

OUR FASHION LETTER

FURS ARE THE THING FOR THIS WINTER.

Fur Garments Are No Longer a Luxury—Fashion Dictates No Special Skin to be Worn—Every Woman May Suit Her Own Fancy.

Merchants and modistes agree that this is the best fur season in years. The merchants say that money is plentiful, so a good deal is coming to him, because he sells what we most want. The modiste insists that furs are no longer a luxury nor to be regarded in the light of extra garments for cold weather.

They are decorative parts of feminine dress and to be chosen as much as any other accessories for their color and texture.



About the only person who is down on the wearing of furs is the family physician. His warnings are based on observations made in previous winters. He says that furs are injurious because they muffle and weaken the throat.

This they may have done in other times, but now they do not. Notice any dozen women you meet. Unless the temperature is way down the coat or boa is worn wide open at the front. Only the back and sides of the neck are muffled. There is something about the front of the feminine neck which does not feel the cold this season.

Boas now are chained on. The united links measure half a dozen inches. On cheaper furs the metal is lacquered in the color of the fur, but chains of precious metals set with gems may be found at the jeweler's. And there is a Christmas hint to the man who seeks a novel gift for a fair one who possesses all the usual bijouterie.

A new use for curious old bracelets also may be found in the need of chains for boas.

In the order in which furs are desired, imperial Russian sable comes first, as ever. But, as foreigners say, it is far from the purse of any but "Americans (millionaires) and princes." When a muff from four skins may cost, as is not uncommon, \$1,050, there is nothing to do but pass on.

Here is a small box of two skins for \$725, but the skins probably are as fine and soft as angels' hair, and marvelously rich in their brown coloring are they.

These are "top" prices for Russian sables. Inferior qualities range all the way down to \$20 for a muff, which looks utterly tagged in its cheap tan-colored hues.

Hudson's Bay sables are to be preferred to cheap varieties of Russian. Boas of this fur range from \$40 to \$375, and they are beautiful. Indeed, when one has not felt the fineness of imperial Russian, Mink boas are from \$15 to \$50, and the best of them look pretty and wear well.

"Moire" is as good a name as another for the exquisite material. And it is the name favored by the merchant who showed to the writer many handsome garments made from it. Each wrap was tried on by a tall, picturesque model, who, in a trained black cloth skirt, white silk waist and fluffed reddish brown hair, took several proud steps in every cloak.

Fur garments are made with 38-inch bust and 21-inch waist measure. But they are altered easily enough to other dimensions. What has become of our 18-inch belt, by the way, when fashionable furriers recognize 24 inches as the standard.

Silken Persian is the pet of the young lamb, and is hard to find. Nor is it considered so beautiful as the "breadtail" or unborn lamb. Persian lamb, so-called, is the mature animal. It is handsome and durable.

The picture-woman of the promenade first donned a Louis XV. coat of moire which came below the knees. The gorgeous thing fitted her as if it had been made for her. And perhaps it had. Why not? The wrap had sleeves comfortably full so far as the wrist. There they spread to accommodate any flowing sleeves. Deep cuffs of Russian sable, tails dangling, a flat collar of half a dozen inches in depth trying upon the shoulders and finishing at the corsage with more tails, were the fur trimmings.

There were six brilliantly cut steel buttons on the bodice of the coat. These were used as trimmings. The gorgeous lining was yellow silk, with pompadour flowerings burned in.

She was helped in the removal of this regal wrap and in putting on a similar coat of seal-skin—but of seal-skin glorified!

There was the flowing sleeve of the period and the sable cuff; the rolling collar, which extended in revers to the

waist, was of sable; the inset vest of white satin embellished with embroidery.

And a muff of seal-skin? Seldom nowadays. The muff was of fine Russian sable. The lining of all this gorgeousness was rich white satin, without figurings. This material is favored more than any other, though the right of any woman of taste to indulge her caprices or her principle in dress is recognized fully by the knowing furrier.

There is always the woman who has her finings and lingerie ribbons of pink or blue or violet. And that settles without reflection the hue of the "doubleure" of her fur wrap. Others like the delicate flowered impressionistic silks and satins which harmonize with anything. Nor can it be said that dark satin linings with brocade blossoms have gone by. It all depends upon the general style and what one goes in for.

Other lovely things tried on by the picture woman with the princess poise were a cape of rich chinchilla of good length, nearly to the knee, with upstanding collar and flowery lining. This luxurious wrap was among the few which were without decoration of a second sort of fur.

A seal-skin ulster, with train, unlined, waiting for its wearer, was exhibited. It was essentially a carriage wrap, and the woman who bought it would need one or two more fur or other garments for general use. A marvelous sable cape, the small skins matched with the exceeding care of a true artist; a long Raglan coat made from silken Persian; a short jacket of moire Persian, with flat collar of chinchilla, flowing sleeves and cut steel buttons; another of seal with the same sort of sleeves and fronts that can be worn open or closed were among the rich things.

"The most popular long garment we have," repeated the manager. "This, by far. We cannot make them fast enough."

It was a full length, loose back broadcloth paletot. The lining throughout was the pelt of the gray squirrel, the wide collar and deep cuffs were of black marten; the price, \$275.

Other versions of the same model are made in gayer colorings. The lining usually is squirrelskin, but the "top" as the furriers call it, as likely as not is blood-red cloth, the collar



ofuffs of ermine. The red paletot, on this wrap in any of the more striking colorings, is not praised by conservative dealers for any but carriage and evening use.

The black variety is that delight of the economical, a garment which may be worn anywhere at any hour of a winter day. The trimming fur may be chinchilla or Hudson's Bay sable, or whatever else may be suitable or desired. The model, long, warm, protecting a delicate gown or concealing one whose first youth is passed, is the definite thing. Colors are an individual matter.

THE HOME.

The lacquered brass knobs and trimmings used on furniture are best cleaned with a soft cloth wet in alcohol. All unlacquered brasses should be first washed in warm soapsuds and then rubbed with salt and vinegar applied with a flannel cloth.

When ink is spilled on the carpet mop up as much as possible with blotting paper. Then apply milk with a bit of rag, changing the milk when dirty. When the ink has been removed wash with ammonia and water and then the stain will vanish.

Where a little child is the hope of a home, the unmentionable oen must tax his powers to obtain an entrance. Fruit should be a large portion of one's breakfast.

Women dislike a womanly man as will men hate a manly woman. Any man can make himself conspicuous by carrying a string of fish up the street.

Extravagance always forgets that pay day will come some time.

Apple sauce made from sweet apples and cider is delicious. Pare, core and quarter the apples, cover them with hot water and stew gently until tender. The water should by this time be quite well boiled away. Now add either sweet cider or a mixture of boiled cider and water, together with as much sugar as may be necessary. Cook fifteen or twenty minutes, then cool and keep in covered jars.

To make a cement for corked bottles, melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing wax, the same quantity of resin, a couple of ounces of beeswax. When it froths stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as it melts dip the mouths of the corked bottles into it. This is an excellent way to exclude the air from such things as are injured by being exposed to it.

Of the people of Boston only 35 per cent. are native born of native parents, while sixty-five per cent. are foreigners.

CATHOLIC TRUTH

FATHER SUTTON'S MISSIONARY WORK.

Instructing Non-Catholics on Points of Church Doctrine—The Recent Mission at Portsmouth, N. H., Largely Attended.

Father Sutton's lectures to non-Catholics at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Portsmouth, N. H., attracted wide attention and created a very good feeling. An Adventist preacher has come out with an announcement of a course of sermons in "reply," but if those who hear him are led to enquire further, the results may be better even than were expected.

This was the first mission of the kind ever known to New Hampshire's one seaport. On the first night there was an attendance of 300 enquirers. The second night these earnest non-Catholics numbered not less than 600 and on some of the subsequent evenings there were as many as 800 of them in the church. The daily newspapers of the city gave much space to the lectures, and those who were not able to attend read these accounts with much interest. In fact, an observant reporter who has occasion to meet many of the leading citizens of Portsmouth each day says that Portsmouth's chief topic of conversation during the week was these lectures and the question box. The answers of Father Sutton to the questions about "Predestination," a "Free Thinker," and the Pope were universally spoken of with great favor and commendation. The questions were generally of a serious turn, showing a keen desire to know the truth. Subjoined we give a few to show the direction in which the non-Catholic mind is groping.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Why do Catholics think that Mary has more power than Christ?

A. We do not think so. All her power comes from Christ. We love and reverence her just because she is the Mother of Christ. And our love for her, therefore, is all on His account.

Q. Why are the Irish people so ignorant?

A. The last United States census gives native-born illiterates at near two millions, and foreign-born illiterates at a little over half a million. This does not show that the Irish are the ignorant ones. Are not your own Irish neighbors as bright and intelligent as other people?

Q. How can I become a Catholic?

A. Call upon the priest and he will give you the necessary instructions, telling you how to know the truth and how to live up to it.

Q. What was the name of the first Pope, and in what year did he take his seat?

A. The word Pope is the "baby" word. "Papa," taken from the Greek. The first man to receive the title was probably Adam, the first father, and there are many popes or "papas" to-night. However, taking the word to designate the visible head of the Church, the first was Peter, who was so appointed by Christ; and when Christ left this world Peter became the visible head of His Church. He went to Rome about A. D. 43.

Q. What is a Freethinker?

A. One who pretends to think as he pleases. And it is a misnomer. The intellect is not free. The object of the intellect is truth; and when truth is presented to it, the intellect, or thinking-box of man, recognizes it. When data are given to the mind it must act necessarily on it as it acts on all. Thus, if I say "All men are white," "John is a man"—my mind must say "John is white." The very nature of our minds is such; hence it becomes an authority in the search after truth. So that there are no such things as free thought and freethinkers. What becomes then of liberty (you say) if there is no free thought? The intellect is not the seat of liberty; those who admit the existence of liberty place it in the will. Liberty consists in the capacity of the soul to will or not to will. Political liberty consists in the right of each one to follow the bent of his will, so long as he does not trench upon the rights of others.

Q. Would a person who has fallen be received in the Catholic Church?

A. I take the word fallen to mean here one who has departed from that life of goodness so pleasing to God. If such a sinful soul returns with a deep sorrow for its wickedness, the church would receive her with open arms. How did Christ act? Did He not receive poor sinners with loving compassion? Such is our office,—to raise the fallen, to console the afflicted, to work in that of Christ. Who said, "I have come to call all sinners to repentance."

In taking up the next question, Father Sutton said that, notwithstanding its length and form, he would read it in full, as had been requested. It is a choice bit of literature:

A parent asked a priest his boy to bless.

Who forthwith charged.

He must first confess.

"Well," said the boy,

"Suppose, sir, I am willing;

What is your charge?"

"To you it is a shilling."

"Must all men pay and all men make confession?"

"Yes, every man of Catholic profession."

"Then whom do you confess to?"

"Why the dean."

"And does he charge you?"

"Yes, a whole thirteen."

"Then, do the deans confess?"

"Yes; sure they do."

Confess to bishops, and that smartly too.

"Do bishops, sir, confess? If so, to whom?"

"Why they confess and pay the Church of Rome."

"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd,—
And does the Pope confess?"
"Oh, yes, to God."
"And does God charge the pope?"
"No," quoth the priest, "God charges nothing."
"Oh, then God is best."
God then is able to forgive, and always willing;
To God I will confess, and save my shilling."

"I will not take up your time in answering this charge," said Father Sutton, in an amused but somewhat tired manner, "for it can be answered by any Catholic child in the city of Portsmouth. Any one of them, no matter how limited his knowledge concerning his Church, will tell you that no charge whatever is made to have sins forgiven."

The reverend missionary thereupon turned to an altar boy and said: "Come, little man, did you ever pay to have your sins forgiven?"

The little fellow—a bright boy—stood up and in a clear voice replied: "No, Father."

"Did you ever hear of a priest telling anybody to pay in confession?"

"No, Father."

"To whom does the Pope go to confession?"

"To any priest."

"Good, my little man; that is right."

Then, turning to the congregation, Father Sutton said: "You have the answer, brethren, from this child."

This incident created a sensation, and no doubt left a deep impression on those present. On the last night of the lectures a large audience was present, notwithstanding the gale and a downpour of rain. The Rev. P. J. Finnegan, P. R., thanked the non-Catholics of Portsmouth for their attendance, and extended a cordial invitation to each and all to come to the church at any time. Unquestionably, great good has been done here—Sacred Heart Review.

A MODEL CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

The Annals of the great Paris Society of the Foreign Missions publish in the November number an edifying account of a true "family of missionaries." These were the four sons of a pious Catholic couple of the diocese of Langres, who all joined the above-named Society and all became missionaries to the Far East. Father Joseph Blet, the eldest, sailed in 1854 for Manchuria, to which mission he was appointed, but in the course of his long voyage was seized by pirates and thrown into the sea on June 12, 1855. The next brother, Father Alexander, went out to Tibet in 1859, and after a long and eventful missionary career died in the sanatorium at Hong Kong on May 29, 1891. A third brother, Felix, also went out to Tibet in 1864. He eventually became Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Tibet, and has just recently died (Sept. 9, 1901). Lastly, Father Louis Blet went out to Burma in 1868 and was assassinated at Moumein on September 4, 1886. A unique family record! Add to this that the eldest brother of all—for there were five—became a Trappist, after having been for some time a law student, and died in the Grande Trappe of Mortagne. Out of humility, he always refused to take orders. Of two sisters, one became a Sister of Charity and was sent to Peru. The father of this model Christian family once said to a priest, who relates the fact: "Ah, father, if I were but younger, I would go out to China to become my sons' catechist."

THE SISTERS AND THE VILLAGE INFIDEL.

It was a faithful saying, remarks the Ave Maria, that the ennobling and hallowing power of the Catholic religion is realized in some measure by every one who comes into contact with our Sisters. The influence exerted by them in thousands of parishes is well known to us, but it is only occasionally that we learn of the effects of their life and labors on those outside the Church.

A venerable convert who for a time was the only Catholic in the rural district, where he resided, told us last month of the mighty change wrought in the village infidel by two Sisters who, during an epidemic of some sort, had been summoned from the nearest city to help nurse the sick. At first he raged, then wondered in silence, and finally expressed a wish to know what Catholics had to say for themselves. The book of instruction which was put into his hands was read with eagerness, but seemingly without making any impression, until some time afterward an anti-Catholic lecturer made his appearance and announced his willingness to enlighten the inhabitants, for a moderate tax per capita, on the iniquity of Romanism. Then the village infidel was heard from, asserting himself with his accustomed energy.

He had been doing "considerable tall thinking," as he expressed it, and was now prepared to speak his mind. We regret very much that we cannot quote his picturesque words in full. "Look here, stranger," he said, addressing the lecturer, "if you don't get out of this town in pretty much of a hurry there's goin' to be trouble—a whole lot of it. Of course you can stay if you insist on it; but if you do, we're going to give you a suit of war and feathers. And I don't mind telling you that I intend to be 'round to see that it fits. As for them books of yours, they're goin' to be kept out of sight or burnt! There ain't no Catholics in this place, and we don't know nothin' much, none of us about the Catholic Church. But there was two Sisters down here lately tendin' the sick, and we've got our eyes opened to other conditions!"

Rev. Simon J. Wiczkorek, pastor of St. Hedwig's Polish church, Toledo, Ohio, whose funeral took place last week, bequeathed to the parish his entire fortune, amounting to nearly \$100,000. It is composed largely of Toledo real estate. Father Wiczkorek came from a Polish family in Poland.

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