

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Skirts Should Be Plain, but Waists May Be Elaborate.

CHARMING NEW SUMMER FABRICS

For Day Gowns There Are Exquisite Vests and Deep Lace Collars—Some Dainty Frills For the Summer Girl.

A general survey of the fashions for spring is certainly pleasing, and now the vexed question of what to wear is more easily answered. During the last month we saw so many novelties in the world of fashion that a decision was extremely difficult. Naturally the "powers that be" like to try every possible mode in order to find out the particular style that best suits their clients. There is one thing they seem to have made up their minds to forego, and that is the much trimmed skirt. Later on, of course, muslins and thin fabrics for the summer season will be much more elaborate, but the cloth and tweed skirt of the moment aims at simple elegance rather than at elaboration, added to which the embroideries that the tailors are using on the coats and the great beauty of the

the face. No costume of this sort is complete without a collar of lace or embroidery. Many of the drill skirts are being made with three deep stitched frills. Some are striped with lace or filled with satin, but I prefer the plain ones.

Old Styles Revived. So far the predicted revival of puffers has not come to pass, but very small shaped basques appear on the new model bodices and blouses. They are cut to shape in semicircular fashion and resemble the narrow godet frills. Embroideries of silk, chenille and those are quite le dernier cri, and some are really works of art. Painted satin, muslin and lace are used for evening toilets, but exquisite



A NEW BLOUSE

vests are prepared for wearing with tulle day gowns. The Richeen collar is very fashionable, and these deep collars covering the shoulders will be worn in silk muslin and lace, and in all line of the heavy point type.

Nearly every hat one sees at a smart function displays a more or less complete drapery of lace. Some of the newer models are so flat that one needs must put the coil of hair quite at the back or low on the neck, as to wear it on the head or poised high at the back is absolutely impossible.

There is another attempt to revive the accordion plaited skirt, but it is not likely to be a success, as the outline of the hips is so increased and destroyed that, while tight skirts prevail, it is not in accord with the present outline. Flounces and narrow frills plaited in this style are charming on plain skirts, and the modern evening wrap demands many plisse frills of lace, chiffon or soft texture.

Parasols, Shoes and Bows. The new parasols are much trimmed with lace, and those of white lace or satin are almost covered with lines of black lace. The vandyked and seal-tipped bows, also those in waved and scroll designs, are much used on parasols, the cream and cream lace on black.



WHITE CREPE DE CHINE.

the black chantilly and blond laces on white and pale colors. Even en-tout-cas have borders woven or printed on the silk, and very elaborate parasols have coverings of lace and frills of chiffon. Dresden handles are lovely, and the sticks are invariably enameled to match the sunshade.

Smart footgear will have moderate heels and pointed toes in which the point is graduated off by slow degrees. A very chic shoe shown in glass, patent and tan leather has three small straps to button over the instep and a simple jet buckle or stud on the toe. Gloves in white, lavender, primrose, orange and biscuit tints will be fashionably worn, and plain backs will be preferred to those with stitchings.

Flowers will be much worn during the summer season, and even the toques prepared for quite early spring are bright in color and much trimmed with foliage or blossom. The wreath of roses appears in the tiny Banksia variety and also in quite full sized crushed roses, without foliage. These latter in a bluish rose tint are charming when partially draped with black.



SILK EVENING COAT.

millinery demand that we should leave the skirt fairly plain. The upper part of a woman is heavily ornamented, but from the waist downward she is plainly and gracefully clad.

Milliners have run riot in extravagant modes. The matrons' bonnets, real bonnets, with strings, are so exquisitely beautiful that we feel the hour of the matron has arrived. The fashion of today demands that no woman, be she young or old, should be anything but beautifully dressed, and this, after all, is a laudable desire for any woman.

Any one possessed of a small share of good taste can be well dressed to day. In fact, it would be hard to find really ugly models, though some women have a peculiar genius for so doing.

Cotton Dresses. How charming the laws and drills are this year! Some of them have a silky surface, but hard linen is preferable, at least for country and river wear. There is a perfect craze for having these frocks made with short sack coats and big, fanciful collars of lace, silk or embroidery, while others are made with a Russian blouse and tiny basque. The latter suits stout figures best, but the sack coat is charming on the tall, slight woman.

Do not imagine that these coats are very easy to make, either in lace or drill, because a great deal depends on the cut. Unless you have that absolutely correct leave the sack coat severely alone. It must hang from the



TAFETTA JACKETS.

shoulders, and the sleeves and collar must be beyond reproach. Nearly all the sleeves in these coats are loose below the elbow; in fact, some are made with under-sleeves. There are a great many beautiful examples in green linen. It sounds rather daring, perhaps, but even in the summer frocks, dark colors are in vogue and quite new

ALL BETS DECLARED OFF. By LUELLA LATHROP. Copyright, 1901.

Roanoke. Coteau Queen. Frigate Belle. Wild Rose. This appeared on the bulletin board as the jockeys who had ridden the first heat of the running race wheeled their horses and riding before the judges stand, waved their hands in signal. The distant country band began to blare. The race track was a mass of jostling, sweating, hotting men. Gold tinkled against silver bells, were waved in air, everywhere rose cries of "Two to one" or "Ten to five on Roanoke."



BE GRANTED THE BARE BROWN ARM OF THE SHERIDAN CHILD.

pressed about them, paying the homage the American is so eager to render to his god, success. A grim, thin-lipped man stood quietly beside Roanoke, passing his hand admiringly over her glistening flanks and slender limbs.

"What'll you take for her?" he asked in an undertone. "Not for sale," replied Harcourt. "I'll give you \$2,000 if she wins," murmured the grim man without moving a muscle of his face.

"Two thousand dollars?" Jim thought rapidly of a neat cottage on the ranch where he could take Jessie in spite of the disapproval of her stern old father, Judge Osborne, but the caution of the natural horseman was strong. He puffed his cigar a moment in silence while the grim man watched him closely and murmured carelessly, "I'll see you after the race."

The Dakota sun beat down mercilessly on the grand stand where gathered the shoddy aristocracy of a boom town; upon the fringe of farm wagons outside the enclosure, where occupants craned their necks to see the races without money and without price, and upon a single Indian tepee standing near the course. The last was occupied by Shunka Li, who had set up his household gods, including squaw, papoose, dogs, cats and ponies, with in the enclosure, thinking to while away the tedium of his abundant leisure by the excitement of the races.

The last strain of "Just One Girl" dies away, there is a burr of drum, and the first heat of the pacing race is on. But interest in this event is mild. Anxiety—and cash are centered on the second heat of the running race, the next on the programme. At last the hideous, goggle-eyed blankets are removed and the sunlight glances on shining flank, bridle and stirrup. Jim Harcourt, standing beside the Osborne carriage, in which sits Jessie, dainty, patrician and lovely enough to turn the head of any man, sees Buckskin Jones press through the crowd and slip a folded paper into the hand of Bud, Roanoke's jockey, who is already mounted. Fear, anger, exultation are plainly written upon his low browed, dissolute face as he reads. With a sinister smile he tears the paper in bits.

Jim whispers to Jessie: "I am offered \$2,000 for Roanoke if he wins. You know what that means for us, dear?" Jessie's face flushes. "You know he will win, but will that help matters? Nothing will make father feel differently about it, and I cannot disobey him."

There is the usual friction of starting, but now they are off. Roanoke forges steadily ahead. But see! Something happens! She rears—wheels. Coteau Queen gains. Again Roanoke plunges and rears. Great beads of sweat start on Jim's ashy face. By heavens, Bud is holding her in, and a braid ahead forges Coteau Queen, her slender body all iron and fire. She's under the wire. "Hurrah for Coteau Queen!" is the

cry of Buckskin Jones and his satellites. The infuriated mob gather round the judges' stand. They had fair to tear it down and with fierce cries of derision is riddled the name of Bud the jockey, who barely escapes rough handling through the intervention of Buckskin Jones.

What Jim Harcourt said to the jockey is not a matter of history, but when the third heat is called Bud has disappeared and Jim is mounted on Roanoke.

"Win her and the two thousand is yours," whispers he of the grim face. A voice shouts, "Don't disappoint your friends! Jim! We've put our money on that mare of yours!" "You fool, don't you see they have changed sides?" cries another.

As he passes the Osborne carriage Jim catches just a fleeting glance of a fluttering bonnet and he knows without looking how white and tense is the face above it.

Roanoke responds to the surge of his tonal voice. They are on length two lengths ahead. They are almost home. The two thousand will be his. But what is that in the course? A purpose a tiny dusky bit of humanity that has strayed away from the fence of Shunka Li and is playing contentedly in the dusty course.

The horses are forging almost abreast. There is no time to hesitate. It is certain death to the child if he remains in the race. He is only one thing to do. The crowd takes in the situation and after one mighty groan, is silent. Then in an instant Jim swings himself out of the saddle and seems to cling as if by magic to Roanoke's side. For one awful second Roanoke's hoofs thunder in his ears, then he grasps the bare, brown arm of the shrieking child and is back again in the saddle. Earth and sky reel before him. The shouts of the people reach him like the faroff echo of another world. He is dimly conscious of the tiny brown body tightly pressed against him but Roanoke never swerves.

Coteau Queen's driver is slashing her mercilessly. They are almost home. "Faster! Faster!" Now Roanoke is under the wire like a flash. The race is won. Pandemonium reigns. Every one shouts as in a common voice. "Bravo! Bravo!" Hurrah for Jim and the kid.

Won after all! "Curry" extra weight on every pound a foot in a running race. "She's the best mare in South Dakota!" "Yes," said Mab. He said so himself but you know, he is master of the hounds, and ought to be present if possible. Besides, as Geoff told him, it was ten to one you would change your mind at the last moment, and decide not to come at all.

"Then it was very impertinent of him," Grace retorted. "Mab I am certain I shall think him ugly and disagreeable." "You can't really think him so?" returned Mab. "You might say you did Geoff is considered the handsomest man in his regiment, and well women don't usually find him disagreeable." "Is he a flirt?"

"No, I don't think he ever gave any girl in the world a second thought until lately," with quiet significance. "What do you mean, Mab?" Grace asked sharply, with just a pang of could it be jealousy? "I don't know any of the particulars," Mab said. "I couldn't expect him to tell me. Only I am sure there is some girl he is awfully fond of."

"How do you know?" There was almost a tone of anxiety in Grace's voice. "He wears her photo in his breast pocket, for one thing." "That is very nice," Grace said, congratulating herself with an effort. "And he is supposed to be half engaged to her."

"Oh, no, Grace! It is not compulsory on either side, and you've always said you wouldn't have him," Mab returned. "You wouldn't even see him when he called on you in London, so I suppose he considered himself at liberty to go a-wooing elsewhere."

"Oh, certainly," replied Grace, biting her lip, "especially as my heart is also given to another." Instead of being indignant, as Grace had expected, Mab only looked up quickly, with a face full of interest, and said: "Really? Oh, how lovely! Are you engaged to him?"

"No-o-o," hesitatingly. "In fact, we haven't even spoken hardly yet, but—but I thought, Mab, you were so anxious for me to marry your brother," in a hurt and aggrieved tone. "Yes, dear," said Mab, "so I was once. But as you always seemed to be averse to it I have given up the idea now."

Grace gave a little exclamation of impatience, but said nothing. "Tell me about him," Mab said. "I meet him everywhere," her friend told her, warming at once. "Riding in the park, at the opera and theatres, in the park. But he always alone, so I have no means of finding out who he is, or of getting introduced to him in a proper manner. Yet he knows me quite well by sight."

"How romantic!" Mab remarked. "I wonder who he can be?" "Once, on the staircase at the Lyceum, I dropped my fan—quite accidentally, of course—and he picked it up and handed it to me, with a bow. I am quite sure I felt a pressure of my fingers."

THE ROSE-VINE AND THE OAK. "I'm only a little clinging thing and not so great as you." Said the rose-vine, quietly, to the tall oak, that grew Close beside the garden wall. Where the vine did creep and crawl, Dangerous height for thing so small. And yet it felt secure and strong. For the Master's hand led it along. "I cannot offer sheltering care to any seeking peaceful rest. But I can purify the air with perfume sweet, so is it best. That I should make all others say: 'How sweet the roses smell to-day.' And bless me as they turn away— 'If this I do the best I can.' 'I've done my share to profit man.' —B. E. Hampton.

A WILLFUL WOMAN.

Little Mabel Campbell was watching for the arrival of the carriage which had gone to the station to meet her old school fellow and her father's ward, Miss Marlowe.

It was Grace Marlowe's first visit to her guardian, Major Campbell. She was willful, and therefore, because her late father and the Major had hoped and arranged (both being willing) the daughter of the former should marry the son of the latter, she had taken it into her head that she would have nothing to do with Geoffrey Campbell.

She would not even see him and could never be persuaded to visit Crane Court, the beautiful home of the Campbells. But Mabel spent many happy weeks with her, and on every occasion was loud in the praises of her handsome brother, Capt Campbell, of the Lancers.

After her father's death she elected to live entirely with her maiden aunt, Miss Beatrice Marlowe, and Aunt Bee, without appearing to do so, managed her better than any one else.

When Capt Campbell called upon her, Grace absolutely refused to see him, and after scolding and entreating in vain poor Aunt Bee almost in tears, had to go down to the drawing room alone and make the best excuse she could for her niece's rudeness.

Evidently she found the young man very entertaining for the pair remained shut up together for over an hour and parted on the best of terms.

But to Grace's annoyance Geoffrey never repeated his visit, nor made any further attempt to see her. The wifely girl had her say, but with the exception of her sex, didn't like it when she came at it.

And that was how it was she came to be expected on a visit to the Campbells, while Geoffrey was at home in Devon. "I should have thought," said Grace presently, "that since it is my first visit here, my guardian might have stayed at home for once to receive me."

"Yes," said Mab. He said so himself but you know, he is master of the hounds, and ought to be present if possible. Besides, as Geoff told him, it was ten to one you would change your mind at the last moment, and decide not to come at all.

"Then it was very impertinent of him," Grace retorted. "Mab I am certain I shall think him ugly and disagreeable." "You can't really think him so?" returned Mab. "You might say you did Geoff is considered the handsomest man in his regiment, and well women don't usually find him disagreeable."

"Is he a flirt?" "No, I don't think he ever gave any girl in the world a second thought until lately," with quiet significance. "What do you mean, Mab?" Grace asked sharply, with just a pang of could it be jealousy?

"I don't know any of the particulars," Mab said. "I couldn't expect him to tell me. Only I am sure there is some girl he is awfully fond of."

"How do you know?" There was almost a tone of anxiety in Grace's voice. "He wears her photo in his breast pocket, for one thing." "That is very nice," Grace said, congratulating herself with an effort. "And he is supposed to be half engaged to her."

"Oh, no, Grace! It is not compulsory on either side, and you've always said you wouldn't have him," Mab returned. "You wouldn't even see him when he called on you in London, so I suppose he considered himself at liberty to go a-wooing elsewhere."

mustache," replied Mab, with a vivid blush, as her lover looked up. "She was startled by a scream from Grace. 'Tis he! 'Tis he! I am certain of it! she cried, trembling. 'Why?' inquired Mabel. 'Are you ill, Grace?'"

"No, no. Oh, Mab, look! There is my handsome stranger—my fate. On, do tell me who he is quickly!" "Which one do you mean?" asked Mabel. "That tall soldierly man with the long fair mustache—the one with his foot on the steps—and see? He looks this way. He is lifting his hat, now, Mab, if you love me tell me who he is!" Mabel laughed softly. "Why, you goose, that is my brother Geoffrey."

"Men were deceivers ever," said Grace, smiling happily as she stood in the same window a week later with Geoffrey, her head on his shoulder and his arm around her waist. "And to think that naughty Aunt Bee knew it all the time!" Grace continued. "It will never forgive her!" But she did—Forget Me Not.

Working in the Ice. At another session of the Geographical Congress the conspicuous figure was that of E. Bangsrevink, the Norwegian explorer. He has recently won the distinction of being the only navigator who has ever set foot on the Antarctic continent. He read a most interesting paper on the voyage of the steam whaler Antarctic from Melbourne southward, describing with unaffected simplicity what he had seen after leaving Campbell Island and penetrating the ice fields through which Sir James Ross had made his way from the Erebus and Terror. After following in the track of those ships and working through the pack ice for 38 days, the Antarctic entered an open sea and headed for Cape Adair, in Victoria Land. The cape was a magnificent basaltic headland over 4,000 feet in height, and beyond it as far as the eyes could carry was the coast of Victoria Land, with mountains apparently 12,000 feet above sea level and with a volcano which had recently been active. After sighting Possession Island, where Sir James Ross landed and planned the British flag the Norwegian whaler steamed southward and discovered, on February 20, 1895, a bold headland, which was named Cape Oscar, after the King of Sweden and Norway.

Returning from his late voyage, the ship's crew landed at Cape Adair where there was an immense flock of penguins. This was the first landing ever made on the great continent, which is supposed by geographers to extend over a large portion of the Antarctic zone.

This paper was received with great enthusiasm, and was warmly commended by Admiral Markham, Dr. Neumayer, Admiral Sir E. Murray and others. It led to the passage of a resolution by the congress recommending to the scientific societies throughout the world the exploration of the Antarctic continent as the greatest piece of geographical work which can be undertaken. Bangsrevink, while not making any pretensions to scientific knowledge, revealed keen intelligence as an observer. He was a rough whaler, but distinguished men in the audience fairly hung upon his words as he described the fine weather, the resources of animal life, the indications of mineral wealth and the favorable conditions for exploration in a vast continent, which he estimated to be twice as large as Europe. As a practical navigator he expressed his belief that an exploring expedition could easily reach Cape Adair and winter there in safety, and that with the aid of dogs and sledges it would be possible to reach the South Magnetic Pole without difficulty and greatly enlarge the working stock of human knowledge in many branches of science. London Letter to New York Tribune.

Rings and Pins. The love of one's personal property is instinctive, and a woman gets to feeling for her rings and pins a sort of affection, which is made up of a whole shaf of mingled associations, observes Harper's Bazar. The engagement and the wedding rings are of course sacred, but while they cluster around themselves the sweet memories of the happiest period of a girl's life, other rings are almost equally prized. The one was bought one summer in Venice or Geneva, it is a souvenir of a charming trip. The other has been lost and found a half-dozen times, and seems to have a mysterious faculty of returning to its owner, however careless or unfortunate she may be. About the opal ring a host of legendary superstitions weave their shadowy halo, and there are people who cannot be induced to wear the beautiful gem, so timid are they in reference to its bringing ill luck in its wake.

Jewels possess the subtle beauty of flowers in less ephemeral shape and texture. Handed down from generation to generation, they survive all dynasties and crashes of change and time. One may hold in her hand a ring or a pin which was worn by a reigning belle in the dim antiquity of the ages when Babylon and Assyria were in their prime. Men come and go, but gems, like the earth, abide forever.

A celebrated divine used to carry about in his pocket a few beautiful uncut gems, loving to handle and to look at the smouldering fire of the ruby, the deep cool green of the emerald, and the golden heart of the topaz. Surely a beautiful and delicate fancy to gratify.

Beginning Early. Just think of it. A 10-year-old woeer and a 10-year-old "wooee" in a New York police court. The babe was charged by the little miss with forcing his attentions upon her, much to her annoyance. When the small prisoner was placed at the bar, only the top of his red head was visible. In several tones the magistrate asked, "What have you to say for yourself, young man?" In a steady voice, large for his years and stature, the devoted one replied: "I wuzn't doin' nothin' to the lady. I only asked her ter have a sody with me." At this the pretty little prosecutor smiled sarcastically and reiterated her charge. Then the babe severely instructed the "young man" and told him to cease his wooing if he would retain his freedom. The woeer of life apparently begin in the nursery nowadays.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Women are less charitable in thought than men are, but they are more charitable in action.