 25 and 50 cents a bunch, while small clusters are to be had at the shops for 10. The usual violet bouquet which the man of good taste sends to his sweetheart, or the girl he escorts to the theater, has the circumference of a breakfast plate and costs \$5.

The "Violet Man."

And in addition to the influence which the violet has had in the floral world, decreasing the profits of rosegrowers by thousands and making violet farmers rich in a couple of seasons, it has added another to the masculine types into which the up-to-date girl divides her admirers. It was once related in verse that a young man who called upon the girl of his heart was horrified to overhear her describing him to another girl as "only a candy man." The candy man is the most innocuous of the lot in the man catalogue of the girl of the period. He even ranks lower than the corner man, the dinner man or the dancing man, for all of them have their uses. The violet man is the very newest type, and he is credited with possessing all sorts of exquisite sensibilities, fine sentiments and high qualities that place him among the stars.

"Never trust a man who boasts that he never bought a bunch of violets," said a club girl at a meeting the other afternoon. "He may seem all right, but there is something lacking in his make-up. First of all, he will probably prove to be poorly educated, for all college men learn to buy violets. It is a part of their education. Then men who always buy roses or chrysanthemums are the sort that like to make a display. They are apt to be crude, and perhaps coarse. But the violet man still believes in things and chivalrous illusions. He is sure to have a great deal of sentiment and to have a chivalrous regard for all women

style of the high Russian cart, with driver and footman in sables. Then these wagons were decorated with purple enamel and plate glass, with the word "Violet" in gold across their sides. Special boxes have also been constructed for the packing of the violets. Some are of fine purple board. Then there is a gay-looking box of white with sprawling blossoms in purple and green upon it. There are dainty little lace handkerchiefs fashioned of paper like Valenciennes, in which the flowers are wrapped beneath an extra wrapping of paraffine paper. Thousands of amethyst-headed pins are made for the florists who provide them with each bunch.

Yale University has taken the violet as its flower. When the football games take place on Yale Field at New Haven the girl adherents of the blue wear immense bunches of the blossoms. Some of the popular girls will wear eight or nine bouquets. A Yale man is credited with having invented the violet bouquet, which extends from the waist to the shoulder. Wishing to present to a young woman something entirely different from the other men, he got a florist to make this somewhat weird arrangement of violets, which is now a regular feature of the gala occasions at New Haven, but is never seen elsewhere.

Russian Violets the Favorite.

The double flower known as the Parma

applies. A new style shows an Arabian pattern in Venetian lace, and is exceedingly effective, and another feature of the lace productions this year is a combination of cream and pure white tones, with artistic results.

WHAT TO WEAR PLAYING GOLF.

Hints for the Masculine Frequenter of the Links.

A greater variety of costume is worn at golf than at any other outdoor sport or pastime. Cricket, baseball, football, rowing, fencing, etc., have their more or less stereotyped fashions of attire, from which no serious departure would be tolerated. But the golfer is permitted to exercise his fancy, and it must be said that he shows little diffidence in so doing.

In his everyday life, the average man is very much in the hands of his tailor, and accepts gracefully one or other of the prevailing modes. So far as he exercises any choice, he is careful that the cut and color of his coat and trousers, or the fashion of his tie, are correct and in good taste, and in general he contrives, with his tailor's assistance, to look very much like his neighbors. But on the golf links, away from the influences of his

FASHIONABLE WIDOW'S WEEDS.



There is much charm in this design for a widow's gown. The bolero is of that durable crepe which has passed through a waterproof process, and is also the main part of the skirt, while within the inner vest of plain Eudora cloth a deep chemise of white appears. This long vest is of crepe lace, combining the customary cuffs and collar of white crepe lace which usually appear upon the ordinary mourning suit, and is greatly in favor just now.

or Russian violet is the favorite with most enthusiasts of the flower. Its shape is exquisite, its color delicately shaded, its fragrance heavy with sweetness. When one enters the rooms of a hothouse devoted to these flowers the scent is overpowering. But in a corsage bunch the odor is pleasant. The white violets are rare and very beautiful. They are frequently used in quantity for bridesmaids' bouquets.

The large-blossomed, long-stemmed flowers known as California violets are more natural-looking than the heavy purple blossoms, and their fragrance is rarer. Later in the season they are seen in the florists' shops. The flower fades more quickly than the Russian violet, but it revives with exceedingly good results when sprinkled with cold water and placed in a refrigerator. This is the only proper method to keep violets. They must not be placed in glasses of water or vases, but must be thoroughly drenched, shaken out, rolled in paraffine paper and placed in the coolest compartment of the icebox.

Many of the florists have orders to send violets regularly through a season, and each day a fresh supply arrives at the big shops to fill these extremely remunerative orders. Special care is given to the selection of the flowers, each one being looked over as it is bunched.

The sale of violet plants bearing flowers is a fact that came in one or two seasons ago and met with considerable success. The plant is very pretty to look at, but peculiar conditions are required to retain its freshness, and too frequently the plants wither on being removed from the atmosphere of the florist's shop to the steam-heated conditions of the modern home.

FINE LACES IN MUCH VOGUE.

Used in All Sorts of Combinations and for Entire Garments.

Fine laces are generally objects of admiration among women of refined taste, and the more delicate and dainty this filmy garment, the better it is liked, although within the past few seasons the heavy Russian and Point Arab laces have found considerable favor, and rival in costliness the softer, finer varieties that have held sway for ages past.

It is some time since lace was used to the extent that it is at present, and not alone is it introduced in the most artistic combination as a trimming for evening reception and street costumes, but entire gowns and separate waists are made from the loveliest examples of the lace-maker's skill and art, in cream, white or black. Bands, boucées, jackets, collars, scarfs and edgings of all kinds are used for dress accessories, and while the amount that can be expended upon fine laces is limited only by the size of one's purse and one's inclinations, the purchaser has the satisfaction of knowing that beautiful laces are ever a desirable possession and always show their worth.

Russian, point lace, Venetian, Bruges, Renaissance, Russian, Cluny, Chantilly, Point d'Alençon, duchesse, applique and Point Arab are the leaders in popular favor this season, and wide flouncings are matched in narrow edgings and galloons of varying widths.

All-overs, as they are called, for costume or wear are found in Chantilly, Renaissance and Russian laces and net

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conventional everyday environment, the average man emerges from the clubhouse for his game looking somewhat like a variegated butterfly. It has happened to me many times to meet a man at golf with whom I was perfectly familiar, so transformed by his golfing garb as to be quite unrecognizable.

Without entering into any detailed description of golfing costumes, it may be said that there is no contrast of color, no eccentricity of combination too great for the unfettered fancy of the golfer. He puts on his golf clothes like a stranger man reloading to run a race, and, perhaps, with a feeling of savage joy at escaping from the thrall of everyday conventions. The very absence of a distinctive dress for the sport of golf makes the links an excellent place in which to measure a man's good taste and susceptibility.

What to Wear.

I here make a few suggestions, which may prove of interest to my readers—hints that I know will be in keeping with the esthetics of the most fastidious. The chief matter of importance to be considered is a suitable and durable material for a golfing suit. For Summer wear it is impossible to find anything quite as "proper" and comfortable as a real, hand-made Shetland-homespun, and for Fall and Winter wear, the Isles of Harris homespun. These homespuns come from the Western Islands of Scotland, and comprise a great variety of patterns and designs.

The dyes used in the coloring of these hand-made tweeds are extracted from mosses, herbs and weeds gathered on the rocks, and, therefore, being vegetable dyes, are not only imperishable, but produce beautiful art shades that seem to grow brighter with wear. The wool is of the best, and there is no cloth so comfortable and durable for lounging and country wear, for golfing, shooting, fishing and riding as a real, hand-made homespun.

Let us suppose you have secured your homespun. Now, put it in the hands of a tailor who thoroughly understands his business and have him make you a Norfolk jacket, or half-lined lounge coat, made loosely for golfing, and a pair of pear-shaped knickerbockers, with cuffs of same material, and cut them as to hang gracefully, but not overlap at the knee.

Scotch golf hose is the proper thing to wear with your homespun. I mention Scotch, as there is no golf hose made to compare with knickerbocker hose manufactured in Scotland. Be careful, in selecting your golf stockings, to see that they harmonize with your suit, and that the body of the stocking blends well with the top, which is usually hand-knitted and quite fancy. Oxford shoes of black or tan leather look smart and are in good taste. Never wear a patent-leather shoe on the links.

Cap Should Match Suit.

It is quite important to have your cap made to match your suit, and see that it is made by a good tailor. The inside of the cap should have a broadband of soft, dark-brown leather, and the best caps are not lined, but the seams are bound with silk. Three small air vents should be made in the center of the crown and neatly buttonholed with silk.

BEAU BRUMMEL, JR.

TWO MAN

A Song of Hope.

Heavy the brooding mist: all green and still
The lean and yellow grass, the broken brown.
O'er gleaming moss are rills trickling down.
To meet the burn and flood it past its fill.
Till, torrent-like, it dashes down the hill
In sport and gladness, glad to drown
The dim, fluttering leaves of late the crown
Of trees now gaunt and shivering in the chill.
A dreamy scene! And yet 'twill change ere long.

Soon radiant smiles will dimple Nature's face:
The sunny air around with floating song;
Piercing and leaf and leaf with new-born grace.

Even so, in quick relay life's changes through—
Darkness to light, and tears to joy give place.
—Joseph Carmichael in Chambers's Journal.

LENDS AID TO HAPPINESS

Amelia E. Barr Asserts That Dress Goes a Long Way Toward Making Life Worth Living.

Dress is a very important stepping-stone to happiness. As all nature is the garment of God, by which he is manifest to us, as the Spirit is clothed by the body, and the body in turn is made beautiful or repulsive by the indwelling soul, so is dress related to the body. For, supposing a man or a woman to have sufficient money to dress according to desire, then attire becomes to mind all that form is to substance. It is an index, a symbolic language, so much so that a lover having seen his mistress in her various costumes has the key to her character, if he have wit enough to use it.

Taken as a national index of character, dress is the outward sign of a people's peculiar genius. Their square, graceless, scant clothes were as characteristic of the Egyptians as their pyramids and obelisks. The loose, ample robes of Asiatics are the natural drapery of a luxurious temperament. The elegance of the ancient Greek costume was the raiment of a race of whom form was more than color. The homeliness of Saxon fashions, the rude magnificence of Norman Barons, the picturesque garb of the Scotch clans—indeed, all national costumes, have a far deeper significance than vanity, and some Daniel will yet arise who shall judge the centuries by the way in which they have dressed themselves.

More familiar to us is the chemical change going on under our eyes—a change that, as a sign of our era, is quite as remarkable as any indicated—the rapid disappearance of all national and class costumes, and the coming of the gown and bonnet, and every respectable man on the planet is supposed to have a tweed suit and a Derby hat.

What It Means.

This means much more than fashion and vanity; it means the grinding to powder in the democratic mill of all signs and symbols of slavery, feudalism and man's significance. It means that men and women are everywhere throwing off the bondage of caste and asserting through their coats and hats and dresses that one human being is just as good as another.

Now, if dress has such a pronounced and wide national significance, its personal power is even more remarkable. We are all influenced, not only by what others wear, but by what we wear ourselves. The business suit of good, dark tweed, the white, fine linen, the stiff collars and cuffs, give a kind of moral support and inspire confidence. A loose, careless dress connotes a loose, careless habit of mind. There is a positive value in the different suits that men wear, because they are a positive help to the frame of mind necessary for the occasion. A suit that is associated with the respect due to the sanctuary is best for that purpose; there is a sober, respectable dress that fits naturally into business moods; another that seems proper because usual—in formal festivities; another of loose, easy comfort for domestic relaxation and rest.

A man's happiness, yes, his success, in a far greater measure than is suspected, depends upon such auxiliaries. And it may be taken as an axiom that a man careless as to his dress will be careless about every other matter. And there is no excuse for such an one at this day, for, in spite of criticism, the male dress of our period is sensible and healthy, and highly conducive to comfort and happiness. The soft hat, the easy coat, the light flannel garments and soft ties permissible in bad weather, leave nothing to be desired, especially as men have generally abandoned black, the most unhealthy of all colors.

Fundamental Theory.

The fundamental theory of clothes, then, asserts the existence of harmony between human beings and their artificial

Novelties in Neckwear.



The first of these bewitching little neck arrangements is of white satin, with straps of velvet ribbon and pearl buttons in front, the little V-shaped lattice of black ribbon velvet caught with pearl buttons to the white satin rim and decorated at the base with loops of white satin ribbon and a float of white lace. The second of the cravats is set on a transparent collar of lace, upon which three bars of velvet are caught with straw sequins. A third is a four-in-hand made of lace and striped with black velvet ribbon, is tied upon the chest, the ends being weighted by three of the straw sequins.

covering; and also harmony between human beings and the work in which they are occupied, or the circumstances in which they are placed.

Will Honeycomb says that he "can tell the humor of a woman in by the color of her hood." The saying is a profound one, and if husbands would make a study of their wives' ribbons and gowns and toilet peculiarities, they might avoid many matrimonial blunders. I know one very wise man, who always went softly and considered his words well, when his wife came to the breakfast table in a certain red shawl. I have not the slightest doubt that an individual observance of this sympathy between dress and moods would save many a domestic quarrel, and so conduce to much happiness.

It is indeed impossible for the most arbitrary fashion to eradicate, in sensitive women especially, certain tendencies to symbolize their states of mind by their dress. Most of my female readers, I dare say, possess bonnets and gowns that they can only wear on days when they are "at their best," when they "are equal to them." There are days and moods in which curled, or loose, wandering hair is intolerable. Any man of ordinary tact or intelligence may know that, when a woman's hair is brushed tightly back and rigidly coiled, when her bright ribbons are hidden in drawers, her pink and blue dresses hung at the back of her wardrobe, and when she herself appears severely clad in her black alpaca, that the woman is in an inquiring, reforming temper; that she is going to look into expenses, and call children and servants to account. And if he is discreet, he will not interfere nor ask questions, for the plainly dressed woman means business, which may fairly be called "happiness-making."

Right Kind of Girl.

It is a very useless thing to advise a young man as to the girl he ought to marry. Yet the marrying man may well take dress into close consideration. He may, for instance, be sure that any girl who, without appearing singular, can keep at a good distance from any prevailing fashion will make good wife. This, not because it is a proof of her being quiet and modest, but because it gives evidence of her possessing an art of great importance in domestic happiness—the art of making the best of herself. Most modes of fashion carried to extremes are ugly. It is a bunch here, and a bunch there, too much drapery in one place, and not enough in another; health, propriety, and beauty are sacrificed to vanity, and the result is a girl, then, who knows how to steer clear of these evils and yet not look singular, is an advent girl, who will make the best of herself, and of all the circumstances she may encounter in life.

Women, as well as men, require variety in dress in order to be happy, not only for their moods, but for their work. Work is easier when we come to it with a dress that makes it possible. Pleasure is not pleasure without the raiment of festivity. Into the sanctuary, a good woman likes to come clothed with the grave, spotless garments of worship.

As an adjunct to happiness, dress has an importance we hardly realize. It is a conservative, not only of good temper and self-respect, but also of the woman who dresses herself to please those she loves wears an enchanted robe, embroidered with affection. The dress may be of ordinary stuff, but it has been touched by her life-long thought and embodied in her love. A different colored dress, a bow of fresh ribbon, a bit of white lace! Such little things as they are! Such great things as they are!

A Worn-Out Cry.

"Vanity, vanity!" is an old, worn-out cry with regard to dress. Men and women both have a right to make the most and the best of themselves. It is not vain to clothe the body suitably according as we can afford it, with beauty and grace. A woman without the art lacks one of the greatest of moving forces. She neither does herself nor her husband, nor her family, justice. We are constantly told that beauty is only skin deep—that beauty is vain—and so on. But there are 20 things just as vain as beauty. As far as the satisfaction goes, the pleasure of being beautiful is just as keen a pleasure as that of being clever, and perhaps the more amiable of the two. It is no more sin in a woman to thank God for her beauty than it is in a man to thank God for his accumulation of money, and his ability to use it in making others happy.

The value of dress does not diminish with age. Not only for the young is recognition of this necessary. In clothes clean and fresh there is a kind of youth, which which age should surround itself. There are men and women who are more beautiful in their age than in their youth. Beautiful the faded hair and complexion! the softer smile, the tender eyes! The white hair may be shaded with lace whiter still, the neck covered with snowy kerchief and the fading form draped in soft, dark colors. This perfect harmony is as fair in its order as that of the most buxom youth; it is the autumn of life, and its loveliness lasts until heaven's eternal spring begins.

AMELIA E. BARR.

The Oregonian is indebted to The Christian Herald, of New York, for permission to publish the foregoing article by Mrs. Barr, which is copyrighted by it.

Carolina a "New Woman."

The young Empress of Russia is a "new" woman. She believes in female suffrage, woman's clubs, the higher education of woman and in her right to enter any and all of the professions. She is an enthusiastic advocate of the many movements started by women for the betterment of society, and she said to have frankly stated that if she lived in a land where court regulations were less strict, she would be an avowed female suffragist.

Of all the royal ladies of Europe, the Czarina stands out most strongly as the champion of her sex. She holds that almost all of the great reforms of the world have been wrought about by women, and that they are just becoming conscious of their power and possibilities. Under her imperial patronage societies for the education and development of females are growing numerous in St. Petersburg, and even spreading through the jealously guarded realm of the Caar.

Queen as a Milliner.

Queen Victoria, in her younger days, had a taste for millinery, and was not above trimming her own bonnets. While making her first trip to Ireland she brought her work out on the deck of the royal yacht. It consisted of a bonnet frame, some ribbons and feathers, and, to the astonishment of the officers and crew, she proceeded to make herself a bonnet, which she wore several times after her return to England.

She went about her self-imposed task in a way that showed it wasn't her first attempt, either. She would make a bow, tack it on, then, in apparent dissatisfaction, rip it off and rearrange it, altering a bow here and a knot there until she was satisfied with the effect, finally putting in the feather in most coquettish style.

Time Will Tell.

He kissed her in the hall.
The clock was there, as well.
"You mustn't, Joe," she cried. "You know they say that time will tell!"
—Philadelphia Record.