

THE LATEST FASHION COURSE FOR WOMEN AND MEN



The teas on the 14th about which I promised to tell you were all successful affairs, plenty of pretty girls, elegantly attired matrons, flowers and all the extras necessary.

Both were appropriately garbed in snowy white and the Gibsonian girl had a great bunch of American Beauty roses. The buds were out in great force, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Of course I observed the frocks, for, as usual, there were several smart toilets. One matron who received wore a graceful robe of delicate gray crepe de chine.

The hats worn were several of them Gainsboroughs of black velvet and fine ostrich plumes, with a touch of green, blue or yellow.

All Paris is going to see the new play, "Viveurs," and the women are naturally delighted with it. For the first time in its history, Doucet's well-known salons, with the attendant premieres and minor "hands" talking over the clients of the house.

Her gray satin gown is embroidered with gold and silver medallions, has full draperies caught up with crimson roses, and is greatly admired. But the novelty in Rejane's toilet, as in many of the others, is in the shape of the sleeves.

little above the elbow, and finished off with a fall of lace, the arm on the right its natural appearance, and the success of the innovation was assured.

Mme. Sorel also wore tight sleeves in a soft gray woolen robe which draped her figure to perfection, for the material was arranged over a "beautifully fitted lining in soft folds attached with a bunch of violets in front and drawn a little to one side at the back, finishing with a narrow pleating of lace. The sleeves had just a

A dainty debutante wore a frock of blurred pale blue Dresden silk, simply made, the bodice of blue crepe lisse over plain blue silk. "Butterfly bows" extended from the waist to the hem of the skirt on the left side, of blue satin ribbon.

Five adorned the skirt and one the right shoulder. A very French dress was of a light shade of brown silk crepon with a lovely design of ferns in tones of green. This skirt was also trimmed, and I admired the arrangement of rosettes of green satin, shading to brown.

Wonderfully becoming to a blonde belle was a costume of pale blue-gray crepon-ette, the boused front being of open embroidered silk over light blue satin. A stock of blue satin ribbon completed at once one of the daintiest and most appropriate dresses worn by those who assisted in receiving.

The hats worn were several of them Gainsboroughs of black velvet and fine ostrich plumes, with a touch of green, blue or yellow. The hats were made of a handsome rhinestone or jet ornament. Several French hats and bonnets were worn more than a passing glance.

described as being of black tulle over a black silk waist, with round décolleté; the tulle was put in plain and quite full, slightly drooping in front and beaded by a faintly narrow, full ruche of tulle. Straps of turquoise blue velvet, extended over the shoulders. A black satin skirt completed the costume.

Some unusually beautiful gowns were worn at the ball last week. One of rich cream white satin was simply veiled with chiffon, embroidered in silver, which produced a lively effect. Another of a pompadour pattern showed great pink roses, with their leaves scattered over an extremely handsome white moire rich lace gave the correct finish.

At a recent function a young girl looked unusually well in a simple toilet of pale pink chiffon over satin of the same shade. The chiffon was frosted all over with silver spangles, the bodice and sleeves were very fluffy and had pompons of pink hortensia blossoms nestling here and there in the dainty folds of the chiffon.

A youthful matron at the same affair wore a perfectly plain skirt of rich silk, pale blue shot with white. The low cut bodice was embroidered in seed pearls. The large sleeves were of the silk with deep emulutes of pearls in a lovely design. An elegantly robed grandmother looked handsome in an unusual shade of blue, which looked as though covered with a beautiful black Chantilly lace, but a closer inspection revealed the fact that this was merely the design of the silk.

Last year flowers and tulle were the favorites for debutantes, and this season all kinds of nets, lisses, gauzes and the most wonderful and exquisite of grenadines, flowered as delicately as "water-colored pictures" are to be the rage, made over silks. These are so much more appropriate



A HANDSOME EVENING TOILET OF LIME-GREEN SATIN.

small puffing at the top of the arm and the remainder fitted tightly to the wrist. Another of the gowns has a bodice of green spangled satin, cut square in front, with a full flouncing of white tulle falling over the plain coat sleeves. The skirt is of white bengaline, studied with straps. A beautiful evening dress is said to have been of "yellow brocaded satin, the design in loops and ends of ribbons, and in each design a center of jewels."

Rejane also wears an elegant opera cloak of black satin, spangled with jet and lined with coral satin. It was made in shape like the old circular cloaks, but much wider, of course, so we may be certain that this style of cloak will again be very popular. I have seen one here already which was imported by a French house. It is of superfine dark blue cloth, lined with shot-green silk, and our great puffy, fully balloon sleeves are doomed, and with them will go our pretty capes, but to tell you the truth these wraps, due to our vanity, are the indirect cause of many a severe cold, as the prettiest and most ornamental seldom offer any protection from the cold north wind as we rush from one tea to another between the hours of 5 and 7. How cozy and comfortable, in comparison, does the girl look who wears a swagtail jacket, and one can safely predict that the will not have queer grippies pants the next day.

Violets and fur are frequently worn together, indeed violets are a welcome addition to most costumes. A Frenchman has placed an acceptable Christmas card on the market. It is a sachet and card in one and will serve delightfully to perfume our gloves and laces. The perfume called the "Royal Mimosa" is in high favor. The charity bazaar given by one of Oakland's social leaders last Saturday at Alice street was most brilliant and successful event, the belles and beaux rendering it their enthusiastic support. The gowns worn were noted for their beauty; indeed most of them looked as though they had been designed for this special occasion. Girls, you who are, or are going to be, belles, let me advise you to spend less, if necessary, on gorgeous fabrics and have more numerous frocks, as to look always fresh and pretty is very essential if you desire belle ship. A word to the wise you know. I give you an illustration of a handsome princess dress recently worn by a beautiful blonde. It is made of lime green beaver satin, fastening down one side with diamond buttons. The sleeves are composed of light pink satin ribbons covered with the same shade of tulle, the vandyked embroidery which outlines the décolletage showing crystal beads, green, and pink silk and spangles of many iridescent hues. Bodices recalling the styles of 1830 are in vogue. One worn at a small dinner is

in velvets wonderfully woven, called "teintes dégradées" because they are shaded from a semi-dark to a light hue, "the light portion of the goods beginning at the neck of the garment and losing itself gradually to a great deal of darker color in its downward course." No ornaments of any kind are proper on such exquisitely artistic robes, which are fit for fairy princesses.

To-day I looked at such a Christmasy lunch set of crock; most artistically embroidered in hollow; every doily had a sprightly little sprig in one corner. It was easy to imagine the effectiveness of a great bunch of holly plants in the center. A propos of holly, was it wish all my readers a Merry Christmas and many of them. MARCELLA.

THE HUNT BALL given at the Maple Hall at the Palace was a success and brings to mind the delightful ball given by Mr. Oliver H. Belmont at Belmont. Mr. Belmont appeared in a pink hunting coat and canary-colored waistcoat, and to quote one of the highest authorities, "It was an entertainment such as a bachelor of means, position and taste alone could give. Mr. Belmont appeared in proper hunting costume." It must be remembered that the ball was given in a stable—but such a stable. The favors were unique and appropriate, being tiny saddles, whips, horse blankets, spurs, etc. This affair occurred during last September, and caused a great deal of talk in the East. One of our young bachelors here certainly could give such a ball very successfully in his beautiful stable.

How pink coats do brighten up a brilliant assembly and in England at the hunt balls all the members of the hunt dress in pink or scarlet, wearing the cutaway coat with the buttons off the club. The best man at a wedding is expected to do all things besides feeling the clergyman and sexton. When the bride and groom drive off after the reception, or breakfast, the best man should see that everything is ready for their departure, and this means attending to tickets and railroad arrangements. He also sees that advertisements of the marriage are put in the proper papers and acts as an usher at the wedding breakfast and his place in the ushers and bridesmaids are seated, is usually next the maid of honor.

Vogue makes the following statement which will astonish most people: "One notices in the most of the marriages and hand-built wedding was the indifference by dress and manner of the ushers and best man to the dignity of the occasion. The ushers were not dressed alike; the best man wore a morning suit, and did not wear a tuxedo, and all of which may be novel, but does not exactly accord with reasonable ideas of the best effect. Uniformity of attire of those participating officially in a ceremonial occasion has from time immemorial been the approved practice."

"Nim" says that "all English coats this season will dispense with velvet collars," and I wish as sincerely as "Nim" does that the evening coats, distinguished by velvet collars may utterly vanish, but then they were only a fad for a few weeks last winter, and are passe now. "Nim" adds that he has a park suit (which he ordered while in London) of gray, with long frock coat which fits rather snugly and has quite long, perfectly straight tails. With this very appropriate suit this authority wears gray spats and rounded patent-leather boots, buckled and a top hat with a tulle quite partial to yellow, undressed kid gloves and also to tan shoes.

Club ties are exceedingly popular, and should be one and a quarter inches wide and the bow must be most carefully adjusted. The makers always first ascertain the size of collar worn, so as to avoid an awkward bow, and speaking of collars reminds me that the high-banded, turn-down collar must be ironed flat, and the upper edge of the crease dampened with a piece of wet flannel.

A New York society man asserts that sixty pairs of boots and shoes "are a mild number" and they must be of the very best. He says that he has never known a man injure the feet and, if persisted in, are sure to cause permanent lameness. Sir Arthur Sullivan is disgusted at the non-success in Berlin of Ivanhoe," for, although the play has been conducted to the theater, but I respect my art too much to bring it to a point where there would be no danger for such spectators. Dumas was very severe in the education of his daughters, and until the day of her marriage, she never left her room, and never seen the interior of any theater, except the Comedie Francaise, and that only a few times. C. C.

PORTLAND RATE WAR. Belief That the Rival Companies Will Make Peace. Although no direct word has been received by the local representatives of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, it is their belief that the severest battle in the present rate war with the Southern Pacific Company between here and Portland has been fought, and that matters are now favorable to an early restoration of peace.

They look on the recent advance in passenger rates announced by the Southern Pacific as a sign that the railroad companies are willing to come to terms. The next step they expect will be an advance in rates by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and this it is hoped will lead to a meeting of the representatives of the warring corporations and an amicable adjustment of affairs. As the result of the peace it is believed that the former rates will be restored by both companies and that the rate on the Portland line will draw its special steamer day train.

Was Expelled From the Car. William L. Achard is suing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for \$10,000 damages for insults and injuries received while a passenger on the defendant's cars. He was riding between Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Or., and duly presented his ticket to the conductor when it was demanded. The conductor accused him of dishonestly obtaining the ticket from a scalper, and after some words he was put off the train and he had to walk five miles through the rain to the nearest station. He also demanded \$100 for compensation for the loss in business which his expulsion from the car caused him. HARRY, fiction, art books; big consignment. Closing out for 7000 copies of our Eastern publication. Must get large charge out of them. Open evenings, 747 Market street. An old African chief who followed Livingstone has just died. He leaves forty-five widows. NEW TO-DAY. I'LL GIVE \$2500 For Any Formula That Will Permanently Remove SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Here's a chance for recent ad-venturers to try the best remedies to turn their hair into cash. LADIES—Don't be robbed for the price of a hairbrush by a cheaply-disguised MY METHOD OF USING THE ELECTRIC NEEDLE. It is infinitely successful. No other method or means has so far been discovered. Perfect and absolute. Reduced Prices During January. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, 40 and 42 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

BAB'S HUMANE PAWNSHOP

She Runs Across One That Is Backed by New York's Four Hundred. PATHETIC CHRISTMAS HISTORY. True Spirit of the Season Abides With Those Who Strive for Others.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Dec. 20.—It was a very queer crowd—in the extreme front were the pawnbrokers from off the Bowery. Among them and around them were fashionable women, who looked frightened because their sables were a little too close to shabby coats and because their ears were shocked by loud voices. It was the sale of society's pawnshop—that is to say, the pawnshops that society, properly enough, is backing. This pawnshop permits you to get back whatever you pawn on the installment plan, and all the percentage that asks is a very small one, so that your heart's blood is not dragged from you, and there is some chance for the poor. But there were so many things not called for, and there had to be a sale. To be in harmony, this sale took place in a fashionable auction-room on Fifth avenue. The day before some beautiful pictures were sold, and the newest beauty flirted with the handsomest millionaire, and there was a mixed odor of violets and sable, while the seats were filled by people who at night occupy boxes at the opera. The Four Hundred usually go to this auction-room, but to-day it was the representatives of the 4,000,000 who were there.

How the dealers did lean forward to look at the diamonds! They were so eager that they were told to sit down. And such beautiful diamonds as they were! Good enough stones, but those in rings were set as you remember your mother's engagement ring was. Those in brooches were in the deep, old-fashioned way that didn't bring out the brightness of the stone, but which was thought very smart fifty years ago. There were old-fashioned breastpins, such as gentlemen used to wear in their shirts, and a pair of earrings had a nice perfume all around her. She was pretty when she was a baby, and when her father died some kind people got the Sisters interested in her and they took her to the orphanage. An' she was so bright and pretty that they taught her to play on the piano, an' she could sing and talk to the laundress that lives in the same house with us, and who comes by way off across the sea, just as well as she could to me, though the language was different. I always thought she was going to be a teacher, an' when she come home to my poor place, just one room, I used to think how comfortable we'd be when she got a situation, an' we could take a cheap little flat and enjoy ourselves. But no, she said she was going to be an actress. I don't know how she managed it. No, I never went to see her act. Somehow it didn't seem right to me. But she sent for me once, an' I went to a big hotel an' there she was lookin' like a queen, an' she told me she was married an' showed me the picture of a handsome young man. An' she said she was givin' me some money, but I commenced there'd a been no trouble; but when you hire out for a day people they say, 'gimme a day,' but I was bent on comin' here this afternoon to get that."

could always keep myself decent, but I just made up my mind I'd have to give her up. Once in a while the neighbors would show me a paper where there would be a picture of her, and it'd tell how she danced and sang and how much people liked her. But I never saw her again till one night last winter near Christmas. I'd gone to bed. There was a knock at the door, and who should it be but my girl? I saw she was in trouble, and when she says to me, 'Mother, I'm a bad girl, but I have come back to you. I remember that story in the Bible where his father went far out to meet him, an' I never blamed her. She had a few trinkets, and they went first to get medicine. Then came that awful night when her baby was born. The both died. The poor little baby seemed to know it wasn't wanted in this world, an' it just opened its eyes an' closed them again. But she, she said an' me, 'Mother, I don't want you to forget me,' an' I promised her I wouldn't. An' to show I didn't I got this crape bonnet and that veil and wore them to the funeral. That was Christmas eve she died, nearly a year ago, and during the year I have been strapped pretty tight, and I've had up a lot of things that took them to the pawnbroker so that I might square myself with the undertaker. They was things I didn't care for, but he wouldn't give me enough on them, so I just gave off my veil and left it. I have been working for it ever since. I thought I'd get here in time to redeem it, 'cause I kept my ticket; but I appreciate your kindness, lady, an' I think you can understand why I wore it. I mean, I mean, I mean, Christmas I wanted to have my veil on, 'cause it seemed to tell those people who knew her that, no matter what she was, no matter how she acted, she was my girl. I wore it to show you that the God give you and yours a happy Christmas. Will it come to you or to me unless we have deserved it? The bells can ring, the air can be filled with Christmas merriment, and all around there may be joyful people, but the spirit of Christmas only abides with those who have made somebody else happy. It need be only "unto the least of these," but be sure that your opportunity comes and don't let it go by. To have the chance of doing kind acts and to refrain from it, then can you expect Christmas to come to you? To have it in your power to make a little child happy and to push it away from you—can the spirit of Christmas abide with you? To be able to make women and children happy is the work of Christmas spirit wrought out in men and women. It comes along so quietly, it comes so unobtrusively, and with loving kindness until you brim over and share of your good gifts with those who have nothing. No matter who you are, make for yourself a happy Christmas. I tell you it is well worth while. You need not look far to find some one to whom you can give, for the one that you should help is always close to you. Christmas is the festival of the mother and the child, therefore make some mother happy and make some child happy, even if you have to go far to do it. The shepherds traveled way over the deserts bringing their gifts to that wondrous child, and surely you can take a little trouble. No matter who you are, the fashionable woman or the hard-hearted man of business, let your hearts soften and permit them to rule you for a little while. Such tanks will come to you if you make a merry Christmas for some one else as you have never had before, and the spirit of Christmas will stand by you and give you a quiet happiness that will last over all the year. It is strange how that spirit of Christmas brings up in our hearts the desire to keep before us always those for whom Christmas was made joyful many years ago. There are processions of children who are thought of, and the memory of each one comes back to the mother heart that has each missed a little child. And that mother heart can sympathize with the hard, common-looking old woman who longed so for her black crape veil that she might show on Christmas day she had not forgotten her daughter. None of us want to be forgotten, and all of us, year in and year out, utter the same prayer, without knowing it, "Lord, keep my memory green." BAB.

NEW TO-DAY.



Hard to think just what to give, isn't it? Well, here's a suggestion—give something to make home beautiful. A dainty piece of China, something in Cut Glass, a nice Vase, Figure or Onyx Table; a set of Dishes or Glassware; and last and best of all, a handsome Lamp and Silk Shade. All good, sensible presents, and not high, when you get them at the wholesale price. Only two days left now; put on your thinking-cap and come down to the big China store with the little prices.

OPEN EVENINGS.

THAT BIG CHINA STORE—A Quarter of a Block Below Sutter's. WANGENHEIM, STERNHEIM & CO., 528 and 530 Market St., 27 and 29 Sutter St., BELOW MONTGOMERY.

FREUD'S CORSET HOUSE.

USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR LADIES AND MISSES. One of our Celebrated Corsets and Walsts. AGENTS FOR THE Long-waisted P. D. and Ribbed Corsets, G. & L. S. S. Corsets, Celebrated Royal C. T. Corsets, Elegant N. T. Corsets, and the celebrated Wery Corsets, Bicycle Corsets. Country Orders Promptly and Faithfully Filled. Catalogue sent free upon application. Parcels delivered free to Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. Our Store Open Evenings Until Jan. 1. Make No Mistake in Our Address: M. FREUD & SON, 742-744 Market St. and 10-12 Grant Ave.

and then, there was a child's necklace put up—a string of coral beads with a tiny enameled clasp. I glanced at my neighbor, thinking it was that it was that in which she was interested, but no; she evidently cared nothing for it. In a few minutes I felt her touch me on the arm. I looked around and smiled. She said: "Lady, would you be afraid to bid on anything?" I told her I wouldn't, and then she asked: "If I start, and don't get right, will you straighten me?" I promised. Then I heard her say: "I had enough to pay for the ticket, but a handsome thing like that, well—there's no tellin' me at some of these fashionable folks will."

Suddenly the auctioneer said: "I am not in the habit of selling dry goods, but—" There was a hush, and for once the brokers were silent. And I knew, in some queer way, some inexplicable way, that what my neighbor had come for was put up. It was not a diamond ring, it was not a beautiful watch, it was not a long gold chain, it was only a mourning veil. For a second I seemed like an hour, nobody bid. Then the auctioneer said, "Won't somebody start this?" Somebody did for 50 cents. In a second my neighbor was on her feet, and it was raised to 75 cents. Her opponent called out \$1. She raised it a quarter. He made \$1. She raised it another quarter. He made it \$2. She sat down, the tears streaming down her face. I heard her say, "I ain't got a penny more, an' can't get it."

I lifted my muff way up in the air. The auctioneer saw it and the veil was knocked down to me for \$2.50. She looked at me quickly. She saw the smile on my face, the smile that struggled with tears for sympathy. He made \$1. She raised it another quarter. He made it \$2. She sat down, the tears streaming down her face. I heard her say, "I ain't got a penny more, an' can't get it."

The next morning I went in to pay my bill, and the cashier said to me: "There is a woman here; a woman who was here when we opened the door, and she is waiting for you." It was my friend of the day before. I felt that she was unusual in her desire to say "thank you," for experience has taught me that thanks are the scarcest thing in this world, and yet they cost the least. But here she stood, stiff and starved-looking, and with the precious veil in her hand. After the ordinary thank you she said to me, "You must let me pay you the money I've got, lady, and, as I told you yesterday, I'll work the rest." I told her it was not necessary that I was glad to think I had been able to make her happy. And then she began to cry. She said: "It mayn't seem much to you, but it's a great deal to me. Times has been hard with me, else this'd never gone into the pawnshop, I'm common, lady, but I had a girl and you'd never thought she was my girl. And she was like you and the other ladies and wore soft furs, and she had a nice perfume all around her. She was pretty when she was a baby, and when her father died some kind people got the Sisters interested in her and they took her to the orphanage. An' she was so bright and pretty that they taught her to play on the piano, an' she could sing and talk to the laundress that lives in the same house with us, and who comes by way off across the sea, just as well as she could to me, though the language was different. I always thought she was going to be a teacher, an' when she come home to my poor place, just one room, I used to think how comfortable we'd be when she got a situation, an' we could take a cheap little flat and enjoy ourselves. But no, she said she was going to be an actress. I don't know how she managed it. No, I never went to see her act. Somehow it didn't seem right to me. But she sent for me once, an' I went to a big hotel an' there she was lookin' like a queen, an' she told me she was married an' showed me the picture of a handsome young man. An' she said she was givin' me some money, but I commenced there'd a been no trouble; but when you hire out for a day people they say, 'gimme a day,' but I was bent on comin' here this afternoon to get that."

NEW TO-DAY.

OPEN LATE MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS.

Kohlberg, Strauss & Frohman,

107-109 POST STREET, 1220-1222-1224 MARKET STREET.

The Christmas Spirit pervades our stores at every counter in all departments.

The beautiful—the serviceable—the useful—the sensible Holiday Gifts can be bought here—as cheap as anywhere—probably cheaper. Assortments are still good—but there are only two days left for Xmas buying, so come quickly—in the morning if you would avoid the greatest crush.

Christmas Handkerchiefs.

Here for the most styles—here for the lowest prices. The Handkerchief departments have been greatly enlarged to meet the Xmas emergency. Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs—fine laws—high stitched—beautifully embroidered—letters—12 dozen in box—50c box—another grade \$1 a box. Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs—all linen—wide hemstitched—fashionable small letters—8 in box—stamped—\$1.75—very special at \$1.25 box—\$2 grade at \$1.50 a box. Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs—wide hem hand-embroidered initials—6 in fancy box—only \$1.25 box. Men's Silk Initial Handkerchiefs—in many styles—25c, 35c, 50c and 75c each. Extra large and heavy, with very wide initials, \$1.50 each.

Christmas Ties—Scarfs.

Irish Point Scarfs, Ties, Squares and Doilies. The genuine hand-made Spachtel Stitch—charming patterns. Doilies—\$2.25 to \$6 dozen. Center Pieces—\$1.65 to \$8 each. Tray Cloths—\$2 to \$4.50 each. Scarfs—\$4 to \$8.50 each. Now, here is something that will please. Usually they cost too much, but these prices are very special. Real Ostrich Feather Bos, 19 inches long, with satin ribbons—only \$3.50 and \$5. Real Ostrich Feather Bos, 36 inches long—satin ribbons—\$5 to \$12.50 for \$3.75, \$5, \$7 and \$10.50. Christmas Neckwear. Exquisite novelties in Ladies' Neckwear—very reasonable and very desirable presents. Trilly Collars—Gaufré Silks—lace insertions—all the new evening shades—\$1.50 each. Yokes in new shades—Oriental lace on silks—many colors and patterns—\$3.50 and \$4.50. Wide Ruffled Chiffon Collar—trimmed with lovely Honiton Lace and Ribbon Rosettes to match—cream or black—\$1.50 to \$2.50.

Christmas Mantle Drapes.

Why not a pretty Lambrequin for a Christmas present? Cotton Crepon Lambrequins—trimmed—knotted fringe on three sides—pretty patterns—also in your color—\$2 each. Japanese Gold-embroidered Silk Lambrequins—Japanese 3 yards long—24 inches wide—knotted silk fringe on three sides—almost any color—worth one-third more—\$2 to \$5.