

MARY DEAN ON FADS OF FASHION

USE AND ABUSE OF GRAPES AS TRIMMING

ECONOMICAL TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS

THE momentary passion for covering every available spot with grapes has passed, but in odd gowns, buckles and many sorts of rich applique the decorative fruit is still seen in discreet quantities on the finest raiment.

Some trig gowns for between seasons wear show the buxant emblem in jacket fastenings of gimp and applique. The first is cut out of the dress material—usually cloth—and applied at the edges of the garment, with a light wedding of cotton between. The stems are of the gimp and the tendrils of the embroidery silk, and clasp hooks join the two bunches at the bust.

Many of these smart suits, which are otherwise of a surprising plainness, display the grape trimmings only at this point. Again, the wide sleeves of the jacket may have a band of the gimp with one or more bunches, but the best effects always show a sparing use of the fruit, which must have luscious bigness to be effective.

As to the size, remember the purple Concord and do not let your dressmaker persuade you into anything smaller. The little grapes, which must be used in more lavish quantities have, somehow, a mean look—as if a blight had fallen upon the crop—and they brought these superb trimmings into disrepute.

A stunning walking suit ordered for Lakewood is of smoke-gray cloth, with grape jacket fastenings in the same tint. The circular skirt, which has only three seams, is ornamented at the bottom and hips with three tucks of two-inch width. Similar tucks decorate the flowing sleeves above the gimp and applique band, the half-loose jacket itself being somewhat on the Norfolk order. Further ornamentation for the jacket is made by a bias band of the cloth outlined with plain gimp and tracing a round-yoke effect. This extends down the fronts of the coat and borders the bottom, the front meeting with three diamonds of the plain gimp.

None of the new skirts have attached linings, and the silk drops show a decided distinction in width. Five gorges at least are seen and to facilitate the repairing soon necessary for silk petticoats, the hemmed or plinked ruffles are now put on by hand. A new edge for these in long, sharp points, which, when the ruffles are flung kilted, have the appearance of fringe. This, like the brush braids of the Winter skirts, having always a ragged look, may even pass muster when in tatters. But have it renovated in time, for by her skirt edges, as well as by the line of her belt and the tightness of her stock, is the woman of fashion known.

Trimness, tastefulness and a fastidious cleanliness are more than ever the requirements of the smart toilet. So one sees imported walking gowns of astonishing simplicity made dashing only by the correctness of accessories. They are all beautifully fashioned, of course, but many a wool dress of enviable style may have only stitching for ornament. The "air" is supplied by the wearer herself. And when, from crown to toe, her appointments are all right, she is what the English call "well set up."

A new hat that the French are sending over is absolutely without crown. The shape is made of buckram and covered plain with tulle or poplin in the color of the suit with which it is worn. A bandeau holds the flat plate on the head, and there is often a heavy lace disc, where the crown should be, and border applications of the same. At the left side a single wide ostrich plume may curl over the brow, or two clusters of flowers be there, one above and one below the brow. The petticoats of the coming season, since the race for cleanliness is on the increase, are preferably of wash materials. Thin, chambray, tulle and lace-trimmed, are used for those destined for the hardest wear, but the petticoat for dressy use is invariably of white. Women who know a thing or two, who must be elegant on small means, often buy trimmings for these wash skirts at the 10-cent



GIRL'S DRESS OF NEW LINEN CRASH WITH RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

stores. Do not revile the notion, for effective laces and embroideries may be had at these places, which, when applied between hand-run tucks, produce a rich air.

Other good things in these shops are knob hats of green china, imitating the colorings of jade, lapislazuli and other fashionable stones. These may have only stitching for ornament. The "air" is supplied by the wearer herself. And when, from crown to toe, her appointments are all right, she is what the English call "well set up."

Daintier and simpler than ever are the

smart garments for small fry, for all the best things are made with an eye to the waist. Linens of white and color—the mesh of the weave as coarse as crash—are used for frocks for all ages beyond the baby, whose little furnishings must express a fairy fineness and be as spotless as snow. These linen dresses, then, which nothing could be more durable, are trimmed largely with colored embroideries in Greek and Roman borders.

A dashing model for a girl of 10 is of yellow and white linen, with bands of black Russian embroidery. A single band

borders the short, full skirt. The bodice is in blouse shape, with the square-cut neck opening over a high rump of white Hamburg in a small pattern. The embroidery outlines this, running down each side of the front opening. A single band shapes the belt, and two rows ornament the puffed sleeves, which are made with shoulder caps.

A decided reef has been taken in the long bodice so long worn by children, whose belts frequently appeared to have slipped their moorings. The girlish line is now kept at a normal point, merely flaring below the waist at the front, and the

dresser frocks show rosettes or crash ends at the back.

Models with the skirt and blouse-waist box-pleated directly at the back and front, and the pleats overlaid with heavy lace, are seen among the French importations. The most swagger of these are in white linen crash, with narrow tapes tying under the pleats to keep them in shape. When the suit is to be laundered these are untied, as the ironing would leave the print of the knots.

The reefer model, whose babyish suggestion could certainly not be improved on, is still the favorite for coats for the smallest girls.

Late designs reveal many novel styles in sleeves and improvements on the sailor collar, which, when seen at all, is shallow and broad, covering the tops of the sleeves entirely. Other collars on these little reefers, which are made of the usual materials, turn over with a round cape effect, a tab at the shoulders often holding them down, as a button on the sleeves. This device is admirable for windy weather, for few children enjoy play with the flutter of flying ends about their ears.

A reefer of this order is of white blanket flannel with scarlet stitching and buttons. The wearer's modest frock, under which appeared red wool leggings, was of red and white mottled wool, with blouses of check in the same color. A sailor hat of red felt with a white de-laine scarf and red and white mittens completed her toilet.

Another girl who takes a daily walk with her mother wears a Princess cloak of blue and white novelty coating. This, fastening apron fashion down the back, sports a white yoke covered with blue embroideries and braid.

Aprons are no longer despised by fashionable mothers. But lest the palpably protective garment prove a thorn in the flesh, the new designs are fine affairs.

Made of sheer lawn, with ribbon shoulder knots and waist bows, the temporarily deposed garment now sits at the top of the ladder for school wear. Flounces of fine embroidery trim the cut neck and armholes, and, of course, it goes without saying that the apron must be lavish.

Silk mittens strike another pleasingly homely note among children's new fashions, and one eminently in favor, as the younger generation has long rebelled against the more imprisoning kid glove.

And last, just a peep at the things for babies.

For one thing, whether girls or boys, they are now permitted to wear overalls, made exactly like those of the day laborer and of the same blue jeans. These, provided with all the pockets of the workman's overalls, are sometimes doubled for warmth; and the woman who once sees her baby so dressed for play will never again put him on the floor in skirts.

Another garment which eases the burden of the teething child is a wrapper, which may be got in an instant. This is cut like a paper doll's dress, with a gathered neck held in by an elastic, the long sleeves and side seams being tied together with tapes. Only a minute is required for putting on such a wrapper or nightgown.

Warm Spring cloaks for these cherubs in many cases show capucina hoods attached to the shoulder capes, which, in turn, are sewed to the cloak. Three big pearl buttons fasten the front, with smaller ones at the bottom of the sleeves for buttoning on the mittens.

Dress hats for babies are elaborate, and, as soon as they can walk, their white headgear becomes splendid. Round shapes of shirred silk and panne are trimmed with the pompadour of lamp shades, many a flounced-brim holding a spray of big roses in the same careless way. Ostrich feathers, too, are much in favor, short and wide falling over the brim edge in many picturesque styles. But not least, the old enchanting face trimmings are seen on hats and bonnets.

A poke of ivory silk for a child of two has the inside filled with a thick tuft of rushe, widest at the sides, and there mingled with tiny pink rosebuds. The flowers also fringed the wide silk strings, which tied under the chin in a huge bow, giving the wearer a quaint look.

MARY DEAN.

ELIZABETH IN HER NEW OREGON HOME

PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER, 20 MILES AWAY FROM THE NEAREST MARKET

AMONG THE POINTED FIRS—My Dear Nell—You complain of reluctance concerning our first Christmas on a ranch, and rashly conclude that we were enveloped in a pall of homesickness. No, not that, Nell, though the day was not the maddest, merriest one of all the year, and I could see in it no entertainment for you; but perhaps a knowledge of the barrenness here may heighten appreciation of the fullness of your own holiday season. So, up goes the curtain from the "Ranch of the Pointed Firs." First, know that as usual here in the winter, the roads were bottomless. Turkey, cranberries, mince pie ingredients, Christmas remembrances, all such essentials, 20 miles away, and as unattainable as if in darkest Africa. Neither friend nor stranger could be hoped for within our gates. You see, the outlook was not hopeful. The decoration of the old house, in recognition of the day seemed the only pleasure left; and for this, Nature stood at our very door offering an irrefragable wealth of greenery. Every evil has its good, and this is one of Oregon's compensations for her desolate roads. Bert and Mary were to spend Christmas with us. The day before, early in the morning, they appeared upon the scene with an old sled drawn through the mud, laden with choice branches of arbor vitae and mistletoe; the driver walking, line in hand, the lady crouching in the green jungle like a wood nymph. This contribution was added to our collection, then with scissors and baskets, Mary and I took a turn along an old rail fence where the red roses grow luxuriantly, cutting and filling our baskets with the long brown stems, each bearing clusters of scarlet berries, just the tint of holly berries. You, Nell, accustomed to the low-growing wild rose of the East, will accuse me of romanticism, when I tell you those bushes were much higher than our heads. In the summer, the fences are hidden by them. When showered by thousands of pink blossoms, their beauty and perfume beguile one into the belief that these old lanes lead straight to Paradise. Alice Cary should have lived here. You remember, she wrote:

Bringing our seed treasures home, and judiciously mingling them with the dark green of buckthorn, a species of holly was evolved rivaling, if not surpassing the original. The transformation began in our main living room. The ugly wall paper and paint we found here have vanished. Now, walls all sage-green, woodwork white, except about the old fireplace, which is of black enamel. The mantel we barked high with "Oregon holly"; statuettes of "Diana" and "The Wrestlers" half concealed among the leaves. Just below the mantel was placed a long, narrow picture, in black and white—a fur enveloped Santa Claus, with frisky reindeers, dashing through a snowy, moonlit forest (set in black), holly gleaming above, and the fur fire beneath, flanked on one side by the brass fire shovel, on the other by a brass umbrella stand, over-

flowing with holly branches, the effect was pronounced good. Now the doors and low bookcases were crowned with holly-bunches of it tied with scarlet ribbon hung above pictures, and vases and rose bowls filled. The windows were embowered with ferns. An immense bunch of mistletoe suspended by white satin ribbon, swung from the center of the room—not the stiff, dry, crackly kind of other days, but taken that morning, fresh from the oaks, and white with berries.

The artists next advanced upon the dining-room, which being very dark is the core of this house, white paint and yellow grain paper struggling bravely to lighten the gloom. We made a frieze of arbor vitae around the room, just above the

picture molding, about two feet in width, a task not at all difficult, as we could tack the branches to the wall, undismayed by falling plaster, which for some inscrutable reason is not much used here. Just above the picture molding, the board wall, upon this the paper is pasted. It seems queer, but looks quite well, and one can drive a nail without a man bounding to the scene, as if protected from a spring-board, to round the wall with a hammer, in an effort to find the studding.

Upon each end of the sideboard stood a red jardiniere containing a small Christmas tree; between them a punch bowl filled with the sweeping fronds of the

sword-fern, and shining amid this greenery, a hyacinth-headed brass candelstick, with red candles. The table was then formally laid for the coming banquet. A centerpiece being next in order, wanting a green jardiniere and having none, a wire basket, used for drying croquettes, was lined with moss, the exquisite kind that seems woven of miniature ferns; green side out of course, and well pushed through, concealing the wires. In this we planted our loveliest little fir tree. Red berries were strung and festooned through its lower branches, the upper ones embellished by tiny red candles—leftovers from former spurs. Placing it upon a round mirror in the center of the table, it was looked upon as our crowning achievement, after which we rested from our labors by the old stone fireplace, the one and only jewel of this mountain home.

Partly to give a touch of realism to our work, but more perhaps for the amusement of Tom and Bert, we had been pretending all day that we were preparing to entertain a large house party. Really, Nell, we are becoming adepts in the art of "making believe," through its glamour finding an easy escape from the bondage of isolation. By such magic, the great and good, the wise, the foolish, and the grotesque, both of the world and of books, come like phantoms to people our solitude until sometimes, in our most unimpaired moods of idleness, our unreal visitors seem as real as those fir trees, looming straight and black against the sky. I wouldn't tell these things to a soul but you, Nell, knowing that you are given to this sort of thing yourself. You will understand.

Of late the gentlemen (driven to it perhaps by dearth of other excitement) have fallen into this same habit, and often beat us at our own game. As we sat resting by the fire, they wait upon Lady Graham and Lady Curzon, both of the world and of books, come like phantoms to people our solitude until sometimes, in our most unimpaired moods of idleness, our unreal visitors seem as real as those fir trees, looming straight and black against the sky. I wouldn't tell these things to a soul but you, Nell, knowing that you are given to this sort of thing yourself. You will understand.

"Great Scott! You sit there with folded hands and your whole precious house party bearing down on us tonight!" "Good heavens, tonight?" we shrieked simultaneously.

"Yes, tonight! Message just come—wireless telegraph—through train from New York—on board private car—Lord and Lady Curzon, the Marlboroughs and Castellanes, the Bradleys-Martins, Willie Astor, Count of Monte Cristo, Lady Rose's daughter, and the whole shootin' match. Be here at 8 P. M. Where are all my retainers?" William! James! Hobson! A house full of menials and never one! Oh, here you are! James, run and turn on heat and lights in every suite of rooms in the western annex; and in the library, and picture gallery, and the billiard-room. Get out the ping-pong and tidily winks, the old tapestry, and armor, and the family plate and jewels. Thomas, tell the butler and chef to wait upon Lady Graham immediately. See my valet, tell him to press the cravens in my overalls—the ones with a bib and red gaiters—and to brush my blue jumper, and pin on my Victoria cross, coat of arms and genealogical tree; and to meet me in my pink and white boudoir in a quarter of an hour. Hobson, run down to the kennels and send up my master of hounds."

"Good gracious, Tom! Does he sleep with the dogs?"

"Don't bother about where he sleeps, and we worried to death over this onslaught of blooming Englishmen. Got now to be up at daylight, I s'pose; chasin'

the wild gazelle with its slinky feet, and routin' out woodrats and cougars."

"Never mind, old man," said Bert, soothingly: "I'll help you out; I'll send up all my thoroughbred hunters, and a couple of sleighs for the Curzon; and, amusingly, 'were you thinking at all about a peacock throne?'"

"No, I don't believe we've time to go into that."

"That's so; it might crowd us some. Now, let's see; you'll need all my carts and traps, and the surrey and brougham, the gang plow and seeder, and the disc harrow and—"

The flow of generosity was interrupted by Mary laughingly exclaiming: "Do stop a minute and picture the Bradley-Martins mounted on the disc harrow, howling over these Oregon roads, and yet wouldn't it be lovely if all this were true!"

"Awfully sweet," replied the prospective host. "I'd have to take the Duchesses out to dinner; I'd get my rubber boots wound up in her train, and fall all over myself, and call her Mrs. Marlborough, and not know a blessed thing to talk about."

"What's the matter of that? Summer you lived at your Uncle Jim's? asked Bert. "That's so; I might incidentally lead up to that."

"Anyway, Tom," I said, "you could do as well as the late Cecil Rhodes, who had a strong aversion to the opposite sex, and once, after dining at the house of a very wealthy lady of title, discussing the affair with his secretary, he was asked: 'Whom did you take out to dinner?' Oh, I don't know; Lady Somerbody or other." "But what did you call her?" "Didn't call her anything—never spoke to her."

I could hold my own with the late Mr. Rhodes, and I think at intervals, I'll stab a 'spud' and lay it on her plate, just as a courteous recognition of royalty."

Unfortunately this flow of nonsense was arrested by the announcement of "Lady Stanhope's carriage." As we stood in the door, looking after Bert and Mary vanishing in the rain and gloom, I heard a voice saying: "What fools we mortals be." "I know it, Tom, and don't care if we are. When one lives in the heart of the ancient wood, not seeing a human being for weeks, repressed feelings must have some sort of escape valve. One can't talk everlastingly of the stock and crops."

But now the spell was broken. Palace and patrician floated away in the low, sweeping mists of the night. Thomas and Elizabeth emerged; a plain oldish-little couple, pebbled from the ground up. Our castle in Spain trembled, away and fell with a crash and cloud of dust. Two humble toilers of the hills stood meekly out and ate their frugal meal from the kitchen table, not daring to trespass upon the awful majesty of the dining-room.

The reaction had come. We soared no more; we mooped, wandering aimlessly about, until Tom's restlessness sought and found repose in the pages of a late Outlook. Listening to the rain and the noisy fall of waters from the hillside spring, with the loud roaring of the mountain brook dashing through our little glen, I felt, as never before, the pathos of those lines in "In Memoriam":

We live within the stranger's land, And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

In the fire, "in the hollow down by the fire," passed the long procession of dead and gone Christmas which, seen in retros-

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SPECIAL NOTE—Oregonian readers may take advantage of this liberal offer. Ozomulsion is made on honor and will do good.

respect, brought only sadness. Through filmy azure smoke came dark, shadowy faces, looking back from the misty borders of "That Undiscovered Country"; faces one does not recall even in memory lest that long, smoldering pain in the heart, blaze up again with all its old-time fierceness. As an escape from unhappy memories, how instinctively we turn to our bookshelves. There is healing for us in the great heart of humanity. I do hope, Nell, that you read and love it as I do.

Oh, dear, I am ashamed to remember that this letter was to have told you of our Christmas, and I have not got beyond Christmas eve. Honestly, Nell, I believe it is the fault of this untrained, undisciplined pen of mine, that will not stick to the line of duty; but will, vagrant, wander off into every little by-path that shows up. Moving along in this way we fail to reach the promised goal, though in the effort I've squandered the entire contents of a 10-cent tablet. Jerome, the perversity of my pen, I remain, honored madam, yours obediently.

ELIZABETH.

Gentlemen's Gambling.

Boston Herald.

District Attorney Jerome seems to have rid New York of the gambler, Canfield, for a long term. The District Attorney does not think he will return from London in a hurry, so many witnesses against him have been secured. It is ascertained that so long ago as 1888 Canfield was sentenced to six months in jail in Rhode Island as a common gambler. The most important statement made by Jerome for the consideration of gentlemen gamblers is this: "Every important gambling-house in New York City runs a crooked game, not necessarily on the large pool-tables, but almost invariably, when a 'sucker' is enticed to wager heavily in one of the small private rooms, such as were found in Canfield's house. . . . There is not one house where an amateur can get a square game if he plays heavily. . . . Every house of any importance employs at least one crooked dealer, and at Canfield's, where professional gamblers were not allowed to play, all four dealers were crooked." It is in this place that a Van derbilt youth is said to have dropped in one night 100,000. "Brace" fare boxes, boxes that make fraudulent dealing easy, are manufactured at three places in the country. So there must be a great demand for them. The chief manufacturer of "straight" gambling goods in New York says he has sold nothing to Canfield in five years.

George Gould's Van Dyke Destroyed.

New York Press.

The fire in the residence of George J. Gould at 87 Fifth avenue, corner of Sixty-seventh street, destroyed a Van Dyke painting, a family portrait, and tapestries to the total value of at least \$8,000. The damage to the house, which amounted to about \$200, brings the total loss up to \$8,200. There was no insurance on the works of art.

The loss was computed for the New York Times by Henry J. Duveen, the art dealer who was summoned to the Gould residence by Mrs. Gould to make an inventory of the loss. Mr. Duveen has had charge of the redecoration of the mansion, which practically is finished.

Mr. Duveen said that the origin of the fire was unknown, and added that it was due to any negligence on the part of workmen in his employ, it made it still more mysterious, since the blaze was not discovered until three hours after the last of them had left the house.

The paintings destroyed comprised one by Van Dyke of a cavalier worth at least \$50,000, and the portrait of the Gould boys by Albert Lynch, which was valued at \$3000. Two valuable tapestries were also destroyed, and they were worth at least \$20,000.