PART V.
EIGHT PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

MUSIC, DRAMA AND FASHION.

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE. SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1905.

The British Point of View.

Extracts from the English Reviews and Magazines for January on Matters of Personal, Current and Historic Interest.

THE FARM WOMAN'S WINTER.

I.

If seasons were all summers,
And leaves would never fall,
And hopping casement-comers
Were foodless not at all,
And fragile folk might be here
That white winds bid depart;
Then one I used to see here
Would warm my wasted heart.

II.

One frail, who, bravely tilling
Long hours in gripping gusts,
Was mastered by their chilling;
And now his ploughshare rusts.
So savage winter catches
The breath of limber things,
And what I love he snatches,
And what I love not, brings.

—(Thomas Hardy, in The Pall Mall Magazine.

RELATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIAN OFFICERS AND MEN.

False alarms at times of international crises are immeasurably worse than groundless cries of "Fire!" in a crowded theatre. Libels on the fair fame of a foreign nation, be it friendly or hostile, are also worthy of condemnation. The statements recently made in a widely circulated English monthly review about the Russian army and the bad treatment of the men by their officers come under the latter category. It ought to be wholly unnecessary to say that they are utterly false. Whatever defects an unfriendly critic may discern in the Russian military system, cruelty to the men is certainly not one of them. I have seen a good deal of the Russian army, of the regiments of the line as well as of the guards, in peace time and in war, in Europe and in Asia, under three Czars, and I can affirm categorically that the officers treat the men not only without actual cruelty or contempt, but with far more positive kindliness than I have seen displayed toward privates in any other army in the world. And I may add this suggestive fact, that these admirable relations long subsisting between the officers and the rank and file have become such a matter of course that the men would not brook acts of cruelty or of humiliation, the silent endurance of which is in some States regarded almost as part of the day's work. One of the brightest characteristics of the Russian army is the admirable, one might say the ideal, spirit which regulates the intercourse between officers and men.—(E. J. Dillon, in The Contemporary Review.

LAW AND ORDER ON THE ISTHMUS.

We stopped at a large straggling village, misnamed "Empire," and immediately became aware of a new and entirely desirable human element. Mingling nonchalantly with the slouching, furtive crowd of parti-colored people were several keen looking, well set up youths, whose faces were as full of intelligence as their movements were of self-confidence. They wore an eminently businesslike rig; I felt thankful to be unable to call it a uniform, remembering, as I did, the hideous travesty of clothing that soldiers have so long been called upon to wear, a garb seemingly designed to prevent the wearers from doing those violent acts and deeds which they were intended to perform. They wore blue shirts open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, khaki pants and gaiters, and serviceable yet not heavy looking boots. Round their waists were bandolier belts, at one side of which hung a revolver. A khaki colored hat with brim turned up at one side completed this smart costume, making the wearers look eminently fit and workmanlike. These were American soldiers sent by the great Republic to preserve the peace of the isthmus under the new agreement by virtue of which the United States has contracted to finish the Panama Canal. They were the visible signs of Northern law and order, the only thing needed in this distracted country to make it wealthy and steadily prosperous.

The reason for their presence was explained by the fact that the negotiations between the Republic of Panama and the government of the United States had just been completed, and one of the clauses in the compact gave the latter the right to maintain order along the line of their property—if I am not wrong in describing the canal and its adjacent land for a certain distance on either side as their property. I know it is not so called in official documents, but the difference in my name and theirs is only a difference in phraseology—we both mean the same thing. When a people like the Americans of the United States purchase a concession like that of the Panama waterway, and, owing to the incompetence of its nominal owners, are obliged to send troops there to protect the property, there can be no question of the restoration, or retrocession rather, of the reclaimed country to its original semi-savagery. And in spite of my distrust of the Americans and my utter detestation of their business methods, I am heartily glad to see them in Panama. They will, I feel sure, make an amazing change for the better in that hitherto unsavory land.—(Frank T. Bullen, in the Cornhill Magazine.

THE OLD THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

During my second year in Edinburgh it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, the lessees of the Theatre Royal; and my subsequent intercourse with them and some of the pleasant people I met at their house is one of my brightest reminiscences of the ever romantic city. Mr. Wyndham himself was an easy going, debonair sort of manager, and the greater part of the active work of "running" the theatre devolved upon his able and energetic wife and her brother, who filled the double position of stage manager and leading light comedian. Old Edinburgh theatregoers need not be reminded of Mrs. Wyndham's striking impersonation of Lady Macbeth and Helen Macgregor, or of Mr. Wyndham's inimitably airy and delicately shaded Mercutio; neither will they have forgotten Rowrie in "Rob Roy," Boucicault in the "Colleen Bawn," or Talbot, the popular tragedian who figured so often and so acceptably in Shakespearian leading parts, with the late J. B. Howard acting as Horatio, Macduff and Richmond to his title roles. I attended several rehearsals conducted by the spirited manageress, and it was a scene to be long remembered to watch her superintending the mounting of such a play as "Macbeth," with Locke's music; from the "star" himself down to the greenest "super," from the witches (male) on the moor to the musicians in the orchestra, all fell unresistingly under the force of a sway whose tension never slackened till the controlling spirit of it was fully satisfied. Mrs. Wyndham was extremely painstaking in teaching the younger members of her company to read their lines clearly and with the proper emphasis. I was once present while she was drilling a young clerk from the War Office turned actor (named Anson), for a long half hour, in rendering five or six important lines in the way she wanted, and that was a way polished to the very finger-nails.—(Chambers's Journal.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S BENEVOLENCE.

His view was that the world would be a far better place than it is now if every individual ceased to concern himself about futile attempts to redress wholesale evils, such as poverty and sickness, by private benevolence, and devoted his attention to assisting, relieving and showing kindness to his own people, to his personal friends, to his fellow workers, to his household and to all the persons who, in the Scriptural sense of the word "neighbor," were by the accidents of life more of neighbors to him than any one else. Many of us—I myself amidst the number—hold this view, but I fear very few of us strive to act up to it as fully as did Sullivan. I recollect some years ago, when "The Mikado" was at the height of its success, overhearing a conversation between some chorus girls who were returning from the Savoy by the District Railway and were discussing the merits and demerits of the actors and managers of the theatre. One of them concluded with the remark: "Well, whatever you may say about the others, there is one person we are all fond of, and that is Arthur Sullivan. He never passes one of us girls without saying a kind word; and he never hears of any one of us being ill or in trouble without doing something to help us." I repeated this saying afterward to Sullivan, and his remark was: "I am glad you told me. This is how I should like all who come into relations with me to feel toward me."

It may be said that this sort of openhanded liberality comes easy to any man of kindly, careless disposition, who gives freely to all who ask it. The qualities which make a man a spendthrift make him also liberal and even lavish in his dealings with others. But with Sullivan this was not so. No man was so fond of making presents, but at the same time no man bestowed so much thought beforehand on the presents he made and the persons he assisted. The perusal of his diaries will convince any one who had previously entertained a contrary opinion that—in the usual sense of the term—there was nothing Bohemian about the life of Arthur Sullivan. His accounts were kept most carefully; well-nigh every incident of his daily life for some thirty years is recorded in his diaries; every important letter he wrote and every application he received are mentioned therein. Even here in these private annals the names of his correspondents are alluded to by initials. Altogether, if you were to judge of Sullivan solely by his diaries, without any extraneous knowledge, you would come inevitably to the conclusion that he was a singularly careful, level headed man of business.—(Edward Dicey, C. B., in The Fortnightly Review.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

There is, of course, no question of the identity of Bethlehem itself with Christ's birthplace, and a large church stands over the alleged locality of the Nativity. On this point we need not be skeptical, for consecutive records and evidence dating as far back as the second century concur with singular unanimity in localizing the event. The solemnity of the sacred association has given rise to some vaporing about the "grand simplicity" of the structure. We take the liberty of suggesting that prosaic impartiality will pronounce the architecture mean, the interior ornamentation tawdry and ugly, and the various shrines on a par with those of the Holy Sepulchre. In details we have once more to face the fables of local lore, which has many a time shifted reputed sites. Under the altar of the grotto chapel, shrouded in a foglike darkness, is a recess in the pavement, surrounded with the different colored lamps belonging to the Greeks, Latins and Armenians, and here it is alleged our Saviour was born—"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Opposite, and close by, is the manger cradle of dirty marble clumsily hewn out, unduly large, and repugnant to view; in a subterranean passage is a round hole whence water is said to have gushed out for the use of the Holy Family, with the puerile fiction that the guiding star which led the Magi plunged into the spring; elsewhere is the spot where Joseph stood when he received the command to flee into Egypt; in another side chapel several of the innocents were slain—and so on, and so on. All these places are in the joint custody of the Armenian, Greek and Latin churches, the two latter of which scold and hate one another with all the venom of two jealous women. "What is the meaning of yonder boarded compartment?" I ask a Roman Catholic priest. "My night watchbox," was the reply. "You see those Greek priests are such blackguards that if I do not keep a sharp lookout, they creep up and blow out our shrine lamps." The Greek priests bring precisely the same charge against the Latin Church. "Why are you here?" I inquired of a Mahometan sentry, armed with a rifle and bayonet. "To keep the Christians from killing each other—there is a great deal of stabbing going on at times."—(Colonel Henry Knollys, in Blackwood's Magazine.

MATTER IN MOTION.

Long before the Christian Era the atomic theorists of Greece and Rome, from Leucippus to Epicurus and Lucretius, had surmised that matter, seemingly still, was, in reality, in rapid motion. An eternal hail of colorless corpuscles deflected into whirling vortices—how, without divine agency, deflected was not clear—this begot all things, live and dead, so they imagined—these corpuscles being too small for sight, and a-toma, or indivisibles. In place of the seeing gods they enthroned blind chance and hueless matter, immoral as their gods, but how far less picturesque!

The last years have seen the dawn of a revolution in science as great as that which in the sphere of religion overthrew the many gods and crowned the One. Matter, as we have understood it, there is none, nor probably anywhere the indivisible atom. The so-called elements are systems of electronic corpuscles, bound together by their mutual forces too firmly for any human contrivance completely to sunder them—alike, nevertheless, in their electric composition, differing only in the rhythms of their motion. Electricity is all things, and all things are electric. Between gray matter and bright electricity we prefer the last; it is vivacious; it loves and hates, flashes, burns, leaps and sleeps—in the tick of your watch it will fly round the earth. Like Ariel, it is quick as thought; nay, perhaps, it is Thought itself—thought which conjures up "this insubstantial pageant"—"such stuff as dreams are made of," yet not in the least likely to fade and leave not a wrack behind. It cheats us into the dream of solid substance by whirling in furious battalions, and by its sheer energy holding that space that we once called the atom. A drop of water may contain as many "atoms" as the world contains drops of water; and if the atom were magnified into a cathedral, each electron would be as a crumb in the cathedral. But those crumbs themselves are probably each a universe with its worlds and its atoms.

Such is the force of these electrons that a few of them, if harnessed to the task, would in a short time lift a battleship onto Ben Nevis. Imagine, then, the importance of a stable line of motion, a path in which they do not jostle or collide—no conflict of angles, no space unfilled. —Newman Howard, in The Hibbert Journal.

"JACOB OMNIUM" (M. J. HIGGINS).

What a variety of subjects he grasped! We owe to him the introduction of steam rollers in the London streets, brought about by his sympathy with the sufferings of the horses under his window. Administrative reform was one of his hobbies. The Public Schools Commission followed upon his articles in "The Cornhill Magazine." Only yesterday, sitting in a Surrey garden, with an horizon of autumn hills and a foreground of flowering lawns, I heard something I had never known before from a friend with whom I have many memories in common.

This is what the lady told me. One day Mr. Higgins descended the steps of his club and found the road wet and impassable after a recent shower. His intention had been to cross over to a great store on the opposite side of the street, and to buy some soda for a bath, an antidote for gout which had been recommended by his doctor. Not caring to walk through the mud, he called to a barefooted boy, and, putting a shilling into his hand, desired him to cross the road and to make the purchase. The boy returned with the soda and a handful of change, and Mr. Higgins asked him whether he had understood that he was intended to pay for the goods. The boy declared that he had paid all that had been asked, with the result that Mr. Higgins, on his return home, sent for the household books, and found that the sum usually charged for soda was many times in excess of that which had been asked from the little sweeper. This was the origin of the first start of co-operative stores, so vigorously advocated by "Jacob Omnium" in the columns of "The Pall Mall Gazette." So much my friend told me, and she smiled as she added, with a remembrance of those past days, the trades resented this correspondence and withdrew their advertisements in consequence. The public certainly benefited, but "The Pall Mall Gazette" suffered.—(Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in The Cornhill Magazine.

WESTERN CULTURE IN INDIA AND JAPAN.

The natural defect of the Indian student always has been his excessive reliance on his powers of memory. A special term—"to by-heart"—is current among the students in Calcutta to express the normal process of studying a subject. The usual method of getting up a textbook, whether on philosophy, logic or English literature, is to "by-heart" either the textbook itself or the lecturer's notes upon it.

And this defect of Indian thought is greatly aggravated by the necessity of learning in English. The power of independent thought and judgment, weak to begin with, is crushed under the oppressive weight of a foreign language. No doubt the best men in the university rise above the disability, and think, speak and write in English extraordinarily well; but to the majority the double effect of acquiring new knowledge and expressing ideas in a new language is quite overwhelming. The result is that the general body of the students tend to acquire a mass of undigested information, which they never really assimilate or make their own. A few years ago I visited a mission college in South India. In honor of my visit and to display their powers of original thought, the senior students got up a debate, at which I was asked to preside. The subject chosen was "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Celibacy." The senior student of the B. A. class, who happened to be reading philosophy, opened the attack on celibacy by the startling statement, "Celibacy is contrary to the categorical imperative of Kant." That is typical of a defect which is found in every department of practical life and work. The university student, as a rule, excels in the acquisition of knowledge, but fails in its application. His main need is originality, but it is hopeless to expect him to acquire it until he is allowed to think in his own vernacular. English undergraduates would exhibit a similar lack of originality if they were obliged to do all their thinking in Latin or German. And as it is impossible for practical reasons to give university education through the vernaculars of the country, we must acquiesce in the conclusion that the Indian universities are not likely to remedy among the mass of the students the characteristic defect of the Indian mind. It is instructive in this connection to notice the very different effect produced by Western education in Japan from that produced in India. The standard of education, judged by the prescribed course of study, does not seem to be nearly as high in Japan as it is in India; but what the Japanese have learned they have really assimilated and made their own. The knowledge brought from the West has not been allowed to float vaguely on the surface of their minds; it has entered into the soul of the nation, and is rapidly bringing forth fruit in the national life and character. We see nothing of this kind in India. There are no doubt many reasons to account for the difference. But certainly one reason is that the Japanese, almost from the first introduction of Western education, determined that the medium of instruction should be their own vernacular. And the result is that they have been able to grasp and understand the new ideas of Western literature and science far more readily than the people of India.—(Henry Madras, in The Nineteenth Century.

SOME OLDTIME SCHOOL BOOKS.

The information in the old books was varied and peculiar. It is just a little hard to find the Scots described as "lean, raw boned, with high cheek bones," with no diversions or accomplishments but "goff and curling." The description of "goff" is delicious, especially the end: "and the party which strikes the ball with fewest strokes into a hole prepared for the purpose wins the game." Even if "lean and raw boned," we had two national games. The Irish come off very badly; they have no characteristics and only two customs: howling at funerals and quarrelling! As for Poland, its animals are "wolves, buffaloes, horses, boars, gluttons, lynxes and deer." This sounds rather sweeping till we discover it was written in a primer during the Commonwealth. For the lesson books followed politics, and changed their teaching to suit the times in much the same way as the Vicar of Bray.

Whatever happened in the outside world pointed a moral and adorned a tale in the classroom. For, like Mr. Squeers's, an Old World school was the "right shop for morals." Even the children's play books were full of moral lessons. Always a powder in the most seductive-looking jam, generally a great deal of powder with a very thin jammy coating. Swift retribution fell upon wrongdoers. You played with matches, and were promptly burned to cinders. You climbed upon a chair or table, and, to judge from the pictures, the whole house collapsed about your head. The slightest vanity or deviation from the paths of strict truth and virtue met with terrible punishment.

Indeed, the ways of transgressors were so extremely hard that it is a wonder to me any child was ever anything but perfectly good and well behaved. Sometimes a child might be very bad, and with superhuman efforts become good; as, for example, "Ellen, or the naughty girl, reclaimed"; but more often the unfortunate sinners had no second chance. One step on the downward path of crime and all was over. The very good children naturally suffered from priggishness. Who can forget the conversation of those superlatively excellent young gentlemen Tom and Charles. Tom even went so far as:

"And I," said Tom, "won't play with Sam,
Although he has a top."

Could self-sacrifice in the pursuit of virtuous companionship go further? Probably "naughty little Sam" existed quite well without the patronage of "the superior boys"; anyway, he had his top! However, even the very good had their failings; they were not proof against rewards. Think of those well brought up children who spent all their money on books and scorned the pastry cook's shop. Did they not in the end receive the very pastry they affected to despise?

For when we've learnt each book by heart
Mamma will treat us with a tart.

—(Katherine Burrill, in Chambers's Journal.

MENTAL ABILITY OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The mental degradation of the autochthones of Australia has been so generally and unhesitatingly asserted that with the average writer on ethnology it has become an accepted phrase. In addition to others that I have not time to look up, two instances have recently come under my notice which show how carelessly assertions to this effect are made.

One occurs at page 110 in "The American Negro," by William Hannibal Thomas, who says: "The Australian negro, the zero, so to speak, of all anthropological analysis, who is of such low development as to be incapable of dealing with other than units of ideas, as well as of numbers." The other is in "Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend, which speaks of the Australian blacks as being "the lowest of savages." Both books were published in 1901.

To show how little foundation there justly is for such perfunctory statements I will support my own experiences as before related with quotations from good authorities, the first being from "The Aborigines of Australia," by Bishop Hale, of Perth, W. A., and subsequently of Brisbane, Queensland, who says: "A shepherd, Adams, has taken to wife a native woman, who had been brought up at some settler's station and was partially educated. Adams could not read, and the black wife taught the white husband to read."

Again, Mr. James Dawson, in "Australian Aborigines," published in Melbourne in 1881, records the following very remarkable evidence:

The inspection of the aboriginal school at Ramahyuck, in Gippsland, during the last eleven years gives a percentage of results higher than the other state schools in Victoria; and while no doubt this excellence is largely due to the regularity with which the children attend school and to the skill and zeal of the gentlemen who taught them, it fairly shows that aboriginal children are at least equal to others in power of learning those branches of education which are taught in the state schools of Victoria. On several occasions of examination by a government inspector the percentage of the Ramahyuck School was a hundred, a result unparalleled by any other school in the colony.

Other instances of the mental capacity of the Australian aborigines might be collected, but I submit that they would add but little to the evidence which I have endeavored to set forth in this paper.

Should enough interest be aroused in any reader to make the effort appear worth while, I would suggest that he should inspect the implements and weapons of this race in some large museum. Careful examination will show them to possess a design and finish indicative of great ability in the makers.—(J. Mildred Creed, in The Nineteenth Century.

UNWITTING CHRISTIANS.

The name of Christ is burned as none other into the world history; its impression on nearly every sphere of thought and conduct is ineffaceable. His influence was unique, because His mind was unique. To form a clear conception of Jesus is not easy; but all the records of His sayings and acts point to the fact that, while philosophy sets up a wider ideal of knowledge than we have reason to suppose that He attained, yet of the intuitional, immediate experience of present unity with God and with a perfect world, which is the characteristic ideal of the religious mind, His was the supreme type. The unqualified claim to be the "Christ, the Son of God," stands as far removed from the ordinary human sense of guilt as the intuition, "I saw Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven," stands from the ordinary sense of the strength of evil. To Him, as to no one else, reality and goodness were one, and His intuitions are therefore the outline of the figure of which all other possible knowledge can only supply the detail. Hence, if others have in various degrees apprehended the "beauty of holiness," He beyond all could utter it in "a strain the world at last should heed." Such, in fact, has been His effect on the world that it would hardly be an exaggeration to call any one who identifies himself with the highest tendencies of our civilization a disciple, whether consciously or unconsciously, of Jesus.—(From "The Christ of Dogma," by W. A. Pickard, Cambridge, in The Hibbert Journal.

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Pictures are with heavy Louis XIV. frames and shadow boxes.

Size.	Subject.	Artist.	
24x36	A Russian Wedding	W. Orlon	Value $95 to $110 At $50
24x36	Fishing Banks of Holland	Henry Merville	
17x21	The Playful Kittens	F. LeRoy	
22x27	Love's Sweet Song	R. LeClair	
22x30	Spring and Summer	C. Fontana	
18x22	A Field of Scotch Heather	E. Pail	
	Together with eleven other subjects.		
19x23	Portrait of a Young Lady	Y. Mounier	Value $70 to $80 At $35
14x26	Landscape and Cattle	Louis LaTolttevan	
12x18	In the Cardinal's Study	L. Dories	
12x18	A Difficult Duet	L. Dories	
18x22	Ideal Head	M. Renard	
14x22	Landscape	F. Ronez	
	Together with fourteen other subjects.		
12x18	The Musicale	F. Heinz,	Value $50 to $65 At $25
12x18	A Holland Fisherman	F. R. Donat,	
22x27	An Interesting Game	T. Arlot,	
14x22	A Venetian Court Scene	F. Vogler,	
13x32	Springtime	C. Briand,	
17x25	A Spanish Beauty	G. Rovelo,	
12x18	An Afternoon Call	F. Heinz,	
17x21	Reconciliation	A. Silva,	
14x22	An Interesting Letter	G. Barron,	
18x25	A Farmyard Scene	J. Buller,	
	Together with thirty-six other subjects.		
12x24	The Fishing Fleet	F. Robin,	Value $25 to $35 at $17.50
17x21	A Mountain Stream	H. Moser,	
22x27	The Critics	De Mirando,	
10x16	A Faithful Dog	F. LeRoy,	
17x21	An Autumn Landscape	C. Lechner,	
12x18	A Serious Question	F. Raubald,	
15x25	A Flock of Sheep	R. T. Stuart,	
17x21	On the River Bank	B. Turgot,	
16x20	The Cavalier	T. J. Thieben,	
12x16	Ideal Head	Paul Du Thoit,	
	Together with seventeen other subjects.		

			Formerly.	Price.
28x36	Inspiration	Tanoux	$375.00	$260.00
23x28	Ideal Head	Tanoux	$250.00	$200.00
24x30	Landscape and Figure	Delochaux	$225.00	$170.00
20x42	May Festival	F. Scopperti, H. C.	$250.00	$170.00
24x30	An Important Message	M. Caballero	$195.00	$145.00
23x32	The Young Truant	Georges Laugee, H. C.	$195.00	$130.00
24x36	The Proposal	A. E. Paoletti	$150.00	$110.00
26x40	Holland Fishing Scene	Van Hommel	$95.00	$60.00
20x24	Cattle Grazing	(No Name)	$125.00	$60.00

FOR MONDAY WE ANNOUNCE

The January Sale of Ribbons.

It is an event of extreme importance. The very weaves with which our contemporaries will herald the advent of the Spring ribbons a month hence are concerned. And the colors are new. With each season there is issued in Paris an official color chart which is universally accepted as the standard. Most of the shades which it advocates are to be found in this sale, and at radical price concessions. Does it not earn the right to be termed "of extreme importance"?

Double Faced Liberty Satin Ribbon, 5 inches wide, in pink, blue, turquoise, cardinal, old rose, black, white or cream. Value 33c — At 19c

Imported Gros de Naples, 5 inches wide, one of the newest weaves in all the authoritative spring colors, for millinery and dress elaboration. Value 39c — At 27c

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Double Faced Satin Sash Ribbon, 8 inches wide, in white, pink, cream, blue and new green. Value $1.65 — At 69c

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Tailored Suits in a variety of models, materials and colors, including long and short coat styles. Sizes for small women are also to be found in the collection.

Regularly $29.50 to $39.50. At $22.50

THE GOWNS AND COSTUMES.

A collection of gowns of silk, voile or broadcloth in black or colors designed for evening wear, together with a number of tailored suits of velvet in a variety of colors in long or short coat models, both plain and elaborately trimmed.

Gowns, formerly $48.50 to $62 At $39
Suits, formerly $55.00 to $89 At $39

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Walking Skirts of black taffeta, peau de soie or voile in a variety of desirable side and box plaited models.

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Walking Skirts of mannish mixed cloth in blue or oxford and velveteen in black, navy or brown.

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THE COATS.

Coats of kersey or broadcloth in a variety of long and medium length models.

Formerly $29.00 to $35.00. At $18.50

Coats of black broadcloth in full length models, with strapped seams, tailor stitched.

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Persian Lamb Coats, Ex Ex.	125	Black Lynx Stoles	17
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Near Seal Coats	30	Chinchilla Muffs	30
Near Seal Coats	35	Black Lynx Muffs	15
Near Seal Coats	45	Sable Fox Muffs	10
Ermine Stoles	40	Alaska Sable Muffs	10
Mink Stoles	15	Squirrel Muffs	10
Mink Stoles, Long	40	Sable Squirrel Muffs	12
Alaska Sable Stoles	12	Persian Lamb Muffs	17
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