

NEW YORK FASHIONS

TROUBLOUS TIMES FOR THE WELL-GOWNED WOMAN.

The Winter Wardrobe—Materials for Limited Purse—An Article About Clothing That All Ladies Will Read With Pleasure and Profit.

These are indeed troublous times for the clothes ambitious woman, she who would fain be gowned according to Fashion's latest dictates, for the prices asked for the gowns and costumes this autumn are far in advance even of last year. To be sure, the materials used, the trimmings and all the accessories are of the most costly description, so that the assertion that the gown is well worth the money does not seem so absolutely without foundation as it often is. All the same to the great majority of women many of this season's costumes would be utterly out of fashion.

When \$250 is not thought an exorbitant price for a simple street gown when \$700 and \$800 for a dinner gown is not thought an impossible sum, I can readily be understood how the dress question is a serious one and that even with the \$300 a year allowance credited to Mrs. Roosevelt the problem requires much study and clever calculation.

But when things get so bad there must needs be a reaction, and in truth there never was a time when a woman could look so smartly gowned for so little money. Good taste, time and thought and most careful expenditure will work wonders in these days when there is such an endless variety of materials to choose from, such an opportunity to study the latest models in dress. All the large shops now import so extensively that no longer are exclusive styles to be seen only at some private tailor's or dressmaker's, but are, so to speak, at the disposal of the general public.

The Winter Wardrobe. In planning out a winter wardrobe on what must be economical lines the first thing to be done is to look carefully over what material there is on hand to see if any one of last season's gowns can be done over and the expense of such doing over carefully calculated, for often far more money than is realized is spent in "doing over" an old gown that is not worth it. A once should be discarded (given away or sold) all too shabby things. What there is a silk drop skirt in fairly



good order the upper part, the skirt itself can be discarded and then the silk skirt kept, for with a new flounce or ruffle it can do for another season and will help to save several dollars in the cost of a new costume.

It is almost impossible to manufacture at home, even with the aid of a clever seamstress, a satisfactory cloth costume. The skirt, if there be a tailor who will press it when finished can be provided there is a good pattern, fairly satisfactory, but the coat requires to be made by some one who has learned the trade, so it is better economy to buy the street gown and have other gowns made at home.

A silk drop skirt is an excellent thing to have, but it does add to the expense, and there are now many good linings that make excellent skirts and which require only a silk flounce or ruffle. If the edge of the ruffle is finished with a narrow braid it will wear much longer, but a small pinked ruching is also good and more effective. In choosing a street costume something inconspicuous in color is the best, and although if black is unbecoming it should not be chosen, it is always very satisfactory and the dramatic effects will always be the most satisfactory, as it is so easy to make them over by merely changing the trimmings, whereas in any mixed design or those of at all conspicuous coloring there is no way the second season of so entirely retrimming the costume as to make it look like new.

It is just as easy to make "bricks without straw," as it is to turn out smart looking gowns when the proper care is not used. There must be a

good pattern, materials must be sprung if of such description as require springing, the sewing must be good, and if machine work is used there must be the right kind of needle and thread. All trivial little details and absolutely requisite if the gown is to look as if made by professional hands, not amateur. It is perfectly possible in these days to find true bargains in materials, of last year's color and patterns, perhaps, but none the less of good first class quality, of which extremely smart clothes can be fashioned. Plaids when checks and stripes are fashionable, checks and stripes when plaids are in favor, blue when purple is popular and so on in definitely, always remembering that there shall be nothing conspicuous and for less than half the original price one can secure most attractive fabrics.

Materials for Limited Purse. Vellings, crepe de chine and silk are three materials of the utmost value to the woman who has a limited allowance for dress. Just the variation of a shade of coloring makes a difference in the cost, and several times in the year there will be sales when the old fashioned colors will be sold at surprisingly low prices. Crepe de Chine makes charming theatre and dinner gowns, is one of the best materials for separate waists, can be used for tea gowns and reception gowns and need not be beyond the reach of even a narrow purse. At the silk sales designs and colors of last season are good investments, while all the year round there are opportunities for vellings to be worn, and yet the different seasons make a great difference in the cost of vellings.

A most foolish lot of money is apt to be spent in trimmings and laces. Cheap imitations many of them are and by no means worth the money asked for them. When it is necessary in remodeling a last season's gown to have some new trimming for it, the greatest care must be taken to choose something appropriate, and I had best be of good material rather than of gaudy appearance.

There are this season many more simple designs in the new fashion than for some time, and of course in choosing models for home dressmaking it is best to decide upon simplest, not the most severe in outline, for severe outlines require most careful work and a design where the material is in folds or draped can much easier be copied than when it is a design that requires careful fitting.

The lining must be a good fit, but the material draped over it can, with skilful handling, be so arranged as to cover many a defect, not only of the lining, but the figure itself. Careful finishing is an immense aid to the appearance of a home made gown. Every seam well pressed and bound, hooks and eyes or buttons, as the case may be, put on firmly and in the right place. No loose ends trusting to a pin to be fastened down, and in short everything thorough will make the simplest of frocks look as though turned out by a professional dress maker. The belt and collar are most important accessories to a smart gown and when it is possible there should be two or three with every waist. These, however, must be strongly made and finished, no mere piece of neck; in short, it is the attention to detail and every detail that is demanded.

Equally important if not the most important point of all, is that it is far better to have a limited number of gowns, and each one complete, than a lot of half-way clothes. The temptation to buy recklessly because materials are cheap and one has a knack at dressmaking is to blame for the scores of abominably dressed women to be seen. Better two gowns a season, one for the street and one for the house than a half dozen of cheap material badly made. It takes a lot of time and labor to keep cheap clothes in order, and half the same time and labor expended on two good gowns will make the wearer thereof get the credit of being always smartly gowned. It is hard to economize, especially for a woman who loves pretty clothes, but it is not impossible, and even less that the oft-quoted \$300 will suffice for an exceedingly satisfactory wardrobe if one has the clothes in strict either by birth or education.

The question of mantles, which has become important this season to those who follow the trend of fashion, brings to mind a certain French word, "mantiens," for which no English equivalent has been found. Is it carriage, deportment, manner? It is all these, and a little more. It is "mantiens" pure and simple, and the Parisians declare with emphasis that the woman without "mantiens" should never wear a mantle.

The wrap or mantle of this season while rich and beautiful, is exceedingly trying. It reaches below the knees, in shapeless folds. The neck is low, the sleeves slouch from the shoulders, the shoulder seams slide over the upper arm. A woman must be of equal height and queenly bearing to carry it gracefully. Otherwise, it is a thing of costly ugliness. A pretty face will not help in the least. The correct wearing of a mantle is a study, in poise—the poise of the head, the shoulders, the arms and the hands. Nevertheless, the odd wrap, as it is called, is the fashion of the moment and will be worn by the smart and stout.

FARWELL TO SUMMER.

The ripened fruit hangs on the tree, The woods are brown and yellow, The cornhusks rattle on the lee, The pumpkin's getting mellow; The nights without are somewhat chill, There's comfort in the ember, And brisk October whistles shrill, While fees the mild September.

And so, my dear Miss Summer, I—
—Though sore doth parting grieve me—
Have called to bid a fond goodbye
To you before you leave me,
It is quite time that you should go,
Than that there's nothing truer,
Your cheeks are red, my dear, but O!
Your dainty nose is bluer.

But still you're fair, as when we met
Last May—or April, was it?—
When you persuaded me to let
My coat hang in the closet;
And when I did, you tittered, "Sold!"
And turned from warmth to freezing.
And gave me such a frightful cold
I've scarcely finished sneezing.

But after all, a pleasant time
We've had—a jolly season;
I've given you a lot of rhyme
And not, I fear, much reason.
And you—Well, though you've been a flirt,
(Of that there's no denying)—
You always kissed me where you hurt
And so I stopped my crying.

Your temper is a hot one, love,
And mine, too, I suppose, is,
But, while you scorched me from above
You tressed me down the roses.
So "Au revoir" and not "Farewell,"
I'll be a patient waiter.
And, if the fates do not rebel,
My dear, I'll see you later.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

HER HONEYMOON.

Celia is strong minded. You would not think so to look at her. She is what I call a fluff girl. She has a sweet face, with large blue eyes and a matchless dimple in her left cheek. But Celia is strong minded. I sometimes even think mamma is a little afraid of her. She has certainly managed us both all our life. Celia has a perfect talent for managing people. When she told us she was engaged to be married to Sir Vernon Branstone, Mamma said, "But Celia, darling, you hardly know him."

"You never know any man unless you are actually married to him," answered Celia who is possessed of an extraordinary amount of worldly wisdom. Then I put in my word. "I don't like him, Celia," I said decidedly. "And you haven't got to marry him," replied Celia, in her most putting down manner, "so you needn't trouble about that."

Mamma cried a little and finally gave her consent, which was, after all, only a matter of form, as Celia has money of her own and is over twenty-one. We sat chatting over her fire the night before the marriage. "Supposing he is unkind to you, Celia," I said. "Oh Celia, darling, whatever would you do if he were unkind to you?" "Do?" answered Celia, with an air of great astonishment. "I would leave him, of course, and come back to you and mamma."

I gasped. "You couldn't leave a man you were married to," I said. "Couldn't I?" she replied calmly. "You'd see, Dot." "I'm afraid he is rather selfish, Celia," I said, presently. "All men are selfish," replied the wise Celia, "if they are encouraged. I shan't encourage Vernon."

Then we went to bed. I awoke the next morning feeling depressed. I hated parting with my favorite alster, and I did not care about my future brother-in-law. I must own he seemed devoted to Celia, but he looked so rough and big beside her I was dreadfully afraid he might bully her. But the wedding went off very well, in spite of my misgivings. My sister looked delicious, pretty in her white satin gown, and I thought Vernon looked proud and happy. A friend of his had lent them a house in Scotland for their honeymoon, and Vernon was to have some spring fishing. I saw them off at the station. This was, I know, a dreadfully unconventional thing to do, but it was just like Celia, and she insisted on it. She said it would prevent people from knowing they were newly married, which was absurd, as her hat was covered with rice.

Just before the train was due to start Vernon looked at his watch and said to me: "Well, goodbye, Dot. I must be getting in now." I shook hands with him, and Celia, leaning forward, moved 'The Ladies' Pictorial' from the seat opposite. He saw the movement. "Don't bother to move anything, Celia," he said gently. "I am going smoking." I started incredulously at him; then I glanced at Celia to see how she would take it. To my surprise, she only smiled and said: "All right. Go and tell Denise to come to me a minute. I want to speak to her."

When she must have been dying to talk over the wedding and everything! How lonely she would be on that long, dull journey! They were going to stop at York for the night, but she would have nearly five hours alone with her maid.

"Poor Celia! I had warned her he was selfish, but it is no use warning people who are in love—they are always so peculiar. I felt a little disappointed in my sister, to tell the truth, for I never thought she would have surrendered so easily. She hadn't even looked cross, but had smiled at Vernon."

How dreadfully soon marriage changes some people! I found mamma still rather watery about the eyes. She asked me a great many questions and was most indignant at Vernon's selfishness.

"Wancy alighting my darling girl like that!" she said angrily. "And fancy her taking it so calmly," I added. "I wish she had never left us," sobbed mamma. "I know he will bully her. I never heard of a man doing such a thing in my life. My poor, neglected child!"

We could talk and think of nothing else and sat down to dinner feeling lonely and miserable. At about half past 9, as I was feeling quite worn out with excitement and fatigue, I thought I would go to bed. I kissed mamma and begged her not to worry about Celia.

"I wonder what she is doing?" she said tearfully. "I do hope they will not quarrel, Dot." "I said I was sure they wouldn't, as Celia had never quarreled with anybody in her life. I was just going upstairs when I heard the front door bell ring violently.

"I can't see any one, Dot," mamma called out to me. "I am too tired and upset to-night."

"We're out, James," I said to the footman, and added reassuringly to mamma, "It will only be what Celia calls a posthumous wedding present."

I waited a moment to see. Suddenly I heard a peremptory voice saying: "Here, James, take in this box. Denise is coming on with the others in a four-wheeler. Where is Miss Dot?" I simply flew across the hall. "Oh, Celia, darling Celia, whatever is the matter?" I cried excitedly.

Celia stopped to kiss mamma, who had rushed into the hall at the sound of her voice, then she slipped her arm through mine. "Come along into the dining room, dears," she said, "and I'll tell you all about it, but do order me some dinner first; I am dreadfully hungry." She spoke quite brightly, but her face was pale, and I don't think her tears were far off. Then she told us what she had done. As soon as I left her she arranged with Denise to get out at Peterborough and catch the next express back to town. Vernon had luckily never seen her. Poor mamma looked rather dazed, as though she hardly understood what had happened.

"It serves him right, Celia," I said angrily, "but whatever will he do? Won't he be fearfully angry?" I felt nervous, but Celia only shrugged her shoulders. "Likely he will," she replied coolly, "but after all what can he do excepting swear? You see, I have begun as I mean to go on, Dot, and I must await developments. I expect he will soon fetch me back," she added, cheerfully, "and try to hush it up. No man likes being made a fool of, but it was really more than I could stand." She yawned and raised her pretty arms above her head. "And now let's go to bed, Dot. I'm so awfully tired. It's useless to sit here and speculate what he will do. I am all right in the meantime, as I have brought my trousseau back with me."

The next morning Celia received a frantic telegram from Vernon, and in the afternoon he arrived. Mamma and I thought it kinder not to see him. Celia had a long interview with him in the dining room, after which she ran up to us, and giving us each a hearty kiss, whispered she would tell us all about it to-morrow. Then they drove off together, and Denise followed with the luggage.

I believe they staid at a hotel for the night and caught the express to Scotland the next day. We did not see Celia again for several weeks, and when she wrote all she told us was that Vernon was a "dear." They seem happy now, and I sometimes think I never saw a man kinder or more attentive to his wife. Celia seems devotedly fond of him. Of course I always knew she was strong minded, but I must say I have often wondered, how she managed Vernon.—Westminster Budget.

Bacterial Perplexities. People who rely upon domestic helms to purify water for household purposes will be surprised at statements made on the authority of the board of health of Maryland that such filters may steadily lose efficiency until they become first-rate culture beds for bacteria. An example cited is that in the case of a man in Baltimore who sends the whole water supply of his house through a large filter and subsequently puts his drinking water through one of the small domestic filters common in the market. A test showed that on a day when the city taps were running 510 bacteria to the cubic centimeter, the large filter was delivering 9,900 bacteria in the same quantity of water. When the large filter was repacked, only nine bacteria per centimeter got through it, but this same water when passed through the small filter came out with seventy-one bacteria per centimeter. A further example cited is from the office of the Baltimore health department, where a filter, supposed to be the best in the market, was in use. The effectiveness of that filter was so short-lived that the precaution was observed of boiling the water after it was filtered.—Ex.

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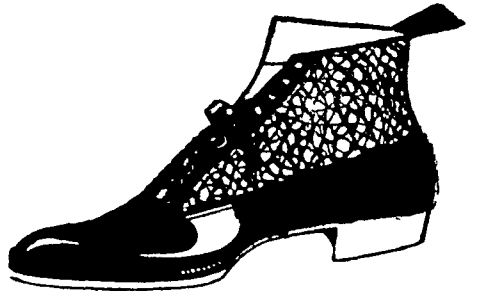
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"I can't help being a little bit afraid of the dark," remarked the small boy, apologetically. "That is very silly," replied his father. "You will outgrow it when you are older and more sensible." "Of course. It won't be very long before I'm big, and then I'll be like you and mother and not be afraid of anything except spilling salt and seeing the new moon over my left shoulder.—Washington Star.

A clergyman new to a living in the west of England was told that an old man in his parish was of an exceedingly crusty disposition, so he determined to make friends with him the first opportunity he had. Overtaking him in the village one day, he said: "This is cold weather, John." Receiving no reply, he tried again: "I said this is cold weather, John." Turning angrily around, the old man replied: "Well, who said it wasn't? D'ye want to argue the point?"—Answers.

No Hope. Family Doctor—Nothing more can be done for you, sir. I have exhausted my resources, and I advise you to make your will. Patient—But I have been told that Dr. Blank says he can cure me. Family Doctor—Huh! I'd just like to see him try it. I'd have him ejected from the society for breach of etiquette.

Not the Desired Answer. "Do I look like a man who would try to cheat your confounded corporation out of five cents?" asked the man who was angry because he was asked if he had paid his fare; and he looked like a boiled lobster when the conductor surveyed him calmly, and replied: "Well, yes; I must say I think you do."

After the Amateur Drama. "I know we ought to have had a dress rehearsal." "What's the trouble?" "Why when I said to Tom Skinner, 'Kneel, sirrah, and on bended knee pay homage to your lady queen,' he spoke right out and said: 'Not of your life—in these tight's.'"

A Definition. Little Niece—What is polygam, aunty? Aunty (Mrs. Malaprop)—Polygam is where men have an ad libitum privilege of marrying a plurality of wives when they can't take care of one as she ought to be.

Two of a Kind.



Willie Winks—Could you show me the way to Smith's farm? Sally Ann—Sure. Just follow me; this one got lost, too.

Good Example to Follow. There's a man," said Brown, as we were crossing North River the other day, "who made a failure of everything he undertook from the time he left college until a year ago, and now he's rich."

"That so?" asked I. "What did he do and what is he doing?" "Well, first he tried being a poet, and he made a miserable failure of that. Even the magazines wouldn't take his stuff. Then he tried to turn the law, medicine, theology and the stage, and he was as bad as could be in them all; hadn't a single qualification for any one of them."

"Well, I should have given it up as a bad job and entered a home for the feeble minded." "No, there was one calling he had never attempted." "What was that?" "Man of business. A friend advised it, he had a little capital, put it into a business and found that he was just cut out for that sort of thing, and today he's rich."