

FASHIONS



FURS UNIVERSALLY WORN

Latest Costumes Lavishly Adorned With the Rich Material, Which Has Varied Other Uses.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The first wave of really cold weather is breaking over us at last, and what a wealth of luxurious furs it is bringing into evidence! Although so far small excuse for the display of furs has been given, still there has never been a season which has been more thoroughly pleasing to the furs. At the very dawn of winter vogues it was announced that furs were to be prominently "the thing," and the smart set, to keep up with fashion's procession and retain its claim to smartness, has clung lovingly to its furs, in spite of comfort.

Now, however, a fresh impetus is given to the fur trade; women who have worn furs steadily since the last days of October are buying anew, for new and alluring styles are set forth, and the cold weather at last furnishes an excuse for extravagance in this line. There are coats, cloaks, jackets, hats, muffs and neck pieces of all sorts to be had, and besides this the winter girl may indulge her taste for furs to the extreme of buying skirts entirely of fur.

Scarcely a costume is now appearing from Paris but bears the hall mark of fashion by a touch of fur, and the trimming for evening gowns, it is considered altogether chic and attractive.

Contrasts the Key Note.
Strong contrasts are the key note of our styles, anyway, this season. Never have we been so unhampered in our taste by rules and regulations, or by considerations of the practical and appropriate. All seasons combine to give an artistic ensemble. Furs, gaudes, laces, Summer silks and cloths of Spring-time colors are all in evidence, and so far as difference in dress appears, one would scarcely know one season from another.

This disregard for the peculiar rights of each season over certain fabrics, styles and trimmings has many virtues to recommend it, and for the woman who aspires to march onward with the fashion, it is a boon, but whose limited income hampers her progress, the virtues of this merging are highly appreciated. It is her one solace in the otherwise extravagant demands made upon her that the gown for which she squeezed her pocket-book last Spring comes in for countless occasions this Winter. Of course, there are a few changes necessary to make it pass muster among its up-to-date companions which are being freshly turned out by the tailors and dressmakers, but any woman whose eye is trained to catch the trend of style, sees quickly enough that the important touches a second season gown needs.

Foremost among these touches comes a bit of fur. One or two sable or mink tails and a head are added to the choux of lace or ribbon, and the gown can then pass muster as a debutante in fashion.

Fur Used in Trimming.

Among the examples of how fur is used in trimming is a gown of black satin. The skirt is trimmed in bands of black broadtail attached upon it in three rows, the first, at the hem, being about four inches in depth; the second, midway between the hem and the waist, being about two inches; and the third, at the knee, only one; rosettes of black chiffon and black Chantilly lace are tacked at intervals upon the fur bands. The waist of this smart gown has a very tiny bolero of broadtail in front, which is sleeveless, but extends into a little postillion back. The vest and sleeves are of lace inserted chiffon over black satin.

Another touch of fashion which proclaims a gown as in the foremost ranks is the shoulder cape or collar, which appears in varying shapes, sizes and materials and adorns almost all of the newly imported French gowns. It is used for décolleté evening gowns, falling over the shoulder in the quaintly graceful style of old, and more usually of lace, but shoulder collars and capes of velvet or the fabric of the gown are also greatly admired and affected by the smart. A favorite effect of the shoulder cape is given by using Vandyke points of black outlining a yoke and falling over the shoulders.

Lined With Chiffon.

Another novel idea is to line the lace cape with chiffon of a shade decidedly deeper than the gown it adorns, although, of course, this is only effective when the gown is of a very light tone. Something of this kind was very prettily carried out in a pale lavender crepe de chine, the inside of which had a shoulder cape of lace extending over the shoulders upon the upper arm. The cape was joined to a high collar at the neck, of violet velvet, embroidered in fine silver threads. The chiffon which lined the creamy lace cape was of a shade of mauve decidedly darker

er than the crepe de chine, but not nearly so deep as the velvet collar, and the effect was delightfully shadowy and varied.

The gown itself was of lustrous white panned velvet, with a panel in front of white net appliqued over with large medallions of point and Duchesse lace, the spaces between the medallions being spangled with pearl sequins. The velvet was of the lightest possible blonde net, having in soft, misty folds and inserted edged at the bottom with lace medallions and narrow lace edging. The border thus formed at the bottom was shaped in irregular points, while pearl sequins were used to delicately outline the pattern of the lace, here and there a glimmering rhinestone spangle showing to add a little brilliancy to the glimmer of pearls.

Novel Headdress.

The coronet of flowers worn upon the hair was something entirely new, and was greatly admired. In the center was a large open rose, surmounted by a bud, which stood aloft. Smaller buds and sprays of green foliage trailed off at one side, giving a wreath effect, and a second large bud fell upon the back hair.

The other side of the coronet was formed by a few small rosebuds, tapering off slenderly. In the heart of the central rose, one little rhinestone spangle sparkled as a concentrated dew drop.

TYPICAL NEW YORK WOMEN.
Average Beauty, Physique and Style Highest in World.

A small dinner given last week to a dozen men, most of them artists, says the New York Sun, developed a discussion about the typical New York woman and her mother and her grandmothers. An artist whose pictures of women have contributed in no small degree to his success started the discussion by the statement that in no other city in the world was the average of female beauty so high as in New York.

"English women," he said, "always look dowdy compared with American women. Their feet are large, and they walk sturdily, but in a slipshod manner, and they certainly do not know how to dress. The stylish New York woman now dresses as well as the Paris woman of her class, and physically she is far superior. It is a very important part of an illustrator's work just now to keep up with the styles in women's clothes. No matter how beautiful a figure I may draw, if it be not clothed in style it meets with disaster."

The oldest man in the party said that in his opinion the most noticeable feature of New York women now was their height. "Women of the present generation," he said, "average from one to two inches more in height than their mothers. I couldn't prove that statement by statistics, but it is none the less true. If you doubt that, just observe them in the shopping district any fine day. The typical New York woman of today is at least five feet seven in height, and perhaps

tween the bust and waist measurements, seems to me nearer our present type. "The physical development of our women has advanced wonderfully in the last 15 years. Nearly 60 years ago Harriet Martineau found the New York women to be fragile and chalky in appearance. She wondered what the next generation would be, and as for the third generation, she had very grave fears. Well, the third generation is here, and it is good to look upon.

Easily Accounted for.

"In a general way it is easy to account for this young generation of tall, well-developed women, who walk as if it were a pleasure. Instead of sitting in the house and doing the needle-work, they have ridden bicycles and horses, played golf and exercised almost as much as their brothers. It is no longer necessary for a girl to look pale and delicate to be considered interesting. She may be as athletic as she chooses, so long as she is graceful.

"That seems to me just the difference between the American girls and the English. The latter, as a class, are athletic enough, but they lack grace and style. If I were asked for ideal measurements for a woman 5 feet 4½ inches I should give her a bust of 32 inches and a waist of 24, with a long neck and arms. Personally I admire the woman who is two or three inches taller. She may wear her clothes with more style, and it is a greater pleasure to see her walk.

"New York women walk well, as a class. I notice that Chicago women's clothes have been much agitated over what they call the kangaroo walk. Pads of that sort wear a woman's appearance seriously, and the Chicago reformers have done well to point to New York women as examples of good walkers. The high French heel with its necessarily mincing walk, has given way to common-sense shoes, which permit a woman to walk naturally. It is my opinion that the young women of today are physically far superior to their mothers and they are not to be compared with their grandmothers. I envy the man who may be a contemporary of the woman two generations hence."

GORGEOUS OPERA WRAPS.

An Absolute Necessity for Women Who Would Be Up to Date.

A few years ago an opera wrap was looked upon as a luxury—like a piece of rare carving, a miniature on ivory or chased silver. Nowadays the well-gowned woman regards it as a necessity, a thing that she, like everybody else, must have.

The occasions when she can wear it—in fact, when she really needs a wrap of this sort—are many times more numerous than they used to be. Since the theater hat has gone out of fashion women have dressed much more elaborately for the play, and the theater wrap has developed into really quite a real looking garment. It is indispensable to the wardrobe of any woman who goes about today. Even for restaurant dinners women are now wearing costumes which require a long cloak of the open-wrap description.

And these evening cloaks, says a New York exchange, are just the most gorgeous things you can think of. They are fashioned of the most beautiful materials that are made—velvet with wonderful embroidered velvet designs; satins embroi-

TOQUE OF ROSES AND FUR.



This exquisite toque illustrates a favorite fashion fad which reveals this season. It is the mingling of contrasting elements of Summer and Winter, blossoms of Spring flourishing upon hats of fur. The brim of this toque is of rich sable, and a wreath of glorious roses, shading from damask red to deep purple, nestles upon its soft warm surface. The crown is of beaver-colored maroon velvet, and foliage of rich Autumn tints adds to the blending and contrasting tones of color which give this charming hat its high artistic merit.

half an inch more. She is deep-chested, and long of legs.

Venus Would Look Dumpy.

"If the Venus de Milo should be reproduced in the flesh and gowned in modern fashion, nine women out of ten would say that she might have been beautiful when younger, but that she was now on the verge of losing her figure. She would suggest a dumpy woman. You can find dozens of women in the shopping district any day who look better in their clothes than would the Venus de Milo. I admire the Venus very much as a classic figure, but although it may sound like heresy, I would not accept her today as a first-class model in clothes.

"According to the proportions of the Venus de Milo a woman 5 feet 4 inches in height should have measurements: Neck, 14½ inches; bust, 30½ inches; re-called waist, 20 inches; and hips, 32 inches. Add three or four inches to this height and increase the measurements accordingly, and you have a very matronly figure. Cleopatra's Hebe, which shows less contrast be-

dered with real gold threads, and lace combined with fur and cloth of gold.

As for the linings, well, the cloaks are quite as exquisite inside as out. They almost beggar description.

At the opening night of grand opera in New York there was a display of these evening cloaks well worth seeing.

Conquer Isabelle.

A khaki-and-water test known as "conquer Isabelle" is one of the hits of moment in modish life. It dates from the days of another Spanish Isabelle, the daughter of Philip II, and wife of the Archduke of Austria. This handsome Princess hated religious liberty as bitterly as did any of her relatives, and well persecuted her subjects when ruling as Governor of the Netherlands.

Being present in person at the siege of Ostend, she was so vexed at the obstinacy of its defenders that she swore never to change her linen till the town was taken. The siege lasted three years, three months and three days, and in the mean-

"Now Don't Get the Blues."



THE BLUES.

To keep a "stiff upper lip" is almost impossible for an ailing woman.

She doesn't like to say anything about her troubles to her husband, because she knows they will worry him.

She knows that he needs every minute of his time and all of his ingenuity to hold his position and make headway in his business.

She wants to help and not to hinder him.

Yet, she has those awful sensations of weariness and weakness which, fight as she will, she cannot conquer. She has headaches and a dreadful bearing-down feeling which nothing relieves. She doesn't sleep well, and is frequently attacked with dizziness.

She keeps her troubles to herself as much as possible and consults the doctor, who doesn't help her. Then she gets discouraged and blue, and after "a good cry," tells her troubles to her husband.

Of course, her troubles are his troubles, but a man is always more hopeful than a woman. It is impossible for him to understand how unbearable are her sensations. "Now, don't get the blues," he says to her. "Keep on with the doctor's medicine and you'll be all right soon."

She is more cheerful for a while after that, but the medicine doesn't do her any good, and the feeling of failure comes back, bringing the old melancholy and depression of spirit.

Let this disconsolate woman turn to Mrs. Pinkham and she will get the help she needs. In every neighborhood there are women who have been helped by her, and almost every day this paper prints letters from some of those grateful hearts.

If you are ailing and discouraged, why not do as these women have done and get the advice Mrs. Pinkham so freely offers to every suffering woman? Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Pinkham's medicine has a well-deserved reputation for curing the ills that give women the blues. It overcomes menstrual irregularities and pain, all uterine and ovarian disorders, and brings the nervous system to a normal state. An ideal medicine for women is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

\$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonials we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.

time Isabelle's underclothing acquired that tawny hue which has ever since been distinguished as her special color.

Samoa's Native Woman Surgeon.

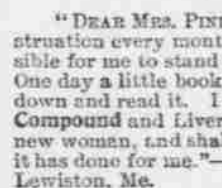
A surgeon of the United States Navy has discovered a colonial "new" woman, whose old accomplishments are set forth in the report of the Surgeon-General of

the department. This woman dwells at Pago-Toga, a village on a harbor in Samoa, where a United States coaling station is located. She is a doctor. Her medical education consists of such knowledge as she has been able to pick up from a United States dispensary and from naval surgeons who have visited the harbor. Her practice among the natives is extensive and very successful.

Mrs. Pinkham Cured these Women.



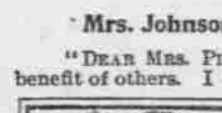
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am glad of the privilege to tell of the great good your medicine has done me. I had inflammation and falling of the womb and inflammation of ovaries, and was in great pain. I took medicine prescribed by a physician, but it did me no good. At last I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using it faithfully, I am thankful to say I am a well woman. I would advise all suffering women to seek advice of Mrs. Pinkham. I remain a sincere friend of Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound."—MRS. G. H. CHAPPELL, Grant Park, Ill.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a little book of yours was thrown into my house and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman, and shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me."—MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 60 Maple Street, Lewiston, Me.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I cannot praise your medicine enough. When I wrote to you last winter I was all discouraged. I had terrible pains in my back and sides and felt so weak. I did as you directed and now feel like a new woman. When my babe was born, labor was very short and I have a large healthy child, which we feel assured is the result of my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used ten bottles of your medicine and two boxes of Liver Pills. I beg of you to accept my thanks for what you have done for me. I would advise every woman in a pregnant condition to take your medicine, as it is such a help during labor, and makes a strong, healthy child."—MRS. W. A. BECKER, Shenango, Pa.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I suffered for several years with falling of the womb. Was treated by some of the best doctors in the city, but they failed to cure me. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am a well woman. The pain in my back has left me after taking the second bottle. Your medicine has done for me what the doctors could not do, and I wish all who are troubled with female weakness might know its worth."—MRS. SARAH HOLSTEIN, 3 Davis Block, Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.



"Mrs. Johnson is helped through 'Change of Life.'"

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I send you this letter to publish for the benefit of others. I was sick for about nine years so that I could not do any work. For three months I was in bed and could not sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had five different doctors and all said there was no help for me. My trouble was change of life. I suffered with ulceration of the womb, pain in sides, kidney and stomach trouble, backache, headache, and dizziness. I heard of your remedies and began their use. By the time I had taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, two of the Blood Purifier, four boxes of Liver Pills, and used four packages of Sanative Wash, I was well and strong and felt like a new person. My recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knew me. There is no need of women suffering so much if they would take your remedies, for they are a sure cure."—MRS. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monrovia, Ohio.

tion, and the results are very good. She had native assistants, operated without an anesthetic, and the only instrument she had was a hand-saw and a razor."

"Our clergyman plays golf." "Has it done him good?" "Well, it has cured him of preaching so often against profanity."—Indianapolis Journal.