

HEARTH & BOUDOIR

Long Coat the Newest.
The long coat which is to be such a feature of the winter fashion is worn over the entire gown, made of the one material, and this makes possible the velvet waist with the skirt. Of course the great difficulty and the great objection to a velvet waist to match a skirt is that the material is heavy, but the newest weaves of velvet are wonderfully light in comparison with those of a few years ago, and when a transparent yoke—even a small one—and collar are added, instead of the high lined stock collar of a few seasons past, there is a great difference in the comfort of the waist. These gowns will be worn in the street without a wrap in the early days of the winter, and the coat worn over them will be loose enough to be thrown off when entering a house. In other words, the gown is distinctive and finished without any outer garment.

Cafe Frappe.
Make a pint and a half of strong drip coffee of double the usual strength. Scald one pint of thin cream, dissolve in it one cupful and a third of granulated sugar, then set aside until cool. Mix with the coffee, and pour into the freezer. Freeze slowly until of a mushy consistency. Serve in glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on each.

Fancywork Apron.
One or two dainty aprons to don of an afternoon when needlework is the order are a cherished requisite of every feminine wardrobe. Nainsook,



lawn and batiste are the favored materials, though a wash taffeta or India silk is sometimes used. The apron shown is of newest design and developed charmingly. The center is lengthened by a straight gathered flounce, above which are two shaped pockets for holding the articles of needlework. Two straight panels appear at the sides. Feather-stitching provides an attractive finish for the edges and pockets, while a bit of embroidery renders the latter ornamental as well as useful. Broad ties in a big bow give a coquettish air which is vastly becoming.

Straw Hats Still Worn.
Despite the fascination of the charming new models in felt, straw hats will be quite as much in evidence during fall days. Not a few women are bringing out their spring polo turbans. Extremes in this style, however, are quite out of date. New models are built on wire frames and extend out at the sides and a little over the face. One simple, practical hat of black and white straw is surrounded by a band of velvet with short, outstanding loops two inches apart. Two graceful white wings on either side of the front cling to the brim and raise high as they get toward the back.

Colored Fancy Velvets.
In colored fancy velvets, whose name is legion, embroidery of the same color as the gown is used, with a touch of contrast in the waistcoat of brocade or embroidered satin; and it must be confessed that, for instance, with a gray gown a touch of yellow in the waist and a fall of old lace seem to soften the lines of the velvet and to make it far more becoming. Blue and gray, pink and gray and yellow and gray—the latter always the smartest—are seen, while green, red and yellow are all used with black.

Demi-Train in Favor.
Many of the new skirts display a demi-train, their extreme fullness not always proving becoming when cut short. The average woman, too, no matter if she does demand convenience as to length in her walking costumes, prefers some little train to those that are worn in the house or for formal occasions, for the added length at the back assuredly does make for a dignity and grace of bearing that the shorter skirts never accorded.

Variety in Hat Trimmings.
Ostrich feathers, heretofore used principally on large hats, appear on the smallest of chapeaux, and for those who require something more serviceable than the ostrich there are the quills and wings in many shapes and sizes. Flowers, too, in dull tones are much used as bandeau trimmings, and quite often a wreath of delicately tinted roses is laid around the crown of a broad brimmed hat and the bandeau finished with ostrich feathers.

To Be Worn This Winter.
In textures moire corduroy is a novel material, which presents a pleasing silkiness to the eye, and in soft shades of brown it is beautifully effective with sable and mink furs. These skins, by the way, with a revival of chinchilla, in combination with splendid laces for evening use, are again to be the winter favorites, and since muffs are enormously big, and a number of the boas prodigiously long, it naturally follows that furs will

be dear. Chinchilla skins are especially scarce and only those which show the velvet markings are approved. With some of the smaller made-up sets there is again a tendency to employ millinery trimmings—lace falls, ribbon ruffles, rosettes, etc.—with the ends of the neckpiece treated with a fussy grace of ribbon.

Boudoir Confidences

Among the favorite fall trimmings there can be noted the following:

Knots of colored ribbon for trimming sleeves and yoke.

Chemisettes and yokes of lace trimmed with narrow pipings of colored velvet.

In the follies of fashion there are shoulderettes of white lace run with colored ribbons.

A handsome little gayly colored cloth vest which is set in the front of Eton coats, blazer jackets and bodices of all kinds.

Handsome pipings of silk so planned that they border the regular trimmings and are used for edgings to cuffs, revers, ruffles and appliques.

No gown but has a deal of this piping and no gown but looks the better for it.

Blouse Waists.
For dressy use the thin blouse is built in the softest of silks, crepe de chenes, chiffons and poplins. Radium silk which is a cross between taffetas and liberty, has a surface that shimmers with a wealth of shaded lights. Its suppleness renders it especially well adapted to the gathered surplice bodice—a last year's design reappearing with added attractiveness this fall.

This style of waist is remarkably becoming and graceful if it is made with care. It requires, however, a fitted lining, and the gatherings of the material must fit snugly to the figure. To prevent giving a fat appearance the fullness should slope in a curve from the under arm seam.

Ribbons of All Descriptions.
The Persian ribbons, both wide and narrow, are particularly beautiful, a novelty being sash ribbons that in coloring and pattern are strikingly like the old-fashioned Paisley shawls. For belting there is a ribbon in widths from one to three or four inches, the background of which is of gold thread with a handsome Persian design done in colors, and for trimmings there are the faintest narrow Persian ribbons in all varieties of color.

Taffetas and liberty satin ribbons which are always in demand are to be had in all of the standard widths and shades beside meeting the demand for novelty in the way of the latest fashions in color.

New Short Coats.
The new short coats have arrived. They are queer and will not be becoming to the majority. Truly, they look like impertinent street sparrows. They do not attempt to fit the figure under the arms, and the waistline is about four inches above the waist. From this point they curve out at the back, and the slash up the center makes the two sides stand out and almost cross at the hem exactly like a sparrow's tail.

Whether or not this original shape will be worn is in the hands of the women. One thing is true—the short coat is the thing of the moment for afternoon frocks.

Reign of Ribbon Bows.
Gay fabric paints the wearers a host of butterflies, and the most surprising is the vogue for bows, mostly of Watteau origin, which have lighted like

AUTUMN GOWNS.



Both of these gowns are of light-weight cloth. The first one is of beige cloth. The corsage is draped crosswise, the fronts forming a bolero bordered with embroidery and little ruffles of the material. The yoke, or plastron, is of lace or embroidered with bands and ruffles of the material, the former embroidered with dots. The wide corslet is of golden-brown silk or satin. The full sleeves are finished at the elbows with lace ruffles headed by bands and knots of the golden brown. The skirt is plaited all round except just in front. The second gown is of gray eolienne. The blouse has a shoulder collar composed of band of embroi-

myriads of butterflies on this season's toilets. They deck the slippers or ties, the gown, the coat, the hat and even the hair. They are perky or square, as preferred, and are made of the most old-time ribbons with pleat, frayed or pinked edges and with surfaces glaze, changeable, flowered, figured and striped or plain. A spool of the tiniest wire is usually found in millinery's work basket for the delicate substitution of the edges of bows, ruffles and other furnishings.

Tip-Tilted Hats.
The side-tilting of hats, as well as the toboggan slide directions, are no longer the same marvelous sights, for the eye is getting quite used to them. Twice as many hats are needed, and such superbly jeweled ones as are used make lesser ones look extremely out of date. The tendency of plumes is to end upon the hair in the back, and is quite definitely accepted. They should not be worn, however, by what are now termed short women, those who fall below five feet nine or ten, but naturally there will not be any such discrimination. All the feminine world is after fashion regardless of all else.

Cloth Waist for Fall.
Blouse of cloth made with groups of tucks and trimmed with a wide silk braid of the same color, forming straps on each side of the front.

The narrow vest is of guipure, form-



ing two little revers at the top. It is ornamented with buttons and bordered with a narrow braid.

New Runabout is Smart.
One of the most attractive and practical ideas in the new fall fashions is the runabout suit, which will lose none of its prestige because of the importance of the more elaborate costumes. Women simply can not and will not get along without a comfortable run about.

It is ready for every ordinary occasion, and is so smart that it may serve for all but the most elaborately dressy social functions. Suits of this character are among the first needs of the autumn. Phantom checks and plaids are among the new ideas here and will be a change from the solid colors in cloth and hertietta.

Sewing Machine Secret.
Take out the screws that hold the foot-plate, remove it and you will be surprised at the amount of fluff accumulated there. Then clean under the whole of the plate and the little grooves with a penknife (having first removed the needle). Very often this accumulation of fluff is the cause of the machine running hard and not working well.

The STAGE

General Mention.
Robert T. Haines has been engaged for his original role of Kara, in "The Darling of the Gods."

Eleanor Robson's production of her new play promises to be one of the notable features of the midseason in New York.

Mary McCabe, who plays Hulda Cushing in "As Ye Sow," was for three years with James A. Herne's "Shore Acres."

Thomas E. Shea's leading lady is Charlotte Burckett, who has played with him in his productions for a number of seasons.

Charles Klein, who wrote "The Lion and the Mouse," is a brother of Alfred Klein, for so long a diminutive comedian with De Wolf Hopper.

The electrical effects in the big shipwreck and storm scene in "As Ye Sow" are said to be the most realistic thing of the kind ever seen on any stage.

Kyrle Bellew's repertory includes many Shakespearean characters which he has played in his professional tours which have extended around the world.

William A. Brady is having a play written for Douglas Fairbanks, and intends starring him next year so great has been his success as Luther Ludlum in "As Ye Sow."

Bertha Galland begins her season in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," under David Belasco's management, in Brooklyn on Nov. 6. Later she will appear in a new play that Mr. Belasco is preparing for her.

It is twenty-nine years since Denman Thompson first essayed the role of Uncle Josh at the Boston theater. That was when the title of the piece itself was "Joshua Whitcomb," now "The Old Homestead."

Richard Carle has made many of his productions in Chicago. "The Mayor of Tokio" saw the light of day there last summer, just as "The Tenderfoot," "The Maid and the Mummy," "The Storks," and other works did before.

Eleanor Robson's experience on the Pacific coast, as the star of "Merely Mary Ann," is what would be expected by those who recall the many successes which she made there as a young girl in stock company productions.

When Richard Carle produces "The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl" in New York next summer there will be another musical

has been missing for a considerable time—since, in fact, he had the misfortune to be knocked down by a car in Broadway, New York.

Mrs. Fliske and the Manhattan company have concluded their New York performances of "Lean Kleschna," and enter upon a tour of the larger cities that have not seen this play or witnessed the work of this dramatic organization. After this tour Mrs. Fliske and the company will return for the regular season at the Manhattan theater, and they will present on their return Rupert Hughes' new comedy of contemporary life in New York, "What Will People Say?"

A traveler from Norway, recently returned, says that "Ibsen has written his last line, and that he is to-day 'a watery-eyed, tremulous old man, his nervous force gone, and his physical strength vanishing.' It is added that two physicians are with him day and night, and that even he has ceased reading, although an attendant reads to him sometimes when he can concentrate his mind sufficiently to enjoy it.

This is the decennial year of "The Heart of Maryland's" triumphal career. On Oct. 23 it began another year at Detroit with a specially selected cast. Odette Tyler will be seen as Maryland, R. D. McLean as Gen. Kendrick, Wallace Edinger as Lieut. Telfair, Edna Wallace Hopper as Nannie, and John E. Kelard as Col. Thorpe, the character he played in the original production with Mrs. Carter ten years ago.

In order to distinguish between their own and the attractions and theaters of the syndicate, the independent managers have adopted the line "Independent of the Theatrical Trust" as their trademark. Hereafter all attractions and theaters under the direction of the Shubert-Fliske-Belasco movement will have this line appended. As there are now nearly three dozen attractions touring the country which are displaying this trademark and no less than twenty-seven theaters operating under it, the chances are that it will soon become well known as the sign of those opposed to the trust.

The cast for the Lawrence D'Orsay company in Augustus Thomas' play, entitled "The Embassy Ball," has been completed. It includes Charlotte Walker, Marion Barney, Ida Darling



play title added to the numerous show names that feature the word "girl." The majority of them have been successes.

Miss Gertrude Quinlan has not missed a performance of "The College Widow" since its opening, more than a year ago. This holds good also in the cases of Messrs. Bryant, Holt, Collyer, Maley, Burton, Hollis, Davenport and Coman.

Lulu Glaser has laid aside the medieval robes and impetuous methods of the heroine of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and "Miss Dolly Dollars," the new work in which she will play her first engagement at the Hollis street theater, is a thoroughly modern musical comedy.

Grace Elliston, who began her career in Hoyt's musical farces, recently refused an offer to return to that field at the head of her own company. Miss Elliston preferred a less conspicuous position with an opportunity of creating the role of Shirley Green in "The Lion and the Mouse."

Prof. Brander Matthews, the critic and author of numerous plays, and George Arliss, the original Zerkull in "The Darling of the Gods," and Raoul in "Leah Kleschna," have collaborated on a play. The title is "The End of the Game." The leading character is a masterful man like Cecil Rhodes.

Richard Strauss has introduced into the score of his new opera, "Salome," a setting of the Oscar Wilde play, a new instrument. It is called the Hechelophon, and is the invention of Wilhelm Hechel of Biebrich, Germany. It is a wood wind instrument, and its tone is described as "tender and beautiful," but with penetrating strength and fullness.

Hubert Henry Davies, the "youngest playwright," who has been silent since he scored so heavily with "Cousin Kate" and "Mrs. Garrigue's Necklace," has now finished a new play. It will be done in London by Sir Charles Wyndham, who likewise

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Just a Common Soldier.
In his uniform soaking and bedraggled, with the blood in his sleepless eyes, Hungry and dirty and boarded, he looks at the morning skies.

He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his chum for a light— When a bugle sounds on the chilling air, and he stands in his boots upright.

There is jingling of chains and the straining of harness, the clashing of steel, And the gunner swings off at a gallop, as he buckles the spur to his heel. There are whispers and jesting, and laughter—then the scream of a rushing shell.

And the crash of the guns from the trenches that fling back the gateways of Hell. In his uniform soaking and grimy he stands with his gun in his place. While the bullet back at the rim ground and spit up the earth in his face.

He stands as he stood in a scarlet coat with a crowd at the barrack gate. But the colonel knows what his heart is at, and he whispers: "It's coming. Wait!"

So he glares at the spoke from the trenches, so he chafes to his chum on his right knee, and he sets his teeth and his thirst for the fight. And he stands like a rock through the morning with the butt of his gun at his toe.

Then the bugles ring and he leaps to the front, with his bayonet point at the foe. To the mouth of the sputtering cannon, to the right where the rifles flame. On to a shout that is strong as the blow—though he's tortured and spent and lame.

Through the line of the reeling foemen, through the hail of the hissing lead He wins to the rocks with his bayonet point and stagers among the dead. In his uniform soaking and tattered he lies with the mist in his eyes. The sun has set and the air is still, but he looks no more on the skies.

The lips of the cannon are frothless, there is rest in the worn brigade. And the only sound on the stricken field is the noise of his comrade's spade. —Harold Begbie.

Saved Life by Cheerfulness.
Brought together by the fate of battle in 1862 and the subsequent anguish of a military prison, Brigadier General James McLeer, commanding the Second Brigade, and a soldier whose name he never heard drifted apart on leaving their surgical ward and have never seen each other since.

The last words between them contained an expression of gratitude to the Brooklyn man for having saved the other's life. In the years that have elapsed, Gen. McLeer has often wondered who the young man was whose life he saved by the mere cheer of words. The general was then a young man, barely twenty. He has read the reminiscences of many soldiers in the hope of finding out something of the subsequent life of the stranger he met so dramatically in the Mount Pleasant hospital, which was in the suburbs of Washington, D. C., during the civil war.

So far he has failed, but perhaps the man may still be living, and, reading this story, may make himself known to the wounded youth who has risen to command a brigade of the National Guard.

This incident, one of many of those stirring days of young McLeer, was related by the general to an Eagle reporter, the reporter telling the story merely to emphasize the value of always looking on the bright side of things, and especially to illustrate the power in this world of a cheerful word in the hour of gloom or despair.

"I was a patient in ward 3 of the hospital, and after many months of treatment for loss of my left arm and fracture of my left leg in the second battle of Bull Run, I was able to move about with the aid of a crutch and an apparatus to support my wounded leg in part."

"One morning I was seated in the corridor, opposite my ward, when a young doctor in charge of the adjoining ward came along to make his morning visit to the wounded under his care. He stopped to speak with me and offered congratulations on my ability to move about. I had been for nearly five months confined to my bed while nature was at work in trying to repair the damage to the leg. The doctor invited me to visit his ward. I asked him whether there was anything special or interesting there, and he replied:

"Yes, we have the man with an arm off," but I interrupted him by saying, "We have a number in our ward with arms and legs off."

"Very true," said he; then, talking out his watch and looking at it for a moment, he added: "But this man will die at 9 o'clock to-night." Now you may judge that he was a very young doctor, for older men in his profession are not able to fix so closely the time of dissolution. However, I made up my mind to visit his ward and see the man who would "pass over the lines" at 9 o'clock that night.

"I found the young soldier in a very serious condition. His arm had been amputated near the shoulder by a field surgeon, and, as this was followed by a long ride in an ambulance and subsequent neglect, there was evidence of great exhaustion, and, in fact, I was impressed with the idea that the young doctor was liberal in giving him until 9 o'clock before passing away, as death seemed to be very near to him. I sat down beside his bed and gently talking him by the hand said:

"My friend, you are better; I am glad to see this change."

"He opened his eyes, looked at me for a moment and then in a whisper, for he was very weak, asked whether I thought he was better."

"Oh, very much better," I replied. "I felt a little serious about your case but it is all right now and you are going to pull through nicely."

"Why," said he, "the doctor said I would die at 9 o'clock to-night."

"Nonsense," I said, "you are not going to die. Your doctor is a practical joker; he is smart, but he will get off his little jokes. He usually takes out his watch and very gravely says, 'You will die at 4 o'clock, or names some other hour.'"

And really he did seem better when I left him. But I concluded to be with him at 9 o'clock that night. I was anxious, but hopeful.

"It was not at a season of the year when the evening comes early, and so about half past 7 o'clock I was again at his bedside. He was better and seemed stronger, and I had much encouragement. I talked at him, not with him, for I would not tax him to talk with me. Probably an hour or so passed when I looked at my watch, and told him it was after 9 o'clock, and I must say good night to him, for the rules of the hospital required us to be at our beds at 9. It was in fact but half after 8. He made an effort to raise himself from the pillow. I put my hand gently under his head, and said:

"What is it, my friend? Can I do anything for you?"

"No," he said, "but is it really after 9? (It was about that much after 8). Then sunshine came to him and with reverence he repeated again and again, 'Thank God, it is after 9.'"

"Oh," said I, "you are thinking of the doctor's joke, and I took his hand and pressed it and bade him good night and added I would come in and see him in the morning. But I did not leave the ward, for it was not yet 9 o'clock. At some distance from his bed I waited and watched until after 9, then moving quietly to his bed again I was very happy to find him sleeping and breathing naturally, and then I knew it was all right with him, and returned to my ward. In the morning I found him ever so much better and taking some breakfast. As he held my hand and thanked me again and again I said to him:

"Well, now, you can appreciate the doctor's joke."

"Yes," he said, "but you helped me through."

"I was anxious to meet with the doctor on his morning visit to the ward and give him a shot on his promise of death at 9 o'clock, but I missed him. However, later in the day I posted myself at the entrance to the ward, determined he should not pass without seeing me. Finally, along he came. As he approached me I took out my watch and with all seriousness remarked:

"Yes, he will die at 9 o'clock to-night."

The doctor was very angry, and turning fiercely upon me, said:

"— it, he would have died had it not been for your interference."

"I may add that a few weeks later the young soldier received a furlough and returned to his Northern home, I never met him afterward, but as I tell this story I can almost feel the warm grasp of his hand as he bade me good-by, and with tears streaming down his face, said:

"Oh, I owe you so much."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Council of Administration.
The following comrades are announced as the Council of Administration of the Grand Army of the Republic for the ensuing year: Alabama, George F. Jackson, Birmingham; Arizona, J. H. Creighton, Phoenix; Arkansas, C. T. Newman, Judson; California, Charles T. Rice, Riverside; Colorado, U. S. Hollister, Denver; Connecticut, V. T. McNeil, New Haven; Delaware, James McDowell, Wilmington; Florida, Joseph Bumby, Marshville; Georgia, C. A. Busher, Fitzgerald; Idaho, Samuel Wallace, Pocatello; Illinois, Thomas W. Scott, Fairfield; Indiana, William H. Armstrong, Indianapolis; Indian Territory, Lyman Preston, Muskogee; Iowa, J. S. Lothrop, Sioux City; Kansas, W. W. Dennison, Topeka; Kentucky, George W. Saunders, Mayfield; Louisiana, Francis Richards, New Orleans; Maine, George H. Smith, Houlton; Maryland, B. F. Taylor, Baltimore; Massachusetts, John W. Hersey, Springfield; Michigan, Charles E. Foote, Kalamazoo; Minnesota, L. W. Collins, Minneapolis; Missouri, F. M. Sterrett, St. Louis; Montana, F. B. Sterling, Helena; Nebraska, James D. Wade, Milford; New Hampshire, F. B. Woodbury, Concord; New Jersey, Clayland Tilden, Jersey City; New Mexico, John V. Hewitt, White Oaks; New York, M. V. Lucas, Potsdam; North Dakota, F. Biesland, Jamestown; Ohio, J. C. Winans, Troy; Oklahoma, M. Fitzgerald, El Reno; Oregon, B. F. Pike, Moro; Pennsylvania, Thomas G. Sample, Allegheny; Potomac, G. M. Husted, Washington; Rhode Island, Charles R. Prayton, Providence; South Dakota, J. L. Turner, Springfield; Texas, J. E. Dunlap, Dallas; Utah, N. D. Corser, Vermont; Daniel W. Davis, Chester; Washington, William Badger, North Yakima; West Virginia, N. M. Pritchard, Mannington; Wisconsin, Phil Cheek, Baraboo.

Superior to Mosby's Men.
Every detachment of Union cavalry sent out to end Col. Mosby's marauding suffered the most inglorious defeat—except the Eighth Illinois. The sons of western farmers proved a match for the sons of Virginia cavaliers. They could ride, they could shoot, they could play the guerrilla, with the best partisan rangers that ever wore the gray, and Mosby's men soon learned to respect them as much as they despised the other blue-coated horsemen. When the Eighth Illinois, known among the rangers as "the fellows with hats," same galloping down the road, Mosby's men fought and ran, elusive as heretics. But at last they were tricked into making a stand, for "the fellows with hats" had changed to caps that day. Thinking that he was dealing with the Thirteenth New York cavalry, Col. Mosby smiled and rallied his entire command to give battle. Then—this was at Upperville, Va., in '65—the Eighth caused their old enemies to suffer the novel sensation of defeat. So crushing was the blow and so severe the loss which Mosby sustained that his men never gathered in force after that day.