

CHOROMACHY.

Two women meet—a hymn-book share,
One says: "I'd know you anywhere!"
They had been sisters philharmonic;
And in a distant village square,
From organ-loft had sent the air.
Soprano rivalries euphonic.

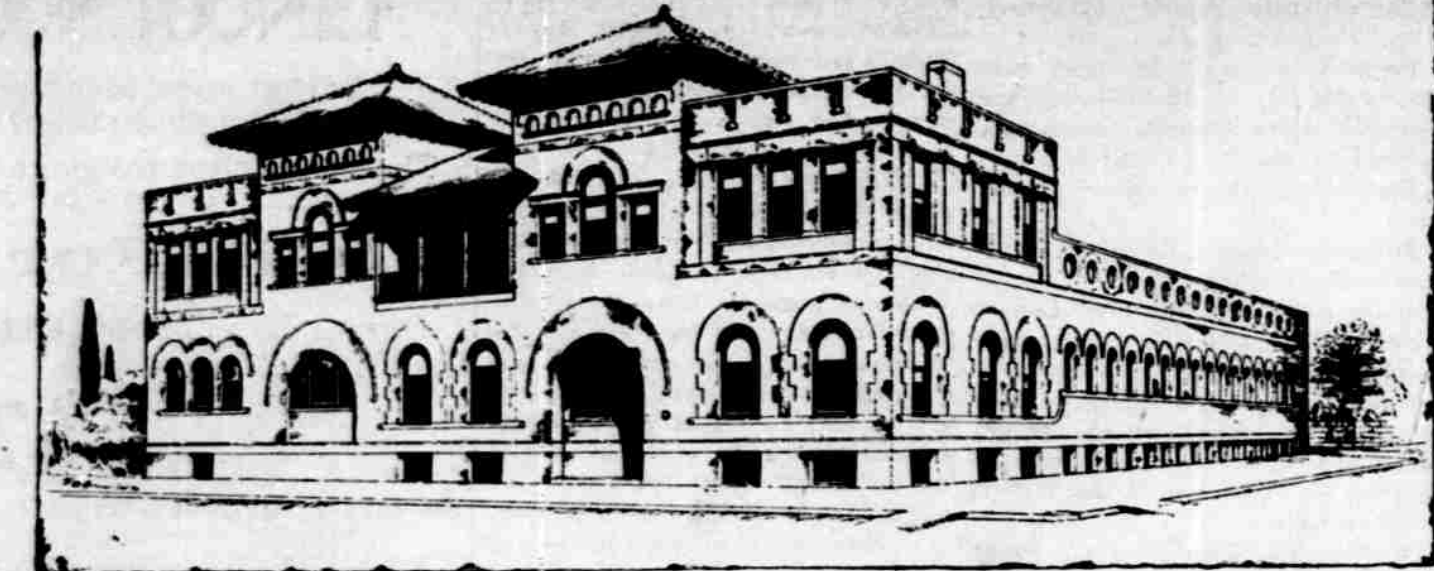
A choir dispute—they parted sore,
About some twenty years before—
(It's equal to the plague bubonic!)—
And now, one hymnal bending o'er;
As strangers sing in church once more.
(Alas, if choral hate be chronic!)

The one remembered let appear
Her wonder at remembrance here;
The other's comment was laconic:
"It was the way you flatted, dear,
Upon that highest note, I fear,
That furnished such a good mnemonic."

FASHIONS OF THE DAY.

With the advent of the month of September the first faint evidence of the turn of the tide cityward is felt. Slowly and at first separately, then by two and three, finally in trainloads and steamers full, they come, from mountain, from seaside, and from Europe; from north, south, east and west. There is universal joy at reaching once more the dear old dirty town, whose comforts and luxuries have so long been only memories.

Dame Fashion has, like all the rest of us, taken her summer vacation, and so the gowns that were correct in late June are correct today, but the whimsical old lady is back again in her workshop and with specs on her nose and needle and shears at hand is setting out in earnest to give her modistes and her milliners the season of their lives. Good times have come, prosperity is knocking at our doors, we begin to realize that we are as rich as the very dickens, and so, *Vive la mode!* There is no more turning of last season's gowns, last winter's bonnets may go to the servants, or to Halifax for that matter, and we shall be all



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spick, span and new from top to toe.

Now as to what these fall fashions are going to be. Of course I brought my head home, and equally, of course, it is stocked full of new ideas from over seas, but it is too early yet to exploit these ideas, and, besides, my trunks are not yet unpacked, nor have I yet fully recovered from the rude blow dealt me on the pier by a certain somebody called "Dingley Bill."

Looking about me, at theatres, on the streets and wherever two or three of my sisters are wont to gather together, I should say that the most prevalent garment, the one above all others, is a coat—and a heavy coat at that—of tan. Trimmed with the ruddy glow of health and jeweled with a pair of bright eyes, no style ever set off pretty faces to a greater advantage.

The autumn skirts will be finished with three very deep flounces or many rows of tiny ruffles set from belt to hem.

Many skirts will have the overdress, some caught high to one side, or in regular pointed apron style, and one of the features in trimming will be the binding of all edges with bias silk, plaids or velvets, sometimes in contrasting colors and then again off the same piece. It is the revival of an old time fashion both useful and pretty. A smart mourning gown I saw just before saying adieu to the Old World was of black Henrietta cloth, the skirt made plain but with very narrow front, spron breadth, and not over four and a half yards. The waist was of the same cloth and trimmed with a deep collar of the stuff bound with heavy black armure silk on the bias, with a black chiffon bow in front and three black chiffon ruffles at the back.

If there is a fashion fad extant (and where is there not at least one?) it is the "blouse effect," now worn more than ever before. It is a becoming style and in order to humor, it many waists are made to open at the sides, for even the shirtwaist must "blouse," and the shirtwaist will stay with us until Mr. John Frost cracks his whip and calls for furs and sleigh-bells.

Odd waists are as smart and as fashionable as ever, while Paris, let it be whispered, bids us dress all in one tone. Black and white, our old and valued friend, will continue to reign supreme for elegant winter toilettes, and for these the white gloves, stitched with black, are requisites.

All the shadings in browns and tans are to be ruling colors, and one must learn to distinguish the tints, biscuit, doe, almond, mushroom, et al. Bonnets and hats must match the costume, even to the veils.

In materials, reps silks of all descriptions, corded silk and wool are to be revived—another acknowledgement to the good taste of our grandmothers. Swell gowns will be valued and appreciated in proportion to the heaviness of the cording, the pin reps being less favored than the heavy reps. There are some fancy cords with "shot" or "jaspered" grounds, which will be suitable for carriage wear or robes de visite.

A few of the importers have received "broche" changeable satins, some of which are exceedingly beautiful. Evening gowns are to prevail in large showy effects. Pompadour silks are to be worn for balls and the opera, or whatever may take the place of the opera. Laces, unless real, may be little worn, which means that but few women can afford the enormous outlay for real laces. The favorite trimming until the real winter shall set in will continue to be shirring and tucking. Plaids in large and small effects are most popular, whether in silks, wools or gingham. The fall gingham are lovely, suggesting autumn

leaves, and when made up over a lining will be suitable for the next six weeks.

This plaid effect is carried out in the trimming, for when the goods are plain the pretty cross tucking is very smart. Decidedly the most sensible and attractive of autumn gowns, for mountain or seaside, are the denims, which come in all shades. For women they are tailor-made, and with the Eton jacket they are really fetching; while for misses and little folks they are made in *bretelle* fashion, with red linen guimpes and stitched collars and cuffs. There is a new cotton covert which resembles covert cloth, and makes up exceedingly well into fall gowns. Jackets and coats are all to be short, but just bow short has not yet been authoritatively decided. Buttons will be large, and everything belted in that can be belted; everything snug and all *a-faut*, perhaps the result of the summer yachting cruise.

Tailor gowns are to be just as much the fashion as ever. Hats are to be smaller, and with a profusion of feathers and bird like devices. So much so that she whose milliner's bills are not promptly paid will, in veriest truth, "Oh! for the wings of a dove."

A number of long months ago I advised my sisters of the dainty flower boas that are so sweetly pretty and so popular abroad. Somehow they did not at once attract the attention here that they should, but they will be very much in evidence as the season progresses, and unless my judgement be very much at fault they will be among the acknowledged artistic triumphs of the autumn. These boas are masses of roses, pansies, violets, poppies or nasturtiums, with flowing streamers tied in a big bow at the throat. In Paris, they have been for some time in vogue, but here, as I say, they did not at once "catch on." I know of one house, whose trade is with the very select where they have retained some boxes of these lovely garlands in an endless variety of flowers. They will now be offered as a novelty, and are going like hot cakes. Such are fashion's freaks.

Lovers of Scotch tweeds and chevots are, like the poor, with us always, and likely to remain. For shopping, traveling and walking frocks they have not their equals.

Gilgal—You've been on a fishing trip, haven't you?

Mullins—Yes.

"Where's your fish?"

"Didn't bring any home."

"Why?"

"Spent all my money for refreshments."

Grimpus—What's the best tip you ever had on the races?

Crimpus—To keep away from them.

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