

What Our Women Wear

GOLD AND SILVER LACES RELIC OF MEDIEVAL FASHION.

The fashionable woman of the present day when viewing with pride and complacency some superb evening gown that is elaborately ornamented with gold or silver laces, or a lace mesh draped with these metals in finely spun threads or gorgeously colored silks, if she did but know it is simply experiencing the sensations of the fair dames of medieval times and even centuries earlier, for gold and silver laces and darned nets were the very earliest of those filmy fabrics which have become one of the most important adornments of women's apparel.

Paintings on ancient Egyptian sarcophagi depicts workers of such as referred to in the book of Isaiah "as they that work in fine flax and they that weave network," and the robes of the royal personages seem to be of this network darned around the hem in gold, silver, and colored silks. The ancient tombs of the Egyptians, as well as those in a Roman cemetery in middle Egypt, yield up specimens of network in small pieces and as entire wrappings, those around some of the mummies showing designs of cut work, drawn work, and other open trimming effects. Herodotus writes of veils of net woven of gold, and Dante, centuries later, mentions them also, besides referring to trimmings of gold lace of immoderate richness.

The Saracens are supposed to have taught the art of lace work to the Venetians and other Italians, and the honor of introducing lace to the world at large seems to be due to Italy, although France, Flanders, and Spain also claim it.

It was in Italy, in 1466, or thereabouts, that the lacemakers first substituted flax threads for the costly ones of pure metal. Except for bordering the robes worn on best occasions, the laces of this period were mainly used for church purposes, for the vestments of the Pope and other church dignitaries, and most of the work was done in the convents. The convents in England engaged in the making of sumptuous church embroideries and laces, the Popes writing or sending for such pieces as they desired from time to time, and so encouraging the industry from afar.

The two kinds of handmade lace are wrought either with a needle, which is known as bobbin lace, or with bobbins, when it is called bobbin lace, and in the first named Italy lace, and in the second named French lace.

A woman of the name of Elizabeth Mountaine, from Barboursville, in 1561 had at Annaberg the first school or workshop for the manufacture of laces for the public in general, and the mountain girls of the neighborhood were employed in numbers. At one time thirty thousand were recorded. Her life work is described at length on her tombstone, the erroneous claim being made that she invented bobbin lace.

It was Colbert, Minister to Louis XVI, who first established the French lace factories, and black silk lace was first worn at the time of the marriage of Louis to the Infanta Maria Theresa. In the sixteenth century Emperor Charles V ordered lacemaking taught in schools and convents. Flanders was a dangerous rival to Italy's supremacy, and the religious refugees from the Netherlands in the sixteenth century brought with them knowledge of lacemaking with bobbins wherever they settled. The beautiful flowing designs of the well-known Flanders laces were eagerly adopted, and this lace at the present time is acknowledged as being one of the best to be had. In Antwerp the bobbin lace workers flourished greatly and wrought exquisite specimens of the most costly description, the thread used there being the best known to this industry.

No ground, or "reseau," in the parlance of lacemakers, can ever equal the needle ground for clearness or lightness, although many devices have been resorted to to gain the result with less labor and cost. One man at Munich took a curious departure and actually obtained lace woven by caterpillars. He spread a paste of food they liked on a flat stone set upright, and traced a design of oil on this paste. The caterpillars were started at the base, and in their upward climb spun a strong net, extraordinarily light, avoiding the path touched by the oil and making a definite design.

Handkerchiefs will dry as if ironed if while still wet they are carefully smoothed out on the window pane or mirror, or painted walls, which are very smooth.

Start on time to "get ready" when you have a definite place to reach at a definite time. Acquire this habit and it will save nerve wear, lines in the face, and temper, which spoils sweet natures.

Do not stick wet pins in a different place every time the hat is worn. The multitude of small holes are very unsightly and soon spoil even the most beautiful of hats. Pin underneath the brim if possible, but, if not, have one place for the pin to pass through and keep it there.

Cut or break thread off. Do not bite it. This wears off the enamel of the teeth, and is very injurious.

Blue will certainly be in high favor this fall and winter.

Navy and royal blue are looked upon as fashion leaders.

Brown will be a favorite—russet, Havana, and leather shades.

The silver and dark mouse gray will be especially fashionable.

Black will be a conspicuous note in both trimmings and fabrics.

Copenhagen blue and matter blue or old blue are both high-style shades.

A pretty stock for long, slim throats is made very high and snug of white tucked lawn, with footing going around the neck. The collar is made to flare slightly and finished at bow ends with a narrow knife plating.

The newest skirts, while conforming to one or two single principles, are endlessly varied.

The principal points are a sheath fit over the hips and a flare at the foot.

The preference is given to a plain skirt trimmed with bands of its own material.

The humble wrapper is a back number. All the feminine world is now wearing the daintiest of house frocks, for these garments have taken on a coquetry and daintiness unknown to their kind a few years ago.

So many fascinatingly beautiful and extravagantly perishable materials are shown in these gowns that it takes a strong-minded woman to be practical in selecting materials for them.

The sheer silky stuffs are, perhaps, the most attractive fabrics. The beautiful supple crepe will be found much more serviceable and generally satisfactory.

These gowns are so often such a vexing question to the woman who does her own work.

She is often too tired to dress for dinner every night, and yet she wishes to look fresh and dainty.

For her, nothing can be prettier, sim-

pler, and yet extremely dainty, than a house gown of crepe in delicate shades of gray, maize, or blue, made with a shortened waist line, from which a slightly full skirt falls in straight clinging folds, with several deep tucks at the bottom to give the needed weight.

The bodice may be attached to the skirt, and is oftenest of the simplest of draped surplice models.

It may be decorated with bands of lace or self-toned silk embroidery, bordering the surplice and the large armholes and forming the tuck.

The gimpes and sleeves, if so desired, may be made of finely tucked muslin.

For the woman who wants to follow fashion's edict by using the thin material, yet needs something that will resist hard wear and be practical as well as pretty, one of the voiles is another good choice.

The one-tone fine stripe and checks in sheer voiles are particularly well liked.

MINISTER CRITICISES WOMEN

Says They Are Responsible for Most Wicked Fiction.

They Write Most of It and Read Much of It, Declares Rev. A. G. Lawson.

Baltimore, Nov. 14.—"Women are chiefly responsible for much that is bad in the literature of the present day. They write most of what is bad, and they read a good deal of it."

Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, of New York, made this statement this morning during a discussion of "The ethics of present-day fiction" at the Baptist congress at Eutaw Place Baptist Church. Yellow journalism, yellow fiction, and yellow art were strongly condemned by the various speakers. In the discussion which followed, Dr. Lawson said:

"There are some things in the Bible which we cannot read in our churches. Enemies of the church often pick them out and criticize the Bible for that reason. They give that as an excuse for not reading it. It does not compare with the present-day fiction." Papers on the subject were read by Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Prof. J. C. Metcalf, of Richmond, Va. The appointed speakers were Rev. H. Emerson Fosdick, of Montclair, N. J., and Dean W. H. Crawshaw, of Hamilton, N. Y. Dr. Crawshaw, in his address, said:

"Journalists, authors, and artists have a moral obligation to their fellow-men. They often depict things just as they are. They bring out every hideous detail in a repulsive, sickening manner. They should remember that they owe their fellow-men something. We cannot stop them from writing such articles or books and painting such pictures, but we can refuse to buy them. Our influence can be used to prevent others buying them. As soon as the people refuse to patronize such things they will be no longer forced upon us in such number. We, that is you and I, must make every effort to stop buying these things."

GIRLS WHO JOIN FRATS FAIL

Dr. Felter Likely to Abolish High School Societies.

New York, Nov. 14.—Conclusions just reached by Dr. William L. Felter, principal of the Girls' High School in Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, are believed to foreshadow the elimination of all Greek letter societies of the school.

Dr. Felter, at a meeting of faculty representatives of the seven fraternities of the school, read reports of the standing of every girl connected with the societies for this year and last. He said it was an exception to find a girl in good scholastic standing a member of the societies.

SELECTS NEW GREEK INSTRUCTOR.

Rev. Paqa Kennedy, of Ravenswood, W. Va., was elected professor of Greek in the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia at a meeting of the trustees held on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. Kennedy has recently returned from England, where he has been pursuing a post-graduate course of study at Oxford University.

A SMART AND NOVEL SHIRT BLOUSE.

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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

If ever there is an excuse for lack of promptness in acknowledging kindness, it is to be found in the excitement of wedding preparations. Thanks for wedding presents are rarely sent till weeks after the ceremony, and we have come to accept the delay in a spirit of leniency. But an occasional bride wakes us from this complacent mood by doing the unexpected and acknowledging her gifts as soon as they are opened.

A recent bride is of this small number, and now she can enjoy her honeymoon without the shadow of a duty to mar its sweetness. She had a sister, and perhaps this task was imposed upon her, and if so, it is a suggestion to other brides. I never could see why a girl should pass through the most important ceremony of her life bearing the stamp of weariness which weeks of preparation are bound to leave upon the face, if duties crowd thick and fast. There are keen eyes to note such things, and if a bride happens to have passed her first youth she looks every day of her age. Youth is independent in a way, because even extreme weariness cannot rob it of its entire freshness.

I have in mind a wedding where the bride needed every toiler aid she could command to offset the bridegroom's youth. He had the advantage of more than ten years, and if she had spared herself she might have passed muster on account of her small stature and vivacity. She chose to have an elaborate trousseau, and these things, taken into account with making over of her home and no mother to help her, left the bride so tired and wan that she looked a fright, and was obliged to cut short her wedding trip.

She had such a quantity of wedding gifts that she had to set about the task of writing notes of thanks before she was rested, and I am not sure that she has finished the work yet, and two months have elapsed since her wedding day. To me the labor involved in a pretentious wedding is not worth while if it leaves the bride looking uglier than ever before in her life and feeling that further exertion is beyond her strength, and if I were the husband to take such a wife, I should feel like protesting loudly and often.

BETTY BRADEN.

VICTIM'S WIDOW LURES SLAYER

Pretends Love for Man Who Killed Husband to Get Confession.

Seattle, Nov. 14.—That she might bring to justice the murderer of her husband, Mrs. Ethel Todd permitted Ralph W. Steele to make love to her until she finally wrung from his lips a confession of his crime, although to do so made her the prey of scandal.

Frank Todd was murdered in his own woodland at Hoquiam, Wash., on the night of August 31. When the body was discovered a large crowd gathered, among which was Steele, who hung around the Todd home all day.

From the moment of the crime the officers suspected him because of a report that had floated into town from the logging camps where the man worked. Mrs. Todd then, under the instructions of Marshal McKenny, began to play her part.

Steele was infatuated with her, and as soon as he was exonerated he began to arrange meetings. Posted by the officials, she went to meet him. Signals were arranged, and the clandestine meetings were always held within earshot of Marshal McKenny.

It is alleged that Mrs. Todd finally got the confidence of Steele and that he revealed his secret. For two months she continued to play the part and might still have been engaged in it had it not been for the attempted murder of Marshal McKenny Sunday morning. Steele is in jail.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Joint Stock Daughter.

When Vic Morris arrived at the Gate Cottage the next night, he came upon an earlier visitor making himself very much at home. He was a tallish, thin man, with reddish hair plentifully salted with gray, and wearing thin on the top. At sight of Vic he took a pair of smoked glasses, as if by instinct, out of his pocket. Then, instantly changing his mind, he peered at the intruder with deep-set, black, humorously twinkling eyes.

"Vic's huge shoulders and clean-cut granite features filled up the doorway, the man in possession turned his eyes upon him, with a request to be informed "Who in kingdom-come he might be?"

Vic returned the compliment in kind, and his query was answered by the ruddy-gray man, without a shadow of a smile on his face. He would tell his name—certainly. He would even give particulars.

"Maybe ye have heard o' Mahony, the celebrated robber and murderer? He fairly wallows in gore and land agents, does Mahony—I'm him. Well, I've just polished off the lot here, and now I'm washing up, as it were. And I would be obliged to you, sorr, for the information why you come shoving your ugly nose into any man's business. D'ye want to see my license to commit homicide at any moment? What, ye doubt me worrid? Well, then, come in with ye and sit down—I'll see what is the best I can do for ye in the cold-tea and bread-and-butter line. For ye look as if ye needed it, ye man."

"I called to see my friends," said the engineer with dignity.

"And what might your friends be callin' themselves when the police wasn't after them?"

"Mr. Richard Finnan and—"

"Good," cried the pebbled Irishman, "would Dick wud niver know himself by that name. Too yard-wide for him, my son! And your other friends—all now dead and gone, and their first term paid to the County Company! Excuse me while I drop a tear!"

He searched, but in vain, for a handkerchief, and finally went into a corner and dropped the tear noisily on the floor.

"When he returns," he said in a confidential whisper, "if ye have anything rare comfortin' about ye, sir, I'll take a drop after I hear the name of any more of your friends."

But the engineer had quite enough of this form of humor, which might be called the pebbled Irishman's specialty.

"This is the house of my friend, Mr. Finnan, and his daughter, Miss Vida Bryan," said Vic, squaring his shoulders with the evident intention of combat, "and I shall be glad to know what your business is here."

The Irishman also squared his shoulders with an outrageous caricature of the underground manager's grand manner.

"My name is Billy Bryan," he said, "Ireland is my nation, as maybe ye'll have had the penetration to take note of already—more by token that I never acquired the poor, mean, snip-scissors English brogue. And I do not ask you what you are doing in this house. I know! Sorr, that are your honorable intentions with regard to me da-a-a-ighter?"

And, with his arms folded and a portentously beetling brow on his jovial countenance, the lighthouseman "paused for an answer."

It was evident that Mr. Vic Morris was taken very much aback. He had heard, vaguely, that Vida had been a runaway from some ship, and had a romantic story attached to her. But he was not the sort of young man to lay much stress upon romantic stories. It was all the same to him whether Vida was called Finnan or Bryan or Smith, or Brown or Jones or Robinson. All that he asked was that she would consent to take as a permanency the name of Vida Morris. He expected no dowry. His two strong hands, the professional knowledge which lay packed away in his energetic and well-squared head, were dowry enough for two. He had a roughshod will, and an over-riding belief in the skill of his own

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THE IRON LORD

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Stickler Minister," "The Raiders," "The White Plume," &c.

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SEATS NOW ON SALE.

ity of the contents, while, with the rejected salad bowl in his hands, turning it about as in a conjuring trick, Vic Morris watched the scene open-mouthed.

Afterward, when Dick Finnan came in and had taken his supper, the cover being laid for one (for Vida had been all the afternoon at Rose Nunsby's), Dick lighted his pipe, holding his head near the open fireplace so, at the "reek would draw," as he remarked, "For Vida did not favor the smell of tobacco in her house."

Then, being pressed with questions, Mr. William Bryan began his remarks by divulging to the astonished company how that he had resolved to stop smoking.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

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Large Estey Upright.....	450	250
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COLUMBIA

NAT C. GOODWIN

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