

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904

7

WOMAN'S REALM.

FADS AND FRILLS OF FASHION.

By Grace Margaret Gould, in the Women's Home Companion.

Eternal vigilance is the price of attractiveness in dress—the realization that nothing is too insignificant for the touch of beauty, nothing too small for the charm of the unexpected.

It is acting upon this principle which gives the fashionable girl what is termed "style." After all, the ordinary only ordinary when it remains fixed. Attractiveness always implies change. What is pretty today is prettier tomorrow if deft fingers or nimble wits have wrought some subtle change.

Even such a minor dress accessory as a veil may illustrate this. The fashion which appreciates the value of frequent new frills has taken to embroidering the hem of her chiffon veil, and this way has introduced in her dress the little touch that tells. With a white gown she wears a floating white chiffon veil with green clove leaves deftly embroidered on the hem; or, if by chance her gown is brown, and she wishes to introduce just a suggestion of tangerine-yellow in her costume, she does it by embroidering the border of her brown veil with tangerine blossoms. In this new, very fashionable shade of yellow.

A fad with many smart girls just now is to mark their underwear and many of their dainty dress accessories with a little embroidered flower in place of their monogram or initial. The young woman, for instance, who is partial to baby-blue will have a spray of forget-me-nots for her emblem, and embroider it upon her handkerchiefs, her underwear, the tops of her stockings and her veils. She may wish, a bit further, if she wishes, and use artificial forget-me-nots as a corsage decoration, a culture ornament and to trim hats.

In place of the spray of forget-me-nots, a violet, pansy, pink rosebud, buttercup, daisy or bluebell may be used as a substitute for the more conventional monogram.

Short circular capes are all the fashion right now. Those most in vogue for late August days and early autumn weather are of coarse lace, any lace, Chantilly, Brussels or point Venise in favor. The capes vary in length. Sometimes they fall just to the shoulders, others reach to the bust-line, and still others touch the waist.

In ecru or dyed to match the color of the gown they will be the most fashionable during the early fall. The smart girl is sure to contrive many novel ways of adding to the charm of her cape. She may fasten it down the front with big, artistic-looking buttons or it may have the effect of being tied together with many smart looking little black satin bows. If she wishes to more decidedly change its effect she sews through the meshes of the lace with the meshes of the lace at either side of the front. At the neck the ribbon is tied in rosettes, and then again a bit further down.

An ecru heavy lace cape looks well in combination with black or burnt-orange ribbons, and a pretty effect is produced when a dyed lace cape is worn, having the ribbons a tint darker or lighter than the shade of the lace.

By the way, there is something new in a con-purse, which is just twice as convenient as anything we have had before. Instead of being solely for nickels or dimes, it is made to hold keys, as well as quarters. The purse is in the shape of a three-leaf clover, and can be bought in French silk and gun-metal. Before long it is sure to be made in green enamel.

The clover purse is worn dangling from the chateleine or suspended from a long neck-chain.

Even if she is not vain, there is something fascinating to a woman about the new Vanity case. Unsuspecting man would not know them from a card-case, but a woman would see at a glance that they were much larger than the ordinary case for cards.

The Vanity case has all things for the vain, and it is convenient. It holds a puff and a small quantity of powder, as well as a small box of hair-pins and a nail-file. A mirror forms part of it, and the rest may be an engagement tablet, or a place for cards, just as one chooses. When it closes, a pencil holds it together. In gun-metal or gray-finish silver Vanity cases are most in favor.

There is nothing like a bow to make a girl happy, even if it doesn't happen to be of the stuff which is made of ribbon, but is soft and just made of ribbon.

The girl who knows all about the little essential frills of dress no longer sews a loop onto the train of her gown, and then slips it over her arm to hold up her frock while dancing. Instead she wears a fascinating girle of soft ribbon, from the side of which a streamer dangles, and this is generally decorated with three bows. Under one of the bows a safety-pin is hidden away. This pin is large enough to securely hold the dress, which is pinned up under the bow when dancing.

With the passing of the baggy blouse and the coming of the smaller waist the high girle is inevitable. It is a high crushed girle, narrow at the sides and graduating to a point back and front.

The girle, for which a pattern can be obtained, may be made of either soft silk, satin or velvet. It is draped over a fitted foundation of crimoline. After seam of which is stiffened with feathers.

In the direct front the girle measures seven inches-five inches above the waist and two inches below it. In the back it is six inches high-five inches above and one inch below the waist. A long buckle may decorate the front of the girle, covering where it fastens, and it may be trimmed in front with little graduated bows.

Girdles of painted lace are also a fad with the fashionable girl. They look charming indeed with an evening gown of soft silk or chiffon. A lace like Chantilly is generally used and the painting is done with watercolors. About the lace is painted the colors are fixed with a solution of ammonia and the white of egg, which will prevent them from fading. Of course, when the painted lace is used for the high girle, the foundation of the girle is first covered with silk, and then the lace tightly drawn over it so that the painted design will plainly show.

TWO CLEVER CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Feast of Seven Tables was by far the prettiest and most attractive entertainment ever given in our church. It was held in the large church dining-room. Upon entering the guests were shown to the "white" table. Here only pure white china was used, and the decorations were bouquets of white roses. Centerpieces of white embroidered linen gave a finishing touch to the table. The refreshments were white bread and butter sandwiches, cottage cheese, water-cress and milk. A lady dressed in white and with a white rose in her hair sat at the head of the table, poured the milk, saw that each guest was served, and kept the ball of conversation rolling. The girl waiters also were dressed in white. I might say here that some members of the aid society presided at each of the seven tables, and that she and her waiters were dressed to harmonize with the table at which they served.

The "green" table came next. Here the china was white with a green band, and the glasses in which the water was served were green. Lettuce sandwiches, nut-and-celery salad and small green pickles were served here. In the vase to the right of the table was a beautiful asparagus fern in a white-and-green jardiniere.

The third table was the "brown" table. Here the guests, whose appetites had hitherto been only whetted, were given the substantial, and they did them full justice. The decorations were twisted ribbons of brown crepe paper running from the chandelier to the four corners of the table, and bouquets of brown crepe-paper chrysanthemums, haked beans, scalloped corn, yeast-loaf with brown gravy, sautéed nuts, jelly, spice-cake and coffee made everyone happy. We found by experience that it is much better to have two of the "brown" tables, as this course takes so much time to serve that people at the preceding tables become impatient.

The "red" table was voted by nearly all to be the most beautiful of the seven. The light above the table was electric lights above the table through shades of crimson crepe paper. At the end of the long table a tall vase held immense clusters of the lovely Crimson Rambler rose. A large centerpiece done in holly and another in red carnations looked very pretty against the white cloth. Red fruit salad and dainty little red-creamed cakes were served on fancy plates, and the frappe in tall thin glasses was very refreshing.

At the "yellow" table bowls of nauturiums in shades of yellow formed the principal decorations, and oranges (shaved and frosted) and sunshine cake were served.

The "pink" table ran a close second to the red in regard to beauty. Pink roses in vases, and long stemmed pink strewed carelessly over the cloth, looked very sweet and dainty, while wide pink satin ribbons running diagonally across the table added very materially to the decoration. Pink ice-cream and blue cake were the refreshments. The "lavender" table was a small table near the door, presided over by two pretty little girls. As the guests entered past they were given mint water twisted up in a square of lavender tissue paper. An orchestra composed of chrysanthemums and flowers was in a corner of the dining-room. The guests adjourned to the ladies' parlor, where an informal program of music and readings was given during the evening.

In giving "The Feast of Seven Tables" the most work consists in getting together the dishes, centerpieces and things of suitable colors for the different tables. We charged only twenty-five cents a plate, as our entertainments and supper are so numerous here that a high-priced supper does not prove a financial success. We seated twelve at each table, for, of course, a large number of people who desired to know what the mystery was. We also had sealed envelopes containing numbers at the door for those who had not previously secured them. The numbers being duplicated, there were two sets running from 1 to 120. When a crowd had gathered around each table to open his envelope and seek the holder of the duplicate number. When the person was found they were to go to one corner of the room, where two young ladies presided at the scales. These were weighed and difference in the weight was the price to be paid for ice-cream for two. They then took their order to the ice-cream table, where the refreshments were secured and the cash collected. Sometimes a couple would pay fifty or seventy-five cents, and others got cream for nothing.

Before opening the envelopes the scheme is explained, so people can act intelligently, and enter into the plan with simple enjoy seeing others. No advantage is ever taken of any one.

The plan of sending people about looking for their company for the evening gives the would-be waitresses an excuse to speak to strangers, and the testimony of several is that it was the best time they ever had. We had an orchestra to play during the entire evening while people talked. It was the most successful social, socially and financially, we ever had. C. W. F.

CROOKS HAVE AID SOCIETY.

Well-Organized Clubs of Thieving Artists—Theory of Every City.

"I have no doubt that people have wondered when some crook caught in the act and without friends in the place in which he came to grief, could give bond," said Frank G. Miller, an ex-convict, to a Journal reporter with whom he had previously become acquainted. "There is nothing strange about it," continued Miller, for we have an organization for mutual protection, and this has representatives in every large city and in some of the smaller ones of the United States and Canada. Usually in the smaller places these are lawyers, and if the crook is pinched in a place where he has no friends he knows whom to send for.

"Should the case be an aggravated one, and the crook in good standing with the organization, the amount of bond required is lessened, and he is allowed to be taken to the police station, where he would like to bring the fellow to justice, while all the time they are waiting for another job of the same sort, for they are well paid and the lawyers get better fees for looking after our business than any ordinary practice lawyer."

Miller went on to say that the organization had its regular officers, who are elected from the ranks of the thieves, and that almost all of them are well respected in the communities in which they live. Miller stated that the amount paid for the membership and yearly dues was large and that only "square" crooks were allowed to become members.

When asked if they were not afraid that their officers would emulate their lawlessness, Miller replied that he knew that if they should try to do so they would have a thousand men, keener than any detectives, on their trail, and that they caught no earthly power could save them.

The crooks, according to Miller, have their clubs in Chicago, New York, New Orleans, San Francisco and several other cities. He stated that these clubs or houses are fitted up regardless of expense. He was able to use them, however, one must belong to the club, and the dues are not small. He also said that the club would make the club man of the cities blink—Ohio State Journal.

PAST MASTERS PAST SEVENTY.

Samuel Smith, the author of "Satanstoe" and other popular works, has just died at the age of ninety-two. The poet Swinburne, in his sixty-seventh year, is still "a red-hot devil."

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AT THE "LONDON HOUSE."

Saturday, Oct. 15th.

JUST RECEIVED :
Newest Model
Costumes.
Handsome Brown
Tweed Effects.New Sleeves Large at
Shoulder, Very Stylish and
Moderate in Price,
\$18.50 and UnderWe would like anyone to see these
Brown Tweed Costumes—they're strikingly
attractive and beautifully made.Many New Things in
Smallware Department.

- New "Buster Brown" Collars for ribbon, all colors, embroidered, each \$2.50
New H. S. Pulley Stock Collars, all colors \$2.50
Ladies' New "Marabout" Neckties, very pretty, grey white, black \$10.00
Ostrich Bows, extra quality \$3.98 to \$27.75
New Fancy Lace Sleeves for putting in dresses \$1.50 to \$2.25
Featherbone Belt Forms—bodice style \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
"St. John" Souvenir Cushion Ties (special silks to match), 45c.
Ruchings for the Neck—now popular \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
New Styles Hand Bags \$2.50 to \$2.10
Little Girls' "Peggy from Paris" Bags \$1.00, each
Babies' Bonnet Ruches—ready to put on \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
Babies' Cashmere Socks 15c. pair
Babies' Fancy Stockings 20c., 25c.
New "Buster Brown" Belts—the original belt—white, red, brown, black 40c. each
Ladies' Oxidized Chain Girdle, new 75c.
New Pair de Sole Belts, bodice style 50c., 75c.
Black Silk Bodice Belts 50c., 75c.
Extra Long Patent Leather Coat Belts 25c.
White Kid Washing Gloves—guaranteed new saddle-attached, manish lid gloves, very popular \$1.25, \$1.35
Embroidered Cashmere Hose at price of the plain hose, 40c., 50c. pair
Fancy Handkerchiefs for Cushions, etc. 12c.
Novelty Grey Vellings—particularly becoming effects, 45c. yd.
Ladies' Suede Finish Fall Gloves, in grey, modes, black, 20c., 45c. pair.

Anti-Rheumatic Underwear for
Men and Women.

- Scarlet Wool Shirts and Drawers, 65c. Each
Fine Ruby Red, pure Wool Shirts and Drawers, \$1.25
Women's Fine pure Wool Scarlet Vests and Drawers, extra heavy, \$1.25

Brown Lustres, Blue Lustres.

- Just to hand—Very scarce goods,
Good shades of Golden Brown and
Light Navy Blue, 65c. yd
Fancy Brown and Blue Lustres, for Waists or Dresses, 40c. yd

Ladies' Raincloths by the Yard.

- A large variety of new Rain Cloths and
Showerproof Cloakings to hand.
Greens, Browns, Greys and Black
and White, 60 inch. \$1.50, \$1.65
Tweed Effects, 56 inch. \$1.25

F. W. DANIEL & CO.,
London House, Charlotte St.

SHINKIN THE STRONG MAN

By Joseph Keating.

Shinkin tugged at the wire rope and "knocked up" energetically. Then he leaped into the bowk among the others. The heavy chains above their heads clanked languidly, and slowly stopped. The bowk rose a little. It stopped there.

"Baw, baw!" said Shinkin, using expletives indigenous to the soil, indeed; because the word means "dirt" or "mud" or "damn and blast it" according to the kind of situation that calls for condemnation. In this case Shinkin meant much more than the word could ever in itself express.

"Old Smoker is stuck fast again!" roared the four other sinkers. And Old Smoker, by sticking fast just then, put the lives of Shinkin, the master-sinker and his four colleagues in the most awful danger. Six fuses, connected with six separate large charges of dynamite in the rock underneath, hissed and spat out showers of sparks, and rapidly burned down toward the dynamite. And when the fuses came to the right distance—about three feet above the dynamite—to get the full effect of the explosion.

Underneath lay a white bed of rock. The lighted fuses threw shadows of the bowk over every part of it; and the jagged rock sides of the pit flashed in white points from the lamps of the sinkers. Through all this rock the owners of the Firw colliery wanted to drive down in order to get to a lower vein. The Firw colliery already sent out 1,200 tons of coal every working day. But they wanted to tap the nine-foot seam. So about four hundred yards under the earth, and two miles distant from the nearest chance of getting at daylight, they began sinking. Some people prefer to drive a drift or Hard Heading (a road out through the side of the earth) down to the lower seams. But the Firw owners calculated that a shaft would work out cheaper. Therefore they made a pit within a pit. A very pit-pit pit indeed.

They put Shinkin—with a great reputation in Hard Headings in charge of the operations; and, still considering economy, gave him Old Smoker—the cruelest old model of a sinking machine ever saw—so she could not call in re-enforcements to help her out of her difficulty. But every man, polt, and boy in the district willingly lent a hand to get her over her dead centre. Some with bars under the crank, some wrestling with the fire wheel spokes, some shouting "Turn her, turn her!" because if she happened to start with full steam on while one performed upon the fly-wheel or on the bar under the crank-wheel, one would perform some gorgeous acrobatics.

When she first betrayed this weakness, Shinkin used to take it badly; as time after time she delayed the work he became resigned to it and merely looked on disgusted; finally he sobered down, and, as a rule, he and his men lit their pipes—from which the engine derived her title—and stared hard but calmly at the bowk while Old Smoker wrestled with her dead centre. He never felt in the least hurt at the loss of a few minutes.

But now! With six lighted fuses burning down to his heavy charges—and the bowk holding himself and his colleagues dangling just over the danger—the loss of a few minutes meant the loss of a few lives.

"Argwiddly!" (Lord) roared the men, staring at each other. "We'll be blown to pieces!" Their lamps flung yellow patches of light upon the white terror in their faces.

They waited a silent second, hoping to feel the bowk rise. It did not budge. Then the blood surged to their foreheads as if each man strained with an effort to lift up the bowk. More volition! They waited a second, hoping to feel the bowk rise. It did not budge. Then the blood surged to their foreheads as if each man strained with an effort to lift up the bowk. More volition! They waited a second, hoping to feel the bowk rise. It did not budge. Then the blood surged to their foreheads as if each man strained with an effort to lift up the bowk. More volition!

They looked up the shaft. They saw little lights moving wildly about, because those at the top knew the horrible thing that must happen if the bowk could not take the men up to safety. They heard the futile hissing of steam and the creaking and grinding of the old engine as she tried to shake herself free of the thing that gripped her. And every second they hoped to feel the bowk go up.

"Argwiddly!" cried the men again. "We'll be blown to pieces—all of us." "Jump out and try to smother the shots!"

"Too many of us." "They'll explode in our faces." "The bowk will go up without us." "She's gone! up—she's gone! up!"

They stared at the overhead triangle of chains. The links moved; but—with a slackening downward movement. The bowk sank an inch. Then they expected to feel it pulled up. They waited. It did not move.

"The man that made that engine," said Shinkin from the centre of the bowk, "ought to be here where we are now."

He looked over the rusty rim of the iron bucket at the millions of sparks shooting and buzzing from the fuses. Only a little dark spark unburned escaped them from the dynamite. Now, at any rate, they could give up all hope of smothering six fuses; the hope deferred, the hope of feeling the bowk rise, ended in the usual tragedy of lost opportunity.

The four men threw down their lights, for no other reason than that they could do nothing else. Absolutely powerless, do anything but save themselves, they became frantic and useless.

They ran round the outside of the bowk like rats on a sinking ship. Shinkin did not throw down his light, simply because his stolid nature would not allow him to do anything without a thoughtful purpose.

"No use crying," said he, looking at "Oh—we'll be smashed to bits!" they shrieked.

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