



FASHIONS OF TODAY

Paris letter: The couturiers are all ready for their annual visit from the boarding school girls who will be flocking back to Paris now in a very few days. Theirs are always hurry orders. In the short space of a Christmas holiday week they are hatted and coated and gowned all anew for the winter months. At the shops where they cater especially to half grown girls they are exhibiting toilettes for every occasion that presents itself in a school girl's life.

Many and varied are the models designed especially for the school wear. A bit dressier are the gowns designed for afternoon wear that do duty as walking toilettes when the entire school files out two by two for an afternoon constitutional. The school girl's reception dress is generally a light soft wool gown made simply with a touch of cream lace and a bit of narrow black velvet ribbon serving as ornamentation. What a careful study these couturiers make of the different types of growing girl. The long, lean, lanky girl is recognized as a type that needs special attention. She is treated to fluted basques and plaited and tucked skirts and really, after all, her needs are an easier problem for the couturiers to solve than are the needs of her short, broad sister. A couturiere who talks so interestingly on the subject of growing girls says that one of her greatest difficulties lies in persuading the too stout girls to adopt the rather loose style of frock. If instead of squeezing herself up in a severely plain glove fitting frock where her all too full curves are accented with high lights, she would only fly for refuge to folds—scant folds and scant gathers her defects would be better disguised. Another pointer that the stout, short waisted girl should bear in mind, she must eschew the toilette that is composed of a contrasting skirt and corsage. She is at her best decidedly in a gown made all of the same material.

It is a thing most commendable to note and one that practical mothers will applaud, the wearing of mixed materials for school gowns. Invisible checks, plaids, stripes, polka dots are all represented in the gown designed for a tall, slender girl. Checked homespun, blue and green, those fitting over the hips and the box plait. There is a deep shape around the bottom of the skirt that is caught in the tiniest of tucked intervals. Above this flounce the skirt is slashed and run through with a broad strap of plain material. The corsage has a gathered quite scantily and is tucked down into a narrow waistline. It emerges again in full basques. The skirt starts from the yoke and extends down to the bottom of the arm points. The checked material are tucked and pouch over a pointed cuff of the cloth. They are capped by pointed cloth that have continuation of the effect of being a complete little woolen school "shirtwaist gowns" attractiveness in a fetching silk centurians that are school girl. Their afternoon models well known shop especially to girls is a camel's hair cloth. A series of flat tucks at the yoke and below this the material falls loose rather than close fitting green cloth. It has a narrow stole ends below the waist—these are ornamented with tiny black velvet buttons set part of the jacket in with closely. A high finishes the low passes under front. The clo are finished with the cloth faced. The heavier clo are mostly all flowing three built on box line the triple cape in favor. A rain coat built for a open blazer front slashed and trim

There is a short rounded vest inserted that fastens with large red cloth buttons set in silver. It is edged with a narrow band of sable. The back is a perfectly plain box back. Broad fur trimmed cuffs of the white cloth finish the rather full sleeves. Red coats are very much in evidence among the misses model. Scarlet in its most intense

FOR CHURCH WEAR.



Girl's dressy gown of pastel blue cloth. Revers and trimming on skirt of deep cream guipure. Ribbons of black velvet.

shade is a prime favorite. Not only are scarlet coats popular but hats and scarlet gowns are very much to the fore.

A dainty little reception gown of silk and wool albatross is of a singing shade of coral red. The skirt is laid in bunches of small tucks that are stitched for half the length of the skirt and then allowed to spread so as to give a flare.

The corsage has a short pointed yoke of Irish crochet lace over white satin and a high collar of the same. On to the yoke the material is plaited, a broad box directory at the front and on either side a cluster of knife plaits. Tiny black velvet buttons ornament the box plait. The sleeves are tucked in the upper part and blouse over a high tucked cuff of the coral albatross. Black velvet ribbon is employed for the high centurians.

A great many of the latest winter hats designed for girlies droop under their heavy fruit of berry trimming. The broad brimmed floppy scarlet felt hats are gorgeous in their wreaths of glistening red currants and deep green velvet leaves.

Cherries in their varying shades of red are employed lavishly in the trimming of scarlet felts. A broad brimmed white plush hat has its low crown surrounded by clusters of white and purple grapes with their dark green leaves. At the back there is a long looped bow of black velvet ribbon that reaches below the waist.

A pretty church gown designed for a girl of fifteen is made of pastel blue camel's hair cloth. The skirt is made with a short plain yoke of the cloth outlined with a broad border of heavy cream guipure. On to this the material is plaited in broad box plaits.

The bolero is a flowing affair laid in plaits at the shoulder seams that flare as they near the bottom of the jacket. It has a broad collar of Irish crochet lace over white taffeta. The sleeves are plaited and fall over a broad cuffs of the guipure that is trimmed in black velvet. Under the jacket is worn a blouse of sheer white batiste gathered. The high standing collar is of batiste and is trimmed with narrow black velvet slipped through cut silver buckles. Three straps of the velvet fasten the jacket at the front.

NINA GOODWIN.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

The Superstition Has Existence Even in Royal Circles.

London Express: A curious incident occurred in connection with the royal journey from Balmoral to the south. The Duke of Athol traveled from Dunkeld to Perth with the intention of awaiting the arrival of the royal train. In consequence of a delay on the Highland railway the train by which his grace traveled was detained, and the duke did not reach Perth until a few minutes after the royal party.

Their majesties had by this time sat down to dinner in the Station hotel, and the Marquis of Breadalbane had been asked to dine. As soon as the Marquis was made aware of the Duke's arrival he informed his majesty, and suggested that his grace should also join them. Some of the ladies, however, pointed out the fact that the Duke would make the party one of thirteen. The Marquis of Breadalbane promptly offered to sacrifice himself, and with his majesty's permission retired the Duke of Athol taking his place.

BOY'S LOVE.



By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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"ARE you cold?" He asked the question politely, but not solicitously. Each time he had walked to the top of the little sand dune and back again to the figure sitting in silent dignity among the straggly sword grasses and sand cherries he had asked the same question with the same result. "Thanks; not at all," said Jeannette without removing her gaze from the blot of ink splashed on the lake's sunset stained breast far to the westward that represented Macatawan Island.

"Are you hungry?" "No." The other times he had gone away to his solitary lookout point when she had uttered that frozen negative. Now he paused and took another look at her. She was cold. She must be cold in that lacy, foolish, exquisite excuse for a rational garment which she wore. It was nearly seven, and there had sprung up a fresh, cool lake breeze since the sun shot its last crimson shaft above the pines of the mainland shore. He was cold with his coat and sweater on. "If only she would give some sign of weakening!" he thought and then caught a glimpse of her profile—the uplifted rebellious chin and the short upper lip, the straight little nose, with its delicious tendency to tilt heavenward, and the fluttering wisps of straying curls that the wind tossed where it pleased—and his foot ground an unoffending clump of aspiring clover in the sand.

If she had never kissed him, it would have been another matter, but she had—not once; he could distinctly remember several times. And they were not cousinly kisses either. Eleanor kissed him in a cousinly fashion—friendly, mild little shies at his chin or eyebrow—when he had a birthday or left for college, but Jean had been different—different ever since he could remember, when, a thin, big eyed, red haired young creature of six, she had proclaimed her love for him from the housetops and graciously showered him with favors varying from sticky caramel kisses to the eyes of her loved doll when the latter went the way of her kind. He looked at his watch. The boat could not possibly reach them from Macatawan before another half hour. It would make a landing on its way around the lake to gather up the cottagers for the hop.

"Are you hungry?" It was the last appeal. Jeannette plucked a spray of sand cherries and began to eat them stolidly. He remembered other girls with red hair who had the same pleasant, maddening little ways at critical moments. It must be in the color, or was it just pure— She glanced up indignantly when he knelt beside her and wrapped his coat around her and then laughed when she saw the look on his face.

"I like you when you're like that, Tom," she said. "Like what?" "Oh, just brace up and boss me and forget you're only a boy! Can you see the boat yet?" "No; I'm not a boy. Does Kerwin boss you?" "Not very much; sometimes. He's never rude." "Isn't that pleasant?" After a pause. "Do you like him so awfully well?" He was stretched out on the sand at her feet, all his heart in his eyes as he looked at her. They were good eyes that had not yet lost the frank, questioning directness of boyhood. Jeannette gazed steadily at the red light that had suddenly flickered to life in the lighthouse at Osbourne point.

"Pretty well," she said thoughtfully. "Better than you do me?" "You are so disagreeable at times, Tom, that it isn't fair to judge," she returned generously. "You keep one so in doubt, you know, and Mr. Kerwin is always the same. He is one of the most amiable men I have ever met."

"I hate amiable men." "How you must love yourself, dear!" "Don't call me dear. When we fight, you always ring in the cousin racket and 'dear boy' me. I'm not a boy." "Don't growl so. You are a boy, six feet one and a hundred and sixty pounds of good, solid, sweet tempered, lovable boy. I wonder if Mr. Kerwin will be worried about me and come on the boat. He has the first waltz."

"You always give him waltzes. All I get are two steps. What fellow has any chance in a two step." "Two steps were made for you, Tom. Your graceful prance is heavenly. I feel as if I had been at a football game when you slow up and deposit my remains on a friendly chair. But one

doesn't waltz as if one were wound up like a toy engine to scoot from wall to wall in a frenzy. Mr. Kerwin learned in Europe, he says." "If I could think that you only did it to torment me, the way it was with Bob and Cliff Maxon and the rest, I wouldn't care a hang. But some way he seems different. He's forty-five!" "Thirty-six." "It's all the same, and I know Uncle Nick smells cold cash or he'd never throw you at his head the way he does." "He doesn't throw me at his head," came the hot denial. "Eleanor is always with us."

"Oh, well, Eleanor, she's 'most thirty!" "Twenty-five last April." "I don't care. She wouldn't look at Kerwin. If he comes on the boat, I'll throw him in the lake." "You sweet child; Tom, dear, do you know?" "No," I don't know," he retorted bitterly. "I don't know anything, Jeanie, except that I love you, and you don't care a rap."

There was silence. After a few minutes she stole a glance at him. His head was lying on his arms, his face hidden. She smiled a little, tremulous, fearful smile. What a boy he was! A man would have known, taken it for granted anyway. But all he did was avow his cause and lay down heart and sword before the battle had even begun.

Far off on the distant marsh some night fowl sent a quivering, anxious cry across the lake, and the water lapped lazily among the reeds down near the rickety old pier. She shivered and looked away from the strong, athletic young figure lying among the sword grasses at her feet. If he had not been going away that night! How long half a year seems when one must be alone! But he was such a boy! She turned and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Tom, don't do that," she said quickly, a little frown contracting her eyebrows. "I didn't know. You always acted as if it were half fun. 'Don't you know you did? And Bob and Cliff weren't in earnest. Boys aren't generally. They fall in love because—oh, just because! And I thought you were the same. I didn't think you would want it to be forever, the way men do.'"

No response from the prostrate figure. Her hand wandered to his hair. It was thick, wavy hair. She had loved to pull it back in the old days when she had been angry with him. One could get such a splendid grip.

"You never said you really wanted me, you know, Tom." The words did not come as easily now. "Mr. Kerwin proposed, really and truly, in the regulation way, like a man. You never even proposed."

The figure sat bolt upright. "What did he say?" "The boat has left island." "How did he do it?" "They'll be here pretty soon."

"Jean, look at me. Don't laugh." After awhile, when they could hear the slow, faint whistle of the boat and walked down to the pier together swinging hands, he asked suddenly:

"Did I do it right?" "Lovely!" "You dear! Better than Kerwin?" "Ask Eleanor!" she said.

INCREASE IN ILLINOIS TIMBER.

More Wood in the State Than There Was Fifty Years Ago.

"Along in the 40's," said the old farmer, "the great fear of the people in Illinois was that the timber in the state would soon be exhausted and that the land would become uninhabitable. Our coal fields had not yet been discovered and a new country settling up as fast as ours was at that time needs a great deal of wood. Houses were to be built, farms to fence, and the consumption of fuel in the great fireplaces of the day was enormous. Many farmers began tree planting, selecting as a rule the quick-growing varieties, such as locust and cottonwood poplar, and soft maple. Still the consumption was for a number of years greater than the increase and there really seemed a danger of a wood famine."

"After awhile, though, all thought of this danger vanished. The development of our coal fields lessened the demand for wood for fuel. The invention of wire fence produced another saving in wood, while the use of brick, stone, and pine lumber for house building diminished the demand for native wood. Of course the increase in population created a large demand for lumber, but not sufficient to create any scare."

"Today the farmer can, in many localities, buy his coal for what it would cost to cut his wood. He fences his farm with wire much more cheaply than he could with wood, and the network of railroads brings almost to his door the sawed product of the pine forests of the North ready for the construction of house and barn. The demand for native wood is so small that it is estimated that the supply of native timber in the state is greater than it was 50 years ago."

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould thinks out many of his plots lying on his back in bed. The foundations of more than one story have been developed in a single sleepless night, and no sooner developed than elaborated. As a rule Mr. Baring-Gould is content to write one novel a year. Once a work is taken in hand all his leisure hours are religiously devoted to its completion.

Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, the chief insurance statistician of America, states that the death rate of persons under 20 years, and especially young children, is greater in the United States than in most European countries; but that after middle age Americans live longer.

BUILT ON BOX LINES.



Long coat of scarlet cloth made with a box back and blazer front. Revers and waistcoat of white cloth trimmed with bands of sable.