

THE AUTUMN BRIDE.

HER GOWN AND HOW THE BRIDESMAIDS SHOULD BE DRESSED.

Watteau Plaits are a Feature of Some of the Most Elegant of This Fall's Wedding Gowns—The Draped Corsage is Fashionable.

For sentimental reasons June decidedly is the ideal month for marrying. The scent of myrtle roses abloom, smiling blue skies, the tone of gladness that pervades early summer and all the traditions and associations of the time incline the bride to select it for her wedding, but from a practical viewpoint there is much to be said in favor of the fall wedding, and next to June no other time of year is so popular for it. The lack of freshness is



A Pretty Gown for the House.

Light all-wool serge and lace were used for this costume.

compensated for, to some degree, by the greater comfort that lower temperature brings with it, and if there is less daintiness in nature there is greater richness and brilliancy. An autumn wedding in the country is one of the most beautiful and picturesque affairs possible.

Only a few years ago it was much the custom among fashionable folk to postpone their weddings until they could have them celebrated in one of the big city churches, with the pomp attendant upon an affair of the winter social season. Nowadays they are more likely to hasten the wedding, so as to have it in some little chapel by the sea or among the mountains with a breakfast at a country house, to which guests are brought by special train. There may be as much ostentation in a country wedding as in one with the city for a background, but the appearance of avoiding ostentation is achieved, and that is likely to pass current for the real thing. Besides, ignoring fashion altogether, there is a beauty and a sentiment about a wedding where greenward, clustering foliage and open sky prevail that necessarily are absent in the city, be the ecclesiastical and social pomp ever so great. Nature helps out the decorative scheme beautifully.

The gowns and all the preparations for the ceremony nowadays are as elaborate for the out-of-town weddings as for the urban celebrations. Watteau plaits are a feature of some of the most elegant of this fall's wedding gowns. One had the train to be in this way, a choux of satin marking its attachment to the corsage, which was plaited with small tucks below the piece of rare lace that formed the collar and the upper part of the corsage. Frills of lace extended from the shoulders to the soft, broad centre. The sleeves were particularly graceful, terminating in revers of lace beneath which were two puffs and a ruffle of mousseline de soie. The skirt was trimmed beautifully with a graduated founce of lace beaded with orange blossoms. Another wedding gown was made in the Princess style, with a large Watteau plait down the front extending from a deep, double-pointed collar of guipure placed over a drapery of mousseline de soie which was continued over the tops of the sleeves. One of the June brides, the daughter of a Montana millionaire, introduced the Watteau plait in the gown. In her case the plait was made of costly lace.

The draped corsage is fashionable for wedding gowns, and is exceedingly becoming to slender figures. A gown is being made now for a petite young woman whose wedding is one of the near events. The skirt of this gown is cut with a marked flare, has a long full train and is untrimmed. The bodice is made with a tight-fitting back and a draped front below a ruffle of plaited mousseline de soie and insertion. The drapery is caught with a rosette on the left side, from which a long scarf of silk tulle with ruffled ends falls almost to the bottom of the skirt. Tucks and plaits are favored as much for wedding gowns as for other gowns. An ivory white Oriental satin has the skirt tucked from the waist to the knees, except for a panel, breadth in front. The bodice is tucked to correspond below a yoke of more fully tucked mousseline. The sleeves are of a graceful bell shape, in lace and satin, with underleaves of plaited mousseline. The long court train is entirely of lace, and is lined with chiffon. It is fastened to the shoulder and caught in to the waist with orange blossoms.

Another recent bride wore a piece of handsome lace, a family heirloom for a while, and her gown of ivory Duchesse satin was trimmed with lace placed by her mother. While many brides elect to carry a prayer-stand in white, the majority of those who are in the less formal and more

decorative custom of carrying flowers. Orchids are perhaps the most popular, as well as the most luxurious flower for the fall bride, but many disregard seasons and choose lilies of the valley, roses or some other favorite flower. Scarcely less important than the attire of the bride is that of her attendants. The effect of the bridal procession may be made or marred by the appearance of the bridesmaids. Their gowns not only should be beautiful in themselves, but should be chosen with a view to setting off advantageously the bride, who is the central figure. Because she usually is dressed wholly in white, some color is introduced into the sartorial scheme of her attendants. When there is a maid of honor she sometimes is gown to correspond with the bridesmaids, but more frequently her gown has some distinctive feature. At a pretty September wedding the maid of honor wore a gown of pale pink silk, while two of the four bridesmaids were attired in white organdie over pink and the other two in white organdie over green, all made alike and elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edge.

THE PARISIENNE

Dress Exemplified By Them a Fine Art.

A woman who knows the feminine side of Paris thoroughly has this to say of the French elegance, who she declares, is decidedly more luxurious in details than her English rival, possibly the Englishwoman may spend more money on her toilet than the Parisienne, but the latter can contrive to make her small person a veritable temple of luxury. Her gowns are miracles of fragrance, and if she walks a hundred paces the air is perfumed with her passing. No vulgar odor but amber, cyclamen or orchid. Her petticoat, on nine occasions in ten, is more elaborate than her gown, her cheapest corset—and she will possess at least half a dozen—costs eight dollars, every stitch of her lingerie is done by hand, and her sunshade handle might be sought throughout London and discovered only at a bond street jeweler's. The Lilliputian handkerchief which lies in her lap is lifted by the most languid zephyr, so gossamer is its texture, and its tiny tucks and embroidery represent a week's skilled labor. Her vest is unique, a mystery, and her insignificant cambric collar and cuffs cost fifty francs in the Rue de la Paix. It is in this perfection of detail which stamps the higher class Parisienne as the veriest high priestess of fashion. Englishwomen, wealthy well bred, far more beautiful than their Gallic rivals give less intelligent thought to dress as a fine art, and suffer by comparison. The corset, which fixes the crown of the whole toilet, is in England



A very elegant evening wrap in beige broadcloth, decorated elaborately with pale green panne velvet applique and strapings. The model is a late Paris importation.

too often a ready-made affair, expensive, no doubt, but modeled according to the British manufacturers' idea of plastic beauty, which can be summoned up in one word—"seraglieness." If you buy a nineteen-inch waisted corset your shoulders and hips are bound to be compressed into the nineteen-inch standard. But go to a minor corsetiere, in a second-rate street and you will cease to wonder how it is that the Paris bourgeoisie wears her clothes better than the wife of an English squire.

The Frenchwoman studies the effect of her clothes, and values them. Her loose vest hangs faultlessly over an under bodice of white silk, exquisitely fitting. Her silk petticoat clings around her hips without a crease; her dress skirt fits her waist snugly; it sweeps the ground, but the cloth or silk rests on a balayouse, or sweeper, or ruffled silk or mullin. Her hat or toque, if she be a grande elegante, is posed by Lanthier on her elaborate coiffure, and the silhouette is perfect. She invariably wears a dark frock for walking; black for churchgoing; displays her arms and shoulders at the opera, at balls and dinner parties and veils the discreetly at restaurant dinners, in hotels, casinos and the trellis.

Her gait is that of a somewhat self-conscious princess, ridiculous to Britons at first sight, but which compares favorably with the stride or shambling of the average Englishwoman in the long run. The keynote of her existence is success, and to attain that end she polishes and sharpens her feminine weapons—the culture and adornment of her person. From the Englishwoman she borrows physical culture and excessive cleanliness; from the odalisque, artificial coloring and subtle perfumes; the art of dress was born with her, and her chic stands in lieu of genuine red and white, of the golden hair and flower-like faces of the chilly north.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers.

"Wait a minute," said the latter, as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said. "They're for grandma."

"Yes," assented the giver, "with my love."

"Well, I do declare!" observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me! I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies!"

"Just with one old lady," he said, laughing. "You see it is this way. When I was a boy this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house where I had been boarding with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away; no one would miss me."

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard, he and his mother were saying good-by. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him."

"Good-bye, my boy, God bless you!" I heard her say.

No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me. I said to myself, bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"Good-bye, Davie!" she said gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands and I would not look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh! so sweetly, "I can hear her now, even after all these years. 'Davie, my dear boy, don't you go to say good-bye to Dan's mother. Aren't you, Davie?'"

I turned and took her hands; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

"Good-bye, Davie," she said. "I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you."

The gentleman's lips quivered. "The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. 'Good-bye, Davie, I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" questioned his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."

Down in Texas, several years ago a middle-aged man was convicted in court of stealing, and sent to the penitentiary for a long term. He was duly sentenced, and the sheriff fixed a day upon which he should be taken to the State prison.

As he arrived and the official, with a string of convicts handcuffed together, was at the station waiting for the train. While the group sat in the depot a little old woman in a black, with a face in which the fingers of sorrow had plucked great furrows appeared at the door. She looked at the string of prisoners intently, then a light of recognition came over her face. She stepped up to the group of unfortunates and laid her hand on the arm of a big, coarse fellow with a heavy red moustache.

The man turned and looked at the little woman. "Mother," he exclaimed. That was all. Big tears came into his eyes. They did not stay there, but crowded one another out to have down the rough face, red now with shame. They ran into the big moustache and off the end of it. Then he recovered himself. The little woman was not crying—people sometimes get beyond that.

"What are you doing here?" the big man sobbed.

"I came, my son," said the little woman with furrows in her face, "to see you off."

"To see me off?" The man was amazed.

"Yes, Henry, when you was such a little boy that you had never been out of the home yard alone, I went to the gate with you the first day you ever went to the store by yourself. I watched you the three blocks of the distance until your chubby feet carried you into the little country store your father kept. Then when you were six and started for school, I went to the gate with you again, and told you how to act in the school room. You went away on a visit when you were ten, and I went to the depot with you and your uncle, then I kissed you good-bye before the cars started."

How the tears were flowing from the big man's eyes.

"Yes," and the little woman sighed a bit. "Then you got to be sixteen, and wanted to go to St. Louis. It was hard to part with you, but we did it—your father and I—and I went to the little depot with you and kissed you. You remember, don't you?"

The other prisoners were interested now, and the sheriff took in every word.

"Then you were married, Henry, I went to see you bound by law and God to that dear, sweet Mary who is now—"

"Don't—don't!" almost shrieked the big man.

"Yes," the little woman went on, unheeding, "and now you are going away again, and I must kiss you."

The train is coming; Henry, kiss your old mother."

The sheriff had not moved. Ordinarily he would have told the man to move on. But he waited now. The big man bowed and tried to hide his quivering hands.

"Kiss me, Henry," the old lady repeated. The head moved lower, and the big red moustache almost covered the little face with the furrows in it.

Then the gang started to the train. As the cars began to move the little woman sood on the platform. She caught a glimpse of her big son through the car window. She waved a little black-bordered handkerchief at him. "Good-bye, Henry," she called out feebly, and then, through force of habit formed when she sent her little son to school, she murmured, "Be a good boy."

One of the gang of prisoners told afterward that the little scene in the depot was greater punishment to each man there than his respective term of imprisonment.

THE DIVINE HEART.

Some Valuable Instructions For Members of the League to Promote Virtue.

Blessed are those who accept the invitation of the Sacred Heart and practice this beautiful devotion. They find that His burden is light, and their hearts are cheered daily with encouragement. They feel confident of their salvation and rejoice accordingly in the gifts bestowed upon them.

Where before they were in doubt, gloom, and discouragement, now true living confidence fills them with joy. They can not rest satisfied with receiving all these blessings for themselves but are continually seeking to share them with their neighbor, knowing by doing this they are doing a work most pleasing to the Sacred Heart.

A sermon during a late mission contained one thought, which would be well for all of us to remember. A number of hermits after spending the whole night in prayer were about to separate. The oldest hermit said, "Now let us commence to-day to do something for God; what we have done is so little."

So let it be with us, let us commence now and do something for the Sacred Heart that has done so much for us. What we have done is very little. Let us strive each day to make the devotion better known in season and out of season. Wherever we find indifferent Catholics not to rest until we have enrolled them in the League of the Sacred Heart.

September, October, November and December, will be eventful months for the League of the Sacred Heart, as with them the year of the General Consecration the Sacred Heart, will end. During this time every Promoter and associate should strive to have every member of their parish enrolled so that all may share in the blessing and grace this devotion so abundantly brings.

Those who have already done something should do more, and those that as yet have done nothing should at this, the eleventh hour, enter the harvest field and their reward will be exceedingly great.

To-day is ours, let us use it, for our best advantage, to-morrow is uncertain, we may not be alive, or be disabled by sickness or accident, while we can let us make good use of the opportunities so abundantly given us to repent of the past and commence a new life. All we have to do is to will it, and desire it most earnestly, and God will grant us grace to live as he wishes us to.

Make the morning offering if you are a member of the League and make it from your heart and your prayers, works and sufferings will be sanctified.

If you are not a member become one at once. If it is not established in your parish, do your best to institute it there and many blessings will be yours.—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

According to the Propaganda File 120 Catholic missionaries in China have been murdered in the recent troubles in China.

During the month of August pilgrimages have arrived in Rome from America, Sardinia, Sicily, Trent, Naples, Foligno, Bologna, Syracuse etc. The Holy Father accorded special audiences in many cases to the pilgrims.

A beautiful altar rail in marble and onyx for St. Patrick's church Washington, D. C., will be placed in position shortly. The new altar of this church is said to be a marvel of beauty, both in design and execution.

The new school house which was recently blessed at Devine, Texas, was almost entirely built by the pastor, Father Metzinger, and the material has been largely paid for out of his own meagre salary and stipends.

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith beg leave to inform its members and all those interested in its truly Catholic work that the new Assistant Director General is the Rev. J. Fierl, D. C. L., formerly missionary in Arizona and lately professor of Canon Law in the Seminary of Boston, Mass. The reverend gentleman will reside at the headquarters of the association, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., where he may be addressed in all business matters pertaining to the society.

The fourth annual rally of the Holy Name societies connected with the Roman Catholic church in Brooklyn, took place recently with parades through the streets and religious exercises in the churches. The city was divided into twelve districts. In all there were about 15,000 men who participated in the rally. The services consisted of prayer, singing, a sermon and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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| Year | Total Population | Increase | Per Cent. | Prizes To Be Awarded as Follows; |
|------|------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| 1790 | 3,929,214 | 029,214 | .74 | To the nearest correct guess \$15,000 |
| 1800 | 5,308,483 | 1,379,269 | .26 | To the 2nd..... 5,000.00 |
| 1810 | 7,327,881 | 2,019,398 | .27 | To the 3rd..... 1,000.00 |
| 1820 | 9,638,453 | 2,317,572 | .24 | To the 4th..... 500.00 |
| 1830 | 12,860,020 | 3,221,567 | .25 | To the 5th..... 400.00 |
| 1840 | 17,068,453 | 4,209,433 | .25 | To the 6th..... 300.00 |
| 1850 | 23,191,876 | 6,123,423 | .26 | To the 7th..... 200.00 |
| 1860 | 31,443,371 | 8,251,495 | .26 | To the 8th..... 150.00 |
| 1870 | 38,558,371 | 7,115,000 | .18 | To the 9th..... 100.00 |
| 1880 | 50,155,783 | 11,607,412 | .23 | To the 10th..... 75.00 |
| 1890 | 62,628,250 | 12,466,467 | .20 | To the 11th..... 50.00 |
| | | | | To the 12th..... 40.00 |
| | | | | To the 13th..... 30.00 |
| | | | | To the 14th..... 25.00 |
| | | | | To the 15th..... 20.00 |
| | | | | To the 16th..... 15.00 |
| | | | | To the 17th..... 10.00 |
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| | | | | To the 19th..... 5.00 |
| | | | | To the 20th..... 2.50 |
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| | | | | To the next 100 nearest correct guesses, \$4.00 each, amounting to..... 400.00 |
| | | | | To the next 100 nearest correct guesses, \$2.50 each, amounting to..... 250.00 |
| | | | | To the next 200 nearest correct guesses, \$2.00 each, amounting to..... 400.00 |
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REMEMBER That The First Prize Is \$15,000

The Press Publishing Association has deposited \$25,000 in the Central Savings Bank of Detroit, Mich., for the express purpose of paying the prizes as the following letter shows:

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