

OUR FASHION LETTER

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR WOMEN OF TASTE

The Prevailing Fashions in Dainty Underwear and Sleeping Gowns—All of These Must Fit Perfectly—The Latest.

Fits, perfect fits, are the watchwords of the latest lingerie. All heavy materials are banished, and nobody wears lingerie with which to keep herself warm. Its purposes are tidiness and beauty.

Is one cold? There are cotton, silk or wool garments made to wear under the stays which afford all the warmth permissible, even all that is necessary.



Every article worn outside the corsets must be perfectly shapely, or so soft that the outer dress crushes it into nothing which mars the outline of the figure as marked by the princess gown.

The objection to everything in the least aggressive in ruffles on undermuslin (above the knees) even extends to robes de nuit. Flat trimmings outline the half-love necks of nightgowns worn by women who are not thin.

By flat trimmings is meant insertings of lace or guipure, with ribbon run under them. Sometimes there are two or three rows of such insertings, and the ends are knotted separately, one above the other, where they escape from the entredeux.

Here, as in the gowns of thin women, frills and jabots are permissible to establish a normal plumpness. Very novel are the new night dresses, which open at the back or not at all.

The latter style has been adopted for the "show" pieces of one of the most conservative houses in town. The garments are put on over the head and the effect is something on the order of the princess gown, the shibboleth of the feminine wardrobe.

More gowns than ever before are made low in the neck and short in the sleeves. The materials are the sheers—satin, cambric, French lawn or cotton mull. In night dresses made to be drawn into the waist with ribbon, the robe from the waist to the uncovered throat often is of lace.

The sleeves also are made of it. Beauty of cut and material are the only matters considered. Is the woman not warm enough? Let her ring for another quilt of down? Is the room cool on arising? For what are all the lovely negligees in the wardrobe?

The Empire nightdress, open V-shaped quite to the waist, is a style affected by many worshippers of the picturesque. The material is gossamer mull, and the waist of the robe is made from alternate insertings of Valenciennes and mull. The same is true of the elbow sleeves and of the six inch frill which quite surrounds the garment at the feet.

There, as elsewhere on feminine dress, is not approved by critical taste, which says that a bow on an article of dress should at least seem to serve some useful purpose. Ribbon run about a skirt at the head of a ruffle seems to unite the frill with the body of the skirt. Runnings through a yoke or any other portion of any bit of lingerie at least have the appearance of use, which artists tell us is essential to beauty.

That extraordinary development in lingerie, the garterette petticoat is manoeuvred with a two and a half inch ribbon. It has been said before that the garterette petticoat is a great frill or mass of frills of silk and lace, worn depending from either garter, and stimulating, when a dress is worn over it, the usual petticoat.

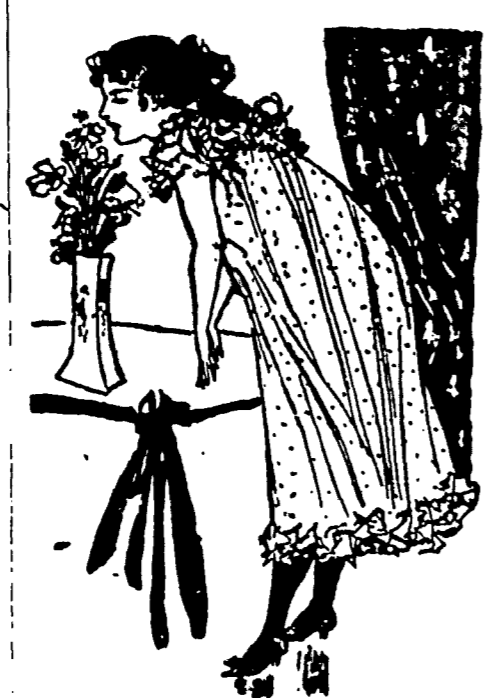
The garterette petticoat has made something of a success. Extremists in devotion to the princess gown find it at all absence of petticoat except the full frills below the knee gives a more statuesque effect. But the garterette petticoat, or, really, petticoats, are so hopelessly ugly that they must be removed the moment the dress skirt is taken off. Silk or woolen equestrian tights are worn with these eccentric ruffings.

Also made to wear with the princess gown, or with one of princess effect, is an expensive petticoat of black silk jersey material, finely woven. The paper on the wall is a loose fit compared with these marvelous yielding petticoats. Like all the others, they are made to stand out like a new bell below the knees. The frills are of taffeta.

There is no reason why the jersey silk petticoats should not be made in all the lovely tints imaginable, for the Veres de Veres.

Practicable petticoats of silk in the main are made from taffeta, body and frills. The worshippers of the princess dress, when they are able to indulge their tastes, refuse the silken petticoats with taffeta body on the ground that it makes wrinkles, even the slightest, at the hips.

So these ultra-fastidious ones wear the sheers of cotton skirts, or those of satin—satin without a bit of stiffness in its treatment. Peach color perhaps is the most oftentimes seen in soft skirts ready to wear. It harmonizes with everything. The trimmings are deep frills and jabots, of the satin itself, with applications and edgings of ecru lace. Or the ruffles may be of taffeta.



In a corresponding shade. It all depends upon whether one wants the fullness at the hem of her skirt to be stiff or limp; the latter is the more elegant, the former the more theatrical.

Handwork no less fine than that seen on expensive dresses appears on the most luxurious of the new petticoats. With silken bodies, there are ruffings of chiffon and of liberty silk, careful and handsome applications of lace and embroidery. They are made with as great care as if all the world were to see them. And sooner or later it does. For the grains of even the handsomest frocks must be raised at times to escape soiling.

A beautiful example of new petticoat art is made from white peau de soie, with three killed founces of white chiffon edged with black velvet with baby velvet loops and long ends make a slightly decoration. Another black and white petticoat has the body of white satin, the deep founce of white liberty silk spaced narrowly with twenty black velvet ribbons. The founce is accordion plaited after the application of the velvet.

Brocaded silk is esteemed for the making of petticoats. Herein may old party dresses revive some of their past glory. A lovely new idea is worked out in lilac brocade with three narrow frills at the hem of white silk muslin edged by lilac ribbon. Overhanging them is a shaped founce of plain lilac satin with a lace application, which is outlined with embroidered stitches done in lilac.

A practical petticoat for one who must economize and who yet loves daintiness is from black Italian cloth for the body, the deep founces of yama-mai, a new black silk material which wear well. Coming against the shoes is a gathered ruffle, narrow, which may be renewed when it becomes frayed. Over this is a deep frill of the yama-mai, which has been accordion plaited. Between this and the outer ruffle is another founce of white taffeta, plaited, and shorter than the black by an inch. This shortening keeps it clean. The surface founce is black net with applications of white lace and embroidery. Everybody has white lace in the house which should serve just this purpose neatly and prettily. It is quite surprising what effects may be had from ere wafers of lace when they are applied with a frame of shirred ribbon.

It may be observed that, notwithstanding all the hard feelings, John Bull continues to buy wheat and cotton. He may have his fits of disgust with the opinionated and bumptious Americans, who are so cranky as to have opinions of their own, but the hard-headed old fellow is also aware of the bad policy of quarrelling with his bread and butter. Bread and cotton, with a due admixture of wheat and pork, are highly essential to the British nation.

getting the shadow, and when he knew that he had seen the pistol and with it and his misery and his life.

A long silence succeeded this weird tale and then Clotilde asked in a broken voice: "Is it then that the sleigh is a ghost?"

"Yes, petite, a—what you call phantoms."

"I am not afraid. I accept, and will pray to give the poor ghosts peace."

"It was not like the Romp-Garou, not to the mind of Clotilde half as dreadful, but she was not really afraid of these because her old uncle had much sense, and he did not believe one of these stories, although tell them he did and most graphically.

Again on the following evening came the sound of bells, and this time Clotilde went not near the door, but sat moving her sweet lips in prayer. Then the door was flung violently open and a brusque, cheery voice called:

"Hello, there, Victor, Alphonse, you varlets, where are you hiding?"

Certainly this was no ghost, and the three women who clung about his neck gave frantic evidence of joy at his coming. Clotilde was not one of the there. A big old man in a fox-skin coat had taken her in his arms and was talking to her in gentle burr, the old uncle who had told her the dreadful stories, and then she slipped one small hand into her lover's and looked at him with shy, happy eyes.

It was so good of you to come instead of the ghost, she said, when later they sat cooling in a corner while the uncle, who was a great favorite with the young Gaspard, was making himself agreeable to the ladies.

"Then you know, dear little one?" said the young man, "and you are not afraid to make your home in the Chateau Frontenac?"

"Not with my Gaspard," came the soft answer, "but I like it better if the ghosts came not, and your sisters, they are sorry, too. But afraid—no!"

"What of this so much being afraid?" asked a gruff voice, and the old uncle of Clotilde hobbled over to the corner where snatches of their conversation located the two lovers.

Then he was told the story of the ghostly sleigh, and looked wise and thoughtful for the rest of the evening. The shrewd French Canadian was filled with marvelous stories of ghosts which he loved to relate, but not one of which he believed, not even his stock right-story, the legends of Loup-Garou.

The next morning Uncle Pierre was missing from the chateau, but no one was disturbed. He had taken his gun and would return when he pleased, which was at nightfall, and simultaneously with his coming rang out the jangling, invisible bells.

He found the family shivering around the great fire as if they were stricken with deadly cold. Even Gaspard looked troubled and the little Clotilde was trying to assure him that she was not "Oh, no, not the least afraid!"

"Fine in the night," he said in salutation, "and the air is the clear, so you hear-r-r, oh, so far! Heard, you not, my Clotilde, the sleighbells that come me with?"

"Oh, oh," cried the ladies of the chateau in a faint chorus; "the bells do make our hearts to shake," and they said an audible prayer.

"What you make afraid? Not the bells of echo, that the wind do bring to your door for the too sweet music? Pah! Ghost it is not at all, but the r-r-ravine and the hills, they do make of the bells of the sleighing company, the echo which for the minu-t-o stop at your door: 'tis echo always this so many years that you think it the ghosts."

Uncle Pierre was compelled to escape from the room when the family had accepted his scientific explanation, which he further elaborated in their native tongue, he was so overwhelmed with thanks and praise.

So the shadow was lifted forever from the house of Frontenac, and the story which had so sad an ending and was accountable for the ghosts, is no longer related as the cause of such a dreary effect, and it is now the pleasure of the ladies of the chateau, as it was once the abhorrence, to ask visitors to listen to the "so strange echo," and out of the materials of a tragedy they have really evolved a comedy.

Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

Few Bible Names. Some bright Green Mountain boy has figured out the following: Among the 260 odd towns in Vermont it is curiously noted that only eight bear names taken from the Bible, viz: Goshen, Jericho, Canaan, Eden, Corinth, Athens, Bethel and Sharon. A very great majority of the names are derived from old English sources, either after some English town, like Rochester, Rutland and Manchester, or after some English family, like Dorset, Shrewsbury, Essex, St. Albans and others.

Cunning Sea Gulls. Sea gulls are cunning birds. Recent ly one of them separated from several companions and took his position on a log resting in the water. The under side of the log was covered with barnacles. The bird uttered peculiar cries and was presently joined by several other gulls. A whispered conversation seemed to ensue, and then all the birds stood in a line on one side of the log, near the water. Their weight caused the log to revolve until the barnacle side was uppermost.

American Slate Quarries Abroad. An order for fifty carloads of slate from the Granville quarries has been received from London. This slate, pronounced the best in the world, has been made to introduce it into Europe. The incident suggests tremendous possibilities for the prosperity and upbuilding of Granville, as its slate resources are practically limitless. This slate industry promises to become one of the most important in the State.

Still Buying Our Wheat. It may be observed that, notwithstanding all the hard feelings, John Bull continues to buy wheat and cotton. He may have his fits of disgust with the opinionated and bumptious Americans, who are so cranky as to have opinions of their own, but the hard-headed old fellow is also aware of the bad policy of quarrelling with his bread and butter. Bread and cotton, with a due admixture of wheat and pork, are highly essential to the British nation.

I WONDER WHY. I wonder why hearts change so carelessly. I wonder why the true they have let slip. I wonder why the trembling lips cease to speak. I wonder why the eyes are dimmed. I wonder why the soul is forsaken. I wonder why the heart is cold. I wonder why the love is dead. I wonder why the life is over.

I wonder why we never know ourselves. I wonder why we never look into ourselves and see the black spots that were hidden. I wonder why we never see the true nature of our love. I wonder why we never see the true nature of our life.

I wonder why we never see the true nature of our life. I wonder why we never see the true nature of our love. I wonder why we never see the true nature of our soul. I wonder why we never see the true nature of our heart.

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