

OUR FASHION LETTER

A Marked Revival of Polonaise and Tunic Effects.

NO YOKES THE NEW SKIRTS

The Season's Belts Are Like the Skirts—Pompador and Persian Designs Still Popular in Silks—Summer Colors Will Be in Tone

In the sheer skirts considerable fullness is left even in the top part, which is put into the waistband in tiny tucks or plaits. The shirred or corded yoke is seldom seen. Such a yoke or deep plaits were practically necessary on the full skirts of last year, but the circular cut has changed this, and the waist fullness is not too great to be adjusted in less awkward ways.

This season most of the belts on cloth dresses are made of the same material as the skirt and are either trimmed with a narrow touch of color at the top or embroidered in a very simple conventional design.



CHINA SILK BLOUSE.

The newest motoring gloves are being fashioned with detachable gauntlets, the latter usually lined with a contrasting shade and reaching to or above the elbow.

A new arrangement for the neck is a "tab" collar. A curved band of ribbon edged with ruching forms the stock. In front is a tab made of three loops of the ribbon, one over the other and each one about two inches longer than the one above. These collars are of rich plaid and dark colored ribbons two inches wide and make a smart finish to the shirt waist.

Radium silks in pompador and Persian designs are among the loveliest of the dress materials and will be used for many of the smartest ceremonious day and evening toilets of the season.

The blouse in the cut is fashioned from white china silk. A shirred yoke ending in turned back revers and pompador bows drawn through gold buckles are features of this pretty design.

OLD TIME CHAPEAUX.

Popular though the mushroom hat was last season it is quite as much in evidence this spring. Paris is enamored of the mushroom shape and is varying it with high crowns and low, narrow brims and wide, making it with feathers or wreathing it with flowers. It was thought at first to be a juvenile idea, but it is now considered immensely becoming to every age of woman-kind.

The dainty Dolly Varden hat has been revived minus its strings that tied so coquettishly under the chin. The brim of this fascinating hat is pointed in the center of the front, which gives



BLACK STRAW HAT.

It a saucy upward tilt. The back turns up and is filled in with ribbon or flowers.

The French sailor is with us again, and the latest development is anything but attractive. It has a high crown and

very narrow brim and what remains there is arranged beneath and above the brim on the left side.

On many of the best French models the crowns are entirely untrimmed, the adornment being placed at the side.

Small hats will be the accepted cult for early spring wear with tailored gowns, but later on larger affairs will be the correct caper.

Ospreys have never become common and are not likely to on account of the enormous prices milliners are asking for handsome examples.

The mushroom hat seen in the illustration is of black tulle straw. The brim is faced with shirred tulle. A white ostrich egret, osprey and tulle rosette trim the top of the hat.

NATTY SERGE SUIT.

The rage for the polonaise and tunic effects seems to be very much on the increase. An early Victorian polonaise does not sound a pretty thing, but when treated by skillful hands it has a style of its own. The newest effects



BLUE SERGE GOWN.

are rucked at the waist and lifted rather high at the back like a band, the ends falling in points over the under-skirt. Buttons, too, form an important feature in the construction of the polonaise—buttons at the back, buttons in front and in all the most unlikely places.

Long directoire coats in checked materials finished with velvet collars and a number of buttons, worn over plain, sweeping skirts, are to be seen among the new tailor makes. Braids and gimps are being tremendously used, dyed to match the new cloths.

Spanish laces are already extremely fashionable, especially when enriched by darned designs in gold and colored silks.

Some of the corselet skirts are being made with more fullness at the feet, and bands of satin and velvet are favorite trimmings. Quaint ball fringes are also reminiscences of the Victorian era. When successfully treated some of these trimmings strike a pleasing as well as a novel note, but merely chronicled they do not sound attractive.

The natty little costume pictured is of blue serge fancifully trimmed with attached bands and small metal buttons. The short coat has a waistcoat of cream white cloth. The girdle, coat collar and cuffs are of black velvet.

AMERICAN SILKS POPULAR.

The spring and summer colors promise to be cool and quiet in tone. The grays, mauves, soft yellows and shades of blue are not nearly so conspicuous as they were last season.

It will be a great silk year, and American weaves are quite to the fore.



BLACK TULLE EVENING BODICE.

These silks have little dressing and rival the European weaves in beauty of texture. The rajahs are the most popular among the many varieties.

Lace bracelets are a fad that has reached us from the other side. They are worn alone or with dog collars to match. Around a low or Dutch neck these collars are very fetching.

Another extreme notion is that of painting portraits on the finger nails. And the craze for all sorts of beads, buttons and chains would set a scientist to wondering whether the savage instinct was not manifesting itself in

the feminine portion of the civilized world.

Gowns for afternoon are almost without exception made with long skirts, and both skirts and jackets are elaborately trimmed.

The new girdles are on the order of a swiss belt and are very often made of suede, studded with beads.

The evening bodice illustrated is of black tulle striped with lines of black velvet ribbon and insertions of white lace. Velvet bows diminishing in size toward the waist adorn the front.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Why Angelica Refused To Marry Herbert

"HERBERT," sighs the fair young thing, while an expression of ineffable wistfulness glimmers into the azure depths of her lambent eyes, "Herbert, I have thought long and earnestly over it, and I have decided that I cannot—must not—marry you."

"What?" gasps Herbert, pressing his right hand to his throbbing brow, he blind which his brain is reeling and caroming from side to side of his cranium in a mad effort to get hold of the inner truth of the words of the angelic girl, and with his left hand slammed violently against the region of his heart, which organ is even now crackling in a premonitory manner, indicating that if it doesn't get relief in stouter it will simply break and be through with sorrow and surprise and several other sadnesses. "What?" gasps Herbert. "Can I believe my senses? You, whom I have fondly adored; you, who have assured me by the light of the moon and the glow of the stars that you loved me as never woman loved man before in all time; you who?"

"Yes, I, Herbert," replies Angelica, sighing a sigh in which all the heart weariness and soul gloom of her hitherto happy young life are compressed. "Yes, I."

"And why? In heaven's name, girl, why?"

"Because I love you so much, Herbert, I realize that at the present you have to work ten hours a day six days in the week to earn \$20, and I know that I can't live on less than \$60 a week, and I don't see how you are going to work thirty hours a day and be around home at all, so I just simply decided that it is a hopeless aspiration and a shattered dream."

It is such experiences as these that send men forth into the hollow night with black and brooding brows and make them flout the optimistic assertions of their unscathed brethren.—Chicago Tribune.

Comforting the Passenger.

Driving down a dangerous looking trail in the Sierra Nevada mountains, the nervous old lady noticed an ugly looking hatchet lying in the bottom of the stage.

"What's that for?" she asked the long suffering driver.

"Well, you see," he explained, "we have a good many accidents on this bare line. The stage's allus tippin' over and rollin' down precipices, and every time a passenger gets hurt we simply knock 'em on the head and throw the body over a precipice, and then there ain't no lawsuit. See?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Rules and Etiquette of Golf.



"A ball lying in the fork of a tree must be played or the player shall lose a stroke."—Fattier.

No Malaria.

"This place is advertised as a health resort," said the new arrival suspiciously, "but it strikes me there's malaria around here."

"Oh, n-n-no, you're m-m-mistaken," replied the hotel clerk.

"What makes you shake that way, then?"

"I was afraid you were g-g-going away again."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sound Reason.

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged two.

"Sister," he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Needed Reforming.

"I don't believe I like this idea of a spelling reform. It would seem queer to spell words in a way that was different from the customary way."

"Why, I can do that already."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unexpected.

"Pa, pa, Willie's out in the barn smoking!"

"Eh? You tell him to come right in the house if he wants to smoke. The barn ain't insured."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The GATE THAT WON JANE

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by K. A. Whitehead

"No, ye can't have Jane," snarled old Tillson ungraciously. "She's my brother's daughter an' has money of her own an' ye ain't nothin' but a hired man with no prospects. I don't see what Jane was thinkin' on to say ye could ask me. Ye can't have her, an' that's all there is to it."

Zeke opened his mouth as if to protest or to strengthen his case by further argument, but Tillson's face was grim and forbidding, and he knew the old man too well to weaken his chances by causing useless irritation. He turned away.

That afternoon they were near the farmyard gate, Zeke digging post holes and old Tillson patching up a wheelbarrow, when the drummer of an ag-



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A TRADE?

ricultural warehouse appeared, but instead of going straight to Tillson he stopped at the gate and began to examine it curiously.

"Queer contrivance, that," he said presently. "Good idea, though. Grand good idea. How did you happen to think of it?"

"It's some of my hired man's dilly-dallyin'," replied Tillson gruffly. "He's forever up to somethin' of that sort. Wastes half his time."

Zeke flushed a little, but did not look up.

"No wasted time about that," declared the drummer emphatically. "It's a valuable idea. There's money in it."

"Money?" questioned Tillson eagerly. Then he saw one of the horses squeezing his body through the open doorway of the corner, and he rushed off. He would have sent Zeke only he preferred him to continue at the post hole digging.

"So it's your idea, is it?" said the drummer as he crossed to Zeke's side. "Going to have it patented, of course?" Zeke laughed. "Patented," he echoed. "That foolish thing? Why, it's nothin' but a lot of stones and two hinges placed so the gate will shut itself."

"But that's just the sort of thing which usually proves valuable," persisted the drummer. "The simpler the device, if it's useful, the better. You'll make a mistake if you don't protect the idea."

"Then I guess I'll make the mistake," said Zeke carelessly. "Patents cost money, and I haven't any. Besides, if I had, I wouldn't risk 50 cents on that foolish thing."

The drummer regarded him thoughtfully. "Look here," he said suddenly. "How would you like to make a trade? I could appropriate the idea for myself if I did business that way, but I don't. Still, I like to make money wherever I see a chance. My house does a good deal in patent articles, and I can generally guess pretty close whether there's money in an idea or not. Now, if you say so, I will put this through at my own expense and keep half the profit. What do you say?"

"You mean, use stones like that, and all?" asked Zeke skeptically.

"No; it's only the idea I want. We would find some substitute for the stones."

Zeke's indifference began to vanish. "If you really think it's worth anything," he said doubtfully, "I'll be glad to have you fix it up. But I don't want you to lose money." Then a little wonderingly, "I thought patents were made of pulleys and springs and—such things and that 'twas geniuses who got 'em up who studied years and years to make 'em all right."

The drummer smiled. "It is that way sometimes," he said. "But n'r always. I have known inventors to have their ideas come to them in a moment, in a flash of thought. But suppose we fix this up now."

He opened a notebook and wrote for some seconds, then tore out the leaf and handed it to Zeke.

"It's a sort of agreement for you to put your name to," he said. "Read it first, though. Never sign anything until you know what it is. Later I will have regular papers made out for both of us."

Zeke read the order and signed his name with the pen which the drummer held ready. Then he resumed his digging. A few moments later Tillson came hurrying back.

"The drafted horse ate a full peck of good corn," he began wrathfully. "No supper 'll be get this night. Now, what is it 'bout that gate bizness? How's there money in it?"

"By getting the invention patented," answered the drummer carelessly, "but Zeke and I have fixed that up. Well, I must be going."

"But look here," exclaimed Tillson. "Ye must talk with me 'bout that gate. It's mine. Zeke ain't nothin' to do with it."

"Oh, I don't want the gate," said the drummer coolly. "It's only the idea, and that, I believe, belongs to Zeke. Goodbye."

Tillson stared at him as he walked away, the wrath deepening on his face. Suddenly he swung round to Zeke. "What did ye get?" he demanded. "Come, hand it over."

"I didn't receive anything in money," Zeke answered.

"Stop!" roughly. "Don't tell any yarns. Didn't I hear the man say ye an' him fixed it up? Now, how much money did he give ye for my gate? Look at me straight."

Zeke did so, with a half smile. "He's to pay for getting out a patent," he replied, "and have half what we make."

"An' ye didn't get any money?"

"Not a cent."

Tillson looked at him sharply, but there was no deceit in the straightforward face. Even he realized the fact. "Then ye're an idiot," he snarled. "The man was set on the idea. I could see that from the way he spoke. Ye could have got fifty or a hundred dollars just as easy as nothin'. Mebbe we could have made a trade for a lot of his tools. An' now—huh! Ye'll never hear from the man again!"

In spite of what had been said Zeke could not bring himself to believe that the simple contrivance was of any value. Even when the "regular papers" came, with imposing seals and blank spaces for him to sign his name, he regarded them more as interesting novelties than as anything that would affect his future.

But one day a letter came which caused his eyes to open wide with amazed delight and which, after a half bout of hard thinking, carried him into the house after his Sunday clothes. It was nearly dark when he returned from the town. Old Tillson met him at the barn door, his face dark.

"What d'ye leave work for without my say so?" he demanded.

"Business," replied Zeke. "I heard you say 'other day the mortgage had run by and that if you didn't raise the money soon they'd be selling you out. So I've been to a lawyer and had it fixed over in my name to save you trouble. You can pay me whenever it suits. You see," in answer to the look on Tillson's face, "I got a check for two thousand on the patent and am likely to get about as much more every year. I think I'll buy Dickson's farm that joins ours. Now, if you don't mind, I'll go in and talk with Jane awhile."

He looked at Tillson inquiringly, and after a few moments of wrathful grimaces the old man nodded surlily.

Forever Distinguished.

When Washington made his tour of New England in 1789 he was the guest of his friend, Oliver Ellsworth, at Windsor, Conn. Ellsworth's biographer, William Garrott Brown, mentions that visit as "the greatest hour in the history of Windsor and of the Ellsworth family."

Washington wrote in his diary on Oct. 21, 1789: "By promise was to have breakfast at Mr. Ellsworth's at Windsor on the way to Springfield; but, the morning proving very wet and the rain not ceasing until 10 o'clock, I

did not set out till eight o'clock. I reached, however, on at 12. He stayed there near an hour."

Tradition has generously lengthened out and embellished with incidents of an old fashioned patriotic flavor the single hour of Washington at Ellsworth. There is the story of the errand of one of Ellsworth's young sons to the Wadsworth mansion at Hartford to present the invitation, of his trepidation at the thought of facing the greatest man in the world and of his surprise, relief and disappointment to find only a quiet old gentleman dressed very much like his father.

There is also the story of Washington's taking on his knees the youngest twin of the Ellsworth children and singing them the ballad of the Derby ram.

The homes Washington then visited were thenceforth forever distinguished, and many a New England house was richer by the priceless association so valued by the owners of Elmwood.—Youth's Companion.

Dinner For Three.

Two newsboys stopped before a fruit stand, says a writer in the Denver Post, and one of them asked the price of apples. "Five cents each," said the stand man, pointing to one pile. "Two for 5," indicating another.

"Gotta have three for 5," said the boy, starting away.

"All right," said the stand man. "here's three. Gimme your nickel."

The boy took the apples and paid over the nickel. He gave one to the other boy.

"What are you going to do with the extra one?" asked the other.

The first boy did not reply. On the next corner was a blind man seated on a stool. The boy with the extra apple approached him.

"Here," he said, giving the fruit to the blind man, "here's an apple for you."

As the two boys moved away the one who had bought the apples said:

"That feller didn't have any dinner. I been hanging round that corner, and he didn't have a thing to eat."

One Lacking.

She wears a sailor hat.
But is never known to sail;
She never drives an auto,
But she wears an auto veil;
She has a golfing costume,
But she never cares to play;
She never, never dances,
But affects decolete;
She has a riding habit,
But is never known to ride;
And she has a dainty bathing suit
That's never seen the tide;
She has a tennis costume,
But is never on the court,
And divers other outfits,
According to report.
She has costumes by the dozen,
Everything that you can guess,
But she's never found a reason
To get a wedding dress.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Delaware's Names.

Delaware has been called the Diamond State, for, though small in size, it formerly was of great political importance. It also enjoys the nickname of the Blue Hen State, this having been bestowed on account of a gentleman named Caldwell, who made the state famous in sporting annals by the quality of his gamecocks, which he always bred from the eggs of a blue hen, believing that this was the best color for the mother of a gamecock.

Joy.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great timepiece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer.—Schiller.

Disappointed love makes the misery of youth, disappointed ambition that of manhood, and successful avarice that of age.—Goldsmith.

DAINTY EMBROIDERIES

CLEANSED WITHOUT INJURY WITH

MULE TEAM BORAX

"20-Mule Team" Borax will wash colored fabrics without causing the colors to run, flannels without shrinking, cleanse blankets, table, bed, and personal linen, centerpieces embroidered in colors, woolen goods; in fact, every article or fabric that requires perfect hygienic washing.

All dealers. Free sample and illustrated booklet for dealer's name and 5c in stamps.
Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Present Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., Bacon Bldg., Oakland, Calif.