

FASHION LETTER.

Horse Show week is upon us, or, rather, about to be upon us. Some few years ago—it seems—but yesterday, indeed; we progress with such rapidity—Horse Show week was a thing to conjure with sartorially. The six days and nights were a tireless panorama of clothes—clothes—clothes!

From Horse Show Monday to Horse Show Saturday, fashions were made and unmade for the rest of the season.

Today, Horse Show week, to the smart world, has virtually no sartorial significance at all, and as a clothes show it has practically ceased to exist.

This is a pity, in a way, for the "clothes walk" was a show in itself that was well worth seeing; and it offered countless object lessons in the gentle art of how and how not to dress—more especially, how not to.

The modistes now absolutely refuse to make themselves part of the game of the horse dealers and harness sellers who run the affair, and the smarter the woman the simpler will she be at this year's Show. The horse may be sure of having things all his own way at last.

The truth is, the crowds at the Horse Show nowadays are raked together from the masses rather than culled from the classes. Each succeeding year the fact has demonstrated itself more and more forcibly and unpleasantly.

Society knows this, and declines to become a target for the eyes of the staring hoi-polloi or to exploit its smartest frocks for the benefit of all the cheap dressmakers in search of free models.

"Fashion at the Horse Show"—as the daily papers persist in phrasing it—is a dead and buried thing, but notice of its funeral does not seem to have penetrated to many editorial sanctums.

The question is: With the Horse Show tabooed, the stage filled with "costume" productions, and the leaders of the elegant world absenting themselves more and more from town, where shall those who seek the glass of fashion find it? Or where, even, may they look for it?

Now, for instance, one of my correspondents is in a dreadful state of doubt as to whether gold is really the smart thing to wear. Her dressmaker assures her it is. But ah! can she trust her dressmaker? She does not know any of the "swells," she writes, so how can she tell?

She can't, poor dear! So you see her pitiful position; and I'm afraid I can't help her much.

She has wronged that dressmaker, though. Unquestionably, gold is worn and will be worn, but how long its popularity will endure, that's another story. For, to quote M. Gilbert: "When cloth of gold you have to wear, for cloth of gold you do not care—up goes the price of shoddy."

At the moment, however, many of the "swells" are affecting the shiny stuff.

Mrs. Henry Burnett has a black cloth gown that has an old gold waist, and is trimmed with gold galloon as well. A bit of the gold galloon appearing also in her hat.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is wearing a gown of dark blue taffeta embroidered in gold thread, and her toque is entirely of cloth of gold, spangled in black.

In Paris many of the dinner gowns are one shimmer of gold.

Some people tire quickly of any pronounced fashion, and if my "doubting Thomas" correspondent be one of these, I advise her to help to raise the price of "shoddy."

Furs are beginning to show themselves, and already have established the fact that only the most expensive furs will be affected by the final push this year, or else they'll have no fur at all.

If silver fox, black fox, sable and their kind are beyond your purse, don't compromise, if you want to be really chic, on some cheap, insignificant fur; instead, have your boa and muff done in velvet, with a bit of ermine or any fur you fancy to form the centre of the muff and the base of the boa or collar.

A new fad is muffs of ostrich feathers, to be carried with the familiar ostrich boa, and dyed the same color as the gown they are destined to be worn with.

Miss Blight is wearing a gown of mahogany brown cheviot, made most simply; just a plain skirt and short Eton jacket, and with it, she wears a boa and muff of ostrich feathers of exactly the same color. Miss Blight's flat little hat has an ostrich feather that curls softly about it and completes the most charming toilet one could want for day wear.

Mrs. Rita Stokes is wearing a collar of pure white fox on her black cloth gown. It is a bit startling, but decidedly becoming to Mrs. Stokes' brilliant coloring.

Ermine is worn more generally than for many years past; but a little of it goes a very long way, except on theatre and dinner coats, when it is always good style.

Of all the expensive furs, chinchilla has the least vogue.

As the days grow colder the long, loose coat built on Empire lines is showing itself. Some of these coats are quite good, and others are hideous.

Mrs. "Ollie" Harriman is wearing one of the best. It is in black cloth, with shallow pleats that run its length, machine stitched to within some twelve inches of the bottom, where the fulness is allowed to fall free.

The Empire effect is simulated in braidings of black and gold.

Many of the black cloth gowns, this season, have applications of light-colored cloth outlined in black or silver or gold, or merely machine-stitched in their own color.

Mrs. George Law is wearing a black cloth gown that has applications of pale blue cloth stitched in this way, and it is particularly chic. The light blue cloth forms two lines, with a "picket fence" edge up the front of the skirt, and continues on the bodice, giving the gown a Princess effect.

Trimming the bodice and skirt in this manner is one of the best features of the season's modes.

The rage for jewels seems to increase daily. Our women are beginning to copy the Englishwoman's fad for wearing any quantity of jeweled chains with her evening gowns.

Hoop earrings in various jewels are another English fashion that we are threatened with. Turquoise is again ultra-smart. In many of the newest pins and ornaments the turquoise is cut pear-shape.

All colored stones are to be in evidence, and pearls and diamonds are not to rule supreme, as they have been doing recently. Town Topics.

Very Much So.

"I may not know much about politics," remarked the turkey, "but—"

He hastily resumed his dumb-bell exercise.

"With me expansion is a dead issue." —The Judge.

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Accused—Well, then, I confess it. How does that work?

Policeman—Sure, you've told the truth for once in your life, and it'll convict you.—Town Topics.

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"Why did you lynch him?" we asked of the mob.

"Well, he confessed."

This seemed reasonable, but again we asked:

"Why did you lynch the other man?"

"Because he wouldn't confess, condemn him!"—Town Topics.

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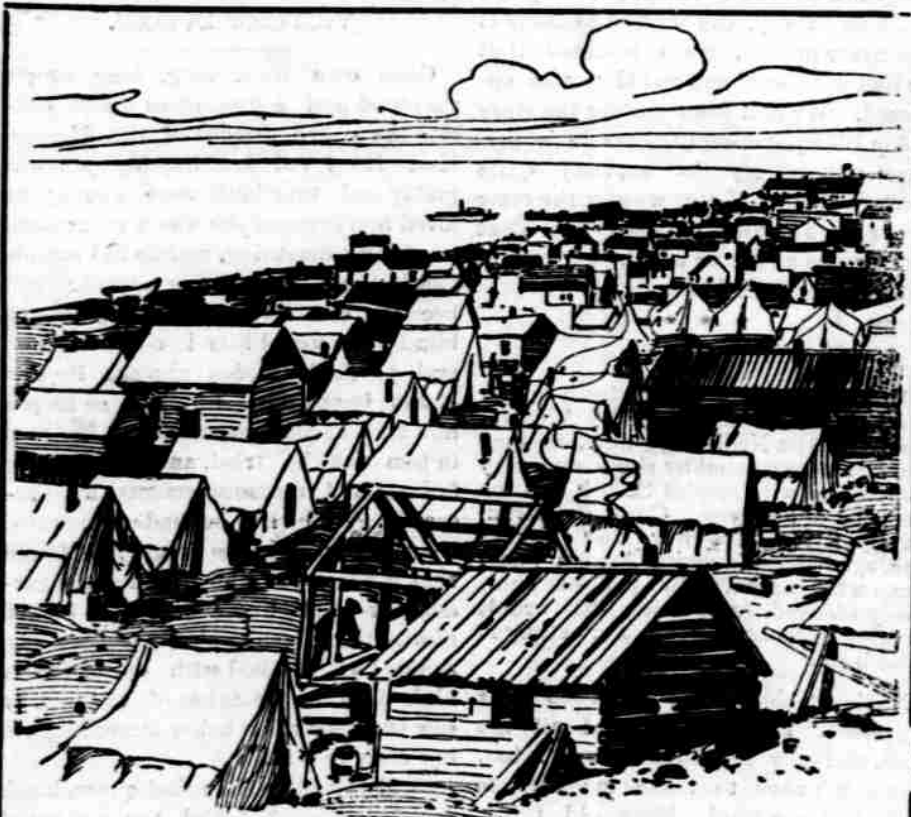
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NOME CITY, WHERE MANY ARE STRANDED.

The government has information that out of those who rushed to Nome City expecting to "strike it rich" there are more than 1,000 Americans at present without the means of subsistence. The transportation companies will not aid the unfortunates to return, and, at a recent cabinet meeting it was decided that the war department should at once take steps to bring them home before the hard winter begins.