

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

What November Offers the Gay World in Hats, Wraps, Dress.

Things New and Notable in Fur-Cape, Coat and Long Cloak for the Days When the Wind Blows Chill—Fashion's Fall Freaks.

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New York, Oct. 30.—Of contradictory propositions both are often true. A scarcity of money makes fashions eccentric and extravagant; it also makes fashions simple and economical. Either statement can be proved by itself out of the shop windows. Neither statement taken separately expresses the situation. You must admit both for any comprehensive view of things.

If there is a tendency to spend little, that tendency must be corrected by such a boisterous shank up as shall make to-day's clothes impossible to-morrow morning. In normal times clothes age by degrees; in hard times they become grotesquely antiquated in a night, else they would be worn forever. For this reason chiefly have sleeves had their bubbles pricked, have skirts acquired overskirts, have bodices crept up toward the armpits, have princess dresses begun to write and turn their long tightness, have coats acquired Watteau folds in the back, have capes grown out in kerchief-like ends to curl about the waist, have hats shot up into mountain peaks in the crown, have ostrich trimmings been "cut," instead of sporting their old feathered plumes. A woman in yesterday's clothes would feel to-day like Rip Van Winkle just brushing the sleep out of his eyes. Hard times have made the modistes shake the kaleidoscope fast and furiously. Score one for the clever folks who know that to dress correctly is a necessity, whereas to eat butter on one's bread is a luxury.

But the shield has two sides. In hard times the home dressmaker and milliner sprout like weeds after a rain. They can't be killed; the sellers of cloth and ribbon by the yard wouldn't allow it, and so there must be fashions adapted to the every-woman-her-own-gown-maker idea. And so side by side with



A GROUP OF WRAPS AND STREET GOWNS.

this fall's extravagance is the fall's simplicity; and springing from the same root, if you please, for people must be made to buy. To this end clothes must be different; to this end also not all clothes, but some clothes, must cost little, being makeable at home. Fashion takes much, but a little she concedes.

No amateur can fit the princess gown. There is a citadel not to be stormed. A good many deft women can cut overskirts, and so the double draperies, which take more cloth than the full, straight, hard-to-be-adjusted dress-maker-requiring folds we have been having, will yet save modistes' bills. Tight sleeves are easier for unprofessional scissors than balloons, but the new short bodices are about as impossible as the old long-waisted, tapering ones. Fashion gives what she has, not a feather's weight more.

It is in millinery that the rare compliance of the social tyrant is most to be appreciated. Home millinery, if a woman has any knack for it, pays better than most domestic industries, because the results are big in proportion to the labor. Some of the new hats seem especially designed to be copied at home. There are models, and bright, dainty ones everywhere, whose chief decoration, bar a feather or a bird or two, is a ribbon ruffle standing on its head about the crown. The hats so trimmed are usually broad felt ones. The ribbons are broad and are shot blue and green, or brown and red, or brown and yellow, or some deep, rich tone with a whitish mist upon the surface—this is one of the new things in ribbons. They are gathered at one edge, and the other stands up full in a flare. They have a little velvet fold for a base to grow in, or perhaps the brim is covered with veil folds, as later on will be described. On the left side the ribbon ruffle is finished with a rosette and the before-mentioned birds, or plumes. A plaited ruche may replace the ruffle, or a rope loosely twisted out of velvet.

The veil folds with which many milliners are encircling hat brims are described by their name. Black or white lace, with perhaps a length of ribbon, is laid easily about the hat as if it were the full edge of a veil, and sometimes droops a bit from the brim to complete the illusion. Such folds are readily arranged by the amateur, and are among the most useful of the casements which have come of bad times.

But there are better days coming, and fashion runs more to luxury than to economy. Some of the new dress bodices are fantastic enough to have been thought out in an opium dream

The root idea in the most novel is that of vest or blouse, with a short jacket or cape, or lapel arrangement fastened only at the shoulder seams and loose under the arms. A broad folded sash comes up to meet the jacket, which buttons often to not on the left shoulder and is drawn straight across the front. The general effect is that of a shorter and larger waist than the long drawn out type which has been the ideal of the last few seasons.

A good example of this tendency appears in the traveling dress of a November bride. The material is a heavy brown boucle cloth, with a skirt about four and a half yards round. The feature of the bodice is the square-cornered jacket coming just to the bust. This starts on the right shoulder and is carried over to the left, where it turns back in a pointed rever to show a gold brocade lining. The jacket is edged with a black silk cord, below which one catches, now and then, a glimpse of gold. The neck finish is a black choker collar with a flat collar of antique lace through which shines gold. Loose folds of black silk make a broad sash, over which the jacket edge falls.

A gray cloth dress just finished for the horse show illustrates the latest in the princess gown. The bodice is corded round and round from the throat to the waist and below the waist to the hips. At the hips the skirt is gathered on, nearly all its fullness being drawn behind. The close sleeves of this costume have double capes over the shoulders and are corded to the wrists, where they open in a flare.

A walking dress in brick red face cloth recognizes the claims of the over-skirt without fully honoring them. Black braid is thrown about the skirt in a bold Greek fret, just about where the overskirt of bygone days used to end. A black and white vest and a little brick-red toque finish a warm and bright-looking costume.

Another edition of the princess gown appeared at an afternoon club meeting. It was of powder blue cloth, with a square bib bodice coming up over a puffed chemisette of cream mousseline, iridescent passementerie, in blue and gold-edged bib, sleeves and skirt hem. Blue satin bows were set each side of the waist to relieve the hip line. It's

CLOTHES FOR FAIR FORMS.

A sleeveless Eton jacket of solid embroidery is worn over silk or cloth costumes.

Among the coming novelties will be sleeves with enormous puffs at the elbows, and moderately close at the shoulders and wrists.

Passementerie jacket fronts are among the novelties. They are to be used with firm materials, and are sewed to fronts made of the dress fabric.

A favorite trimming is made of ruffles of taffeta very closely crimped. This is used as shoulder ruffles, to outline yokes, as neck ruchings, sleeve trimmings, and large rosettes on the fronts of sleeves and over the bust.

Short jackets and box coats are in almost universal use. They are double-breasted and have wide lapels, many of them trimmed with velvet, others with the material stitched down, others with braiding or heavy cord garniture with ornaments.

New cloaks are shown, with sleeves of material unlike the body of the garment. These sleeves may be either of fur, corduroy, velvet, plush or bengaline. A cloak of heavy camel's hair, with corduroy sleeves and large cape, is one of the most comfortable of winter garments.

Wide bands of embroidery are imported for use on the seams of skirts. These bands run from waistline to hem, and are also used in making up the waist. They are set in at the shoulder seams and brought down to a bodice point. In some instances they extend half way down the front of the skirt in loose tabs. In this case they are lined with satin, matching the dress material in color.—N. Y. Ledger.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Ten thousand Turcomans have been carried off in two months by a malignant form of fever now raging in the Merv district.

A shepherd's body was recently carbonized by electricity at Roche La Motiere, in France. During a thunder-storm the telegraph wires were blown down and curled around the man, who was standing under them.

Le Gullivene, a little fishing port at the tip of Cape Finisterre, in France, lost 52 men in one night during the recent gales. All the male population of the town was out in boats when the storm came down.

"Ca-nanny" is a new word that has arisen in English trade disputes. It means working down to the level of wages, giving poor work, that is, for poor pay. The expression is old in Scotland, where it means slowly and cautiously.

A French passion play, called "Le Mystere de Jeanne d'Arc," has been gotten up by the parish priest of Meni en Xaintois, near Donnemey. The actors and actresses are all peasants. The play is praised by those who have seen it.

Canon Menager, cure of Taillies, in Brittany, is the senior priest in active service in France. He is 94 years of age, has been a priest for 70 years and has been for 52 years in charge of his present parish. He attends to all his parochial duties and preaches often.

A POSTAGE STAMP.

Montenegro has issued a jubilee postage stamp in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the Niegoch dynasty.

There are 70,000 post offices in the United States, against 20,000 in Great Britain, 25,000 in Germany, 7,000 in France, 9,000 in Austria-Hungary and 6,000 in Italy.

The eight values of the set of domestic stamps known as the 1855-60 issue were offered to a Boston dealer at \$1.50 for the complete set, unused. He refused the offer, and in 1875 bought 1,800 sets for \$1 a set. In 1875 years the set was catalogued at \$13.65; the next year at \$18.55; the next at \$25.08; this year at \$42.95, and a block of four of the 90-cent value sold at \$55.

The growth of the post office business of the country has been amazing. At the close of the revolutionary war there were only 73 post offices in the United States. At the close of the war of 1812 there were 3,000. At the beginning of the civil war there were 28,586, and five years after its close, in 1870, there were 28,492, or about 100 fewer, the only step backward during the history of the post office department. By 1880 the upward rise had started again and in full force, and the number of post offices in the country reached 42,000. There are now 70,000 post offices in the United States, and the number is constantly being increased.

WEDDING POINTERS.

High noon—that is, 12 o'clock—is the fashionable hour for a wedding.

Even in a small town it is wisest to send wedding cards by post.

Even though you are acquainted only with the bridegroom your present should be sent to the bride.

The bride usually gives a piece of jewelry, oftentimes a small brooch, to her maid of honor and her bridesmaid.

It would be courteous, even if you have no acquaintance with her, to send a wedding present to the sister of your betrothed.

Even if you do expect your engagement to be a long one your parents should be informed of it and their consent asked.

Address the invitation to "Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson," even if your acquaintance, a business one, is only with the gentleman.

In acknowledging a wedding gift the note should be in the first person; it is polite to include some pleasant expression of appreciation from the bridegroom.

The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand; it is removed at the time of the wedding, and assumed afterward as a guard to the wedding ring.

A Losing Speculation.

Mrs. Chicheat (caller)—Why, my dear Mrs. Starvem, what in the matter? You look distressed.

Mrs. Starvem (boarding house landlady)—Oh, the awfulest thing has happened! You remember Mr. Griggs, who used to board here at nine dollars a week, and was such a comfort to me?

Mrs. C.—Yes. You said he had scarcely any teeth left, and could hardly eat a thing. Didn't cost any more to keep than a kitten.

Mrs. S.—That's the one. Oh, he's a villain! He came back yesterday, and I let him have board for only eight dollars a week, and now I find he's got a new set of false teeth, and eats like a horse.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sinful Shame.

Mrs. Yerger, a fashionable Dallas lady, was very much shocked last Sunday afternoon by strains from an operatic air, that came from a piano in an adjoining house, on Ervay street. She remarked:

"How wicked it is to play such music on Sunday."

"But that's identically the same tune you heard this morning in church," replied Col. Yerger.

"Yes, but then I was in church, and had my best clothes on," responded Mrs. Yerger, with great dignity.—Texas Sifter.

A Wasted Ruse.

"Will you kindly remove your hat?" he said.

"Certainly not," said she. "I thought that maybe you would," he said.

"The price tag shows," said he, "and a beautiful hat like that," he said, "seems awfully cheap at three."

But she only said—though her face grew red—"You cannot play tag with me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Table Talk.

"There are certainly sufficient grounds for complaint here," said Mr. Payne X. Tweek, as he stirred his cafe au lait.

"Well," said Mrs. Proon-Daly, "you will find your coffee more settled, Mr. Tweek, when your board bill shall have reached a similar condition."

And even the pie looked tart.—Town Topics.

After Dinner.

Maud—I never knew before that Mr. Smithers lived in one of those horrid boarding houses.

Mamma—How did you make the discovery?

Maud—Why, when he was passing the prunes he shuddered until his teeth rattled.—Brooklyn Life.

He Was Deceived.

Spencer—I see that Skingleigh is suing Lockett for obtaining a lot of valuable stock from him under false pretenses.

Ferguson—How did it happen?

Spencer—Skingleigh sold it to him under the impression that it was absolutely worthless.—N. Y. World.

How It May Be Done.

She was inclined to be sentimental. He was nothing if not practical.

"Would that you could tell me how to mend a broken heart," said she.

"I have known of cases where it has been done by splicing," he replied.

That was the remedy tried in this case.—Chicago Post.

Bad Enough.

"Hadn't you better call another physician?" said the wife to the young doctor who was treating her husband.

"Just for consultation, you know."

"No, ma'am," he replied. "My ideas are confused enough already."—Buffalo Times.

Wrinkles.

Her face is like an open book. Of which one's fancy dines. Yet I find it quite difficult To read between the lines.

Up-to-Date.

"Bella—What can I do to bring the count to my feet?"

Donna—Drop a nickel on the floor.—Detroit Free Press.

Peculiar.

How strange it is that when at night My wife socks out a spot On my warm back for her cold feet, Their coldness makes me hot!

Up-to-Date.

"Why do people say there is always room at the top?"

"Because they know a lot of people are always climbing up there and falling off."—Chicago Record.

The Finest Yet.

He—What do you think of it, darling?

She—It's by far the handsomest engagement ring I've ever had, and I've had several, dear.—Detroit Free Press.

A Jewel.

"They tell me your servant is a jewel," said a caller.

"Yes," replied the hostess, wearily; "she's so much more ornamental than useful!"—Comic Cuts.

The Modern Rogues.

Nell—And how did he propose?

Grace—He asked me if it would be worth his while to ruin the 50-cent crease in his trousers.—Town Topics.

You Can't Deny It.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the barroom looking for work.—N. Y. Recorder.

WANT TO BE ACTRESSES.

Trials and Tribulations of a Theatrical Agent.

He Meets Many Annoying Creatures, But of All His Terrors the Woman Who Thinks She Can Act Is Easily the Worst.

The hard times have had two effects on the stage. One to drive many old-time professionals into temporary retirement, the other to bring fresh recruits to it who have found the general depression affecting their own lines of work and turn to the stage as a matter of experiment. A dramatic agent, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, has an unhappy time with these last.

The agent's office is filled with actors out of engagements who are waiting their turn to find if there is any probable manager who will want them to-day or to-morrow or next week. The waiting applicant fills up the intervening time with reminiscences of last year's experiences. There is the veteran old barnstormer, who looks grizzly and seedy, but still good-natured. He expresses his time-worn old pipe as he tells how "The Corsican Brothers" can be played with a cast of six people, how easily the doubles can be made, and how, if taken through the smaller towns, good money can be made. There is the self-sufficient and self-satisfied actor who has played leading parts in small towns; the young actor, whose cane and poses and gestures tell that he has had one season; the smart-looking, gayly dressed soubrette; the comfortable-looking character woman, and the quiet-looking comedian, whose lined face and droll expression proclaim his line of work. Into a room full of these people comes one of the legion of dramatic aspirants who have no excuse for those aspirations and who are the bete noir of agents and managers. This is a woman who, if appearances are not deceptive, has left behind her that tender youth which is supposed to be so particularly susceptible to sentimental longings for the stage. The first im-

pression of her is the wonder how she could have accumulated so much shapelessness.

"Have you had any stage experience?" asks the agent.

"No," is the reply, "except in charades and private theatricals, but you needn't get me very much of a place at first. I am willing to work a few weeks, mostly for experience, until I kinder get the hang of it."

"Well, what line would you prefer?"

"Oh?"

"I mean what parts do you think you could play?"

"Oh, most any of them. They all look easy. I guess I'd better try old maids and funny old women first, and then if I don't like them I can change."

The agent ventures no demurrer to this. She is sharp-visaged and thin-voiced, and he is wondering if the time will come when her work will not be a travesty on acting; but he concludes mentally that there are a good many of these little snaps that would take her \$4 believe I have nothing that I can offer you this morning, madam," he finally ventures.

"Ain't you got any vacant places in any of your companies?" she demands.

"Yes, but there are so many experienced professionals to fill them."

"Well, I'll call again to-morrow or next day, and maybe before the week is out you can get me a place."

He says if that lady with the sad, lank-looking hair, five-year-old bonnet, and general vinegary appearance is going to haunt his office until he gets her an engagement, he will get it if he has to have a company organized to send her out with; but his mental reservation is that it shall be one that makes "overland jumps" and "pays expenses."

A Sample of French Justice.

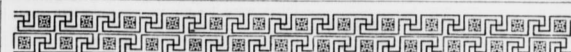
Contributory negligence does not seem an acceptable plea in French courts. A man dining in a Narbonne restaurant drew a 100-franc note from his pocketbook to pay for his dinner while his soup was cooling. The bill flew into the soup, was fished out, and placed on the edge of the table to dry, when it fell to the floor. An intelligent poodle in the room thought it was for him and swallowed it. The owner of the note then sued the poodle's master for the 100 francs, and the local court decided that the latter must pay.

Feminine Duel with Pistols.

A couple of ladies recently fought a duel with pistols in the outskirts of a little town in Hungary. Both fired at the word of command. One sent her ball into a small boy who was perched on a tree, and the other sent hers into the side of a calf which was grazing in a neighboring field. As there had been no bloodletting, honor was declared satisfied.

Woman Sexton in Boston.

The new woman has invaded another occupation. A church of Boston has just appointed a woman sexton, probably the only one in New England.



A scientific writer recently said:

Evolution

works by two factors; viz: Heredity, or that which tends to permanency, and Environment, or that which tends to variation. The first reproduces the past; the second adapts the present. This is true also as to

Business Evolution.

It is fortunate if a business man has the hereditary endowment of honesty, industry and perseverance, but these are not of themselves sufficient to ensure the highest success. He must be open to the influence of environment, in close sympathy with the spirit of progress, and quick to adopt modern ways and means. The



GOOD FOR OLD MAID PARTS.

Successful Men

of former generations would not succeed today with the same means they long ago employed. Neither should the business man of today expect the largest success without intelligent and persevering use of modern methods. Among modern ways of obtaining and maintaining business, nothing is more reasonable or adaptable than

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