

OUR WEEKLY FASHION LETTER

A TIMELY REVIEW OF THE LATEST MODES (Special) By JUDIC CHOLLET

"Tub" hats for little girls are very picturesque. One style is built on the lines of the Buffalo Bill sombrero, and, though of white duck instead of felt, it has all the ear marks of the real wild west hat of the plainsman.

Wherever you go you see a white dress surmounted by a brown hat. Flat brimmed or turban brimmed or without a brim, it is trimmed with rosettes of ribbon and draped with a veil of gauze, lace or chiffon.



YACHTING DRESS.

have assumed the popularity enjoyed by the black hat, and in many circumstances it deserves its position.

It is a long time since we have had without plaits with us except for tea parties and garments of that order. Recently there have been displayed some admirable lace coats which show the wattle outline. In one notable case the coat was composed of Milanese lace. The plait started from a square yoke of Irish lace and ended in a distant point well below the line of the knee.

In the fall empire effects will be continued to dressy outdoor wraps and ceremonious indoor gowns.

The yachting dress seen in the cut is

or dark blue serge. The skirt is killed at the sides and back. Gift buttons trim the short jacket.

ATTRACTIVE MODES.

Frenchwomen have a new fad in hosiery. They wear colored stockings with low strapped slippers of black patent leather or kid. With a black dress bright red or deep purple stockings showing between the lustrous straps of a neat black shoe is considered the latest touch of elegance.

Enamelled studs the color of her hat and parasol are worn by the particular



A FALL BLOUSE.

girl in her white shirt waist. These studs come in blue, pink, green and mauve sets.

An improvement in the rather clumsy gold collar supporters are slides of silver as thin as featherbones. These are topped by pearls or rhinestones.

A new note in black and white costumes is a touch of sulphur yellow in the form of a wing in the hat or a choux of tulle or satin.

The newest fashionable color is called Vesuvius. It is a deep yellow with a shot of flame in its lights and shades.

The blouse illustrated is a French model that is very becoming to a plump figure. It is made of Natter blue gross grain silk and has a harness effect about the neck and shoulders trimmed with silk eggred buttons. On

the lower part of the waist are motifs of braid. The sleeves are composed of alternate strips of lace and tuckcd silk.

BARTORIAL NEWS.

Exclusive Frenchwomen are returning to black patent leather shoes with silver buckles and black silk stockings since the fad for white shoes and stockings has become so general.

White felt hats, nothing more than outing shapes, are to be worn early in the fall for every day. A chic model has a large, flat crown and rolling brim. A band of white felt lifts the hat well from the hair over the left eye. White chiffon is wound about the



TAN FELT HAT.

crown and finished at the side with large pompons of white and light blue feathers.

One of the smartest new hats for wear with tailored suits is a dove colored combination of the softest French felt faced with Java straw.

A lovely color for a fall gown is tourmaline brown, which has a distinct greenish tinge. This shade of greenish brown is most artistic and attractive and is a relief from the many ruddier shades of which the eye is wearied.

A smart black hat seen recently was trimmed with a great wreath of beautiful spiky black barley. Some of the barley where it fell over the hat at the back turned into silver.

White swiss makes charming negligees. It does not muss like organdie and is easily tubbed.

The hat pictured is of tan felt, trimmed with chestnut brown velvet and a tan ostrich feather.

SMART STYLES.

In the new afternoon and street frocks there are to be seen diametrically opposite styles, but in all there is a hint of the empire and princess modes.

Some of the dressy frocks sent over for the first fall openings have ruffled skirts. In one handsome confection there are no less than fourteen flounces.

A smart new material, called coleen poplin, is to be much used this winter.



GRAY POPLIN GOWN.

It combines the weave of the old Irish poplin with the suppleness and grace of the present day fabrics. In gray it is particularly pretty.

Velvet ribbon trims many of the daintiest autumn costumes. It appears in very wide widths or in groupings of narrow ribbons, three to nine rows in each group.

A novelty seen in an importation of fall costumes was a bronze green cloth suit with mandolin shaped jacket. The skirt was modeled in overskirt effect obtained by four well cut gored flounces arranged to give a plaited effect in front. A tau crepe de chine blouse of the washable variety was covered by mandolin shaped crossed fronts held in place by jet buttons set upon insets of white broadcloth. Three, little curved sections of cloth barely covering the top of the arm passed for sleeves.

The gown in the cut is a chic costume made from gray coleen poplin. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with two deep tucks above which are crescents of the material. The flitch bodice adornment is edged with frills of white Brussels net run with very narrow black velvet ribbon.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

EXQUISITE FALL MILLINERY

Every Hat a Masterpiece of Milliners Art.

The collection of beautiful hats I have ready to show you is a triumph in style and elegance and unsurpassed in value giving. We have hats that will please and become young and old—all the new fall styles, all the autumn shades. If you can't find a hat in our large fall stock that just suits you let us make you one. If you are looking for perfection of style, beauty and gracefulness in fall millinery, prepare to make us a visit.

SKIDOO HATS

The swellest line of fall walking hats to be found at the price anywhere. They are of felt and fancy silk braids in all colors, at each \$2.50.

Misses Tambourine Hats

Stunning new things of felt, trimmed with fancy quills, plaid ribbons and silk velvets. prices from \$3.00 up.

The New Marion

DRESS HATS—lovely creations, trimmed with graceful ostrich tips and chenille silk, all colors; prices from \$3.50 up.

The Two Tone Hood

The latest walking hat, in felt, trimmed with wings, roses, fancy pins and ribbons, prices from \$3.50 up.

Mrs. Georgie Pennington, 483 Bond Street.

A ROMANCE OF THE DESERT

Story of a Hosiery Youth Who Braved Fearful Odds,

(By Ira E. Bennett.) Twin Falls, Idaho, Sept. 28.

Let those who believe that the sage brush desert is void of romance and the castled gorges of the Snake River mere monuments of death learn the story of Perrine, the Hoosier of Blue Lakes. Let them contemplate the struggle of one man with nature and gather from his conquest the lesson of the winning of the West.

Ira B. Perrine is now in his early forties. He is slight, wiry, blue-eyed, reticent, and modest, but always polite to the stranger. He is famed from Ogden to Portland for his optimism. "Nil desperandum" is his rule of life, and nothing delights him more than a wrestle with brute nature. He was born in Lebanon, Ind., and came west before he was eighteen. He drifted into Idaho, and one of his first jobs was that of chamber maid in a livery stable in a new mining camp. He cleaned up around the stable one day and set fire to the refuse. While he was at lunch the fire was communicated to the stable, and from the stable to the town. In an hour the town was off the map, and Perrine was in the grip of a vigilance committee, which made prompt arrangements to hang him. A friend appeared who told now tidy the lad had been about the stable, and how even older men might have made such a slight mistake as to set fire to a town. The miners were charmed with the lawyer's eloquence and untied the rope that bound Perrine. His rescuer is now a millionaire living in Salt Lake City.

Perrine tried prospecting, and failed. He went against railroading, and fortune did not smile. He floated around at various jobs, but made no headway. Finally, in company with an old prospector who had made money in the Boise placers before they petered out, he struck out across the desert for the Snake River Canyon, below Shoshone Falls. They arrived at the lip of the canyon and beheld below them, smiling under the sky, two blue lakes in a pocket of the gorge that rose 500 feet upward to where they stood.

Did Not Find Trail. Perrine and his partner prospected along the edge of the precipice for a trail. They did not find any. Below them ran the Snake River, with a fringe of green along its banks, and the old prospector thought he saw a fortune in its sands. Perrine was captivated by the blue lakes, and decided on the instant to locate them for his home.

The cliffs lined the canyon of the Snake for miles. Above them was Shoshone Falls, roaring like Niagara. Below them stretched an endless desert. There was nothing to do but to lower themselves and their plunder over the cliffs. They rigged up a tackle, and Perrine dropped, as if out of the heavens, into the gorge. The old miner sent down pine boards for a sluice box, grub, and their extra clothing. They turned their burros loose. The old argonaut slid down the rope. Another descent was made in the same manner, to a spot where the drift rock had made a sliding bank. Thus they reached the banks of the river. The old miner went down the river, with his boards which cost him \$5 each, and disappeared. Perrine, caching his extra grub and clothing, wrote out location notices and stuck them upon the rocks. He claimed everything in sight. Then began his twenty year's struggle.

The warmth of the valley adjoining the river, protected as it was by the giant walls of the canyon, the abundance of the water, and the character of the soil, convinced Perrine that he would

make a success of fruit growing. What did it matter to him that there was nobody within reach to buy his fruit? What did he care for the little obstacle of cliffs? He swam the river and explored the face of the canyon wall. Making his way upward upon drift-rock, he gained a place 300 feet above the river. There a two-foot ledge jutted out, skirting the face of the cliff for a mile. He walked along, literally among the eagles, with death below and solitude all around. The ledge ended at a little break which was partly filled with drift. Up this he climbed and found himself upon the plateau. Before him stretched the desert, covered with sage brush. Walking a hundred feet away from the rim of the canyon, he turned back, and it was as completely obscured as if it had never been. His gaze leaped across it to the desert upon the other side, and but for the distant thunder of Shoshone Falls far upstream, he might have imagined that he had merely dreamed of precipices and foaming water.

Driver Thought Him Crazy.

Perrine was headed for Boise City, with the object of recording his land entry and buying seed. Boise City was away to the northward, a week's journey on foot. He did not have money enough to buy a seat on the stage. Gaining the stage-road, he begged the driver to take him to Boise, promising to pay his fare when his ship came in. The driver refused. Perrine stood there, a stripling, almost in tears, and made another plea. He told of his ambition to start an orchard in the canyon. "Well, get in," said the driver. "Any kid with as crazy a notion as that is dangerous to society. You can't be at large. Hop in, and I'll give you a lift to the insane asylum."

"Thanks," replied Perrine. This is the only time I'll ask for a lift. I'll buy this stage one of these days, and ride in it whenever I please."

A few years later Perrine hunted up this stage coach, purchased it, and installed it on his ranch, where it is now. It would be a long story to tell of Perrine's failure in many directions. But he never failed in faith. He saw in his mind's eye, a fortune, a little Garden of Eden, set between sheltering walls of lava, watered with ice-cold springs and a roaring river. He planted peach and apple trees, dug ditches, built a reservoir, opened a canal from a spring which drained the Blue lakes above his farm, and did everything that Adam must have done. He was as much alone as Adam, and more, for no Eve was there.

Within a year or two the fruit ripened. It was then that Perrine blazed a trail along the cliffs, up which he led a single horse packed with fruit in baskets. Once, up among the eagles, his horse lurched against the cliff, struck the basket against the rocks, and found itself clutching the trail with its front feet, its hindquarters dangling above destruction. Perrine struggled to recover the animal, but it fell with a scream, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Shut in From World.

Perrine carried his fruit out in this way for several years, finding a market for it in villages across thirty miles of sagebrush desert. As his orchard grew larger he began to employ help, until, in picking time, he had sixty hands to work. At odd times he turned the boys to roadwork, and with infinite labor, a wagon road was blasted along the edge of the cliffs up to the rim of the canyon. It is a splendid piece of road, and will last forever. On the western rim, he constructed a similar road. At the upper end of each road, he placed a gate. With these gates he was

shut in from intrusion from the world, for the great falls guarded one entrance and a roaring torrent in the lower gorge guarded the other. With the roads closed, the only way to reach the Perrine ranch was in the primeval fashion adopted by its discoverer—a drop over the cliffs, at the risk of life.

In time the little Hoosier hermit took a wife—an Idaho girl, who thought nothing of the solitude of the great canyon and the roar of the torrent. Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The boy died a few years ago. The girl, thirteen years old, is the charm of the home. She has adopted a big trout, who lords it over his tribesmen in the ice cold pool formed by the spring near the house. This big trout comes up for food and permits his little mistress to rub his sides and tickle his fins. He is a little shy with strangers, but when a morsel of food drops in the water his hunger overcomes his bashfulness and the celerity with which he darts in ahead of the ducks and gobbles the food is a wonder to behold.

Nature is Indulgent.

Nature is especially indulgent with Blue Lakes ranch. The sun smiles down perpetually, the soil is the accumulation of ages of erosion, the keen winds of winter are ward off by the cliffs. In consequence, fruits of all kinds ripen to perfection there, and gather a sweetness that has made them famous. Perrine sent an exhibit to Paris and was awarded the gold medal. He exhibited at the Buffalo Exposition and captured another gold medal. He was heard from at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, and another medal was added to his collection. Finally in St. Louis, in 1904, he won the gold medal against the world, for fine fruits. He shows these medals with modest pride to the few strangers who stumble upon his ranch, and then fills their buckboard with samples of the peaches that have become known throughout the world.

For nearly twenty years Perrine's nearest neighbors were thirty-five miles distant, across sagebrush waterless plain. Now the breakers of immigration are dashing within sound of Shoshone Falls. Twin Falls, Idaho, a two-year old city, with a 3,500 population, with a railroad and a big stone hotel, two newspapers, and so on, lies on the plain five miles from Perrine's place. The sagebrush about the town has been displaced by green alfalfa fields and orchards. Houses dot the desert in all directions, and irrigation ditches, full of water, traverse the plain. The raw land, with a water right, sells for \$25.50. It is barely cleared and planted to alfalfa or fruits, before it jumps to \$100 and

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WORKING WOMEN

Their Hard Struggle Made Easier—Interesting Statements by a Young Lady in Boston and One in Nashville, Tenn.



Miss Frankie Orser



Miss Pearl Ackers

All women work; some in their homes, some in church, and some in the whirl of society. And in stores, mills and shops tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill, earning their daily bread.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbance, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drifts them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, tumors, ulceration, falling and displacements or perhaps irregularity or suppression, causing backache, nervousness, irritability and lassitude.

They especially require an invigorating, sustaining medicine which will strengthen the female organism and enable them to bear easily the fatigues of the day, to sleep well at night, and to rise refreshed and cheerful.

How distressing to see a woman struggling to earn a livelihood or perform her household duties when her back and head are aching, she is so tired she can hardly drag about or stand up, and every movement causes pain, the origin of which is due to some derangement of the female organism.

Miss F. Orser, of 14 Warrenton Street, Boston, tells women how to avoid such suffering; she writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— I suffered misery for several years with female irregularities. My back ached; I had bearing-down pains, and frequent headaches;

I could not sleep and could hardly drag around. I consulted two physicians without relief, and as a last resort, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to my surprise, every ache and pain left me. I gained ten pounds and am in perfect health."

Miss Pearl Ackers, of 327 North Summer Street, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— I suffered with painful periods, severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen; was very nervous and irritable, and my trouble grew worse every month. My physician failed to help me and I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found it was doing me good. All my pains and aches disappeared, and I no longer fear my monthly periods."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for all these troubles. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, bearing-down pains, disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and it will make you strong and well.

You can tell the story of your sufferings to a woman, and receive helpful advice free of cost. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years she has, under her direction and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Advertisement for The Needlecraft Shop, featuring 'Complete with floss Special 50¢' and 'SUMMER SPECIAL' with details on lined linen and embroidery paper. Located at 382 WASH. ST., PORTLAND, OR.