

ON THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLIGIG OF FASHION

Dictates of the Modes for Late Autumn and Winter Wear Along Various Lines.

NEW materials are a matter of moment just now. We have to choose our winter dresses, and if we are not gifted with the purse of Fortunatus, this matter is a weighty one.

We must be guided, not only by fashion, but by our own individual style. The woman who is slim cannot dress like her stouter sister, for the material chosen often affects the appearance of the figure to a great extent.

Therefore the slim woman may indulge in the new furlike zibelines. The snow-flecked foute, and those materials which have a sort of shot silvery surface, also all varieties of checks, are permissible. Of these there is an endless variety in brown and blue, red and green, purple and golden brown, while some are in the crudest colorings. The deep reds now so much worn are, in reality, best suited to blondes. We have them this season in every possible material.

Satin cloth, with its rich, glossy surface, is a great favorite; but here, again, the slender ones carry the day, for all shiny surfaces increase the size of the figure.

Fine serges, dull cloth, corded poplin, and a new hopsack, are a few of

in the front. Flounces continue in favor, but short, plain coats and skirts are la mode for morning wear. For afternoon and visiting, the long skirts are in evidence. Very trim are the short skirts with curved seams, or made with one or two shaped frills, or sometimes they have a short kilt, or two crossway folds of self-material.

Sleeves are the greatest difficulty we have to contend with, but on general outlines they may be sorted thus: For ordinary outdoor costumes, the bell-shaped and bishop sleeve, and the ordinary sleeve full from the elbow, and caught into a cuff, are the best to adopt. For visiting dresses the plaited sleeve full and loose over the elbow, banded into a very deep Charles I. cuff, or, for stout figures, the plain sleeve, full at the back from shoulder to wrist, caught in at intervals with straps of silk and velvet or tiny buttons. For full evening dress the Victorian and the elbow sleeve are in evidence.

Bodices are less pouched. The crossover style is gaining ground, and there is quite a possibility of the plain-fitting habit bodice being taken into favor once more.

Collars are all on the lines of



TWO FASHIONABLE EVENING GOWNS.

the many fabrics from which stout women may choose. There are also ranges of silk and wool crepelines, silk-lined Pekins with stripes of all dimensions, from that of a hair's breadth to a wide two-inch band; pepper-and-salt mohair serges, and goods with spots varying from the size of a pin point to a pea, on dull granite grounds.

All the new dress materials are supple, sinuous, and soft; they fall into all the natural lines and curves of the figure. Some of the latest materials from Paris look like summer dress canvas, with a colored silk lining, but are really quite substantial.



A DAINY EVENING BODICE.

and the illusion is due to a trick of the weaver's art.

Tucking, cording and strapping, are all much used for trimming.

The tailor-made costumes have, happily, returned to that severe simplicity which constituted their greatest charm. The relief of a little gold and a touch of red, give some of them quite a military appearance.

We are all truly thankful for the revival of the short walking skirt, whether it be plain, kilted, or made in a three-decker style. Skirts are no longer plain over the hips. They have yokes of passementerie, cording, tucking, or three rows of ribbon or passementerie, the third one forming a sort of ceinture or belt. The cut of a skirt now becomes a study for the dressmaker who wants to suit her customer. She may elect to have several narrow gores, or only two seams, one in the back and one

Charles I. style, being very soft and so large that they are almost capelets falling over the shoulders. In fact, any collar or capelet that lends breadth to the shoulders is the whim of the moment.

Boleros are much in vogue, and boast of wide collars, basques or short tails. Furs enter into their construction largely, especially broadtail and all black furs.

Macaroons of passementerie with hanging drops or tassels trim the new sacque coats, which are made in three different lengths, i. e., very short like a bolero, three-quarter, and quite long. They are of colored cloth, silk, velvet, silk gauze, or plain, black glace silk. Some of the newest sacque coats have two or three shoulder capes; in fact, all the latest coats have either very large collars, or else these capelets. The new capes are also provided with huge collars which turn up or down at pleasure.

Regal velvet gowns are every woman's dream, and the peach-like bloom on some of the new velvets would tempt a saint.

In headgear there are picture hats, toques, and an endless variety of panama-shaped felts, with crowns and brims of contrasting hues. Toques made entirely of the plumage of the lophophore and other tropical birds, are as lovely as they are fragile.

Shapes of silk or velvet are trimmed with fruit, such as cherries of silver or scarlet velvet, or velvet apples, grapes and plums.

Boas are flat and wide, the latest are of shot or chine silk fringed with chinchilla or sable, with large heart-shaped muffs frilled to match. Very picturesque stole capes are being made in Paris. They are richly embroidered and trimmed with frill's of lace or deep chenille fringe.

Dresses are trimmed with bias folds of silk of some contrasting color, over which silk cord or bebe ribbon is crossed like a lacing.

There is a rumor, too vague to be important, that we shall wear colored leather boots; meanwhile, the bronze shoe is now considered very smart! The latest colors are: poussiere or dust, a dull, bluish plum, all varieties of Indian military and fruit rads, a pure violet that goes by the name of eveque, and a lovely golden brown, which is called capucine. Blues are not very popular, except the real navy, and greens have the first place amongst smart colors, grass green, leaf and apple green, and yell-wish moss green, being the most used.

ELLEN OSMOND

GIANT MADE A HIT.

"We used to get back into our winter quarters," said the old circus man, "some-where along early in October. Before that, as likely as not, the fall rains had been makin' the wheelin' bad for some little time and it was gettin' pretty cool to show under canvas. So the last of September used to see us headed up for home, and we'd fetch it, as I was sayin', somewhere along early in October.

"And when we got there and got the spangles off, so to speak, why we looked just like anybody else, and we just became in our way, a part of the community. The clown, you understand, in plain clothes, looked just like any other man. Same with the ringmaster. To see him walkin' down the main street in a sack coat and a derby hat you'd never think of him as a man you'd ever seen in top boots, swallow-tail coat, and a plug hat, walking around cracking a long, white-lashed whip in a circus ring. Same with all the rest.

"There might be now and then one of our men with a pretty gallus sort of a touch to his slouch hat, or something like that which you might have noticed, if you saw him walkin' along somewhere; but for the most part our people in town was just like the people living there. They could go into a grocery store, or a dry goods store, just like anybody, as if they was a part of the community without attracting any particular attention at all. All except one; the great giant.

"It didn't make any difference how the great giant was dressed, whether he was in spangles or in the plainest kind of plain clothes that ever was; you couldn't make him anything but conspicuous, any more than you could a mountain; and that first winter he was with us there in winter quarters, after his first season with us on the road, he was, of course, the great sensation of the town.

"Along about the middle of that month, that year, the campaign manager for one of the political parties—that was in a presidential year, you see, and about the time we got settled was right in the middle of the campaign—this manager comes to the old man and wants to get the giant to carry a torch in their torchlight procession on the following Saturday night. Not a bad idea, hey, for the campaign man to think up? But it put it up to the old man very hard, because the old man had political ideas of his own very decided, and he was of the opposite party from the one they wanted to get the giant for.

"The old man didn't go 'round hollerin' about his politics. Bein' in business he was tryin' to give pleasure to all, he didn't deem it necessary to antagonize people by puttin' out large numbers of four-sheet posters settin' forth his political principles in every town we came to. But he did sort of hate to have the giant—he knew well enough what a tremendous feature he'd be in the parade—makin' in a torchlight procession on the other side. But he let him go; and he fitted him out besides, in a way that filled the political folks with delight.

"They had had a notion of having the giant carry a torch made up of a dozen or 20 torches bound together and bound to the end of a pole. Not so bad, was it? But the old man, with the simplest sort of a contraption that he got up himself, beat 'em clean out of sight. He had the show's blacksmiths make for the giant a tremendous torch, with a head of wrought iron with the inside of the two rings, the place where ordinarily the lamp would go, made big enough to hold a barrel. Down through this ring and attached to it with, maybe, two-thirds of its depth below it, we had a thick great iron cup that was about the size and just about the dimensions of half a tierce.

"You could easily set a barrel in this cup on end, head up, and that's what we did set in it, a barrel of tar. The rings of this torch holder were, of course, hung on gim-bals, so that at whatever angle the handle was held, or however it was turned, the great lamp would hang level, as it ought to, and we mounted this torch on a pole that was stout enough to support it and at the same time of such length as to make it suitable in proportion to the great giant's height.

"And with that torch over his shoulder, not yet lighted, we sent the giant to the meeting place.

"They had his torch, which they expected he was going to carry all ready for him, and a blazing big torch it made, too; but when they saw what he had over his shoulder they waited a minute to see what was coming. One of our men climbed the tree that the giant was standing by and leaned out from one of the branches and struck a match and touched the wick that we'd stuck into the top of the tar, while the giant sort of held the torch over toward him; and when the tar got started and the giant swung the torch out over his shoulder and they realized what it was, why the whole procession, standing there waitin' for the start, whooped and hollered till they was hoarse.

"Then the band struck up and the procession moved, with the giant, of course, at the head of it. Snakorinos! if ever see. That tall pole with the barrel at the end of it made an outfit just about suited to the giant, as to size—that is, to look well in proportion—and the blaze coming out of the barrel of tar beat anything you ever saw. Being carried along as it was, there was, of course, more or less breeze blowin' it, and that flame eight, ten feet high, would bend this way and the other.

"Well, of course, after that there wasn't a political parade that we didn't have applications in advance for the giant to march in. Of course, everybody recognized right off that the giant and his torch was the greatest feature ever seen in a torchlight procession. But the old man said no; that it would be an imposition on the giant and he couldn't do it. But, of course, he wanted to do what was fair, and if the other political party should want the giant for one parade, why, he'd be willing to do that, but there he'd be willing to stop.

"Did the other party want him? Well! The old man fitted up that giant just the same as before, same identical torch, just putting a fresh barrel of tar in the holder, that's all, and nobody could have said, if they'd known, but what he'd treated both sides equally fair.

"But the fame of the preceding torchlight procession with the giant in it, had traveled all over the surrounding country, and just the mere announcement of the procession was enough to bring the whole country in to see it. The whole town had turned out to see the other parade; it seemed as though the whole state almost had turned out to see this one; it was as though the other was just an advertisement for this one, and they got up so much excitement and enthusiasm over it that here, where usually the old man's party just managed to scrape through, they carried the torch that year by 2,202.

"To'able spy-mined, old man, boss? Ye-eh, sure."—N. Y. Sun.

FALLACIES OF FREE TRADE.

Representations of the Enemies of Protection That Are Unsound and Erroneous.

The democratic congressional committee, and a part of the democratic press, are seeking again to impress the people with the belief that American manufactured products which are protected by the tariff are sold cheaper abroad than at home, and that at the same time the home prices of commodities for daily consumption have been increased by reason of the tariff. From these assertions they argue that the tariff should be abolished, says the Albany Journal.

That prices as well as wages have advanced under the operation of the tariff law which was enacted soon after the induction into office of President McKinley is true. The law would have been a failure if it had not increased the wages of the workmen and the prices of the farmer's products, which represent the wages of that class. The Dingley law revived industry, gave men work and wages, and also the opportunity for better living. In 1895 we retained only 3.44 bushels of wheat per capita for home consumption, and in 1899 we retained 6.09 bushels per capita. The American people consumed nearly double the amount of wheat flour and white bread in 1899 that they did in 1893. The same was true of beef. Notwithstanding the high prices of beef today, the American people consume double the amount of beef that they did in 1895, when democratic low tariffs closed the mills, sent thousands of men into idleness, and reduced their purchasing power to the minimum.

The advance in prices is, in one way, due to the tariff, in that the tariff gave protection to American industry, enabled the people to buy, and so increased the volume of home consumption as to increase prices by the natural law of supply and demand. But these increased prices are not alone on articles produced in this country and protected by the tariff. The increased prices have been general, and more in harmony with the increased demand, due to increased purchasing power by reason of increased wages.

As to the complaint that American manufactures are sold at lower prices abroad than in this country, it can be said flatly that there is no reason for it. The occasional practice of selling surplus products for export below the market price is not a new one, and in no way is it confined to protected industries, either in this country or any other. The British manufacturers, without any protection from a tariff, have followed the practice for half a century, and in British government reports it is defended as a wise economic policy. If this policy were abolished it would often become necessary to shut down manufacturing plants and deprive operatives of their employment, and the cost of producing the reduced output would be increased.

But the practice has not been general among American manufacturers. In the fiscal year of 1902 there was manufactured in this country \$13,001,704,000 worth of goods, of which \$403,890,763 worth was exported. Of those exports, only \$3,982,000 worth, or about one per cent. of the total, was sold at lower prices than those charged at home.

Through inquiries made by the industrial commission it has been ascertained that about 20 per cent. of American manufacturers occasionally export surplus product, while 80 per cent. always charge at least the same prices as at home and sometimes secure even higher ones.

Thus it will be seen that these representations of the advocates of free trade are just as fallacious as all their other assertions and arguments. It is impossible to make a sound argument against the republican policy of protection for home industries.

PRESS OPINIONS.

After Mr. Bryan had been speaking for an hour and a quarter at Durango, Col., recently, the hall was found to be in flames. Mr. Bryan always was a warm proposition.—Detroit Free Press (dem.).

Jerry Simpson says there is no reason why the democrats should feel downcast. Since the populist party was swallowed by the democrats, Jerry probably has authority to speak for the democrats.—Cleveland Leader.

During the closing years of democratic rule, before the war, capitalists got for the use of their money eight to ten per cent., while now they are glad to get three or four per cent. This reduction in the rate of interest, accomplished gradually under successive republican administrations, has been of incalculable benefit to the people.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cleveland Leader introduces Grover Cleveland as the "advance agent of the greatest panic the country ever suffered." If this is unjust to Grover, it is at least true that he was unlucky enough to happen along at the same time that the country was experiencing a grave set-back, and was also unlucky enough to get hopelessly tangled up with it.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

There are many issues between the parties, and the time-honored, time-tested principles of the republican party, that have given such prestige and prosperity to the nation, are being opposed violently and persistently. In no campaign since the copperhead campaign of 1864 have republican policies been assailed with such malevolence as in the congressional campaign of 1902.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A STRANGE CASE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYSE.

Two young men were strolling along the leading thoroughfare of a large town, amicably discussing various topics and making comments on the events of the day. They were mere lads as far as years went, but they carried themselves like athletes and kept step with military exactness.

They were clerks, one in a hardware business, the other in a bank. Clerks on a small salary, filling unimportant positions, but on the road to success, for already both of the young fellows had made good records and were named for early advancement. They lived at their respective homes, had no bad habits, and even had saved a trifle from their small earnings. Allan Richards was the elder of the two by a year, but Owen Morgan was mature enough to be his friend's match, the difference in their appearance being that between blonde and dark.

The state in which their town is located does not believe in capital punishment, hence a long list of criminals and doers of despicable deeds who do not fear a term in prison may be shortened at the option of a new governor. So there are carnivals of crime just as there are epidemics of disease, and they make work for a great array of legal talent with its grades and supernumeraries. One winter will be comparatively quiet, to be followed by a summer season of atrocious murders. The next winter the criminal fad will be hold-ups, a series of "your money or your life" dramas. The local press will give dramatic recitals of robbers in masks who reap golden harvests, and the splendidly appointed police force read it over their breakfasts—and nobody is apprehended. The lawyers, however, give advice to the victims and get what little money they have left.

This particular winter the hold-up man was something out of the common. He gave back the purse of a poor washer-woman and even added a new "five" to it after hearing her tale of woe. He frequently returned an heirloom watch or some souvenir begged for as a gift of a dead friend. He was ubiquitous, being seen on the Campus Martius and the Grand Circus at the same time, conducting two different robberies. Finally it dawned on the local comprehension that two hold-up men were operating among the citizens, but the knowledge did not lead to any arrest. They were written of as if they were magnanimous heroes, their gentlemanly rebates exploited as generous concessions, but they escaped detection and arrest as completely as if they had been myths. It was left to the quick intuition and acute hearing of one victim to locate the criminals.

Allan Richards was an employe of the Mercantile bank. One morning he was summoned to the office of the president of the bank. A blue-coated policeman was in attendance and the youth recognized him with a pleasant nod, for he knew him by sight.

"Allan," said the president, curtly, "where do you spend your evenings?"

"Not a tremor was in the lad's face, nor a tint of added color in his voice as he answered, respectfully:

"At home, sir, or with friends—sometimes at the public library reading to improve my mind. Why, sir?"

"I believe you, Allan," said the president, kindly, "but you will be compelled to prove it—do your duty, policeman."

"What is the charge against me? I insist upon knowing." As Allan faced the officer his lip quivered and his cheek whitened, but his manly bearing and honest eyes looking straight into the eyes of his accusers made his own self-defense.

"You are charged with highway robbery—come on, young fellow. I guess we won't have to jog you. One story is good until another is told, and we haven't heard yours yet."

Allan went to the station, and after a short preliminary examination, during which he preserved a remarkable silence, he was "jugged" safely enough. A few hours later his chum, Owen Morgan, was taken to the same building and also placed in a cell. He was not told of his friend's arrest, nor was Allan informed of his presence. But the whole town was aroused by the "stupidity," as it was termed, of the police in making such a mistake. Bankers and merchants flocked to their tele-phones to offer bail, and the lifetime friends of the boys wept over their outrageous treatment and demanded their immediate liberty.

"Their whole record gives the lie to the unjust accusation," said one of their defenders, but before the words died on the air the officers sent out to search for evidence had returned with the spoils and established evidence that was indisputable. Gold watches, money, diamonds and enough personal bric-a-brac to start a jewelry store had been found secreted in the trunks of the two young men. They seemed to have made no effort to dispose of any of their plunder, and it stood as the most unique crime of modern times. Crime nevertheless, and the end was not yet.

No one—except the victims of the numerous robberies—rejoiced over the apprehension of the criminals. The whole town seemed dazed over the denouement. The boys had not spent any of the money nor benefited in any way by their unlawful acquisition of wealth. Neither of them would talk, so it was not known what motive could have actuated them. At noon on the day of their arrest the father of Allan Richards was informed of his son's dishonor. Allan was his only child, and he had brought him up in the fear of the Lord. He went home and found his wife unconvinced of the boy's guilt. Then he went to the station and saw Allan in a cell. What was said was only known between the two, but on his way home the father called at a drug store and bought something in a phial, and in a few hours Allan was fatherless. When they told him he fainted, and remained so long unconscious that his friend Owen was taken from his own cell and brought down to help restore him. Then the unfortunate boy broke the silence they had both so persistently maintained.

"Oh," he said, wringing his hands, "we never thought of this! We began it as a lark, and the first man we spoke to could have knocked us down with his little finger, but he gave up his valuables and ran away. We never from first to last carried a revolver. We never were bad boys before. I don't know why we did it. There was no reason."

The outcome is not yet. The law has taken care of the offenders, but here are the strange complications of a crime without motive. There had been no consorting with criminals, no bad instincts, no reading of sensational literature. Healthy minds in healthy bodies, they were both satisfied with their positions in life. They neither drank nor gambled and had not one doubtful associate. All this was proved at their trial.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRICES AND THE TARIFF.

Advance in Cost of Staples Fully Met by Increased Demand and Raise in Wages.

The orators and editors of the opposition who spend so much time in condoling the people because of the rise in the prices of the necessities of life attribute the increase to tariff and trusts fostered by the tariff. If they would go into particulars they would find that many of the necessities of life which pay the highest protective duties have advanced the least during the past four or five years, says the Indianapolis Journal. Take clothing, for instance; the range of duties is higher than on anything else except glass and a few other articles. Referring to Dun's index number of aggregate prices it appears that the same quality of clothing which cost \$14.350 in October, 1898, cost \$15.771 last October—an increase of less than 10 per cent. By the same authority the quantity of meats which could be purchased for \$7.628 in October, 1898, would cost \$10.279 last month—an increase of nearly 35 per cent. Now, no man of intelligence and candor will claim that the tariff on meats has anything to do with the price. For 25 years the United States has been the greatest exporter of meats, and has made prices. The reason that meats are high is that here in Indianapolis, and in any cattle market, cattle which were worth from \$4.25 to \$5.25 a few years ago have been selling at from \$7 to \$7.50 a hundred pounds, and hogs in the same proportion. Beef trusts are not responsible for this advance in cattle and hogs, but the conditions. The consumption of meat has increased very largely since the date when the mass of people have had the means with which to purchase, and for such increase of consumption the republicans can be held responsible. For the short corn crop of 1901, due to drought, which temporarily advanced prices, it is not quite fair to hold the party in power accountable. Short supply and increased demand are the causes.

Again, all the staple products of the farm are higher. The era of 45-cent wheat, 30-cent corn and 16-cent oats seems to have passed. The Journal hopes that it has passed never to return. The advance in these staples since 1894-1896 has been remarkable. Turning to Dun again, it appears that the quantity of breadstuffs which cost \$11.759 in October, 1898, cost \$17.494 last October—an advance of nearly 49 per cent. The Journal does not accord to these index numbers that sacredness of infallibility which the free-trader and the calamityite attach to them. Nevertheless, they must stand by them and admit that unless rice is classed as a breadstuff the tariff does not directly affect the price of one of them. Indirectly? Yes; there were several million people in this country during the period of 1894-1896 who could not get as much wheat bread to eat as would satisfy their desire. McKinley, "the advance agent of prosperity," brought occupation and good wages to the bread-earners of these millions, and they have had bread and meat since and have consumed so much as to make a demand that has caused an advance of prices. The republican party accepts the responsibility for the advance, even if the tariff has no direct effect upon it.

REASON TO BE THANKFUL.

Great Prosperity of the American People Set Forth in President's Proclamation.

President Roosevelt, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, takes the position that for 125 years the American people "have had on the whole more to be thankful for than has fallen to the lot of any other people," says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Each generation, he admits, has had to bear its peculiar burdens and to face its special crises, but "decade by decade the people have struggled onward and upward," until now in "a year of peace and overflowing plenty "we are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting."

The president asks the American people to render thanks for the great prosperity they are now enjoying. This will, of course, excite the wrath of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Hill and other democratic leaders who contend that we are not enjoying any great degree of prosperity, and that business men, manufacturers, and farmers, employers and employes, are permitting themselves to be deceived when they are led to believe that there is any prosperity in the land.

The democratic leaders would have the people believe that the country is in a very bad way, indeed, and that there is nothing to be thankful for. President Roosevelt, however, believes that in the last few years the people have done very well indeed; that they are in a mood to do better still, and that they have much to be thankful for in the past and in the present. Here is another case in which the people stand with Roosevelt.

The promptness with which the democrats have shut off the talk from their newspapers and stump speakers on the trusts is significant. The republicans are doing all the talking on the trusts that amounts to anything. They are enforcing the present anti-trust law, and are preparing to frame a better one if this one fails. As they have the power, the inclination and the brains to carry out their promises on this point, there is nothing of consequence for the democrats to say on the trusts. Everything which they would be able to say would only make republican votes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.