

**OUR FASHION LETTER**

**Tailor Made Dresses Show Much Fancy Strapping.**

**NEW IDEAS IN STREET GOWNS**

**Chat About Dainty Accessories of Dress—Pretty Bolero Costume—Trimmed With Lace—A Novelty in Fur.**

Pompadour and flowered silks of all kinds are very much the fashion. These beautiful silks and brocades are made up into evening gowns and cut very simply. They are often finished around the neck with a bertha of rare lace which almost hides the small sleeve puffs.

The flowered brocades are also handsome for lining evening wraps, the lining nowadays being more than two-thirds of the garment.

Three-quarter raincoats made of diagonal are very smart for rainy day and cool weather wear. They are

incrustated with motifs of string colored lace. These motifs were so outlined with jet that the light color was almost hidden.

The plain street dress in the picture is of rough gray cloth trimmed with strappings of gray satin. The chemise is of white taffeta and yellow lace.

**Belts, Collars and Stocks.**  
The fluffy neck ruffle or bon has come to stay, and these are now being made to match each gown. Perhaps the most popular are made of tawny Russian lace to match and harmonize with the sea and brown gowns now so much in vogue. The ends are made quite long and slender in contrast to the capelike fullness over the shoulders.

Many of the new stocks follow the example of this summer's neckwear



BOLERO COSTUME

and are made in deep points in the front. In others this same effect is gained by the addition of deep points and tabs.

One of the newest collars is made of plain black silk and fastens in a double pointed effect with a medallion buckle a little to the left of the front. Another odd stock has an effect of two narrow silk ties, one fastened above the other. A belt and collar of folded silk both have the same long pointed effect in front and are finished off by a medallion of heavy lace in the back.

The bolero costume illustrated is of fine gray broadcloth. The little collar is enlarged by means of a frill of lace. The side sleeves and the bottom of the bolero are trimmed with tiny black silk tassels. The skirt is perfectly plain with the exception of a fitted yoke.

**Novelties in Lingerie.**

A pretty idea for the trimming of a silk nightgown is a collar finished with a deep blue of a contrasting shade of silk. Pinks, blues, mauves and yellows are all good colors to wash, but you must choose a good shade if you



SMART FUR COAT.

wish a fast dye. Imitation valenennes lace is, after all, the best and cheapest trimming for silk or linen underwear, and it is almost impossible nowadays to tell the imitation from the real.

Nothing is better than twilled silk or nightgowns when something handsomer and warmer than linen is required. It is wise to invest in really good twilled silk, which will outwear three ordinary makes.

In the winter an extra slip of fine flannel, nuns' veiling or cashmere is made to wear under the thin nightgown. This gives a better effect than the unwieldy flannel nightgown, which, by the way, never launders well.

The three-quarter fur coat in the illustration is particularly smart. It can be made of either mink or sable, lined with white satin. The fullness at the back is belted in with a fur strap, fastened down with steel buttons.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

**HIS "READY MADE" SCOOP . . .**

By CHARLES WELSTED  
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Jerry was as smart a newspaper reporter as ever went on the police detail, but he was not liked by the other fellows. All track of Jerry would be lost for an hour or so, but he would turn up smiling, and next morning the public would be treated to another track story in the Twister a small "scoop," as newspaper men call an exclusive item of news. Then we police reporters, one and all, would have to face our city editors that day and make some explanation.

There were three of us who became tired of this sort of thing and almost found ourselves shuddering at the very name of Jerry, because, as for me, the city editor had said point blank and without any frills on it that if the Bally Twister got a "bit" on me again I would be expected to look for another berth.

We were loafing around the detective department at police headquarters one night about 11:30 discussing Jerry. He had been around most of the day, and we knew he was taking in one of the theaters that night, so we had no fears. "Say," said Currie of the Stellar office, "wonder if he would bite at the old gag?"

"Oh, this dickens," put in Briggs of the Mercury. "He is too old in the business for that."

"Don't know about that," I ventured. "I have a sense on some pretty odd birds fall into that same trap. He is at the show and after seeing the girl home he'll be late and if we get away early he'll naturally be anxious, do you see?"

"Well, let her go," said Briggs. "What's it to be?"

"Must be a mystery," put in Currie. "I pulled a wire and copy paper out of my pocket and began to write."

"What is it, Scotty?" asked Briggs. "Scuddle on the water front," I mumbled as I wrote on.

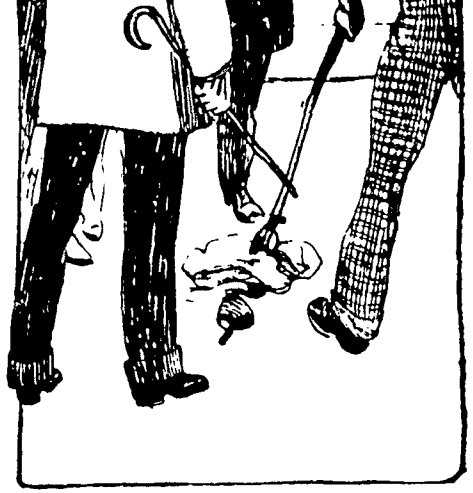
"Where?" asked Currie. "Oh, just on the water front. Give him the whole water front to work on."

By this time I had written three sheets, but the first two in my pocket, and, musing the third "B" crumpled it up and threw it on the floor beside my seat where it could easily be seen.

"What number did you have on the last sheet, Scotty?" asked Currie. "Nineteen," I replied. "How does it read?"

"Begins in the middle of a sentence and breaks at another, giving a partial description of a suit of clothes found on a dock."

"Good boy," I'll begin on page 23. Listen to this as I write," and Currie scribbled on, at the same time repeating:



HE WAS MOPPING UP A BIG SPLASH ON THE FLOOR.

ing: "Also a soft felt hat. What drove the poor fellow to such a horrible method of ending his life is hard to conceive. Spots of blood were discovered."

"Stop there," said Briggs. "Give me a show," and he began. "Page No. 40—But the police authorities both in that division and at headquarters claim they know nothing of the mystery, which leads to the belief that—" And here Briggs crumpled up his sheet and left it on the table. Currie had left his page on the desk just as he had written it beside a few other blank sheets.

We left the room, walked over to the Hub, loafed round a bit and then phoned No. 1 station.

(Currie was at the machine and called):

"Hello, sergeant! Has Jerry of the Twister been over there?" Currie waited a few seconds, then roared with laughter. "Never mind, sergeant," we heard him say; "we'll bring you over a Key West cigar. Yes, two of them. Very good! By by!"

Currie joined us in the small room, laughing heartily. "The sergeant says Jerry must have been drinking. The fool," says the sergeant, "thinks there is some mysterious suicide on the water front, and called me a liar when I told him there wasn't."

We enjoyed this, for we knew Sergeant O'Connor's temper.

"Then what I laughed," continued Currie, "he tumbled. Let's go over."

Briggs bought the cigars, and in we trooped to headquarters. The sergeant was smiling and pointed to one of the station men, who was mopping up a big splash on the floor.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "That fool Jerry called me a liar, and, as I couldn't get at him quick enough, I threw the mucklage pot."

"This was rich, and again we had a good laugh, and handed over the cigars. There was nothing new at the station, so we all reported at our respective offices, and each told his city editor the yarn, which was much enjoyed.

Next morning Currie, our city editor, called me in, and he laughingly laid up a copy of the Twister.

"You fellows showed that joke to go too far, Scotty," he said. "This will cost Jerry his job, I am afraid. He has got a yarn here a column and a half long, and it makes good reading too. He even names his victim."

I laughed. The joke had gone splendidly.

"Mr. Scott," said the office boy, "some one wants you at the phone."

I went.

"Hello! Briggs, that you? Did you see the Twister? Ha, ha! What? Currie? Is he? Going to leave town? Why, yes, I'll be out in a jiffy. At the Hub? All right."

What was up now at the Stellar office? Currie, the last of all men, I reached the Hub, made at once for the small room, and there sat Currie alone smoking a cigar, and three cocktails ready for immediate consumption were on the table in front of him.

"What's the row, old man? Where's Briggs?" I asked in one breath. "Here's Briggs now," replied Currie, as the door opened. "Now sit down, fellows. Drink up, and, Briggs, you press the button for another. We'll need it."

"Buz-z-z-z" went the bell. All was silence.

"We are scooped—again," said Currie slowly, with great emphasis on the "again," and it's up to George Currie of the Stellar, Fred Briggs of the Mercury and Bill Scott of the Bounder to pass in their chips.

The waiter entered at this stage. "Don't know what you are driving at, Currie," said Briggs, and, turning to the waiter, continued, "but we'll have to have another drink anyway. Same all round."

"Look here," said Currie. "I have seen my city editor, I have been at police headquarters and at the morgue, and I have seen Jerry and that one and a half column yarn of his in the Twister is a bonnie story. The suicide happened across the bay on the island, and no one would have located it until today, and we would have been all right, every one of us, but for that joke of ours last night. It made Jerry search the water front until 1 o'clock this morning, and then when he could find nothing he hired a boat, rowed to the island, and I'll be hanged if the story was not there waiting on him."

Briggs said something I hate to repeat, only it sounded most appropriate for the occasion. We wrote three notes to three city editors, pooled our finances, and next day three bright newspaper men were looking for a job down the coast.

**Why Pyramids Were Built.**  
The interest of the Delhi and Benares observatories lies for us in the fact that they recall a time far in the past when astronomers sought for exactness by the erection of huge structures of stone, or these the great pyramid is by far the greatest and most perfect example. Britain has its own monument—Stonehenge which has been claimed as if not indeed, an astronomical observatory, at least an astronomical temple, and many attempts have been made to determine the date at which it was erected. The difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of solving this problem in the present state of the monument may be inferred from the fact that the dates which different careful observers have deduced for its erection extend over a period of more than 2,000 years, says a writer in Knowledge.

The real work of astronomy was never done in edifices like those. Nor indeed does it require much knowledge of human nature, essentially the same 5,000 years ago as today, to see that the true secret of the pyramid, the amply sufficient cause for its building, was the vanity of the ruling pharaoh. Alke at Delhi, at Gizeh and on Salisbury plain, as by the Euphrates, to "make a name" was the exciting motive. Astronomers may have been employed to superintend the work, astronomy or the cult of the celestial bodies, may have been the excuse, but the real object was advertisement.

**What the Fingers Tell.**  
As far as the fingers are concerned palmists divide hands into three classes.

First come those with long, slender and tapering fingers. A person with such fingers has an innate love of art, poetry and music and probably also for literature.

In the second class the fingers are shorter, nearly equal in length and with blunt tips. They show a practical mind of a rather commonplace order, thorough and reliable rather than brilliant. A woman with fingers of this description would make a good housekeeper, while a man similarly provided would be cautious and thorough in business.

In the third section come hands with short, thick and square looking fingers, with short, wide nails cushioned at the sides. The owner of such fingers is probably strong and active, with a hearty appreciation of the good things of this life and a keen eye to his own interest. He is seldom hampered in his undertakings by diffidence and rarely errs in thinking too much of the feelings and interests of others.

**CUPID IN A THUNDERBOLT**

By HELEN SEMPLE  
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The Colorado sun was beating unmercifully upon her aristocratic oval face, yet she still clung to the farthest rock on the little neck of land and unblinkingly watched her floater, which never once lolled. She was not there because she loved the sport. Even the frisky mountain trout knew that and flirted their tails audaciously as they swam under and around her hook.

No; it was simply because she would not join the laughing group on the bank, where Randolph Foster, with kindling eyes, was recounting his adventures on a hunting trip with Buffalo Bill in the latter's big tract of wild land in the Big Horn country.

To join a mountain party in Colorado for the express purpose of escaping the presence and the memory of a certain individual and then to have that individual drop unexpectedly and uninvited from some unheard of region was more than Grace Allen's soul could bear. A fresh burst of laughter floated across the tiny inlet, and she whipped the stream sharply with her line. Then very cautiously she skipped from stone to stone until she stood at most midway in the shallow river beyond the reach of the merry voices.

She stood there thinking not of the speckled fish which she could not catch, but of a most desirable social fish that had once come her way and then had whisked off again, and all because well, it was his fault. She would maintain that to the bitter end.

She suddenly realized that she was wretchedly tired. Wearily she folded her rod, swung it over her shoulder and retraced her steps to the point. A great silence had fallen on the scene. The campfire was out, and the circle of horses on the edge of the picnic grounds had vanished. They had gone! And she was alone, miles and miles from Wagon Wheel Gap hotel. There were mountain lions in these forest fastnesses, and three days before she had seen with her own eyes a great sea bear, with her round, awkward cub, trailing up the mountain side. She gasped and clung weakly to the nearest tree.

Then suddenly she stood up very straight and tall. A masculine arm thrust aside the undergrowth some six feet ahead of her. A strong, tanned face followed the arm, and then Randolph Foster stood before her.

"I hope you haven't been frightened, Grace," he said as calmly as if he

hadn't been delightedly watching her face through the maze of undergrowth and trees. "You were so interested in your fishing that you didn't hear Bascom's call, and the girls were in a hurry. There's a hop tonight, you know, and they wanted to get home early, and as I don't care for hops I told them I'd wait till you were ready."

"Very self sacrificing, Mr. Foster, but really I'd prefer having been here to go with the crowd."

Foster bit his lip.

"I've nothing but a cart, yet perhaps that's better than walking." He held out his hand for her fishing traps, but she ignored the courtesy and plunged after him through the undergrowth to the little clearing where stood his cart and horse.

A mountain cart, not unlike a trotting sulky in its build, is not the most dignified vehicle in which to ride, especially with a man from whom one would like to keep at a comfortable distance. In vain Grace tried to lean toward her own side of the cart. The very ruts and stones in the road seemed in league against her.

On one side rose the mountain, with its mass of quivering aspen, brilliant yellow and purple flowers and tinkling streams, while on the other fell a sheer precipice straight to the winding river bed. On and on they rode in silence as unbroken as that of the woods around them. He meant to say many things, but he was waiting for an opportune moment, and it came with unexpected suddenness. As they rounded a bend in the road a portentous darkness fell upon them. The leaves rustled ominously, and a rock loosened by the pony's hoofs rolled over the precipice and struck crag after crag with startling distinctness. Grace shivered.

"Oh, it's one of those awful mountain storms, and I'm so afraid!" Foster whipped up the horse. He did not dare let her see how alarmed he really was.

"We've got a few minutes' grace, and if I remember rightly there's a hunter's cabin just beyond the next curve." Grace clung to Foster's arm, and even as the cart swayed dangerously he was happily conscious of her dependence upon him.

They rounded the curve, and there in the dim shadows of the lowering skies stood the haven of refuge. Foster broke his knife and the lock simulta neously and thrust Grace indoors, then turned to tether his horse to the nearest tree. He found Grace cowering on an upturned soapbox. With a shriek of maniacal rage the storm burst about them. Forest glaucs quivered and bent; the lightning swept down the mountain side in continuous volleys. The room was one glare of yellowish blue light, and Foster, who was standing close to Grace's side, felt her hand creep into his. It was cold as ice and trembling. Instantly he was on the box beside her, drawing her with protecting arms to his heart.

"Oh, Randolph, are we in great danger?"

"I'm afraid we are, dear," he answered, with conviction, "and we're not going to let this miserable misuderstanding come between us—at such a time."

It was his chance, and he took it. "But you know, Ran, you were in the wrong. If you'd just admit that, I'd be—"

Again that awful glare of blue light. Far above them sounded something like the rending of the earth itself, then an awful crunching, grinding sound, the building shook, and above the roar of the storm rose the fright ened neigh of their horse, followed by a mighty rumble, and silence.

"Randolph, what was it—what was it?" she sobbed.

Foster, white now to his very lips, simply held her closer. He had spoken in jest, but surely some awful danger seemed to have passed by them.

"Never mind, Ran, whose fault it was. I love you, I have always loved you, and we're going to die together."

He kissed her gently and for a moment felt as if it mattered little what came next. But nothing did come. Gradually the storm abated, the blackness lifted, and Randolph, disengaging himself from Grace's convulsive clasp, threw open the door. The sunshine came down gloriously upon the sparkling ground, rocks and trees. The birds twittered cheerily, and the flowers lifted their heads proudly. A few rods beyond the cabin lay a huge bowlder nearly as large as their place of refuge, and in its track lay the remains of the cart. The horse had fled. Loosened by the bolt of lightning, the bowlder had plunged down the mountain side within a few yards of the tiny cabin.

Randolph showed Grace the wreck and said cheerfully:

"It's a long walk to the hotel, Grace, but we ought to be thankful that we are alive to make it."

With a trembling hand Grace touched the great rock.

"I don't mind the walk—Randolph—with you."

And Foster, looking back at the cabin and the sparkling branches and the twittering birds, said gently:

"I think we'll buy that cabin, Grace, and visit it as a sort of shrine—Cupid's shrine—every year."

**A Living Electric Battery.**

One of the most wonderful fish that frequent American waters is the torpedo ray, order raiiæ, formerly torpedinidæ, a dozen of the deep, often found on our eastern coast, especially along that portion of it extending from South Carolina to Key West. The electric apparatus or battery of the torpedo is his sole defense, and those who laye come in contact with it when in good working order say that it is all sufficient. Naturalists compare the electric organs of the torpedo to the artificial voltaic pile. They consist of two series of layers, each composed of a multitude of hexagonal cells, the space which intervenes being filled with a jellylike substance, so that the cells may properly be compared to a Leyden jar.

Each full grown fish carries 480 of these electric batteries, the combined force of which is equal to the power stored in fifteen Leyden jars. In other words, there are about 3,600 square inches of the creature's body charged with electricity to the very highest degree. The upper side of this animated battery is positive and the lower negative, the power to use the battery being in full control of the fish.

**Noodles and Macaroni.**

"Many persons believe noodles originated in Germany," says a New York Italian arm of the law, "but such is not the case, for noodles, macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli are the same, only of different shapes and sizes. Noodles is a handmade preparation of the mountains, and nearly every Italian and German family in America make it by hand. Italians never bake macaroni or pasta in any form. The only way to eat it is boiled. In Italy the cooking of this dish is left to the head of the family, whether he be rich or poor, if he has the time. The paste is dropped into boiling water and when done is drained in a colander. A pot roast gravy is made, with lima beans, tomatoes and mushrooms added. Then a layer of macaroni is put in a platter and covered with the sauce, some Italian pepper and grated parmesan cheese, then another layer and more sauce, pepper and cheese until the dish is filled. That makes an artistic dish. Careless people simply dump the macaroni into a deep dish, pour on all the sauce, pepper and cheese and anything together."



GIRL'S TAILOR MADE DRESS.

made with half fitted backs or else with the fullness belted in with a short strap.

The new tailor makes are very fancy in the way of tucks and strappings. Many of the skirts are made habit back and finished simply with three long strappings or one long and two short. The long skirts have fairly long trains, and the sides and front are very long.

Rough goods, zibelines and camel's hairs are worn on even dressy occasions when a tailor made is required.

The girl's tailor made illustrated is of dark blue cloth. The blouse jacket is laid in perpendicular folds stitched flat, the wide revers are of embroidery and the little vest is of the same. The skirt has a plain front breadth, and the sides and back have three gored flounces.

**Russian Blouse Suits.**  
Fashionable modistes are using a great deal of ecru and string colored lace on gowns for the autumn season, and if of the heavy gullpore type this is most effective on brown, tan and the deeper blue tints of soft woolen material. The Russian blouse or coat is no longer of the plain belted order, but is varied in many ways.

Many of these blouses do not meet in front, but fasten over a plastron of cloth more or less decorated or embroidered, or there is a plain plastron of the material over which is arranged



PLAIN STREET DRESS.

a full cascade of lace or chiffon or it touched front of silk or velvet. These plastrons are usually removable and admit of variation.

A blouse coat of the deepest green garnet velvet made in this manner, trimmed with jet and had a plastron of tucked peau de sole