

NEW YORK FASHIONS

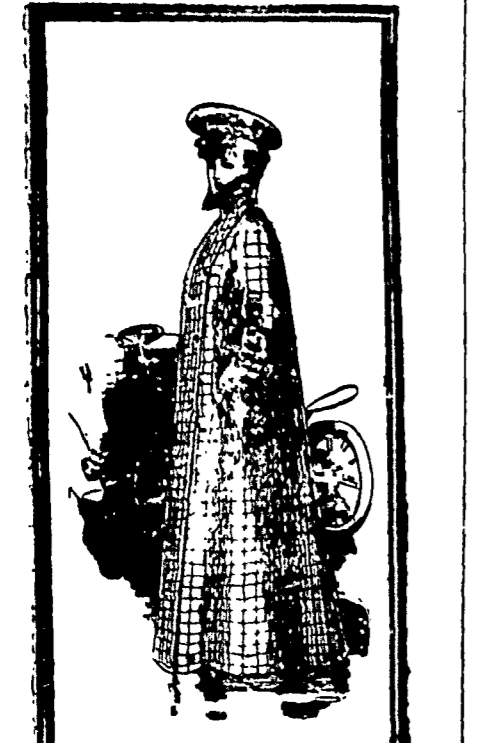
WHITE IN ALL ITS SHADES FOR WINTER WEAR.

Filmy Fabrics That Delight the Soul—The Pretty Russian Style—Smartest Thing in Winter Coats—A Paris Fad and the Overworked Telephone.

White is again to be immensely fashionable this winter, and already among the gowns intended for both day and evening wear white is the predominant note of color, strange as the statement may seem.

Lace gowns have been immensely fashionable all summer for garden parties, for the races, for horse shows and for the hundred and one outdoor entertainments where elaborate dress is required, and the lace employed in the construction of these costumes has been of the most costly description.

Quite the Smartest Thing in Motor Coats.



Quite the smartest thing in automobile raincoats is a long, loose coat of checked tweed. With it goes a leather cap of the same color as the coat.

Lace and Chiffon Combinations.

Combining lace with chiffon, mousseline de soie, silk voile or any of the very sheer materials that look like gossamer and can literally stand the test of the fairy book tales in that they can be passed through a wedding ring, so fine are they, seems but to intensify the beauty of the lace and of the material as well, and in these days when accordion platings, ruffles and flounces are so popular the light, thin materials are especially bulkiness or hiding of lines of the figure.

There are some simple gowns on which very little lace is used but which are exceedingly attractive because of the quantities of the soft chiffon—for instance, arranged in a succession of accordion platted flounces, in gathered or accordion platted skirts, and with the waist draped in soft surplis folds.

ner gown in one's own home, and were it not that the neck is covered, with a lace yoke and that the sleeves reach to the elbows it would be quite impossible for the ordinary uninitiated individual to see any difference between a tea gown and a dinner gown.

Russian Blouse Costume. The popularity accorded the pretty Russian styles this season is not being confined to children's fashions alone.



For ten cents, exemplifies the long shoulder seam and skirted coat, two features that contribute conspicuously to the make-up of the new fall suit.

The Russian style in the long-skirted coat is certainly very smart and immensely popular. And after all, there are few more becoming fashions. The lines are simple and the complete suit pattern is an excellent model to follow for a general utility costume.

The blouse may be made with or without the skirt, and is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeves may be slashed to show the full sleeve of the waist worn beneath, or they may be embellished by braid or stitching.

The skirt is the regulation style, and may be in medium or round sweep. It is very easily made, as there are only two pieces to the pattern. The upper portion is fitted by darts, and an inverted box pleat at the back. The pattern may be made up in either of two ways. Making it of heavy material for street wear, or making it of thin material and leaving off the skirt, gives a charming house dress.

Overworked Telephone. In the early days of the telephone life was not so hard for her. If she chanced to be placed in a house where a lady reigned the calls upon her strength from the feminine hand were no more than an occasional "Call up the office."

Hints for the Housekeeper. To restore the color of black kid boots, take a small quantity of good black ink, mix it with the white of an egg, and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

New lamp wicks may be made to fit if not too large by drawing out one or more threads near the selvage.

Rice is much nicer steamed than boiled, as then each grain is separated from the others and is white and dry as it should be.

Use hot water instead of milk to thin the eggs in an omelet. It makes it more tender.

Browned flour should always be kept on hand to use for thickening. Prepare it by putting a little dry flour in the oven in a dripping pan, stir it occasionally and cook until it is a light brown.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

They Are Great Things When Taken in Connection With Women's Intuition.

"I tell you what," said the man with the receding chin and the abbreviated forehead, on the rear platform of a Fourteenth street car, "women's dreams are great things, when you come to think of 'em, and when you take their dreams in connection with that funny thing they've got that we call intuition, why, you've got a combination that—

"Well, anyhow, I went out to the races yesterday. Don't know a race horse from a bucket of whitewash myself, and always lose trying to beat them, but my wife got me started this time by a dream she had night before last. You know how they wake up in the morning and tell you all about their dreams, never letting you even get in a word edgewise, not even to ask 'em where your clean cuffs are, or anything. Well, my wife had a dream and was trying to tell me, but I could not make head nor tail of the whole thing. I was trying to find where she had put my vest when I had taken it off the night before, anyhow,—but it struck me all of a sudden that that chestnut horse of hers must not have been traveling at a mighty rapid clip, from the way she told about his performance. It seems, from her dream, that this chestnut horse and a lot of other horses started in to see which could run up the side of the Washington monument first, or something like that; anyhow, the chestnut horse won by a block. Now, my wife doesn't know anything about races, and she didn't even know that there was any races going on here. Said I to her—

"Are you dead sure that it was a chestnut horse that made all the rest of those horses in your dream look like aluminum dollars?"

"She was dead positive about it."

"Well," said I, "there's some racing going on out at Henington this week, and I should think that if dreams cut any ice it would be a good proposition for this family to bet on a chestnut horse to-day, if any chestnut horses are going to run."

"Now, I had a kind of sneakin' hankerin' to take in one of the day's racing, and I thought this was a pretty, crafty way of putting it through. I made it stick for a wonder."

"Why, yes, I really believe that would be a good party," she said, and then she went ahead and told me that dream of hers about the chestnut horse all over again.

"Well, on my way down town I bought one of these late sporting papers that publishes the racing entries, along with the colors of the horses, and I found that there was only one chestnut horse entered for the running yesterday. That was in the first race, and when I came home at noon for lunch I told my wife about it. She got off that old one about not approving of betting on principle, but she really thought that her dream was too vivid to be overlooked; that any chestnut horse booked to run was bound to win, she felt certain."

"Just because you had that dream?" I asked her.

"Well, that, and then intuition, too," she replied.

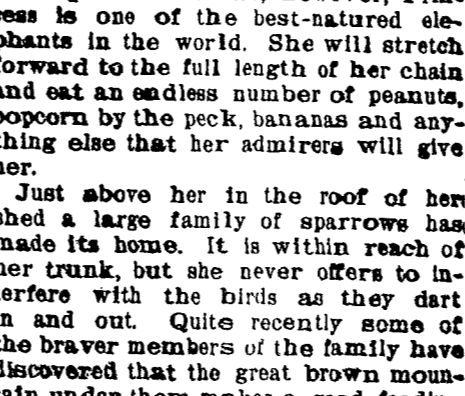
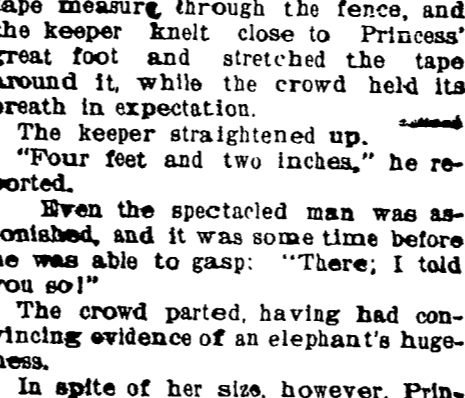
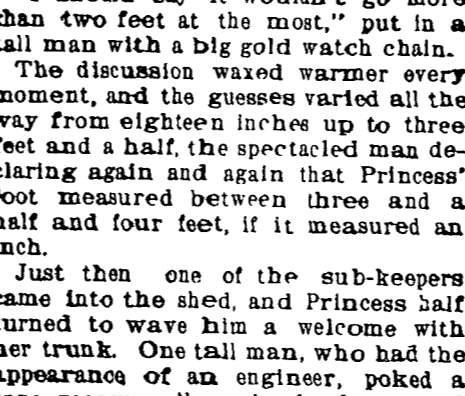
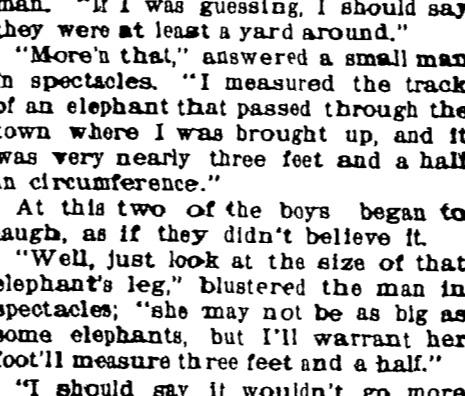
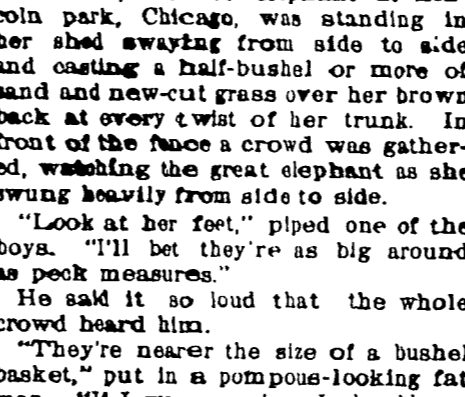
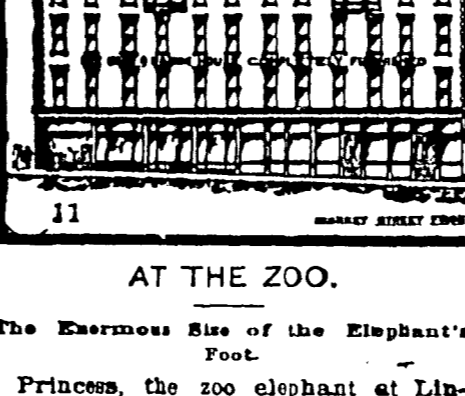
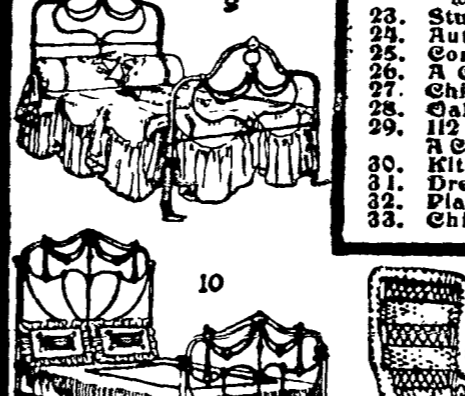
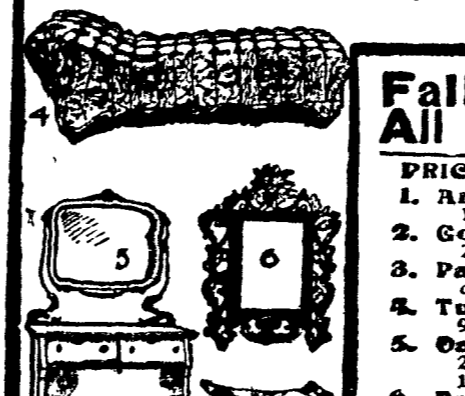
"So I went out to Henington to play the chestnut horse in the first race. Had heard a good deal about the starting, and new-cut grass over her brow, back at every twist of her trunk, in front of the race a crowd was gathered, watching the great elephant as she swung heavily from side to side.

"Look at her feet," piped one of the boys. "I'll bet they're as big around as peck measures."

He said it so loud that the whole crowd heard him.

"They're nearer the size of a bushel basket," put in a pompous-looking fat man. "I was guessing, I should say they were at least a yard around."

"More'n that," answered a small man in spectacles. "I measured the track of an elephant that passed through the town where I was brought up, and it was very nearly three feet and a half in circumference."



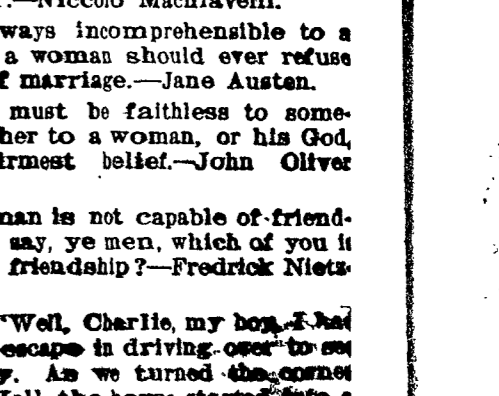
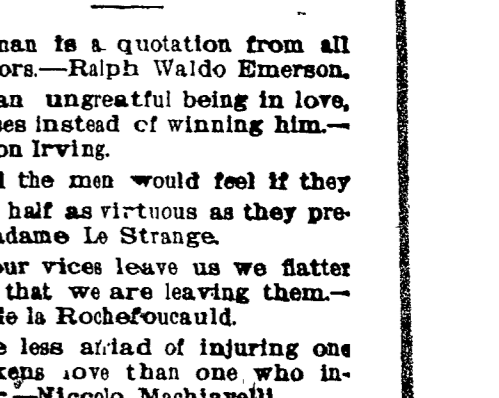
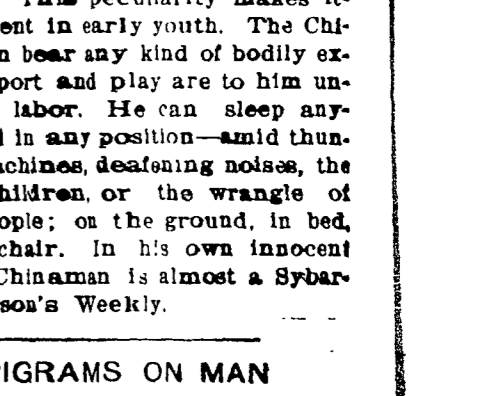
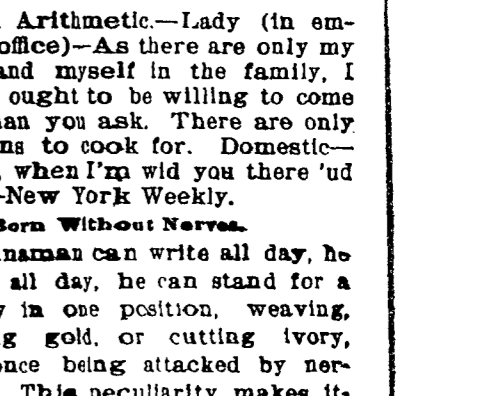
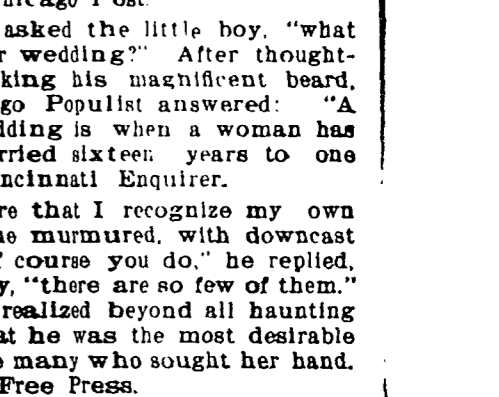
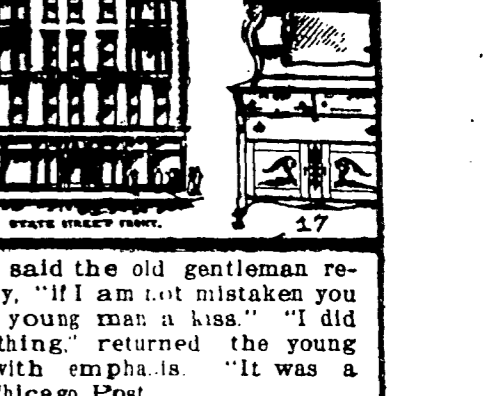
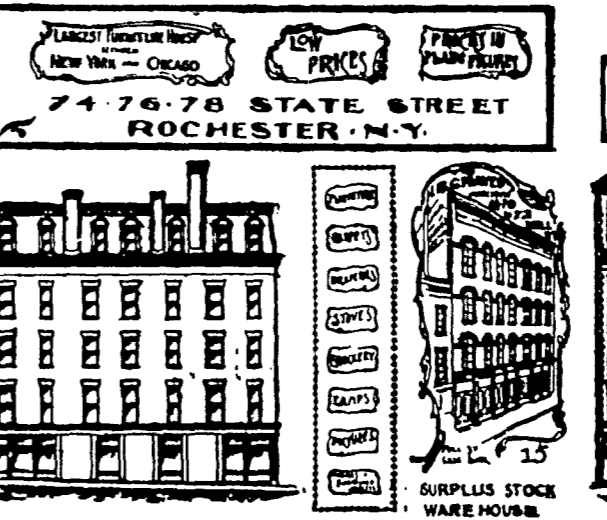
AT THE ZOO.

COPTAGE MANSION FURNISHED COMPLETE. FROM PARTY TO PARTY FROM ECONOMY TO BEAUTY. COMFORT. ECONOMY.

Fall Stocks in All Departments

Table with 3 columns: Item description, Price, and Remarks. Includes items like Ansonia Alarm Clock, Golden Finish Wood Seat High Chair, etc.

H-B GRAVES. 74 76-78 STATE STREET ROCHESTER, N.Y.



PIGRAMS ON MAN

crumbs and other dainties which she has overlooked, and the sparrows scratch around to find them with quite as much familiarity as if they were at work in some rack yard. And Princess pays no more attention to them than she would to ordinary mosquitoes.

Where the Wires Were Crossed. All the telephone wires out of order. When Mr. Smith rang up Mr. Brown he was quite as likely to get Mr. Peters or Mr. Stevens, and sometimes the instrument merely buzzed and clicked and sizzled like the managers of the telephone company were at their wits' end, they had not high and low to find where the wires were crossed, but all to no avail. At last a lineman was sent out to follow the wires from pole to pole, and not to stop until he had seen every foot of the line. All one day he tramped up and down the dusty streets of the town in which this happened, and he could find nothing out of order.

At last, just as it was coming 6 o'clock, he reached a big building which was used as a college library and museum. Up about twenty feet from the ground a stout timber protruded from the wall to the distance of about two feet, and along the top of this the wires ran into the building. The lineman could see nothing wrong, and he was tempted to go home without making any closer examination. But he was a careful workman, and so he climbed up to the top. As he put his head over the edge he started back suddenly. With a cry of fright and a great fluttering of wings a sparrow flew off her nest and darted in widening circles about the lineman's head.

The nest had been built just on top of the timber and covered both of the wires. The lineman pulled it down carefully and found, woven in and out with strings and bits of cloth, a small copper wire. This was placed at the bottom of the nest in such a way that it laid across all the wires and connected them. It is possible that the sparrows wanted to experiment a little with electricity in the laboratory at the basement of their house, or they might have discovered an improved method of building nests—with copper girders. The lineman scraped away the last vestige of the nest, and now Mr. Brown can talk with Mr. Smith without getting tangled up with Mr. Peters.

A Merry Game. One of the merriest of merry evening games goes by the name of "mummies." All the boys and girls, excepting four or five, leave the room. Two of those remaining act as dressers. They place the others in chairs and put over the head of each a tall newspaper cap, with holes cut in it through which the eyes can be seen. Cover the dresses of the three mummies with sheets so that they will not reveal the owner. Then call in the other boys and girls and set them to trying to find out who each of the mummies is by peeping through the eye holes. This causes great laughter and fun. After the party is all agreed as to who is who remove the paper and see how many mistakes have been made. This game is almost as much fun for grown people as it is for children.

"Julia," said the old gentleman reproachfully, "if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss." "I did no such thing," returned the young woman with emphasis. "It was a trade."—Chicago Post.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "what is a silver wedding?" After thoughtfully stroking his magnificent beard, the Chicago Populist answered: "A silver wedding is when a woman has been married sixteen years to one man."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'm sure that I recognize my own faults," she murmured, with downcast eyes. "Of course you do," he replied, confidently, "there are so few of them." Then she realized beyond all haunting doubts that he was the most desirable among the many who sought her hand. —Detroit Free Press.

Good at Arithmetic.—Lady (in employment office)—As there are only my husband and myself in the family, I think you ought to be willing to come for less than you ask. There are only two persons to cook for. Domestic—But, mum, when I'm wid you there'd be three.—New York Weekly.

Born Without Nerves. The Chinaman can write all day, he can work all day, he can stand for a whole day in one position, weaving, hammering gold, or cutting ivory, without once being attacked by nervousness. This peculiarity makes it especially apparent in early youth. The Chinaman can bear any kind of bodily exercise. Sport and play are to him unnecessary labor. He can sleep anywhere and in any position—amid thundering machines, deafening noises, the cry of children, or the wrangle of grown people; on the ground, in bed, or on a chair. In his own innocent way the Chinaman is almost a Sybarite.—Pearson's Weekly.