OUR WOMAN'S PAGE

VERY DAINTY CREATIONS FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS.

SOME FINE DSBUTANTE COSTUMES

School Girls Adopt the Frills and Furbelows of Their Older Sister, Whose Style is Becoming, Stately, and Simple.

(Special to the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, December 22.—These are the days in which evening gowns come in for their full measure of praise, appreciation, and study.

Earlier in the season street costumes, jackets, coats, furs, and calling gowns absorbed her Fasionship's fancy, but now that the holidays are advancing upon her comes the demand for a thorough equipment in stunning dancing, dinner, and ball costumes.

The season has fairly opened, and with the round of festivities new creations in evening frocks are alluringly set forth in the shop windows to attract the social butterfly.

Even the school-girl and little maids of tenderer years come in for their share of these dainty festal costumes, and party frocks are being supplied for all sizes and ages.

In discussing evening gowns and party frocks one naturally leads the list with styles for the ever-budding debutante. Her dear confections are supposed to express all that is dainty, young, and innocent, and to be most admirably suited to the timidly unfolding bud of maidenhood.

Strange to say, however, the debutante of this season is taking quite a new pose, she is no longer the beautiful, gushing girl of a season or so back, who is one moment aglow with enthusiasm, and the next a fluttering, shrinking little sensitive plant, almost too delicate to withstand the ways of the whirling world. No, indeed! This season the debutante is splendidly composed and dignified, quiet, controlled, and scarcely interested in the social world, which is making its bow to her as she is introduced. She makes a gracious little curtsey in response, and smiles in a languidly lenient way, which says that she is rather pleased, but not surprised at all.

With this new pose for the debutante come new notes in her costume. White, of course, is still her color, splendid in its dignity and radiant purity, but white may be so differently treated! There is no longer that exuberant fulness and froth about the debutante's gown that expressed so much enthusiasm last year. Simplicity is the keynote of her style, and yet this very simplicity is of a stately nature.

In place of the bubbling little frills and ruchings which were the favored trimmings for the buds of yester year, we have inset medallions of lace, studded with pearl or rhinestone spangles, and revealing filmy vistas of mousseline net or chiffon beneath. Flowers, too, are another favorite decoration for this season's debutantes, and no more becoming adornment could have been selected.

A typical debutante's gown which was greatly admired among a throng of other creations of the same character showed the latest ideas in evening models with bewitching effect. The gown itself was constructed for a tall and stately blonde, on whose golden head nineteen summers had shed their radiance. The material was of lustrous white panne, inset with spangled lace, through which glimpses of cloudy blue chiffon showed. The short corsage over a transparency of pale-blue chiffon, mounted upon white satin. A tiny wreath of white roses with green buds and leaves outlined the open square of the neck, and a lattice of the same formed the sleeve of the gown. The flower pattern of the lace was brought into relief now and then by tiny artificial roses appliqued flat upon the lace, and the intervening spaces of the lace were spangled with pearls and rhinestones. A girdle of pearl passementerie, forming a little upward point beneath the corsage in front, joined the skirt to the corsage. The panne skirt was shaped into the figure at all sides, but allowed to fall, without much fulness, though in long, straight lines in front. The skirt was slashed open up the front to disclose an illusive vista of pale-blue, veiled in the Chantilly lace, which was spangled and appliqued over like the corsage. The back of the gown fell in a slender, graceful train, being held into the corsage with several pleats. About four inches above the bottom of the gown and up each side of the slashed front was an inserted border of waved Chantilly lace, which was formed on each side with a line of tiny white roses and heavily studded with pearls and rhinestones. Beneath this inserted lace border the under glimpse of blue again was shown.

This fashion of seeming to show little views of gowns within gowns, is one which is highly fascinating and illusive, and greatly in favor.

Evening gowns, constructed for women far enough on in life to be considered blooming, rather than in bud, suggest these effects in more striking colors.

A very gorgeous costume of this description was of coral pink satin, generously inserted with lace butterflies and narrow bands of lace insertions. Silver embroideries were introduced upon the satin, and a ceinture of crushed crimson velvet finished the corsage, the neck of which was draped with silver gauze and crimson roses. Beneath the lace, which was of cream deep enough to be almost yellow, silver gauze was to be seen through a velling of red tulle, which suggested a crimson mist. The effect of the silver shining through the red tissue was further enhanced by strass spangles, which were caught here and there upon it.

The school-girl who indulges in some little dances and dinners of her own set during the holidays, comes in for the dear little simple gowns of froth and frills which were once the debutante's, but usually the school-girl keeps to pale-blue and rose-color. Point d'esprit net is a favorite material for evening gowns for school-girls, while organdies, mousseline, and other light gauzy effects are popular.

A sweet and simple little gown of rose-colored net had a berthe at the neck cut in scallops and bordered by ever so many lines of narrow rose colored ribbon. Rosettes of the same narrow ribbon were grouped in a cluster on the left side of the corsage, while streaming ends of the narrow ribbon fell in a shower upon the skirt and were finished with very diminutive rosettes as they terminated in irregular lengths.

The skirt was of a short girlish length for dancing, and was lavishly trimmed in flounces, scalloped at their lower edge like the berthe, and adorned with many rows of narrow ribbon. A wide scarf of net, bordered in the narrow ribbon and fringed at the ends with small rosettes and a full fringe of tiny ribbons, formed the sash in the back, which reached quite to the bottom of the skirt. Another sweetly girlish gown for a school-girl was of light-blue organdie, which showed a dainty Dresden figure of pink and white rosebuds. This simple little gown was trimmed with pale-blue chiffon frills, the edges of which were bordered with narrow ruchings of the same studded with tiny silver spangles. A single satin ribbon about an inch in width was set on to the chiffon frill and outlined with silver cord; this ribbon was of rose color in a very pale shade, and served to accentuate the dainty rosebud figure of the organdie. The frock was a simple little "baby waist" affair, the round neck was trimmed in the chiffon frills, which were brought down in a deep point on the front of the waist, and the sleeves were made of puffings of the blue chiffon, spangled in silver.

The skirt was very full, being tucked around the hips in small tucks. The frills upon the skirt being placed in deep points around the bottom of the skirt. The sash was a wide soft satin ribbon of palest rose color.

Bewitching Demi-Toilette.

This altogether fascinating gown is of most effective black and white combinations. The transparent yoke is of delicate point d'esprit, embroidered in jet flowers, and mounted over white chiffon. The blouse is joined to the yoke by a deep band of net insertion, embroidered in jet and dull gold beads. The skirt and blouse are of black net, mounted on white satin, bands of the beaded net insertion decorating the skirt. Plissees of the black net extend over each shoulder, and are strapped down by bands of white lace guipure insertion.

New Evening Creation.

This exquisite design for an evening costume is wrought out in deep orange velvet, gold painted lace, and cream mousseline de soie. On the corsage a most becoming touch of sable fur is introduced, the open neck being bordered with a line of this soft fur, while the sable tails festoon the front and back of the corsage. The notable feature of the model is the developing of the lace bolero below the waist into long sash ends, which extend the length of the train in the back.

The Judgment of John Boston.

(A. C. Garrigus, in Indianapolis News.)

"Light," called the old man from the doorway of the cabin; "light and kim in. Joe, you kim hyar an' tek the man's hoss."

John Boston slipped out of the saddle and stretched his legs.

"Pretty view you have here," he said turning to look down into the valley.

"I 'low hit ull do fust rate," drawled the old man. "I reckon you ull stay fer supper, huh? I'll stir up the old woman."

The tall figure disappeared within the door and John looked about him and drew a long breath of satisfaction. It was a hazy day in late October. The sun was just about to go down behind Bald Ridge and shone red through the mist of autumn. The cabin of Lit Conger stood perched on the hillside, under the shadow of trees, whose arms were stretched over in leafy benediction. Behind the house were clusters of farm buildings, and fields that sloped down to the river, and twinkled here and there through the interlacing boughs that lined it banks. A spring trickled out of a crevice in a rock close at hand, and ran into a still pool that brimmed over and flowed across the road in a little stream. A road approached the house, flanked by columns of flaming sumac bushes. A cow browsed along its stretch of red huts, her bell "tank-tanking" with the motions of her head. A pig lazily scratched his side against the gate post, and exchanged greetings with a lazy hound that ambled out to meet him. Presently the old man emerged from the house and seated himself on the bench by the side of the visitor.

"How's politics?" he inquired, stuffing a handful of leaf tobacco into his pipe.

"Mighty close," said Boston, handing him a match, "and that's why I'm here to speak to-night instead of Williams."

"What is your precinct a-goin' to do for us, Conger?"

"Lit" Conger took his pipe from his mouth and watched the cloud of blue smoke that filtered slowly upward. When the last ring had floated out of sight, he turned to Boston, and shut one eye, as if to draw a bead. "She's juberous, powerful juberous," he ejaculated. "Lige Brewer and his gang air dead sot agin the party, this year, bekase I air the precinct committeeman. Ole Lige, he vows he'll bolt the ticket sure, an' ninety votes to back him, too."

Boston nodded and whipped off the heads of some weeds with his stick. This was no news to him.

"Lit," he said, "we've always been friends, haven't we?"

"Lit" regarded him mildly. "I 'low we have," he said, spitting with great deliberation.

"Well now, then," continued Boston, speaking earnestly, "I want to know just what the trouble is between you and 'Lige' Brewer. We mustn't lose any votes on account of any foolishness; you can't afford it and I can't and the party can't. I've put everything I've got in this race for Sheriff, 'Lit,' and if I lose—"

He stopped abruptly and gazed across the valley to the rocky, rain-furrowed sides of Bald Knob, and from there to the humble domicile of Lige Brewer with its straight column of thin, blue smoke mounting upward.

"I want to smooth over this business between you and Brewer; I want his support and yours. He will be at the speaking at the forks to-night and we must fix things up." Conger looked straight ahead of him, with unwinking eyes. "I 'low," he said, implacably, "that hit kaint be done." Boston made a gesture of impatience. "Why, can't it be done, just tell me why!" "I 'low I will," he answered, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and picking up a chip to whittle. "Hit's this er-way. Our places jines up, you know, 'ceptin 'there's a jog in ther bottoms of a good-sized field. We used ter be mighty good friends, Lige an' me and our fathers before us, an' I 'lowed ter him one day that I'd like ter buy out that there field an 'straighten my line, an' he reckoned that he'ud sell hit ter me, but no one else. So we fixed up the papers an' he stepped hit off an 'called hit ten acres an' I paid fer hit as 'greed an' an' when I comes to step hit off, dinged if she hain't a half acre short, an' I tells him of hit an' he throwed the money in my face, an' next day he ups an' shoots at me, an' we've been shootin' ever since. His son Bawb ben a cotin' my 'Mandy for a year an' tried to run off with her an' my Jim he ketched him and put a bullet in his leg. O'ny last week, Lige he done clip a chestnut off right in front of me an' my hoss, and that's why we don't neighbor," he concluded, shutting his knife with a click. "A man kin shoot at me an' hits all right, but no man kin cheat me, an' be a friend of mine. Hits supper time, Mister John," he said, rising to his feet and sniffing the air. "Walk in an' sot down ter what we've got."

The little school-house at the forks was crowded with men and women, lusty partisans, to hear the closing speech of the campaign. Lit Conger introduced the speaker, brought the water in a pitcher, and now sat on the platform alongside Boston to emphasize his dictatorship.

The speaking was nearly over before Brewer and his faction came in, which they did sullenly and with lowering brows, and stood up uncompromisingly against the rear wall. Boston paused until the noise died out. "I see in our midst," he said, sonorously, "Mister Elijah Brewer, one of our old wheel-horses. Will Mister Brewer come forward and sit on the platform?"

There was an ominous clearing of throats and shuffling of feet and some whispered consultation in the ranks of the Brewerites, and then "Lige" Brewer, very short and very pompous, stumped to the front. As Boston watched him cross the floor a great light burst upon him.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, as he shook hands with Brewer, and conducted him to a seat. "I am going to touch on a forbidden subject to-night, in the interests of harmony and party success. These two men sitting here are well known to you as honest, reputable men, and loyal party patriots. They were friends, and their fathers before them down to the days of Boone. But they have had a falling out, as is well known, and now I am going to show you how men may honestly differ and yet each be right:

"Mr. Lit Conger, stand up!"

Conger slowly straightened out his six feet of stooping manhood.

"Mr. Lige Brewer, stand up!"

Brewer shot up like a jack-in-the-box. He could have stood under Conger's arm.

"Friends," said Boston, facing the audience, "it is a question of land measurement that stands between these men. Now, gentlemen and ladies, short legs are all right. I've got 'em myself, and long legs are all right, and I wish I had 'em, but legs were never made to bear false witness against a neighbor, and when it comes to measuring land by steps the short man can give good measure, and then some more, and yet fall shy of the big man's idea."

There was a buzz of excitement in the crowd.

"Fellow-citizens," continued Boston, "God made men great and made them small, and no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature. But the size of a man is no indication of the length of his arms, nor of his forgiveness, and it is my belief that Elijah Brewer could reach, just as far to shake hands and forgive as 'Lit' Conger, even if he can't take such long steps."

"Lit" Conger turned red and gulped and looked furtively at Lige Brewer's legs, and then at his own, and then he looked up and met the straightforward glance of his erstwhile enemy. There was a mighty cheer from the audience and the men put their hands together. The cheering became deafening. Everybody shook hands with everybody else. Mis' Conger fell on Mis' Brewer's neck and whimpered, and John Boston was here and there and everywhere, shaking hands and slapping men on the back.

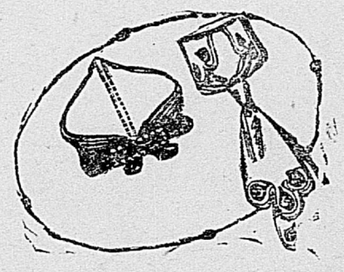
As he climbed on his horse, a couple came out of the darkness, arm in arm. It was "Bawb" Brewer and "'Mandy" Conger. At a turn in the road, Boston stopped here and there, a few torches flared, horses neighed, the martial band from Scottsville pounded and whistled, and borne on the wings of the wind came the faint refrain,

"Glory, glory, hallalujah!"

"Well, Solomon," he said aloud, to hhimself, "you've done a good night's work. You've spoiled a promising feud, you've promoted a marriage, and elected yourself Sheriff of Hardin county. And now I think you'd better have a wedding of your own." He turned his horse, and as he rattled along the rocky road, he caught himself humming the refrain,

"Glory, glory, hallelujah."

New Ceinture and Collar.



This novel girdle of soft satin, or panne, slopes from a high deep ceinture in the back to a narrow, long buckle in front, where the two ends are allowed to cross and form two smart little tabs. The smart little collar cravat of white peau de soie, with inset lace appliques, is an indispensable adjunct to the wardrobe, and is sufficient to make any blouse waist look dressy and up-to-date.

Marchesi's Singing Lessons.

(Mathilda Marchesi, in Harper's Bazar.)

Now for my contralto. Let me hear, Marie, if you have been industrous at home. Excellent! the connection if the registers is greatly improved, and the liwer tones are no linger so dull, so palatial as they lately sounded. Do not bewail the sharacter of your voice! A lovely, resonant cantralto is oftentimes preferable to a soprano. When well trained, it goes more directly to the heart than does a high, phrotechnic soprano. Have you practised by vocalises? Let me hear them. Capital! You have understood my instructions most thoroughly. Now you must purchase a small air, "In yuesba oscura," by Beethoven. Look through it from the musician's stand-point only, learn the Italian words and bring me a thanslation thereof, and I will then analyze the aria with you, and insert the breathing marks so that you may practice at home. You will do so, will you not? Your eyes sparkle with delight, I observe, for to-day you have been given your first aria.

Now comes Valentine's turn. I am already in dread of that awful tremolo. Why, it always shows signs of disappearing! But a little while will elapse ere wou are quite freed of it. Whoever sings, or has sung, the high notes in medium tones, is bound ereling to bleat like a goat. Sad but true! I sonnot, however, let you sing strightway with words. For a while you must sontinue your vocalises. But do not be disheartened; with study and patience all will be well. Mezzo-sopranos must never sing as many exercises as do the possessors of higher voices; their voices are naturally stiffer and tire more easily. No, my office is no easy one, I assure you. So many spoiled voices seek my help; why do not young girls, as I often say to them, some to me at an early day? Year in, year out, I keep on preaching from the same text, and all in vain. The woung people of the period, too, are of a nervous disposition, and one has to sontend with ill-suppressed sighs and tears. No, no, the teacher's lit is a hard one! With the best will in the world, dear Valentine, I sonnot yet let you sing on fords. Next time, you must again sing your vocalises, and not tremble at all.

Out-Door Life at Vassar.

(Harper's Bazer.)

The out-door life of Vassar is so important a part of a college course there, that one might say it is fully half of it. The beauty of the extenseve grounds, and of the surrounding country, is a constant call to outside activity. The athletic contests, for which much preparation in the open air as well as in the gymnasium is necessary, are only one of its phases. Golfing, rowing on the lake, or shating on it in the winter, and algays the long, delightful walks possible in every direction, tempt the girls continually and make the obligatory daily exercise a chief recreation. A favorite pilgrimage on some mellow autumn day or tender spring morning when the soft wind and tremulius haze mean bursting life, is to the not-far-away home of John Burroughs. The venerable naturalist is a valued friend to the Vassar girl, who marks the day she spends wih him in his woodland cottage, or rather out of it, for neither guest nor host will stay indoors, with a white stone. The river, too, offers its al-fresco opportusities; the Hudson is sleepy and quiet at that point, and though rowing on the river is not allowed, there are little tramp steam-tugs to be had for the getting together, in which conpany of girls float happily on the stream in the bright days of fall and early summer. More extended trips os larger steamers are taken on formal occasions when class entertains cass.

To him who knowingly does me wrong will I return the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love.—Buddha.

Fascinating Blouses.

Behold a galaxy of beautiful blouses! Surely the separate fancy waist has never before reached the pinnacle of popularity upon which it stands this season. In these four examples of fashion have we striking proof of the diversity of styles in these artistic little waists. The chic and elaborate blouse to the left shows a combination of fine tucks, gold and black galloons, and strappings of pale blue silk. The vest and elbow slashings are of white mousseline, with appliques of ivory lace.

The second blouse is an evening affair, suitable for dinners and the opera. It is of accordion-pleated chiffon over cream silk, with a charming trimming of lace medallion appliques, studded with spangles of rhinestones and pearls. The thread figure is arrayed in a delicious moonlight affair of light and shadow. It is formed of chantilly lace, mounted upon lustrous white satin, and embroidered over with silver and jet sequins. The fourth blouse is a smart afternoon confection of corn yellow panne, richly adorned with appliques of Irish point, the tiny reveres roll back and reveal a little chemisette of lace, strapped across with black velvet ribbons and a buckle of rhinestones, a waist belt of contrasting panne in a turquoise shade completes the charming ensemble.

Smart Little Party Frocks.

What more fascinating than these dainty frocks for very little misses and older ones! The little frock to the left, of white chantilly lace over an under foundation of taffeta and rose mousseline, is a model of daintiness. The little yoke of rose mousseline, tucked in groups, shows above the berthe of lace. Lace sleeves reaching below the elbow, ending in a flowing flounce of the same, are supplemented by a full under sleeve of the tucked rose chiffon. The second frock, to be worn by a girl of 12 or 14, is of cherry colored taffeta, the lower part of the blouse and half the length of the skirt being tucked in close pin tucks, which are released at the knee to give the essential flare. The yoke and sleeves are of the plain taffeta, covered with black silk net, upon which a berthe effect is suggested by appliqued galloons of white lace. The collar and the tiny rounded chemisette are covered with lines of heavy lace inserting closely placed together. A scarf of white peau de soie with fringed ends is caught with a few loops at one side of the shallow little chemisette, and falls almost to the line of the girdle. Where the tucked blouse joins the deep pointed yoke of the net covered taffeta a close line of little gilt livery buttons are placed, giving a smart finish to this effective little costume.