

NEW YORK SWELLS. SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE THESE.

The Fashion Framers Offer Marked Innovations in Apparel—Pointers for Men on Correct Styles of Clothing Themselves for the Winter.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The well dressed American is called upon nowadays to exercise a goodly quantum of common sense in keeping reasonably abreast of the fashions of the times.

Leadership in men's fashions is not a trivial avocation! The denizen of swoll-dome, not only as a matter of maintaining caste among his clubmates, but also because of the responsibility entailed in giving currency to certain deviations which are evolved from time to time—setting the fashion, as it were—has a somewhat hazardous task.

So discriminating have our fashion framers become, however, that we no longer accept with blind adulation the innovations of our English cousins. At all events there is no longer a disposition to rush in and without consideration adopt the London style immediately it is given forth.

Orly recently indeed, as exemplified at the horse show, have the men of what is known to be the smart set given sanction to the long tailed coats. They believed in and they wore the garments occasionally during several seasons past, but not with that significant sanction which was manifested upon this occasion, all others in the fashionable calendar, when new phases in men's dress are exploited.

Concisely told, the marked changes are all in the nature of shape and conformation, tending to influence toward the more courteous deportment of the gallants of 1840. This noticeable impression is, however, deftly quelled by having the finish and fabric in even a quivering tone than has prevailed of late.

For instance, the concededly apropos and distinguished looking outer coat of this coming season is the long, loose fitting black, blue or dark green cloth—a sort of melton kersey—the fabric having the rich quality of the kersey and the sturdy finish of the melton, the former "make" affording the best unfinished uncut edge. In style it is primarily an ample garment, though not of the extreme box like. The velvet collar is unstated. It is made single breasted, fly front, and extends in front, as the illustration discloses, well below the knees. This is in its entirety one of the most ultra coats issued of late years, and yet in its ensemble there is not one phase which the most conventional would cavil.

There are to be worn three shirt studs with full dress—the pecuniary value not a matter of consequence—the shirt button or three small sewed on pearl buttons being deemed the zenith of dress shirt wearing. There will be a more frequent wearing of evening gloves than heretofore, particularly at entertainments where ladies are to be met.

The neckscarf is the dominant adjunct of everyday apparel. They are made in forms with flowing ends and graduated aprons, unlined, admitting of most artistic knottings and affording the expert scarf tier the opportunities of his lifetime. But the neckwear makers are fairly treating upon the heels of the experts, for they have conjured styles in made up form that follow very closely the self tied effects—some of them positively remarkable proof in their fidelity.

A recent edict in neckwear lore, which is followed by "everybody that is anybody," is the relegation of the De Joinville type of knotting for wear with the single breasted coat, and the Windsor four-in-hand or some other of the flowing, wide aproned variety, with the double breasted coats. The overcoats do not affect neckwear. It is the undercoat, particularly those of semidress, that are concerned.

The men of swoll-dome appreciate that the crossfolds of the De Joinville break the straight line of monotone that the single breasted would carry out, and that the neck formed by the lapel opening of the double breasted coat, invites the wearing of the straight down four-in-hand fold, as in the nature of an artistic variance.

The influence of men's dress upon the manners of the epoch in which it is current is evidenced all through the fashion plates of past centuries. Such a garment as is vouchsafed in the form of the new evening topcoat will inevitably make its impress upon the refinement of the times. It imparts to the wearer the air of a diplomat, and seems to belong to a regime of courtliness when men of fashion were wont to meet in the Strand, exchange felicitous greetings, bow elaborately, and the dance was in the minutest terms.

In these tar-a-ra days, when the serpentine high kicking is rated the acme of grace, such an innovation seems untimely. But it is a most engaging type to contemplate, and has the merit of being at once practical and utilitarian. It is easily adjusted and cast off, and when the velvet collar is joined under the chin the neckwear and shirt front are kept immaculate.

While the double breasted long tailed frocks predominated at the New York horse show on the swells, both tall and short, there were new and foreign looking cutaway coats that created a positive sensation.

These examples were in black, dull finish cloth—something in the nature of a light weight melton—but it was the cut of the garments rather than the material that invited attention. The front is shell-toned, the lines being exceedingly suave and efficient, as a graceful semiformal morning coat should be. In the back perspective the conformation of the tails is so much like those of the dress coat that when seen first in this view the impression is that a turn about will disclose a swallow tail front.

This is really too much of a shock for the average devotee of the revered claw hammer. So, that it shall not even pretend upon the latter's impregnable rights, the crack American tailors that have reproduced the new coats have left but a shade of the swallow tail effect without disturbing the harmony of the cutaway curve.

There can be no gainsaying that the smartness of this new garment is the attribute most likely to win for it an important place in the category of men's wear.

The cutting away of the skirts in the side view creates a most favorable impression, while the contemplation of the garment in its entirety carries with it the conviction that this coat of demidress was never heretofore seen to such advantage.

The first wearers in America of this new cutaway are a group of Londoners who were seen about the down town exchange looking for good, exclusive, double breasted opportunities for the placing of their good English money. They are men—as verified in the other details of their makeup—of undoubted discernment in dress, and the brokers are not slow to get their clothes at work on similar productions. There is, it is said, a rage over this style prevailing in the English capital, and certainly no better than a crack London custom clothier could have turned out so well built a garment.

The best tall hat of the season is the make having the most noticeable bell crown and the most pronounced wide brim. These are the truly best looking hats to be worn with the long coats and the tighter trousers. The English trousers are described as small over the instep and the measurement 19 inches. But then the English foot is larger than the American. About 19 at the knees and 17 at the bottoms is the "propah capaw with the deah boys, bai Jawwee!"

The pleasing intelligence is in circulation to the effect that, very eminently practical and pre-eminently convenient opera hat is about to experience a renaissance. It will be regarded in the same dignified category as that in which the high hat is classed, and for certain occasions where hats are to be carried and a crush is impending it will tend to keep the feelings unruffled, and thus as a profanity deterrent alone will fulfill its mission.

That good old standby, however—the frock coat—the first of the long tailors to make its way—is still an oft donned garment by the younger swells.

As Rudge Calyounette, of the Whippernapper club, remarked: "It is one of those distinguished looking coats, don't you know, deah boy, that one has to stand up in. One must wear one's best fixings with one's long tailer, don't you see, old man. Everything must be at top notch with the deah boys."

The gloves must be in the deep Russian; special boutonniere; hat polished; collar high, straight up, with scarf tied in a tight knot, spread apron effect, and a boutonniere, white, of extra size. There is no shirking things, deah boy. One must hold one's self up to it all the time, or the wearing of this favored garment falls flat."

The two extremes about the purloins of New York are the swell and the tough.

"Ah, get on to his gliblets," says Chimie, who wears a short covert coat and wide trousers. "Where did he get that crazy long tailed overcoat? Hully Gee, but he's a sight! Well, he makes me smile!"

Thus Cholly Van Rensselaer says, looking through his eyeglass: "By gad, what a curious makeup! I declare I believe that's my old short overcoat the fellow's got on. Yes, and my wildpoor trousers. I remember how they guyed me at every opportunity when the wildpoor topcoat and trousers to match were first introduced. And now, three years later, I am afforded a revengeful chuckle for past insults. I shall always laugh last at my severest critics and subsequent imitators, for they are certain finally to get into the swim out of date."

It is a fact that the taking up of new styles by the multitude of men of dressy inclinations is done more or less clearly. There are those that will accept instantly the mandates. Others will hesitate and at first have the extreme features toned down. So on throughout the whole community of the great well to do, their acceptance of new styles goes on until its universal adoption. Meanwhile the fashioners have not been idle, and are ready to launch a series of original and efficient concepts.

There is a word to be said about the abrupt changes that the season has brought forth. They will not, as a foregone conclusion, please what is known as the madding crowd when they first appear, but the men of fashion expect such incredulity from whence it comes and regard it as merely incidental to the progressive refinement of the men's apparel. Moreover, the longer the men of fashion can monopolize a style the more exclusive the feeling in the wearing of it.

The ordinarians that mock the swells aloud every time fashion's wheel turns around find great rejoicing in the first sniting, and yet after a year or two these same objectors are wearing the identical article, only in a cheapened reproduction. It was thus with the men of swagellion when these two extreme tangents in the fashions marked the most degraded epoch in the costume condition of the Nineteenth century—I refer to the padded, square shouldered coats and the spring bottomed trousers.

When, however, the hoodium and the pride-of-the-plein tough citizen got the chance they became fairly enamored of the combination—cherished it along in a forced existence for several years, so difficult was it to wean them from this depraved and congenial garb.

It is part of the progress in the men's wear that who that set the standard high should be scoffed at. It is the philosophy and history of all great movements that the originator was jeered at for his discovery. It is in men's fashions as in other things—he who laughs last laughs best.

WILLIAM ADDISON CLARKE.

Veneration for a Single Hair. Look at the veneration paid in Asia to even a single hair of the beard of Mohammed. This precious relic is enshrined in a monument erected especially for it in 1135, 500 years after the prophet's death. Where it had reposed during the long interval is as great a mystery as that connected with the holy coat of Treves. But at any rate there it is now, a precious "hair" loom kept in a box of gold and crystal, in which small holes have been bored for the purpose of admitting water to float the blessed hair, which is done at an annual festival when the faithful from all parts are gathered together.—English Illustrated Magazine.

What He Was Writing. The Teacher—There is one of my brightest boys sitting over there on that rock writing, while his companions are wasting their time in idle play. No doubt he is writing his lessons out for tomorrow. Here, Jimmy, let me see what you are writing. Jimmy—No'm; I don't want to. Teacher—Ah, see his modesty! Come, I want to read it. This is what she read: "Please excuse my son James from school today, as he is needed at ho'." —Tis-Bits.

Degrees of Love. She—If you had never met me would you have loved me just the same? He (convincingly)—More.—Life.

It Was His Taste. There was a noticeable stir in the ball-room upon the entrance of a tall man with a small head and a peaceful look in his eyes.

"Yes," remarked a lady in old blue, who sat in the window farthest from the door, "he is quite the lion of the hour."

A lady in white, with lace and diamonds, inclined her head in acquiescence.

"It's not that he is clever either," she observed.

"Oh, not at all. It's his exceeding good taste," he said.

The notes of a dreamy waltz floated through the air. The perfume of hundreds of roses saluted the nostrils. The radiance of human beauty in a garniture set by art's rarest efforts greeted the eye. The voice of the lady in old blue was a soft murmur.

"Was the first?"

She opened her gorgeous fan and swayed it gently beneath her throat.

"To think!"

Her eyes rested in undisguised admiration upon the figure of the tall man with a small head and a peaceful look in his eyes.

"Of raising whiskers like that poor fellow who murdered his wife and four children and was hanged for it."

Again the lady in white, with lace and diamonds, inclined her head in acquiescence.—Detroit Tribune.

Big Game. The magnifying power of mist has often been described, but perhaps never in a more striking manner than by Mr. Eike in his account of his travels in the "Barren Ground of Northern Canada."

We were traveling in a thick fog and saw an animal, apparently at some distance, bounding along the horizon at a most remarkable pace. All down the line there were cries of "Muskrat!" "Wolf!" Guns were snatched from the sleighs, and the dogs charged at a gallop in pursuit of the strange animal.

After a rush of ten yards the quarry disappeared. The first man had put his foot on it, and it turned out to be one of the small mice so common in that country.

Hard Pushed. An American bishop whose praise is in the churches told me that a collector in a church in San Francisco, on receiving a shake of the head instead of a dollar from the hand of one whom he knew intimately, stopped to remonstrate and said: "William, you must give something. You've heard what the rector has said—it's your duty." "My money belongs to my creditors," said William. "And who is your greatest creditor? To whom do you owe the most?" asked the collector. "Well, that's very true," replied William, "but just now he's not crowding me as much as the others."—English Exchange.

The Phlegmatic Spaniard. The lodgings of a man named Pedro el Negro, in Toledo, were broken into during his absence. On his return home Pedro met the thieves coming away with a couple of mattresses and a clothespress. He turned on his heel and followed them. When the miscreants became aware that he was dodging their footsteps, they asked him what he wanted. He replied, "I am only going to see where you are moving me to."—Floresta Espanola.

A Short Way with Brigands. "Did you come across any brigands in Sicily?"

"Plenty! But I always got the better of them."

"How so?"

"Oh, simply enough. Every time I met a suspicious looking character on the road I went up to him and asked an alms."—Courrier du Midi.

Too Rough. Maud—When you said yes, did he draw you gently to him, kiss you passionately and then did you hide your blushing face on his breast?

Angelina—Not much. He had on one of those Scotch tweed suits.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Mutual Regret. Lawyer—I am very sorry for you, Herr Muller, but Snip, the tailor, has instructed me to collect that account you owe him.

Muller—And you expect to recover the money? Then I am really very sorry for you.—Deutsche Wespen.

Tantalizing. He—I beg your pardon—might I ask your name?

She—Smith.

He—Would you not like to change it?

She—Yes, what is yours?

He—Smith.—Life.

Fatherly Advice. Tommy—Pop, is it wrong to call another boy names?

His Pa—No, unless the other boy is bigger than you are, my son.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nothing to Act On. Buckton—I wonder why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

Nendick—Because after it strikes once the place isn't there any more.—Truth.

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California Vinegar Works, 355 Banning street, opposite Gas factory, near Alameda and First streets, one-half block from electric light works.

CHIPPER CHESTNUTS. "What is the first step toward securing a divorce?" asked a client of a Philadelphia lawyer. "Get married," was the prompt reply.—Green Bag.

Young Staylate—I should very much like to meet your father some day. Amy—Well, if you will stay about an hour longer he will be coming down to breakfast.—Harper's Bazar.

Dicky had been silent during his Thanksgiving, but finally he rested his fat elbows on the table, with knife and fork upright in either hand, and gave a great sigh and said, "I wish turkeys could be double breasted."—Texas Siftings.

"First impressions are lasting," as the gentleman remarked when the trip hammer came down on his fingers.—Boston Transcript.

A Cheerful Advertisement—"Wanted, a young woman who can cook and dress the children." Poor little dears!—Gazette de Lausanne.

Misses—Bridget, where are the oyster crackers that I ordered? Bridget—Faith, mum, an I broke every one av them, an divil of an oyster could I find in one, an I sint them straight back.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Southerner—Nothing on earth can run faster than a razorback hog. Northerner—About what time can he make? Southerner—It is impossible to say. Why, I saw one of those hogs get on a race track once and run around so fast that he caught up to himself.—Harper's Bazar.

Dealer—This is the best parrot we have, but I wouldn't sell him without letting you know his one fault—he'll grumble terribly if his food doesn't suit him. Miss Fitz—I'll take him; it will seem quite like having a man in the house.—Tis-Bits.

"You say that you like Jennie," one lady writes to another in an endearing little note from the seaside, "because she never speaks ill of the absent," but I guess the reason why you're able to say that is because you've never been present when you're absent."—Youth's Companion.

A mere question of sex: "Well, Willie, did you master your lesson today?" "No'm; I missed it."—Philadelphia Record.

Why It Failed. I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

Life.

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