

GLASS OF FASHION.

A REFLEX OF THE LATEST STYLES IN DRESS.

A Proper Gown for the House—How to Dress the Hair—To Wear When Pouring Tea—Hints for the Household and Notes of the Modes.

The House Gown.

The happy day when the house gown could be worn upon the street, and the street gown was not out of place behind the tea table, has vanished for this, and, probably, more seasons to come. The house gown of the present is long, dragging, apparently indifferent to the impressions it makes upon the masculine, to say nothing of the feminine, mind. It is more bent upon making itself useful, convenient and a friend to be welcomed with fire-light and the teacups.

It is aggressively empire in its commonest phase; indeed, so much so is it that it falls from the berth or the



THE HOUSE GOWN CONTROLLED.

ridiculously short jacket, whose points just reach the bust line, in unconfining fullness to the feet. Its idiosyncrasies are unrestrained. A man encountering one of these gowns said of it: "The thing was tied around her neck and then it made a plumb line with the point of her shoe. It looked like a mother Hubbard, by Jove! and it wasn't as sweet under another name, either."

Man is a barbarian, but his speech has the candor of densest ignorance. A house gown not emancipated to this state of being is of light beige taffeta. It is out square across the neck and over the décolletage is drawn a heavily embroidered jacket of purple and gold. A wide ruche of purple satin stands high around the neck and extends to the bottom of the jacket. The fullness of the taffeta is box-plated in front and fitted to a light two-boned lining sufficiently to give a slight curve to the waist at the sides and back.

Must Be Furnished with a "Character."

A remarkable instance of official regulation of morality in women has been reported from New Zealand. An important bill has been brought before the House of Representatives, which, if passed, will make it necessary for washerwoman to show to the Minister of Public Works a certificate of character signed by four Justices and a policeman. This certificate having been indorsed by the censors of feminine morals and the woman's premises having been inspected, provided the august authority is satisfied, she will receive a certificate of merit to scrub out soiled linen. Apropos of this report, which may be unfounded, a caustic woman writer says: "The aspect of policemen and Justices furnishing certificates of moral character to any human being is edifying, unless the New Zealand product differs radically from that of New York, Chicago or Boston. It seems more like an instance when a comparison of the respective disqualification of notes and beams would be in order."

Beauty in Hairdressing.

Fashion will have a hard time robbing those who like it of the soft, careless coil of hair that draws the locks softly back from temples and forehead and up from the nape of the neck, a few short locks escaping all around, some at the ears and temples and brow, some to lie prettily on the neck. It is the sort of hairdressing that genuine carelessness, coupled with naturally crinkled and soft curly hair, can alone accomplish in all its perfection. But



A STUDIED CARELESS EFFECT.

so graceful is it, so suited to the usual round face and pretty throat of the American girl, that even if tongue and calculation have to be employed there will be many who will find this mode best suited to them, and so it will continue to be used by such. The hair can be parted or not over the crown of the head and at the forehead. The coil big or loose and at just the easiest place for it to feel comfortable. The only necessity is that the hair shall seem to have been carelessly gathered in the way it happened to want to go, and hair, like flowers, arranges itself more artistically than manipulation does. Of course ornamentation is rather out of harmony with such an arrangement of hair. At most a loose rose tucked in at the side to stay, or fall out is all that is appropriate. The girl who wears her hair thus should always wear it so. Its careless grace is quite as effective with an evening gown as with a morning dress. Indeed, the shape of the head and the rounding of the neck seem all the prettier for the simplicity of the hair when a low-cut dress gives all the other contours full display. Let the girl whose hair suits this style refuse to change. She will be the envy of many, no matter what others are doing.

Why Married Women Were Admitted.

An ancient legend tells us that the angel on guard at the door of heaven was once asked by an inquisitive passer if more married or single women passed through.

"More married ones," he promptly answered.

"Indeed," said the questioner, who was a man, and who immediately began to plume himself. "Their husband's virtues, of course, admitted them. That was right. The stronger should aid the weaker."

"No," replied the angel, "that is not the reason."

"Then what is it?" "Well, if you must know," said the angel confidentially, "we pass them first on their own merits; lots of 'em get through that way. Then when we can't find any other recommendation for a married woman, it is written against her name. These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and the gates fly open."—Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

A Woman Keeps the Jail.

In East Greenwich there is a woman jailkeeper, whose father and grandfather kept the jail before her. So insecure was the old place that some years ago it was no unusual thing for the prisoners to remark that they could escape, but they were treated so well they didn't care to. To one of the prisoners who spoke of the matter of escape Mrs. Smith replied that she had asked for an appropriation, whereupon the prisoner called for pen and ink and wrote to the governor of the State a characteristic letter, which is kept among the archives. It is headed "East Greenwich Jail," and continues: "If you don't send me one down here pretty quick and patch up this place for Mrs. Smith as she wants it I'll leave."

Swiss Women Wake Up.

The women of Switzerland have made arrangements with the Zurich Post, one of the most prominent Swiss papers, to issue every fortnight a supplement entirely under the control of women and edited by Dr. Emily Kempin. The purpose of the paper is to discuss the work of women, to arouse in women a feeling of responsibility regarding their unions, to justify the corporation of women in fields of human effort in anticipation of the time when women shall participate in politics, and, above all, to give adequate expression to the dignity of woman as wife and mother in her legal rights.

To Wear When Pouring Tea.

A pretty tea gown for a matron is made of crimped crepon in a soft heliotrope tint, made with the barest suggestion of crinoline in the skirt and a train. The sleeves are at the top, but fit the lower part of the arm



TEA GOWN FOR A MATRON.

snugly. In front there is a fall from a yoke of deep yellow lace of heliotrope velvet. A wide collar of lace falling over the shoulders finishes what every woman will recognize as a charming frock.

Fashion's Fancies.

Green, heliotrope and gray are the leading colors. New sleeves are formed of two or three puffs, and finished with a deep frilling.

Ruchings for the neck are very popular, but are smaller and narrower than formerly.

Embroidered nuns' veiling makes pretty and inexpensive evening dresses for young girls.

The trumpet-shaped skirt owes its flaring effect, in many instances, to a hair-cloth petticoat worn beneath the outer skirt.

Shirring is extensively used at the top of many fashionable blouse waists, and not only forms the yoke, but also the cuff effect.

House slippers of bright red, with full rosettes of black or white ribbon, are considered very stylish indeed.

Frocks of black tulle, with bodices of gold oriental silk, are much affected for wear at informal entertainments.

Narrow knife plaitings of China crape, scooped with silk, are shown in the new imported dress lengths of crepon.

An effective trimming for evening frocks is a number fourteen ribbon, on the edges of which spangles, gold or silver, are sewed, while a space is left between the little glittering disks.

The tight sleeve, fitted to the arm as far as the elbow, and met there with an enormous puff drooping from the shoulder, is almost invariably formed of two materials, the lower half silk, the upper part of cloth or velvet.

Imported gowns show all the features of the 1830 period. Round, belted waists, large sleeves, long shoulder seams and full skirts that barely touch the ground, trimmed with bands or flounces to the knees or hips.

Style in blouse waists is largely a mere question of sleeves. By renewing the sleeves of last year's dress, you may be in the fashion at very little expense. Leg-of-mutton sleeves are in favor, and they cannot be too large, nor can the shoulders appear too wide. Laces heavily beaded, and in some cases edged with a short fringe of beads, are novelties. Ecu net tops with Persian borders, heavy meshes of silver and gold, with borders in which colors enter largely are shown.

Ball gowns are profusely trimmed with artificial flowers and velvet roses without foliage, poppies of varied hues, yellow narcissus and garlands of Scotch heather. Laburnum, iris or juniper berries are beautiful, used in this way.



"The Undiscovered Country."

Could we but know the land that ends our dark, uncertain travel.

Where lie those happier hills and meadows low— Ah! beyond the spirit's impost cowl.

Aught of that country could we surely know.

Who would not go? Might we but hear

The hovering angels' high imagined chorus. Or catch, sometimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,

One radiant vista of the realm before us— With one rapt moment given to see and hear—

Ah! who would fear? Were we quite sure

To find the peerless friend who left us lonely.

Or there, by some celestial stream as This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,

Who would endure?

Bringing in Bills.

Always at the beginning of Parliament there are a hundred members who, having found as many subjects calling for legislation, announce their readiness to introduce bills. The time-honored process of bringing in bills is thus described by the author of "A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament."

The speaker, holding in his hand a long list of notices given the day before calls the name of the members in succession. "Mr. Murphy," calls the speaker. Mr. Murphy raises his hat, whereupon the speaker says, "The question is that leave be given to bring in a bill to," and he reads a description of the bill of which Mr. Murphy has given notice.

"Who is prepared to bring in this bill?" asks the speaker. Then Mr. Murphy rises and reads out the names of members who endorse his bill, and the speaker goes on to the next on the list.

As the speaker approaches the end of the list, members who are to bring in bills struggle for places at the bar of the House. The speaker calls on the member whose name heads the list. He makes his way through the throng at the bar and advances toward the clerk's table, holding a piece of folded foolscap in his hand.

This is understood to be the bill he is bringing in; but there is nothing within but a blank sheet, elaborately endorsed on the outside with the title. The text of the measure will be deposited in the bill office at some future convenient date.

The clerk, carefully concealing his knowledge of the fiction, respectfully takes charge of "the bill," recites its title—which is the "first reading" of the bill—and then asks, "Second reading."

"Eighth of May," says the member. "Bill read second time eighth of May," echoes the speaker, and the member disappears behind the speaker's chair; and so on through the hundred.

Too Much Fame.

The music of the great Italian composer, Verdi, enjoys a high degree of popularity. One form which its popularity takes is its frequent application to hand-organs and piano-organs, which grind upon Verdi's music until the composer himself is almost compelled to regret that he ever wrote it. One summer, not many years ago, Verdi went for a season of rest to the mountain resort of Montecatini. Here a friend called upon him, and noticed before he entered that Verdi had taken a rather pretentious apartment.

But when he entered the house he was astonished to find that the composer was using a single room of the house as a sitting-room, dining-room and bedroom.

The visitor's looks expressed his surprise at this arrangement.

"Oh," said Verdi, "I have two more large rooms here, but they are more now occupied with some objects which I have hired for the season."

He opened the doors of these rooms and revealed to the visitor a great pile of hand-organs—apparently a hundred of them, at least.

"These organs," said Verdi, "contain in their repertoires music of my own. I wanted rest here, but when I arrived it seemed as if all the hand-organs in Italy had come before me. They came under my windows in the morning and played a hideous cacophony of 'Rigoletto,' 'Traviata' and 'Aida.' So I hired all these organs for the season, and all that were likely to find their way here; and here I have them all nicely piled up. Oh, I can take some rest now!"

How Hair Cleanses the Head.

That the hair covering the body of an animal or the head of a human being serves the purposes of warmth and protection is manifest, but one would hardly expect to find that it also acts as a cleansing agent. This, however, appears to be the fact. The minute scales which cover the outer portion of a hair are fastened at one edge and free at the other, and the free edges lie in the direction away from the skin.

The surface of a hair, therefore, is like that of a piece of coarse cloth covered with nap rubbed from root to tip; it is found to be smoother than when rubbed in the opposite direction.

This being the case, it is evident that particles of matter in contact with a hair must find their direction of easiest motion to lie toward the tip end of the hair and away from the root. So by virtue of the peculiar structure of its surface the hair serves gradually to remove from the skin which it covers all foreign particles which may have found lodgment there.

The oily secretion emanating from the follicles of the hair probably as-

ists this action by gathering up the fine particles of extraneous dust and of scales from the skin, and thus ensuring the hair to retain them, so to speak, in the grasp of its curio system of brushes.

Every movement of the hair, however produced, must tend to set the particles sticking upon it in motion, and as we have already seen, that motion can be in only one direction.

Presence of Mind.

Mere coolness will often extricate one from a terrible difficulty without the necessity of recourse to untruthfulness. This fact was well illustrated in the early days of the Civil War, at Belmont, Ky., where a Confederate force, under Gen. Cheatham, was approaching the Union volunteers.

At that time the uniforms of Federals and Confederates were much alike, and strange mistakes were sometimes made.

As Gen. Cheatham was riding out one day, he met a squadron of cavalry coming down the road toward his position. He had no sure means of knowing whether the force was friendly or hostile. He resolved to ascertain.

Riding up, accompanied only by an orderly, to within a few yards of the troop, he asked: "What cavalry is that?"

"Illinois cavalry, sir," was the reply.

"Oh, Illinois cavalry," said the Confederate general. "All right; just stay where you are."

The Illinois had no doubt but that the officer was a Federal. They obeyed his order. Cheatham looked about for a moment, and then rode back to his own command under the guns of another Federal regiment, who, seeing him come from the cavalry troop, supposed he was "one of them."

White Blankets.

There are two sorts of philanthropists—the mechanical and the sympathetic. A London police magistrate, the late Montague Williams, was a philanthropist whose sympathy was for his fellow creatures of the poor, so that he seldom had, like the mechanical philanthropists, occasion to grumble at the ingratitude of those he helped.

During the winter of 1912, he bought blankets and gave them to sufferers from the prolonged cold. The kind of blankets he purchased revealed his sympathetic nature. He says:

"Perhaps I ought to mention that the blankets I do doted were not gray ones. 'Of course, sir,' said the shopman, as he spread out before me a large white blanket with a blue border, 'we have a great number of gray ones in stock at a much lower price.'"

"Thank you," I replied, emphatically, "but I have no intention of purchasing them."

As I knew perfectly well, the poor do not like gray blankets. "Not like that dead!" I fancy I hear someone exclaim. "Not like them." Then they don't deserve any at all. Let them go without." But this is not my view. Human nature is human nature.

Corrected His Mistake.

The late Justice Lamar was probably the most absent-minded man that ever occupied a prominent place in public life in this country. The Boston Herald tells this amusing story of his forgetfulness:

As long ago as the time when he was a Senator, he got on a bob-tailed car in Washington, took a quarter from his pocket, and with thoughts intent on far-away things, dropped it into the box.

"Why, Senator," exclaimed a fellow-passenger who knew Mr. Lamar, and had noticed his mistake, "don't you think it's a little extravagant to pay 25 cents for a ride when the fare is only 5 cents?"

"Why, that's a fact, that's a fact," responded the Senator, waking up from his day-dream.

Then he drew out a handful of change, carefully picked out a nickel, dropped it into the box and sat down, satisfied that he had rectified his mistake, and had not paid 30 cents for his ride.

Good Old Times.

Every advantage seems to have for somebody a doleful side. There is always one discontented soul to lament over improvements, like the Scotch woman who complained of the fresh water that had been introduced into the city. "Ah, but it's no like the old; it neither smells nor tastes!"

A traveller in southern France stopped at the little town of Figeac, where the wine supply has every year grown less and less. A resident told that fact, and added that since the vines had failed the death-rate had diminished remarkably.

"Why?" was the question.

"Why?" he repeated, smiling sadly. "Because in the happy times every one drank wine at all hours of the day; but now in these miserable times, nearly every one drinks water!"

They might, indeed, live longer, but only to drink water! The outlook was forlorn.

"Dreaming True."

"Peter Ibbetson," the hero of Mr. George Du Maurier's strange novel, cultivated an extraordinary faculty for "dreaming true." But it does not appear that in all his escapes from the dreariness of his waking life he gained more thorough satisfaction in sleep than the kitten thus described in Forest and Stream:

"The other day, when kitty lay sound asleep in the cushioned chair she uses for a bed, I put a small piece of fresh beef on the end of a toothpick, and held it within half an inch of her nose.

After a few seconds the muscles of the throat twitched slightly, the mouth opened, the jaw began to work, and every detail of chewing and swallowing followed, after which she licked her lips, but she slept right on, and she did not awake for some time afterward.

Romantic.

The romantic French poets of the early part of the present century never saw anything as it actually was, but, on the contrary, looked at all things under a glamour of unreality.

One evening Alfred de Musset, one of this romantic band, was walking in a park near Paris with another of the fraternity, who suddenly exclaimed, pointing to a bright object on the ground:

"See, Alfred! a star on the ground!"

It was a glow-worm; but De Musset answered:

"So it is! It is well. I will light my cigar with it!" It was worthy of a romantic poet to wish to light his cigar with a star; but in this case romance was one thing and reality another. The star refused to work as a "light."

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