

THE SWELL SET AND THE AUTOMOBILE

LESS musical than the neighing of Latin skinned horses, less picturesque than the military tournament, but vastly more interesting, will be the whiz and whir of the auto show. Madison Square Garden probably will never be the theater of a more delightful combination of pretty women, magnificent gowns, than those who will grace this vehicle occasion. All the elements are scurrying back to town to be ready for the fray. Great enthusiasm prevails among them, and men are strutting about with the "I know all" air which exasperates cabby to the point of exploding and telling the populace "there's some thing doing."



The town is evergreen with traps of every description propelled by unseen power, which causes you to wonder whether it is any longer the horse which occupies the first place in milord's affections. It is used to be "my horse," next "my dog," and then "my wife," but I fear the auto precedes this order of likes. I'd be willing to hazard a guess on the subject weren't an unknown truth sometimes a blessing without equal. The exhibition will take on the airs and importance of the horse show, inasmuch as there will be owners present who guide their individual machines, as well as agents to display the chief characteristics of their factory outputs. These latter will give an opportunity for those so inclined to take a spin around the ring, or even circle the heart of the city, so democratic is to be the affair. "A love of horseflesh begot a habit of hobnobbing with jockeys, and now a craze for auto driving makes of the chauffeur a boon companion; so you see how the mighty are fallen." That's the unkind way one of our "prim and precise" matrons summed up the situation, because her bewitching daughter had enrolled herself on the side of a struggling representative anxious to enhance the beauty of his turnout when he demonstrates some unusual simplicity of mechanism. Carping critics will be silenced after a visit to the great automobile repository—which, practically, the Garden will be during show week.

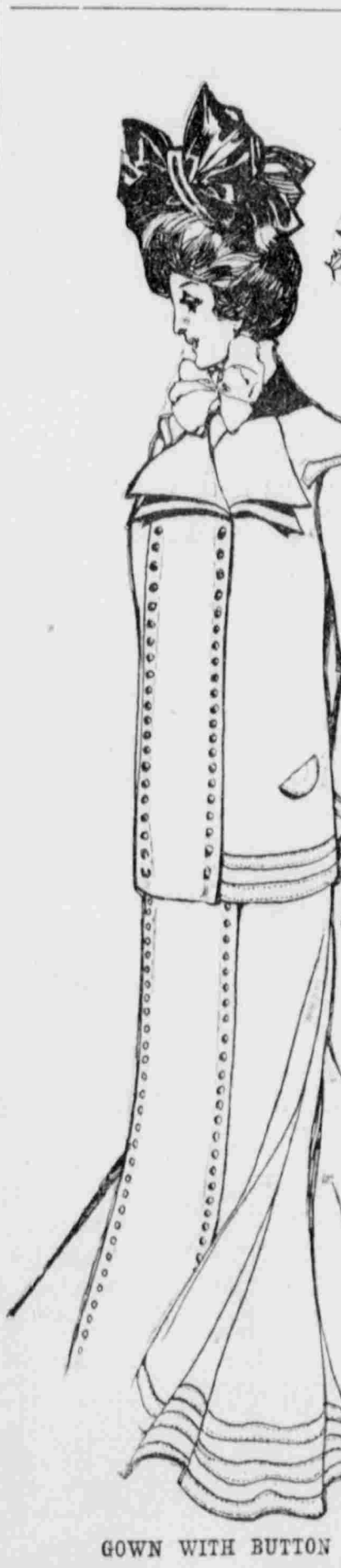
The first cost of an electric vehicle is very little more than that of a good horse, and with the purchase money really ends the expense, so it is claimed. Dress will cut a wide swath both with the men and women patrons. Social functions are much like stage plays—both demanding clothes that will accord with certain settings. Last year the American auto girl sprang into being. A year previously Paris feasted its eyes upon her, and today she is the most delightful composite ever produced by merging two types into one. She has the dash and pliancy of the French demimonde, along with the most charming soupcon of assertive independence. In other words, she dresses like a Parisian and acts like an American. Almost without exception every woman will appear enveloped in long, loose, shapeless coats which effectually conceal beautiful gowns. Outwardly they are models of demureness in dull tan and gray shades, but inwardly they belie their looks, as the linings are ravishingly gay. When on the promenade or seated in the boxes, coats will be discarded and new fashions revealed. There is to be an astonishing quantity of green in evidence, which verifies the statement that everything "Erinesque" is a go. A few of Mrs. Ollie Belmont's adherents inaugurated the "wearing of the green" in anticipation of her daughter's (the Duchess of Marlborough) new honors. The word "Erinesque" was coined by a chappie who courts Belmont favor.

The auto show by day is to be the autumn tailor made girl's Mecca. She will be most alluring in hop sackings, though Scotch tweeds and Irish friezes smack of smartness when well fitted to slim figures. Pastel colors are out of it. Strong tints, such as fig, orange, olive green, currantred and a warm rose pink, carry the day. A frieze frock of metal gray, trimmed with stitched bands of spotted foulard in gray and white, bearing cavalier cuffs, a waistcoat, a divot coat and a smashingly pretty girl will be on view. Nothing unusual about this description, I can hear you say, but should you see her, as I did, beside her beau, comfortably ensconced in the glory of a dull gray auto wrap, lined with forest green, as was the mobe, you'll enjoy and admire her as you do the twigs and budding leaves in spring. She was a "refresher," truly—a word one of the courtly chauffeurs fondly quoted not infrequently. A gray felt hat of the tri-corne shape went with the dress, trimmed only with a fold of foulard around the crown, threaded through a gun metal buckle in the center, and a couple of soft ostrich pompons of purest white perched upon the left side. It seems

impossible to go wrong with stitched or plain bands as trimmings, be they of cloth, silk or kid. Personally I prefer to keep tailor made gowns of the above serviceable kind severely apart from lace. To do so seems to mark some spile of originality, for up till now lace has figured indiscriminately upon every kind of toilet. It still does too. I call to mind one frock I saw last week, among many others—an elaborate affair I fancy the like of which will create a favorable impression later at the horse show. It was a kind of Di Vernon suit, a clinging, habitlike skirt, very long and very wide, slashed up at one side to suggest a tunic and to show a petticoat of black silk gulphure mounted upon straw white satin. The bodice fitted like a glove, with a long basque tail, a flat shoulder cape of gulphure and triple rows of silver buttons planted slantingly upon the loosely modeled front. The hat provided to complete the scheme was a lovely black picture one of very lightweight panne, plumed with a cream ostrich feather starting from a tuft of little black ones, which sprang from a coquettishly placed, enormous long silver buckle. The sleeves were slashed up to show soft wristlets of cream mousseline de soie, and these were connected with the upper sections by means of silver cord and buttons.

Coats, of course, will attract greatest attention, as the coming modes for this variety of dress in a way will be determined by those on view at the Garden. Aside from the regulation garment of ten seen, there is also a new Inverness cape, which does not fly open to the wind, but is kept in place somewhat like an ulster, but not quite. A Tam O'Shanter hat of similar material accompanies it, which may be either of tweed, soft cloth or rough goods. Next in importance I noted covert coats. These are in great demand. They usually reach to the feet in length and have sack backs. Another model is a splendid coat in red cloth, with gold embroidered collar, and cuffs bearing a close resemblance in cut to the L'Aiglon of famed beauty.

In general the regulation tailor frocks are topped off by handsome long coats, but a few innovations in minor accessories are to the fore. For instance, it is remarkable to note how strong a hold the short waist furor has obtained. Waist belts are being made higher, to give a shorter appearance to the waist itself, long, wasp waists being no longer fashionable. This condition of course again changes the figure. Our girls' health will be benefited by this fickle notion, as will their complexions. With



GOWN WITH BUTTON TRIMMED PANELS.



STRIKING PARISIAN MODES.

The belere gown, with triple effect on both jacket and skirt, is one of the novelties of this season of elaborate costumes. The toilet shown in the picture is a late model from one of the Parisian dressmaking ateliers. It shows all of the smart touches which mark a gown as up to date—the gold embroidered collar, buckles and jeweled buttons.

The dainty toque, for evening wear, is of velvet and chiffon, embroidered in gold.

the decadence of long waists tight lacing becomes an unnecessary torture, and ease and grace will succeed stiffness and discomfort. Black satin makes the prettiest waist belts. It is intended to give more air to the hand. However, the ordinary Swedish glove, without buttons and quite loose over the wrist and hand, seems to be the favorite. Swedish kid has the advantage that it suits every kind of dress and any color.

Taking it all in all, the exhibition promises to be a huge success. It will surely tempt with magic and mystery. The turnouts apparently will run by magic, and certainly the women's clothes will possess enough of mystery beneath the big, baggy, ungainly coats to keep men ogling and vastly interested. At least, "peeping will be done," says a rogue of chappie, when women climb into autos through their perfect mirage of dainty frocks.

The men are to be grotesque in big, roomy light coats of doekin, with caps and goggles disfiguring. The vehicles are sumptuous and a bit gaudy, and the women will compose quite the same clothes. So many women every time the Diana crowned building opens its doors. From every point of view the show will be a winner and will doubtless become a perennial institution. At least, this is the smart set's prediction, and none is more sanguine than

DAISY MAY.
New York City.

TO KEEP BABY EMPLOYED.

Perhaps the following suggestions may help you to find occupation for your busy baby boy. A baby will be attracted for a short time by some fine toy that he can simply look at, but he will simply spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose or in taking out one by one from a well filled basket articles, no matter what—spools, blocks, clothespins, anything, so that they are sometimes changed, and he does not tire of the monotony.

As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes—round, square, triangular, etc.—with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be in bright colors his love for color may be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another or from room to room will often keep a child busy and interested for hours. A small hammer and tacks, with a soft wooden board into which to drive them is generally a delight to any child old enough not to put tacks into his mouth. So simple are the employments that will satisfy the little tot that almost any mother will find them constantly suggesting themselves.

rotin retired and devoted himself to the honors of his office—Belgian and Turkish consul in Chicago. Mrs. Henrotin then became a member of the firm and so continued until the bankruptcy of the firm not long ago. Mrs. Henrotin will have the sympathy of all clubwomen, as she was personally known far and wide as a public spirited woman.

Nine-tenths of the American ladies who have returned from trips abroad, when asked what they enjoyed most, state, "The witnessing of the Passion play at Oberammergau." Ladies in general bought three times as many souvenirs there as gentlemen did. An

PRIVATE LIFE OF PATTI.

MARY SCOTT ROWLAND'S PLEASANT HOUR WITH THE
PEERLESS DIVA IN LONDON.

WHILE in London, from where I have just returned, I saw the Baroness Adelina Patti-Cederstrom and learned from her own lips that she is contemplating a visit to America.

It will not be made this season, for Patti has many English and continental engagements which she must fill, but after that she hopes to sing again in the land which was the first to recognize her genius.

I had not seen Patti for two years, and I waited at the Paddington station, London, for the arrival of the train I wondered if I would find her in face and figure the same as of old. Patti has a wonderful temperament. Were she to live to be 100 she would still be a child in heart, and youthfulness of the soul is one of the elixirs of youth. Still, when a woman is 60 years old, one does expect to find a few lines traced upon the countenance by the hand of time.

The train drew up at the station with a roar. I noted at once Patti's private car attached to the rear of the train, and soon I had the pleasure of seeing the great diva alight. She was assisted by a tall, handsome man whom I surmised to be the Baron Cederstrom. I should have judged him to be 42 or 43 years old, but afterward I learned that he is about 38.

Patti herself was radiant. Never have I seen her look better. Every one upon the platform turned to gaze at her, and every eye followed her until she disappeared into the station. Aunt Don't speak of age when you mention Patti. She is better preserved than the average woman of 35. Her complexion is fresh, her skin is smooth, her eyes are bright and her figure is as daintily rounded as ever. She trips along as lightly as a young girl, and her face and conversation are just as animated. Patti knows the secret of keeping young, as she takes the time to keep her face as she does her hands. She does not allow wrinkles to make their appearance.

As Patti travels like a princess, it is not necessary for her to don the usual serviceable traveling gown of woman-kind. Her special car, consisting of drawing room, dining room, kitchen and sleeping rooms, is as comfortable as a private residence. No smoke, no cinders, no soot, ever penetrate its boundaries. When she travels, she is accompanied by two maids and her secretary and companion and friend, Miss Karoline Bauermeister, an Austrian lady who has been with her for over 30 years. Besides these, a courier and one or two servants always accompany her.

No wonder, therefore, that, even after the long journey from Craig-y-nos castle, in distant Wales, she could alight from her car fresh as a daisy in a wonderful gown of silver gray crepon and silk! Her cloak of gray cloth, scolloped over silver gray satin, was obviously of Paris make. It was cut three-quarters length and of the sack shape, without which no English woman seems happy. Her millinery was a dream of silver gray chiffon and feathers and delicately shaded pink roses. There is a type of hat that Patti nearly always wears. It is one that shadows the face a trifle, and is almost on the picture order. This hat was of that class, raised a trifle at one side, where some pink roses were tastefully combined with the chiffon. I was introduced to Baron Cederstrom, whom I found a very charming and agreeable man—quiet and studious, I should judge. The baroness and I chatted for a short time at the station. At her earnest solicitation I accepted an invitation to call at the hotel the next day to have a long talk.

The Northwestern hotel, which is Patti's London headquarters, is comfortably near the Paddington station. In the house she has reserved for herself and attendants a suite of nine rooms from year's end to year's end. Five of these are Patti's personal suit. Whenever she comes to town, her apartments are literally lined with flowers, the gifts of friends. The drawing room into which I was shown might have been a conservatory. I found Patti fully dressed; she never wears negligee, no matter how informally she receives a friend. So long as I have known her I have never found her, even at Craig-y-nos, where she dispenses with formality, attired in a tea gown or morning jacket. A neat bodice and a pretty plain skirt are her preference for morning wear. Of colors she likes the more neutral shades, such as grays and pastels in blue and pink. On the afternoon of my call she was gowned in an elegant yet simple toilet of white and blue crepe de chine, softened with lace at the throat and neck. Her lovely white hands were guileless of rings save for one superb diamond and the wedding band. As I held her hand in mine for a moment I noted it sharply. The advance of years is first indicated in the hand; the skin grows withered, the muscles relax and the hand in some degree looks lean, dry and discolored. Patti always had a pretty hand, and today it might be the model for a sculptor. The fact is that Patti, clever woman that she is, has always cared so conscientiously for her hands as for her face. I am not sure but she is prouder of its faultless contour and texture than of her face, for one of her treasures at Craig-y-nos is a model of her hand sculptured in Carrara marble by a great artist.

Although her hand is so pretty, Patti seldom wears rings, but if she cared to do so few royal ladies could surpass her in the variety, beauty and value of her gems. All her jewels are safely locked away, to be worn only when she is in full toilet, when she sings or when she attends some great social function. Patti dresses elaborately every evening for dinner and then wears some exquisite jewels.

The Baron Cederstrom was present when I entered the drawing room, and after chatting for a short time, he ex-

pressed himself and left the baroness and myself to spend a pleasant hour alone. I was very much pleased with what I saw of Baron Cederstrom. He is a man of intellectual tastes, and it is apparent to the most casual observer that he admires the genius of his wife quite as much as he is captivated by that charm which Patti exercises over all with whom she comes in contact.

Patti told me of her recent concert at Brecon, the seat of the Welsh county in which her castle is located. There for eight years she has annually given a concert for the poor. Every season, when she comes to sing for them, the people of Brecon give a grand fete in her honor. She has been appointed honorary burgess of the town and presented with numerous beautiful souvenirs and public testimonials by the nobility, the city officials and the people of the place. Patti is very proud of the regard in which she is held by her Welsh neighbors. At Craig-y-nos, Neath, Swansea and Brecon she is regarded as a Lady Bountiful by all the poor folks. From Brecon she went north to give a concert at Black Pool, and she was quite gleeful as she told how enthusiastic the audiences had been in regard to her singing. Patti is very modest, and, unlike many great artists, does not receive the applause of her audience and the praises of her friends as her just tribute, but is most appreciative of it all. She told me how the people flocked to the stations when she left and cheered her and threw flowers after the departing train. After her visit to London she intended to go to Sweden to give a concert for the poor. The king and queen of Sweden, to whom she had been presented recently, had given her a cordial invitation to come to Stockholm, promising her a hearty welcome in her husband's native land. Patti, knowing the interest the queen takes in all charities, agreed to sing for the poor under their majesties' patronage, a prospect which greatly pleased the king and queen, who are devoted to philanthropic work. While abroad she intended to go to see the Passion play at Oberammergau and then return to London, where her concert tour begins at Albert hall.

At parting she said to me: "Oh, yes; do not forget. I shall come to dear old America as soon as my engagements over here will permit. The managers over there have been urging

THE POPULAR BLACK ROSE DECORATION.

Pretty decorations for ball gowns are black velvet roses a size smaller than those used for the flower hats. These are fastened at one side of the low



necked bodice. From this hang long loops and ends of narrow black velvet ribbon reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt.

WOMEN AS ATHLETES.

The increasing interest taken in athletic sports by women is arousing attention in France, and The Revue des Revues has secured the opinion of a number of eminent persons on the burning topic. Carmon Syval thinks that "the sport" is not to be denied to woman "so long as she remains graceful and touching like Sakuntala, succors the distressed like St. Genevieve, sings and plays like St. Cecilia, brings up her children like Blanche of Castile, spins like Queen Bertha, weaves like Penelope, embroiders like the Roumanian princesses of old, paints like the Anna of Brittany, tends the wounded like Florence Nightingale and writes poetry like Margaret of Navarre and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria."

The Duchess d'Uzes does not make so exacting, or at least so comprehensive, a demand upon the modern woman's capabilities. Her approval of all outdoor games and field sports for women is prefaced by a statement that she is a "feminist." "But a feminist," she adds, "in what I consider is the right sense—that is to say, I believe that, as the woman is the guardian of the home, to raise women is to raise the moral

LATEST PORTRAIT OF ADELINA PATTI.



To Mrs. Mary Scott Rowland
From Adelina Patti
Adelina Patti Collection
1900

me for a long time, and I should be so unhappy if I thought I should never see America again. Among the Americans are many of my best friends, and the Americans were always so kind to me!

"I am so glad to notice that American singers are coming to the front! The Americans, next to the Italians, have the artistic temperament. The reason because they have better teachers. I am a believer in a great future for American musicians. Nowhere outside of Italy does one find a finer appreciation of music than in England and America."

Mrs. Clemence Royer, who is an authority on mathematical and natural science, is of the same opinion on the subject as these two women of the world. She believes that women by physical exercise and in grace of motion and carriage. "The languid odalisques who spent their days reclining on sofas are quite out of date." The American girl is not likely to disagree with Mrs. Royer. As might have been supposed, M. Marcel Prevost, the novelist, and M. Emile Zola believe in the modern woman all around. The former says that in future women "will do all that men do in science, arts, exercise of the body and of the mind," and Emile Zola is strongly in favor of education of the sexes—such as is carried out in some Scotch and American schools.

There are only three remaining of the 13 original crosses built by King Edward I to mark the resting place of Queen Eleanor's funeral procession. One is near Northampton, one at Waltham Cross, the third at Charing Cross.

Born on "Modern Aesthetics," Mrs. Rodriguez at Geneva on "Floral Biology" and Mrs. Zebrowski at the Neuenberg academy on "German Literature." The Japanese are making rapid strides in their march toward western culture. The latest innovation is the formation of commercial schools for the training of female clerks, and one of the largest railway companies in Nippon has intimated that after a certain date women only will be employed in the clerical department. Women whose adopted home is India enjoy sports of the most mannish character, and every military center has its rifle club, whose members do not shrink

from pursuing the tiger, rhinoceros and buffalo. It is said that Lady Curzon has joined the Singh life club and is aiming to become a prize shot. Miss Emily Brown, a graduate of Wellesley, has been appointed teacher of literature in Denner college of Milwaukee. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science recently held in Bradford, England, it was voted unanimously to admit women to membership on equal terms. The association was organized in 1831 and has more than 2,000 members. To every 1,000 marriages in Japan there are 40 divorces.

WOMEN IN MANY CALLINGS.

Lady Westmoreland, sister of Lady Warwick and Duchess of Sutherland, shares with the princess royal of Germany a penchant for gardening. She is also an accomplished housewoman. The British Women's Emigration society is offering free transportation to working women who are willing to go to western Australia, where they will receive good wages. This offer is only open to strong, practical women who are able to endure the hard work and privations found in the colony. Miss C. M. Kinney of Syracuse stands

alone in the novel enterprise of dealing in thoroughbred horses. Miss Kinney's knowledge of horseflesh makes her an expert judge, and her unerring judgment has brought her an enviable clientele. Her profession compels a great deal of traveling, and she is familiar with the markets in all parts of the United States. Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, of international fame as a clubwoman, is a partner in the stock brokerage firm of U. C. Peters & Co., Chicago. The firm was formerly Henrotin & Peters, and when the firm found hard sailing Mr. Hen-

rotin retired and devoted himself to the honors of his office—Belgian and Turkish consul in Chicago. Mrs. Henrotin then became a member of the firm and so continued until the bankruptcy of the firm not long ago. Mrs. Henrotin will have the sympathy of all clubwomen, as she was personally known far and wide as a public spirited woman.

Nine-tenths of the American ladies who have returned from trips abroad, when asked what they enjoyed most, state, "The witnessing of the Passion play at Oberammergau." Ladies in general bought three times as many souvenirs there as gentlemen did. An

ton Lang, who plays the part of Christ, received large dividends from selling autograph poems and photographs, chiefly to women admirers. It is estimated that the net profits of the villagers are \$20,000.

Mrs. T. Lynn of Sacramento, Cal., has a rare collection of pitchers, to the number of 1,000, many of the specimens being of historic interest. Some are hundreds of years old and have come from almost every country in the world.

The sultana of Masina, wife of King Agrobou of the Sudan, is making a greater sensation in Paris than did the shah of Persia. Rumor says that her

loveliness eclipses that of Cleopatra or the queen of Sheba, and the impression is strengthened by the glimpses of beauty caught through her close veil. While her styles are not likely to be copied, the gorgeous fabric of her raiment is envied by the women of fashion. In the sultana's outfit are two of the royal blood, one arrayed in violet and the other in orange.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt has received and accepted her commission as honorary member of the Pan-American board of women managers.

Among the lecturers at the Swiss universities this winter will be three women. Miss Tumarkin will lecture at