

Blandishing Beauty of Winter Furs

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Furs that actually hypnotize the money from a woman's pocket in spite of her firm resolves to withstand their blandishments are now in the full fluff of autumn beauty on all sides. Never have the handsome skins been so expensive as this year, and never have they been more beautiful, and the average conscientious shopper nearly falls a victim of nervous prostration in her efforts to decide whether she shall stake all her pin money on a boa, a shoulder cape or a great, stately, all-embracing, softly enfolding shawl shaped wrap.

chiffon or the toughest Melton, flares more than ever at the feet in front, and to wear a cloth skirt without strapped trimming is to appear almost a generation behind the mode. Not an inch will be spared from any train, be it of a walking or a dinner dress, and on countless cloth suits three feet of goods will spread on the floor beyond the wearer's heels. This is certainly to be regretted and the woe of the train wearer are increased ten-fold by the modistic law that says all skirts must drop loose and free upon their foundations. There is not one woman in fifty who can, in lifting her abundant draperies, raise both cloth and silk petticoat at once and it is a lamentable but very com-

cel of the lace pattern itself. Which ever way it is used no words can say how richly brilliant its effect is and the theory and practice now obtaining is to drop a lace robe, be it black or white, over an undershirt of raspberry red or lime green taffeta mousseline or crepe de chine.

Theater Shirt Waists.

Last winter women found that shirt waists of satin, velvet, brocaded silk or shot taffeta, fastened with jeweled buttons and fancifully collared, looked amazingly well as theater waists, and not quite satisfied with the admirable discovery the shirt waist makers are producing the most gorgeous theater-going garments of gold colored, green and automobile red satin, the body part entirely overlaid with the newest laces and the neck adorned with a fashionable Stein Rirk cravat of fringed satin or lace. This last is the shirt waist up-to-date and any woman who wants to make one for herself must bear in mind that the lace has its pattern sewed on to the satin body and that the fullness of the sleeve is gathered into a close wrist and a cuff falling over the hand. A Stein Rirk is a sixteenth century necktie and it passes once about a high stock collar that has branching ear laps, crosses at the back of the neck, comes forward to the bust and is drawn to a loose four-in-hand knot upon the chest, there fastened with a jeweled brooch and its ends reach, in uneven lengths, near to the waist line.

The belt that goes with this is a narrow width of fine mixed jet and steel beads worked in a close Greek fret pattern and coming to a sharp point in front. From this point hang long strings of large and small jet and steel beads in a brilliant fringe that with some women drops its longest threads to the knees.

MARY DEAN.



BLACK AND WHITE CAPE.

Old-Fashioned Quilts in Vogue

"Yes, my mother and I have just finished our ninety-seventh quilt since last November," said Miss Jane Sims of Columbia county, Georgia.

"You see, it began in this way: Our farm is mortgaged, and when my brother, who supports my mother and I, was taken ill in the middle of the cropping season, we knew we would have an extra hard time to make both ends meet. Then to make matters worse, the drouth came on and cut the crops off until there was next to nothing to gather. By this time you may be sure we were worried, and morning, noon and night I tried to hit on some way I might make money.

"My mother has a number of old-fashioned quilts, many of them made by her mother and given her on her marriage. They are beautiful as old-fashioned quilts go, have all been taken good care of and never used except on state occasions, and, therefore, are as good as the day they were finished. Well, one morning during our trouble I came in and found my mother on her knees before one of the big chests in which she keeps her quilts.

"Jane," she remarked, "I was thinking maybe we might get a few dollars for some of these quilts. It would be better than having them packed away doing nobody any good."

"In a minute I thought of the people at the Bon Air hotel, the people from the north who come there every winter, and I knew the hotel was full right then, so I made up my mind, and in less than half an hour I had selected two of the prettiest

quilts, 'a rising sun' and 'a rose bud' pattern and was on my way to the Bon Air.

"I sold those quilts to the first lady that looked at them, and when the other ladies heard I had more they made up a party and drove over to look at them. We sold sixteen—all that my mother would part with. Then one of the ladies asked if we couldn't make some more and gave us an order for five. We received orders for ninety-seven, and as I said, we have just finished them.

"For the patch-work kind, 'the log cabin,' 'the worm fence,' 'the hour glass,' 'the malted cross' and others on that order we receive twenty-five dollars each, and make them in any colors wished. But for 'the rose bud,' 'the pond lily,' 'the rising sun,' 'the sun flower,' 'the watermelon vine,' and others where the pattern has to be applied, we charge from forty to fifty dollars, and I assure you they are worth it.

"Of course you know the patterns are cut out of the various colored calicos and applied on a fine white sheet of the desired size. Then a sheet to match is stretched on the quilting frames and over this is spread a double layer of cotton bats carded by hand; not the kind bought in rolls; those are too thick and have a sort of harshness about them that can never be disguised. Well, after the bats, the top is laid on, stretched, of course, and the quilting begins. Of course on a white ground we can draw no lines, so we have to use our eyes and you may be sure it takes careful, dainty work. My mother is a fine needle woman and my work is really good. It is, however, impossible for us to get the beautiful French calicos used in the old quilts, so, of course, although we use only the finest calicos and cambrics we simply cannot make our new quilts quite like the old."

Living Fashion Models

Winter styles are making their appearance. The fashionable woman will find here some timely suggestions for replenishing her wardrobe.

The stunning felt hat is of the very palest pearl gray, the upper portion of the brim faced with ruby velvet. The tall sugar-loaf crown is encircled by a broad white satin ribbon caught in front by a jeweled buckle. Three superb gray ostrich plumes curl in fine picturesque lines about the hat, while a glowing knot of ruby velvet set under the left side gives color near the face.

A novelty cape for carriage wear emphasizes the ever-increasing popularity of black and white in combination. The foundation is a rich ivory-white bengaline, veiled by a rich meshed chenille net, while the whole garment is edged with first a pleated frill of chiffon glittering with spangles, and over that a ruffle of net trimmed with narrow white satin ribbon. This type of wrap is suitable for all occasions and harmonizes with every style of toilet.

No more ideal model of a ball gown for the winter of 1899-1900 could be imagined than the one pictured here. It shows the present use of jewels applied on net. The under slip is of cream satin, over which falls silk net of the same tone, superbly embroidered in conventionalized chrysanthemums wrought in silver and pale green stones and spangles. A narrow folded band of hortensia pink velvet encircles the waist and a tiny bit of



CREAM SATIN BALL GOWN.



HAT—PALE PEARL GRAY.

this year because of exceeding elaboration. They are all adorned with brown chiffon or lace covered revers or cravats of rich ribbon and lace.

Tipped fox, silver fox, blue fox and smoked fox are the only really smart pelts for boas, and it requires just two whole big foxes to compose a boa that will take precedence for smartness. One huge downy beast with its head and its tail and its two hind legs attached to its body lies in a broad collar of comfort about the wearer's neck, while his mate hangs down before her, his head under the wearer's chin, his tail brushing the hem of her skirt. Ponderous as this may sound and heavy as it may appear, such a boa is as cozy as lamb's wool and as light as ostrich feathers. Comments equally flattering can be made in behalf of the vast shawl-shaped wraps whose point in the rear nearly reaches the skirt's train and whose greatest glory lies in its wide rippling rever.

Comely as any of these fur things are the shoulder capes that thrifty Paris has taught our furriers to make up for young wearers. Seal plush is used as the foundation of most of these; a high collar is turned up becomingly about the face and then a very rich, but comparatively inexpensive decoration is achieved by bordering a V-shaped collar with two bands of mink or Alaska sable, running to a point and a group of tails up the waist line, or three ermine straps running over the arm connect the back and fronts of a shoulder piece and a big cravat of Paisley figured panne droops gracefully from a knot under the chin.

New Box-Pleated Skirts.

In these happy autumn hunting grounds of theirs, the shaps, all enterprising femininity is agape and flutter over the skirts with box-pleated backs. There is no question that this is a new and very probably a permanent wrinkle in skirt topography and for women whose physical architecture is such that a certain amount of drapery is quite essential, the triple box-pleat, folded narrowly at the placket and flowing out wide and gracefully into the train, is a boon and a blessing. As the situation now stands all the matrons or the women of stately and ample build are going to adopt the box-pleat, while the young and the slender sisterhood will enjoy one more season with the close-fitting habit back.

It is a fact that every gown, be it of

men sight to see the most delicate of Taffeta foundations trailing ignominiously in the dust.

Heavy Hats.

New millinery is ponderous, both in fact and in appearance. The usual receipt for a smart hat calls for such ingredients as a velvet frame with fur binding, a large, many-winged bird, ample folds of panne, at least one fringed Orient satin scarf with a pair of glittering buckles and ornaments. All this is whipped up with a froth of chiffon and the result is a revolutionary toque, a Charlotte Corday or a Fair Inez that will tip the scales at three to five pounds.

The mission of women, however, is to suffer in the cause of beauty and the silver lining to this cloud of nodding plumes and rolls of velvet is that hats come off at the theaters with a sigh of relief from every woman in the audience. The only genuine danger lurking in this weighty headgear is prematurely thin locks for the woman who wears her splendid five-pound structure for too many hours continuously. Aside from the styles above referred to, which, after all, are merely new titles to the familiar round toque, the picture shape and the ever popular Spanish turban, known last spring as the Donna Gonzales, a plain felt, gaily bedight with embroidery done in colored silks, has just come to town.

During the summer at the country resorts we used to see Leghorns and chips garnished with garlands painted on the straw and the adaptation of the same idea in needlework on felt is alluringly interesting. A huge brown felt with a wreath of autumn leaves so worked on the brim that the upper and under sides show an equally neat finish is pretty and most appropriate, especially if the crown is wound with a roll of ecru lace and has manufactured wings, painted to resemble big butterfly pinions, standing up at one side.

Lace is the Thing.

Lace has scored another triumph and stands pre-eminent at the head of all the trimmings for the year. Whole robes of renaissance, guldure, cluny and Russian weave are quite as modish as they were six months ago and some of these heavy laces are interwoven with a heavy gold or silver cord that runs over the lace in a superimposed design of its own or is part and par-

chiffon and lace provide a trimming for the small inconspicuous sleeves.

"Let the Boys Fight"

Governor Roosevelt's address to the New York State Assembly of Mothers was the feature of Wednesday's session of that body at Albany. Just after the assemblage had been called to order and a paper read Mrs. Mears, the president, announced that Governor Roosevelt was in the lobby of the assembly chamber. The delegates arose and, amid great applause and the waving of handkerchiefs, the governor entered and walked down the aisle to the president's chair. In a few words he was introduced by Mrs. Mears. The governor began his address by congratulating the delegates on the good work they had done.

"To make a successful and wise wife the mother must have common sense," he said. "She must also have self-respect. If she has that and does not lose it in lavishing her affection upon her children she will become a true mother. A great deal depends upon the mothers to bring up good, healthy children. In the next century grave problems will confront this nation, and it will be for the children of today to decide them. We should educate our girls to be womanly and our boys to be manly. They should have character, and that comes to them by the home influences. A boy that won't fight is not worth his salt. He will be no use in life and is a coward. Teach him to use his strength on the side of righteousness. Do not punish him if he fights if he is right. Teach him to be able to take care of himself and know how to act under all circumstances. Teach the young to have the higher idea of living so that when they are called upon at any time to perform any duty they will be ready. As the father of six children, I have something to speak before you, though of course not a mother. (Laughter.) I do not think it is right for the father to let the mother have all the care of home life; with love and affection there should be common sense and resolution in bringing up children. By indulgence and weak will parents may purchase miserable minutes of pleasure at the cost of all their children's future life. I believe in self-control. Let the children have just as good a time as they possibly can. I believe in grown folks having a good time, too.

"I believe the mother, to be a sincere mother, must be more than a cross between the head nurse and the housekeeper. She must have an interest in outside things to keep her own self-respect, and when she loses that self-respect she loses the respect of her children. We know of mothers, good and kind, sacrificing herself to her children, who, through that sacrifice, has sacrificed her power of doing good. I wonder if you have read Mary E. Wilkins' 'Reverent Mother?' You should read it, for it contains profound moral lessons. Educate the girl to be just as much of a womanly heroine as the heroines of any of the romances of the last century, yet have her wise, with a well trained mind, thoroughly awake to all that is going on in the world. In your training of children let there be zeal—with that zeal must go sanity if your work is really going to count for good."

A vote of thanks was extended to the governor by the assembly.