

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Some of the New Dress Trimmings Employed.

FASCINATING SUMMER COATS.

Soft and Pretty Materials For Evening Wear—How They May Be Made Effective—Chiffon Boas and Lace Novelties.

The new trimmings are very beautiful, and, although the keynote is embroidery, yet the designs are so varied that there is very little similarity. Russian gauze is shown in curved and straight designs, and the colorings are



WHITE AND SILVER

beautiful. A gauze in three shades of blue, relieved with gold thread, is worked on white canvas, and some slight touches of this on a blue, fawn or brown gown would be charming. Both tailors and dressmakers use these gauzes between stretched strappings of cloth or taffeta, and with a few curves or scrolls at the corners they make attractive trimmings for the short boleros.

The new black braids are very effective. They have medallion arrangements of laceswork which are slightly transparent. The embroidered passementerie for smart gowns is of the floral order, combined with lace and arranged so that it is easily detached in sprays, or groups for applique designs. The borders of lace and embroidery are very handsome also when the pattern contains medallions of flocked lace, surrounded by lace.

An effective evening toilet is the one here shown. It is made of white net, embroidered in silver and appliqued with a pattern of chrysanthemums done in white silk. Around the decolletage there is a garniture of these flowers. There is an empire sash effect of white tulle tied between the shoulders and allowed to hang in full ends to the bottom of the skirt.

The New Dust Coats.

The highwayman coats are very attractive in alpaca or tussore silk to



CHINA SILK WAIST.

use as dust or coaching garments, with just a suggestion of lace at the throat or wrist, and for trimming some tabs of taffeta with handsome buttons. Such a coat is indispensable to the smart woman, for it covers and yet does not crush the daintiest summer gown, which emerges immaculate after a long ride in a carriage or motor.

The fashion of trimming this summer will not appeal to the woman of simple tastes who detests little tassels and pendant ornaments strewn without reason over her gowns. Lace is everywhere, and just now the demand is for heavier makes, such as Russian and Irish crochet.

The hem will be much worn this summer. It is shown with long bouffant for evening wear, when it is even more than the more formal bow.

china silk. The tucking extends down the front in a panel, which is banded by two wide strips of insertion and which give the effect of a yoke. The sleeves have a wide cluster of tucks down the center and a full puff at the wrists. The waist can either button down the back or a little to one side of the front under the insertion.

New Evening Gowns.

There are many soft and pretty materials which can be smartly trimmed with transparencies and lace motifs to form effective and not too costly evening gowns. Crepe de chine is one of these; eolienne is another. Both have gained the approval of women with moderate incomes on account of their cheapness, together with their silky texture.

Creamy white lace robes are mounted on colors or on a yellowish biscuit that, relieved with touches of black scarfs of black chiffon, motifs or insertions of black lace and trimmings of black velvet are all employed on the white lace gown.

The new embroideries on gauze are especially suitable for evening toilets. These form scrolls enclosed in frames of lace and are embellished with colored jewels, beads or sequins, sparingly employed. Medallions of embroidered lace or painted gauze on satin is arranged in similar fashion, forming a continuous trimming, which can be detached for sprays, groups and motifs.

The smart tailor made of veiling seen in the cut has the jacket tucked



VEILING SUIT.

and box plaited into a loose blouse with straight open fronts. The vest is of stitched white silk. The skirt has a straight front gore, and the rest is composed of three box plaited ruffles. The applique trimming is of silk.

The hat is of tulle trimmed with roses and a lace scarf.

Novelties in Lace.

The latest thing in all-over lace shows a design of flowers embroidered in colored silk.

The new chiffon boas are flat instead of round and fall away from the neck. A cordon plaited chiffon is cut in van styles and finished with baby velvet, narrow ruche or a fringe of small blossoms or rose petals. The combination of plaited taffeta and the lace is very smart, especially when completed by long scarf ends of lace to match.

Lace collars are very popular and are to be seen on almost every garment. Irish crochet and tatted laces are the favorites, and big Richelieu collars of Irish lace are worn by those whose figures will allow them. The combination of creamy Irish lace and black and white chiffon is very smart, and a chou of velvet in pale pink or blue makes a dainty finish.

A tasteful dress is shown in the illustration. It is made of all-over lace. The blouse waist has a surprise neck, and



BRIDE'S DRESS.

the opening is brought from right to left. The sleeves are elbow length and tight fitting. The skirt opens over an underdress of white chiffon edged with many ruffles. The girdle is of white mouline ribbon, with long ends hanging down the front, which are knotted twice. JUDITH CHOLLET.

ASHES AT THE HEART

THE FIRE OF FAITH HAS GONE OUT FROM THE SECTS.

Why Protestantism is Unequal to the Self Imposed Task of Winning Over to itself the Catholic Immigrants From Europe.

In April of this year there landed at the port of Boston 7,750 immigrants from Europe. Other ports on the Atlantic seaboard show correspondingly large figures, the total since Jan. 1 at New York having reached 200,000.

"What," the Protestant press in this country is asking, "what is to be done for the spiritual salvation of all these people?"

For instance, the Congregationalist says:

"Coming as most of the present immigrants do from the countries of southern, southeastern and eastern Europe, a very large proportion of them are adherents of the Roman and Greek Catholic churches. The task of assimilating them, of transforming them into typical Americans, independent in matters of religion and politics and hostile to superstition and sacerdotalism, will be a hard and a prolonged one. Neither the Roman nor the Greek church in this country has machinery equal to the task even if the ideal were present.

"The duty devolves upon the Protestant missionary societies and their supporters, who, while they may not properly, still are in duty bound to gather in as fast as may be those persons, and they are numerous, who shortly after they reach these shores deliberately cut loose or unconsciously drift away from the communions in which they have been reared."

What is it that Protestantism, with its "home mission" machinery, offers in place of that of the Roman Catholic church, which is not "equal to the task?"

Listen to the Zion's Herald, organ of the Methodists, speaking of New England:

"The villages, no less than the cities, are becoming hopelessly foreignized. These new people all the way from 10 to 80 per cent of our population, are taking the place of the native stock and are almost exclusively Roman Catholic by inheritance and education and full naturally within the control and culture of Romanism. To hold the Protestant ministry responsible for the fact that they cannot shepherd Roman Catholic flocks is as unjust as it is impracticable."

No more cheerful is the Congregationalist, which, referring to divinity seminaries, of which there are four in New England, urges that these be in some way consolidated in order to curtail expenses. It adds:

"Within nine years the students in attendance on the seven Congregational schools in the United States have decreased from 522 to 350. Yet on a recent Saturday forty ministers were ready to preach the next day at the call of the bureau of ministerial supply in Boston as we learn from its secretary, and only two churches were asking for preachers."

The Congregational church is a great national body. What is the matter with it? What is the matter with all the Protestant denominations?

The matter is that they are all ashes at the heart. The fire of faith has gone out. High priests and laymen, the faithful to the last, are left with the faithless to their own devices.

It is not the fault of the Protestant sects which is equal to the task of winning to themselves the immigrants from Europe. But the fault is in the machinery of the company of Jesus, which is equal to the task, for it is performing that task now and continuously. Boston Republic.

The Rosary.

The illustrious Bossuet, one of the greatest geniuses of the time of Louis XIV., not only recited the rosary assiduously, but also had himself enrolled in the confraternity of the Holy Rosary. In his train we may range all the institutions or reformers of modern congregations. St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, the venerable Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the learned Cardinal de Berulle, the pious Olier, founder and first superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with a crowd of others. Better than that, the kings and great ones of the world have imitated these celebrated men. Father de la Rue, a learned religious of the company of Jesus, relates that one day, being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV., he found him saying his beads. The religious could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised," said the king, "to see me saying the rosary. I glory in saying it. It is a pious custom which I have from the queen, my mother, and I should be very sorry to miss a single day without discharging that duty."

The Exiled Bishop of Wilna.

Cardinal Rampolla has addressed a diplomatic note to the Russian government protesting against the exile to Tver of the bishop of Wilna, whose first fault was that he published a circular persuading Catholic parents not to send their children to the schismatic schools. Mgr. Zwielerowicz is the fourth bishop of that see who has been sent into exile during the last forty years.

Jesuit Students.

The Jesuit students recently acquired a brilliant success at Clarke's Hall, Oxford. At the examinations for the classical moderations two of the three members presented for examination obtained the coveted "first" and the other a "second."

CLERICAL CONVERTS.

Two Episcopal Ministers and Their Families Embrace Catholicity.

The latest convert to the Roman Catholic church from the ranks of the Protestant clergy is the Rev. Rudolph Clement Aischul, a minister of the Reformed Episcopal church, who, with his wife and five children, has recently united with the Catholic communion, having been privately confirmed in his new faith at St. Patrick's cathedral, in New York, by Archbishop Corrigan shortly before the latter's fatal illness.

Mr. Aischul was born in Prague, Bohemia, and went to England, where he studied for the Christian ministry and was ordained as a minister of the Reformed Episcopal church and became an assistant to Bishop Richardson of that denomination. He afterward traveled extensively through continental Europe, lecturing and preaching, and finally came to this country.

Information has been received also of the conversion to Catholicity of the Rev. Robert Perry Eubanks, rector of Grace Episcopal church, Deseroh, Ia., who, with his wife, has adopted the Roman Catholic faith. Mr. Eubanks is a friend of Dr. B. F. De Costa of New York city, once an Episcopal minister, who renounced his faith for that of the Roman Catholic church and whose influence, it is said, was largely responsible for Mr. Eubanks' renunciation of his ministry and religious belief. Mr. Eubanks is a native of Virginia and was ordained by Bishop Lyman of North Carolina in 1888. He has been appointed a teacher of Latin and Greek in St. Joseph's college, Dubuque, by Archbishop Keane.

Harassing the Jesuits.

The members of the world famed order of St. Ignatius Loyola must feel that all their stores of logic are useless in presence of the persecuting spirit of the French government. While they stood together in community, it regarded them as dangerous to the state owing to their submission to a foreign rule. In order to prevent this evil it broke up their organization and they then endeavored to regard themselves as good citizens. But this hatred is not yet satisfied. It will have the Jesuits neither in community nor out. They might not touch collectively, they may not touch individually. Last week at Marselles the public prosecutor brought an action against four Jesuit fathers for the heinous crime of having given lessons in private to some youths, whose parents had desired Jesuit instruction for them. The magistrate held that Jesuits had as much right as any other citizens to give private lessons and dismissed the case. However, the public prosecutor gave notice of appeal, and no doubt the government will furnish up some rusty old legal enactment by which it may secure a conviction. The incident discloses the true inwardness of the ruthless persecution which has fallen on the French religious orders. London Catholic Times.

The Sin of Spite.

Many of us who call ourselves Christians are unworthy of the name. Against our own brothers and sisters of the faith we treasure up deadly hatreds or petty spite for the slightest offenses. We gibberly rage in our morning prayers "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us" into a venomful of the subtle meaning of these words which Christ himself has taught us. These words have a meaning and a purpose. They are not a mere formula. They are instinct with the very essence of Christianity. They express the condition on which we hope for pardon from the Father who is in heaven for our own innumerable offenses. If we could only see what lies beneath these words, would we be so unforgetting of our neighbors and friends for their trivial offenses against us? Catholic Home Companion.

Virtue.

Virtue cannot be hidden. The time will come that shall raise it again even after it is buried and deliver it from the malignity of the age that oppressed it. Immortal glory is the shadow of it and keeps it company whether we will or no. But sometimes the shadow goes before the substance, and overfiles it follows it, and the later it comes the larger it is, when even itself shall have given way to it.

Schools in Manila.

The Spanish Benedictines recently opened a college in a suburb of Manila, which already has sixty boarding pupils and twice as many externs. It is stated that the better off Filipinos resolutely refuse to send their sons to the government schools.

The Temple of the Soul.

The noblest edifice that ever was erected by the hand of man is but a perishable monument compared to the temple of the soul illumined with the light of faith and adorned with the jewels of virtue.—Cardinal Gibbons.

SHORT SERMONS.

Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

Self love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

"Life," observes St. Gregory Nazianzen, "is like a market. Its day once passed, all further bartering is at an end."

Be as sharp as you will with yourselves. Do not bear with the least sin in your own temper. Give no impunity to yourselves or to your own faults.

Each of us is bound to make the small circle in which he lives better and happier. Each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the greatest good may flow.

ACCEPTED

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

Copyright, 1901, by Grace MacGowan Cooke

"I am her owl!"

"And I am her black cat. We both know all about it, but I know the most, because I am a cat who has mixed with the world, a cat of observation and enlightened understanding."

"I am, as I say, her owl. The person you heard speak knows nothing about it, though he is inflated with a swelling confidence in his knowledge on that and all subjects. I am her owl, and I know. I have stood on her desk for years. She is always writing and reading and tearing up things. She tears up things for a newspaper downtown. But they let her bring them home to me so that I can see it is properly done, and wear her eye shade for her when it is not in use."

"We sit up on her desk when she writes, the black cat and I, and watch her pretty fingers flitting and the paper getting spoiled, and when she needs a word she will sometimes ask me and sometimes him. I have sense and do not interrupt, but the black cat, fatuous, like all male things, thinks it pleases her when he chases her flingers and tries to catch them with his paw. She is the loveliest creature!"

"Hear that bird! She's just a woman. You know how they look. This one has a good shape, and yes, I'll admit she has extra fetching eyes, but no voice, according to my critical standard."

"That animal loves the sound of his own voice. As I was saying, she tears up things for a newspaper."

"When she came in that evening the man was with her. She was very happy. There were those lovely round pink spots on her cheeks that come there when she is pleased, and her eyes were like blissful stars."

"This is my den," she said laughing and showing her little white teeth. Now you can see where I formulate my articles on the tariff and stimulate



HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND HER.

thunderbolts, and she danced over to me and put her new spring hat on my head.

"Of course I looked and felt utterly silly. She pulled it drunkenly over one ear and laughed again, which added to my humiliation."

"She was so pleased and so pretty that I could only beer foolishly, at her through the laces with a queer feeling inside of me somewhere while she talked and blushed at him like an angel, and he smiled and expanded under it like a man. Somehow it hurt me. She made me think of poor little pink nosed mice. I had to catch back in my unregenerate days, and he well he!"

"He looked a fine figure of a man. I don't say but what if he'd worn his whiskers more in my style he'd have!"

"Yes, in your style—that's it—he looked like you. She reminded me of a poor little white mouse and he of a great horrid cat. That's it."

"Well, then, after they'd talked awhile, he said, 'That sounded like a good thing as you told it to me, little girl; suppose you write it now. I'll smoke, if I may in these sacred precincts, and look over the magazines here. Get it on paper, honey, while the inspiration's with you.'"

"She came and sat down in front of me at the desk, and her hands fairly flew, and that treacherous black cat—all cats are treacherous—went and rubbed against his legs and purred, while the fire talked to itself and laughed, and I tried not to look as foolish as that hat made me feel."

"Finally, after a long, long time, she said, with a tremulous little catch in her voice that tried to pass itself off for a laugh:

"It's done, such as it is. Come and tell me what a mess I've made of it!"

"And he threw his cigar in the grate and came and leaned over her and rested his hand on her chair!"

"He put his arm around her, like the dashing blade he is. By the bootjack that missed me, he made love as well as I could have advised him. He pre-

tended that he had to have his arm across there to steady himself, and then he bent away down and put his cheek against hers, so that they could read together. When they came to the tender passages in the story she had written and her eyes were full of tears and her breath coming short, he stole a kiss or two—oh, he did! I had my eye on him, and one of mine's worth both your glass plaques. He pretended that he was so carried away with her story that he had to congratulate her, and then when he came to the end he straightened up, closed that chapter and just talked story and nothing else.

"I understood him; couldn't expect an elderly female like yourself to see his game. We know—we attractive men and cats of the world—that we mustn't commit ourselves."

"'Gracious, how time flies when I'm with you, you witch!' he finally said. 'I must be going now. You'll have that typed tomorrow, and get it right in, won't you? I think I can assure you as to its fate.'"

"Well, yes—it was a good deal as the cat says. That animal has a horrid, pessimistic, slangy way of talking, but really things went somewhat as he has told you. And the man never came back after that evening."

"I wore the eye shade a good deal in the next few days. She tore up more than she wrote, and I thought she was feeling uncertain."

"I quarreled with the black cat. He says there's nothing in me anyhow, but that is a mistake. There is a considerable amount of hay, as well as some cotton wool (in my head) and a sprinkling of arsenic."

"I don't know what can be the matter with me this evening. I feel as though I were molting, and I haven't molted since—since I was—well—permanently mounted, you know."

"She came in an hour ago with all the sweet color bleached out of her dear little face and sat down heavily and wearily at her desk."

"She had a letter, and she kept reading it and reading it and now she has her head down on her blotting pad and won't look at me, though I've got the eye shade tilted at what she always calls a killing angle, and I'm trying (while my heart is breaking) to look funny for her sake."

"Oh, listen to 'that owl!' She makes me tired. It's all nonsense about that girl's letter. She's got it in her hand, called down there by her side. I jumped down and pretended to rub against her skirts so I could read it. It's a good letter. I couldn't have done better myself, and of course at my age and with my attractions I've had lots of experience. He says:

"My Dear Little Girl—Mortuus te salutant! I sail for Europe tomorrow. It's my wedding trip. You know who the bride is, of course. I'm severing my connection with the magazine for the present and shall represent a couple of newspapers during my trip. When I come back, I shall be on the magazine again, perhaps in a better position."

"I hear you laugh at that. Well, then, to be frank, of course with a father-in-law who is practical proprietor of the shop I've a fair chance for the chief editorial chair. And when I get it won't I beam somewhat a work. Unless, of course, I thought some fellow with a rest roll shall have come along in the meantime and stolen my dear little friend out of the literary firmament to adorn a brighter heaven."

"The story is in. She's a corker, of course. I don't say that it's accepted. Affectionately, A. C."

"She has just looked up at me her poor, unhappy, loving owl and said to me: 'It hurts me so to despise him! If I could hate him if he were a real villain, but such a pitiful creature! They say there's no development without pain. Well, then, I'm developing at a wonderful rate just now. But I'll get over it. I'll!'"

"Bah! What a lot of foolish talk about nothing! I want my saucer of milk, and she's moaning to that miserable edgery of a bird! What's the trouble, anyhow? Didn't he say it was accepted?"

Scheme For Hiding Keys.

A woman who is both careless and forgetful had been chided so severely for leaving trunks and bureau drawers unlocked in a boarding house that she set herself to cultivate the habit of locking up. But what to do with the keys after she had locked up puzzled her sorely. She had no pockets to put them in and her purse was crammed full of miscellaneous. She tried putting them in the front of her corset, but they made an uncomfortable and unsightly bunch there. Then she took to hiding them in out of the way places about her room, but she always forgot where she had put them, and she spent enough time in searching for them to have written a book or performed some other work of value to the world. The other day she hit upon what at first seemed to her an inspired scheme. She put the keys with caution prudence in her little brass teakettle and then, lest she should forget where she had hidden them, wrote a note and stuck it on her pin cushion saying, "Keys are in the teakettle."—New York Press.

One Kind of Friendship.

In the village where I live I was in the habit of visiting two poor, infirm old women, one inhabiting the single downstairs room, the other occupying the garret above her. Each kept a jealous watch as to whether I bestowed more tea or sixpences on the other, and each was sure to tell me every ill trait she could hear of the other. One day the old lady who lived upstairs, thanking me effusively for my visit, said: "You're the only lady ever comes near me, the only friend I have. That one," pointing downward, "has hapies of friends," adding hastily lest I should be too favorably impressed by that circumstance, "and there's not wan of them but hates her." I thought to myself that such a description of friendship may sometimes apply to higher circles than that of my poor old friends. —London Spectator.