

**FROCKS FOR SCHOOL.**

**SIMPLICITY AND GRACE IN GARMENTS FOR GIRLS.**

Material That Will Stand Some Usage in Demand—Etons Are Popular as With the Grown-up—Soft New Fall Browns—The Style in Sleeves.

The rainy-day costume is quite as popular with the fair Parisienne as it is with us. Only the French grande dame likes a little elaboration about her clothes, even in these utilitarian dresses. These two, just over from gay Paris, show two popular styles



French Walking Costumes.

on the boulevards, that indicate quite plainly the more trimmed effects worn there compared with our severely plain styles. The left hand one, with its stitched strappings and open neck to display a small chemisette finished with a cravat, is more than usually attractive.

Before mama can think of her own fall wardrobe her little daughter must be fitted out. Children do grow beyond their clothes surprisingly in the summer time, to say nothing of the way they go through them in the days of their freedom and activity. They must have how, whole and decent frocks for school wear and dancing school and other institutions for the benefit and diversion of the young open in a short while, and bring new demands.

Children's frocks need to be, above all else, simple and graceful. All other qualities must be subordinated to these two. It is because the French lay so much stress upon them that their children are attired so daintily and becomingly. Material that will stand pretty heavy usage, that can be cleaned when soiled, and that is trimmed with simple looking hand-work is most appropriate for girls. For school wear especially serviceable materials and models should be selected, but remember that serviceable does not mean homely. Children are sensitive in regard to their wearing apparel. They feel keenly if their frocks do not compare favorably with those of their mates, and be assured that if there is anything "out" about your little daughter's attire she will hear it promptly from the other children, for they never refrain from plain speaking or have any of the nice regard for the feelings of others which would lead them to veil their opinion after the manner of their polite elders.

A neat, pretty frock for school wear is made with a blouse having a tucked yoke and a plain full skirt finished with tucks around the bottom. This is excellent made from cashmere or some other soft wool goods. If anything heavier is used, it would be better to substitute braid for the tucks. The blouse is fastened with a box plait and buttons down the front. The sleeves, which are made over a full shirt waist pattern, are tucked across the top and are gathered into a cuff of medium width. A high turned over collar, to be worn with velvet or silk cravat, may be made from the material, or the blouse may be finished to be worn with a white collar, which always looks fresh and neat.

For something not so severely simple, a fall gown may be fashioned for a girl twelve or thirteen years old from gray silk poplin and stitched with black silk. The full skirt opens over a panel trimmed with two rows of stitching. The blouse is trimmed with similar bands of stitching and has pretty jacket-like pieces stitched around the edges and fastened by bands passing over the shoulders. The sleeves fall full from under the stitched caps to the elbows, where they are gathered into a deep, stitched cuff. This gown is brightened with a girde of yellow satin faille and the gray felt hat trimmed to match.

This Eton of the grown-ups is copied in the styles for little girls. A smart frock for a girl is made of one of the new blue cloths bordering on the electric blue, and is trimmed with the self bands so much affected by older folk, stitched on with black. The skirt is cut with a decided flare, being straight about half its length, and finished from there with a plaited flounce headed by two stitched bands.

An Eton jacket with stitched collar and hands is worn over a black and white skirt waist, the fronts being connected with a soft black silk tie gracefully knotted on the breast. The sleeves have turned-up stitched cuffs, and are short enough to show puffs of the under waist sleeves. A blue or black hat trimmed with a chon or white bows of blue ribbon is worn appropriately with this pretty frock, which would be immensely becoming for a fair-haired damsel. Her brunette sister could wear one of those lovely red broadcloth costumes which seem so appropriate for fall. It is trimmed with black stitching on the cuffs and an extremely narrow black braid flaring with in

godet plaits is excellent for such a gown. The jacket should be tight-fitting in the back and double-breasted in front. The turned-over collar is rather broad, and shows a black vest and stock with a narrow white collar. A black hat trimmed with black ostrich feathers makes a good contrast to the red of the gown.

One of the soft new fall browns may be made up for a girl from ten to twelve years old. It should be made in somewhat more elaborate fashion than brighter colors to prevent its looking too old for a little maiden. Black soutache braid and white silk, threaded with gold, make a good relief. The skirt is cut on the bias with two scant bias ruffles set on the lining below the main skirt, which fall separate from the lining. A panel down the front is embroidered with the soutache and a similar piece forms the front of the corsage. A broad sailor collar turns back from a chemisette of white silk, and the under sleeves and girde are of the same material.

Another method of using soutache braid effectively is shown in a costume designed for a somewhat older girl. The plaited skirt is embroidered around the bottom at about a hem's depth and the bolero is cut in points front and back, giving greater scope decoration with the braid. It opens over a chemisette of cream surah, the collar being made of the same and fastened with a big knot of cream mouseline. A broad velvet girde and a picturesque feather-trimmed hat complete this costume.

Green cloth trimmed with bands of velvet a shade darker is extremely pretty for misses' wear. It may be made simply with two bands of velvet around the skirt and following the lines of the corsage, which is cut low over a plaited chemisette of white taffeta, with a cravat of the same, which comes to the waist line and is buttoned on to the front of the chemisette. The half-length sleeves have turned-back cuffs bordered with velvet bands and under sleeves matching the chemisette.

In the matter of long cloaks those that are plaited from a yoke's depth seem to be most popular. A pretty style has the yoke trimmed with transverse bands of velvet the plaited skirt and the sleeves being finished with three similar bands. A high turned-over collar and two short straps across the front add to the smart tailor-made air of this garment. Another Empire cloak is made with a box plait down the front and regular side plaits extending to the back. A short bolero, embroidered along the edges in silk, fastens on the shoulder, and the neck is finished with a high standing collar, fastened with three buttons.

Women's shoes show many new styles and modifications of old ones for fall wear. The most swagger thing for street wear is a deviation from the bulldog toe, which makes it look as if a slice had been taken off at an oblique slant. This is the new Chiltonham, and it is made in box calf and other heavy materials, with a broad extension sole. Patent leather is as fashionable as ever for all kinds of wear. The cry that it will not wear, that it cracks or that it has any other drawbacks has no effect on its popularity. The combination of a mat upper with patent leather lower is fashionable for fall shoes. Almost everything has a tip, but on plain or, preferably, in fancy form. Sometimes the tip is prolonged along the sides of the shoe, forming an ornamental finish. There is a great deal more decoration than formerly on the shoes, and the variety is so great that each individual fancy may be pleased.



The only new shoe shown without a tip is a French model having a high, instep, medium pointed toe, light sole, slightly extended, and a decided Louis heel. It is made in fine soft kid or some other light material.

A heavy, mannish shoe, to be worn with short skirts, has the uppers of seal and the lower portion of box calf. The military heel is used on most walking shoes, although a few demand the Louis heel, which is found on all shoes for the house and for evening wear. Lace and feathers are about equal in popularity. Low shoes are worn a great deal through the Fall, but are heavier than those of the summer. For the most part they are used without garters. Tan is out completely. Not a new tan shoe is shown in any of the best shops. For evening wear there are some beautiful things in low-cut, high-heeled shoes. These are extremely decorative, and follow the lead of other parts of the toilet in their show of buckles and jeweled clasps. Beading is in high favor, the whole toe frequently being incrustated with a design carried out in beaded embroidery. If you do not have velvet shoes of some sort in your wardrobe you are out of it entirely this fall.

The reason why mirrors spot and blur is because they are placed where a strong light falls directly on them. All mirrors should be so placed that the light shall come to them from the sides. The silencing of mirrors is a most difficult process and I should not advise any one to try to do it at home. Ladies' Home Journal.

**HOW ROSES GOT THEIR FRAGRANCE**

Once upon a time the Rose Queen stood in the sun on her palace steps looking over her well kept garden.

It was the queen's custom each year to reward the flower most pleasing to her with some new grace, which he lodged to it and its children forever.

Three rosesbushes there were whose beauty made them easily first. Plucking from each a seed, the queen, placing them one by one on the tips of her pink fingers, wafted them far away.

"That one which makes best use of its gift shall win my favor," said the queen.

The first rose seed fluttered high in the air and far over forest and town and stream until it came to a splendid palace.

"This must be the home of a king," said the little rose seed. And it sank down until it reached the brown earth, where the warm rains made a soft bed for it. Presently it sent a green shoot up in the air, and this grew and grew until it was a rose tree. After awhile a rose burst out upon its stem. Its loveliness was so rare that it was said to be only a little less beautiful than the king's daughter herself.

"It is more charming than any of the jewels in my casket," said the princess, and I shall wear it on the day when I am a bride."

And the rose died with content, for what could be better than to lie on the heart of the lovely princess on the day when she was to become the bride of a great king?

And the second rose seed, as it fluttered away from the Rose Queen's red lips, floated along until it, too, came to a city. Below the seed noticed a tall building that looked like a great university, so down it dropped into the garden of one of the learned professors, where it was speedily received into the moist earth and grew and grew and grew until it was a rose tree. The old professor, who was always nosing about in the garden, for he wrote books about plants when he wasn't hammering their hard Latin names into the stupid heads of the students in the university, one day stopped before the rose tree and, adjusting his spectacles critically on his long nose, remarked: "Dear me! The growth of this plant is quite abnormal. I fancy this is a rather remarkable specimen of the genus roseacea." So every day the little, dried up old man would come out and prod and pry about the tree and take copious notes on slips of paper. One day there was a single rose on the tree, and when the old professor came out he was beside himself with delight. He clapped his hands and capered about, exclaiming: "A genuine new species! I shall give my name to it, and it will make me famous!"

And the second seed, flushed with pride, felt sure that the gift would be hers, for what could be better than to add something to the knowledge of the sages and make the name of a wise man immortal?

The third seed, as the Rose Queen sent it on its mission, was caught up by a headstrong little breeze that carried it far away. When it was tired almost to death, the little breeze let it fall among the brambles that grew on a lonely hillside. Here the sun did not shine much, and the soil was rocky, so that in spite of all it could do it grew but slowly and into a stunted and ill shaped tree. And presently to it, too, came a rose.

"Alas," said the rose, "what can be hoped for a deformed, ugly rose like me?" For because of its lack of soil and sunshine and moisture it was pinched and misshapen.

One day as the sun shone high in the heavens there came along the hill path a ragged woman who clasped in her arms a white faced infant. They sat down beside the rose tree to rest, and when the baby opened its eyes the first thing it noticed was the rose. Reaching out its tiny fingers, it gave a little cry.



SHE GAVE IT TO THE CHILD.

and the mother, breaking off the flower, gave it to the child. Then they arose and went on their way to the town. When they reached it, the mother had no food to give to her little one and tried to sell the rose for money to buy something to eat. But the town people only laughed at the little deformed rose. The rose thought its heart would break, because of all things in the great world it seemed the most worthless. By and by the little child, which was very ill, died, lying on its starving mother's breast, with the little rose still lovingly clasped in its fragile fingers.

That night as the woman watched alone by her dead a wonderful white robed angel with a shining crown upon its head came down from paradise for

the little child's soul, and he saw the flower in the tiny hand. The angel understood how the little child had loved the poor, uncouth blossom, and he lifted the rose to his lips and kissed it. The subtle fragrance of his breath sank deep into the heart of the flower and it knew no more until it awakened in the queen's rose garden.

With her staidest air the queen was listening to the stories of the splendor and achievements of the first two roses.

When she came to the third rose, pitying glance took in the hopelessness of the flower, and, seeing this in grief the rose rustled its leaves, and the most wonderful fragrance was wafted through the garden.

"Whence came this?" exclaimed the queen. "It is like the scent that is wafted over the walls from the flowery meads where the little children play in paradise. Speak, little dwarfed rose! Whence comes this fragrance?"

But the little rose only shook its head and said, "I only know that a pale lit



"THE GIFT IS ALREADY YOURS," the child held me in her fingers and died, and afterward an angel kissed me."

Then the Rose Queen stepped down from her throne, and, picking up the little dwarfed rose, she caressed it and said: "The gift is already yours, little rose, and what the lips of the angel have breathed into you shall be yours, and your children's always." And the other roses were so envious that they withered all away, while the little rose in the queen's garden became strong and beautiful.

And since then roses have always been gifted with a wonderful fragrance, the memory of an angel's kiss. ALICE DE BERDT.

**Two Little Americans.**

When Cousin Mabel returned from America, bringing two little Yankee dogs with her, you can imagine how eager the little English cousins were to see them. The puppies were such funny, brown little fellows! They were not mastiffs nor pugs nor spaniels nor like any dogs that the little folks had ever seen before. When they squeaked out their droll, tiny bark and jerked their little bushy tails, the children could not help laughing.

The little fellows were named Yankee and Doodle, and they were a credit to their native country. In fact, they were model puppies. They did not tease the cat nor chase the chickens nor care for any of the tricks that tempt other little dogs into mischief. They never even played with a bone, for, strange to say, they were strict vegetarians.

Perhaps it was because they had seen so much of the world that they were so wise and well behaved. They had come away over the big green ocean, which perhaps looked to them something like the big green prairie.

The first thing they could remember was living in a nice, snug village with hundreds of little playmates. It was a very queer village. The houses were not built, but dug in the ground, and in these houses there was not a man, woman or child, for only families of dogs lived in them. Ah, now you have guessed, have you not, that these dogs were only prairie dogs?

The little Americans seemed to like their English home and lived there very happily till one day a stupid terrier mistook poor Doodle for a rat or squirrel, I don't know which, and put an end to his harmless little life.

Yankee, however, continued to thrive, and Mabel and he were capital friends. He used to climb her knee and poke his little head into her apron pockets for dainties which she hid there for her dear doggie. If he found nothing, he would jerk his little tail and bark so funnily, as if to say, "I want my dinner!"

Now, although Yankee was usually so good, I must confess that once he was guilty of a naughty caper. Mabel's mother had prepared a great number of thick, wadded coverlets for cold weather. They reached from the shelf of the linen closet almost to the ceiling and looked so clean and soft and warm! Yankee thought this would be a fine place for a burrow, so he nibbled his way, alas, through every one of those nice coverlets and cuddled down cozily inside. Perhaps he dreamed that he was snug at home once more in Prairie Town.

If you ever go to London, you can see Yankee in the great museum where the stuffed animals are kept, for he was a "really, truly" doggie, and his funny little figure has been admired by thousands of little British boys and girls.—Youth's Companion.

**In Other Terms.** Teacher—Now, boys, express in other words this sentence: "What is the use of complaining?" Mickey O'Brien—Wot's yuse complain' of?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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1810	7,320,881	2,012,398	37	To the 3rd .....
1820	9,638,453	2,317,572	32	To the 4th .....
1830	12,860,020	3,221,567	33	To the 5th .....
1840	17,660,483	4,200,433	33	To the 6th .....
1850	23,191,876	6,132,423	35	To the 7th .....
1860	31,443,321	8,251,455	35	To the 8th .....
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22	To the 9th .....
1880	50,155,783	11,607,412	30	To the 10th .....
1890	62,082,250	12,466,467	25	To the 11th .....
				To the 12th .....
				To the 13th .....
				To the 14th .....
				To the 15th .....
				To the 16th .....
				To the 17th .....
				To the 18th .....
				To the 19th .....
				To the 20th .....

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