

WOMEN WEAR TROUSERS

A Startling Revelation

By Daisu Mau

HAVE had a merry week at Newport, which, though strange, is being possible to enjoy one's self in the desert village at this time of year only because many of a series of "weddings" for a series of years have been celebrated at the Newport Hotel. Everybody prattled of cottage frolics. Everybody talked of the magnificence of the Newport Hotel, and none really conceived of the magnitude of it all. Think of the expense of opening half a dozen and the expense of the floral display. Such breakfast and the incidentally attended royal splendor was naturally attended by much pomp and ceremony, and we found quite as much food for gossip, and much less speculative in character, after the wedding.



WOMEN ARE WEARING TROUSERS.

new colored liveries which were worn almost without exception by the "attendants," which term, I'm told, is used in speaking of the men on the box. For the most part, I considered the regalia too showy, as the bodies of the vehicles were in the same color, banded by stripes of green and gold paint, but this is an age of brilliancy, and we are to expect nothing else until the century is well begun.

As a matter of course, when we had exhausted the wedding subject, the new exhibit of the Four Hundred, Harry Lehr, came in for a share of attention. Opinion is somewhat divided as to his fitness for filling the place, but since it is no less a personage than Mrs. Astor who has proclaimed him Ward McAllister's successor criticism is so to voice. He is a nice, amiable chap who has a faculty for making friends and devoting himself to passe grandes dames.

Lend me your ears while I tell you a state secret. It is startling. Prepare yourself for surprise: Women are wearing trousers. I discovered this while at Newport. They are the real thing, too—not knickerbockers, nor yet are they akin in the slightest to the bloomer family, but snug, well fitting bifurcates. They are of cheviot or woolen stuffs for ordinary wear and silk jersey cloth for dress. I have often looked with envy, and so no doubt have others, upon the dead swell girl whose perfectly fitting skirt contained every good looking fellow within range to

cast admiring glances and wondered until I was headachy how she managed it. My tailor, an artist, have studied the petticoat problem until they have reduced it to a science, yet the proper emphasis somehow was lacking, and not until this week did I learn how one woman in a hundred looks the fashion plate girl. At this moment I am due to try on my first pair. Madame secured the services of a poor sweatshop creature who has made pants for ten years, and with tutoring will doubtless become an expert "ladies' breeches maker," as Madame insists on calling the new helper. I'm told they are the most comfortable garments woman ever wore. They have not the surplus cloth of bloomers to hang full about the knees, yet perfect freedom of limb is obtained by buttons and elastic loops. One of the chief requirements of the styles of the moment is a certain clinging propensity not only about the hips, but about the knees as well, which object is destroyed by either petticoats or any species of divided skirt. The outline of the figure must be clearly and carefully preserved if you would be at fault. This cannot be accomplished except by wearing trousers. Drop skirts are under the ban, therefore, and frocks are mounted on lining stitched in place, so that the two fabrics fall together.

Many oddities attracted my attention, and we will have no better opportunity even at the dog show to review fashions than was afforded me at this demonstration Newport dress exhibition. There were lots of strangers who were unbidden guests coming to see and be seen. The public ones, pretending to be of the elect, followed the leaders along the avenue and appeared at the Casino, which was in sort a sartorial salon.

A muff and pelerine set, both a bristling mass of pinked silk frills, is one which I met. They were distinctly fascinating, these, and each had a large and wonderfully realistic pale pink rose tucked attractively into the silky, bristling mass. This style of neckwear is designed especially for willowy woman-kind. I heard of, though I didn't see, another such set edged with chenille instead of pinking. These, you must understand, are made of small, stiff frills closely set together and are not a bit like the silk ruffles and muffs of



I NOTICED A VERY CHIC WOMAN.

last season. A big bloom, such as these pink roses, looks well carefully fastened at the side of a muff, along with the dainty cream lace and satin linings



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Marville.

OPERA CLOAK TRIMMED WITH ACCORDION PLAITING.

so much affected. I noticed a very chic woman among the unknown wearing yellow chrysanthemums at the side of a black and white fancy panna, finished with just a simple chon and a quill, was the acme of good style. I can imagine very chic demisurings made in these soft, little sailors hats of printed panne, mirror or ordinary silk velvet or even in stitched black taffeta, which, by the way, would be delightfully light. The eagle shapes, of which there are one or two varieties, are very

becoming molded in black velvet. I was called upon to admire one of these too. They resemble the marquisette or tricornes and are possessed of jaunty prettiness. The Alkon cravat, with little ends each side of the chin, is likewise affected. These signs of the times, together with the long popularity of Mme. Bernhardt's Bonapartist play and other evidences of restlessness, a scholar suggests, point unmistakably to certain political possibilities in France, whence these fashions emanate, that only the utmost tact and diplomacy on the part of the republican government can defeat, or perhaps one had better say delay. But I trust he is mistaken, as war influences upon fashion are growing wearisome indeed. I must be off now to Madame's and view myself in trousers, the while wondering if the desired transformation will be forthcoming. So au revoir. New York.

MAN'S LITTLE WAYS.

By the Emancipated Woman.

MR. BARNABAS HENMAN is a retired business man. Being a family man, he was drawn instinctively and irresistibly to domestic life when he withdrew from active affairs. In the bosom of his family he looks well to the ways of his household, as the Bible says of the virtuous woman. He believes with Paul that the man is the head of the woman, but Mr. Henman goes at least five better than Paul, for he is the head of half a dozen women—at least he thinks he is.

When he took charge, he tackled up about the house rules for observance by his women folk. These related chiefly to the expenditure of cash. In the rooms of his wife and daughters was pasted across the mirror the rule that no money should be paid out in that household without his knowledge and consent. In the kitchen another notice warned how much butter and sugar should be used each week.

Mr. Henman usually answers the front door bell himself. If perchance it rings when he is not there to see, he hears it invariably and hurries thitherward, asking, breathless:

"Who's there? What did he want?"

Thus he is able to exercise a wise, eternal vigilance over every man, woman and child, every parcel—yes, to make dead sure even of every dictionary peddler that touches his threshold. In like manner with the outgoings. If his daughter Maud Mary raises the front window to see whose funeral it is when the German band on the next block begins dolefully to unwind "I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls," her papa hears and calls up the stairs:

"What's the matter up there?"

If one leaves the house by the front door, she is met in the hall by Mr. Henman with the question:

"Where are you going now? What are you going to do?"

Thus is this estimable gentleman able to watch both ways and "catch him a-comin and catch him a-goin," as it were. Now and then a deadbeat or a beggar calls to solicit alms. With a brave, big front Mr. Henman dismisses him, then turns to his women folk and says:

"That fellow was a little surprised to see me open the door. I guess he thought there wouldn't be anybody but women around the house this time of day. But I showed him. It always wants a man to talk up to people."

Mr. Henman is 5 feet 4 and weighs 120 pounds. His daughter Maud Mary is 5 feet 8 and weighs 140. Besides, she has gone in for athletics and cross country runs and is a champion golf

A FAMOUS POETESS

Elizabeth Akers Allen, Author of "ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER," And Other Charming Verses.

LONG with "Home, Sweet Home," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "Swansea River" and "Old Kentucky Home," "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," will hold a pre-eminent place in the affections of the ballad singers of America. Americans seem born to write the songs of the nations.

The poem "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," early recommended itself to the composer, and it immediately became a popular song. It was written by Miss Elizabeth Chase (now Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen), a young poetess of great promise. The verses were originally published by the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. The poem was widely copied and at once established for its author a permanent literary reputation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen was born at Strong, Franklin county, Me., Oct. 5, 1832, and is now 68 years of age. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father then removed to Farmington, Me., where her girlhood was passed. Her first poems were published in a weekly newspaper under the pen name of Florence Percy. Some of her verses, written when she was only 12, were without her knowledge published in a Vermont paper, and in 1847 she began to sign her own name to them. In 1855 she accepted an editorship on the Portland (Me.) Transcript. Her first volume of poems, "Forest Buds From the Woods of Maine," was published in 1856, and the profits from it enabled her to travel extensively in Europe.

At the age of 28 she was married to Paul Akers, a young sculptor of Maine, who died about 14 months later in Philadelphia, leaving his wife with one child, a daughter, who died soon after. Paul Akers was a genius. Though lacking in artistic training and instruction, he determined to become a great sculptor, and so well did he succeed that, while he died young, he achieved a national reputation and made busts and statues of many men prominent in public life. He spent several years abroad and in 1859-60 had a studio in Rome, where work amid the wet clay undermined his health. He associated with the statesmen and literateurs of his day and was himself a writer of ability, contributing to The Atlantic Monthly noteworthy articles on subjects relating to art.

The double bereavement in the death of her husband and child prostrated the poetess, and a long illness followed. When she recovered, she went back to Portland and resumed work on The Transcript. She afterward resided in Washington and was in Ford's theater the night of President Lincoln's assassination. In 1868 her second volume of poetry, entitled "Poems by Elizabeth Akers," appeared. During the same year she was married to Mr. E. Allen and removed to Richmond, Va. About this time began a dispute as to the authorship of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," as none of the other claimants could show prior publication or had written verses of relative merit, and competent critics agreed that, while no poem of hers attained the popularity of the verses in question, Mrs. Allen was the undisputed author of several poems of surpassing strength and beauty. In 1872, Mr. Allen's business interests being in New York city, he removed with his family to that city.

Her most famous poem has been translated into every language, as it touches a chord in every human heart. Although it was composed when Mrs. Allen was a young woman, it appeals to persons of all ages. It is impossible for many to read the exquisite second verse without a tear:

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Till without response, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and of dew,
Weary of my soul's wealth away,
Weary of giving for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

The closing lines have found an echo in millions of hearts:

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song.
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clamped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never heretofore to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mrs. Allen now resides in the picturesque Bronx district, Westchester county, N. Y., and her latest poem, "The Ballad of the Bronx," treats of that beautiful section. ETHEL KNOX.

QUEEN DOWAGER MARGHERITA'S GIFTS.

The fact is not generally known regarding Queen Dowager Margherita of Italy that soon after the death of King Humbert she distributed all her personal effects, such as dresses and the greater part of her jewels, among her friends and relations before finally retiring from court life. Her majesty gave away over 300 superb costumes, and her famous collection of pearls has also been divided up among those who have been intimately associated with her during the past. Museums and art galleries of Italy have also been made the richer by many costly and unique articles which had been sent to the queen as gifts from all parts of the world. Immediately after King Humbert's funeral she sent to the museum at Florence the exquisite embroideries which made so fine a display at the Chicago exhibition.

A PECULIAR SUPERSTITION.

A valued and much sought after talisman is the pen that has signed the reprieve for a murderer. It is a strange but true fact that many great singers have a weakness for obtaining possession of these pens, which are believed to bring the owner good fortune, and it is said that Queen Victoria kept a small collection of these reprieve pens to bestow on famous singers whose performances she had witnessed at Windsor. Mme. Patti, or, rather, Baroness gold.

SMART SILVER BELT.

Silver waist belts and buttons are adjuncts of dress which are this winter in extensive demand. The belt shown is an excellent design, with repousse medallions linked by small chains, and the shopkeepers are showing many others equally satisfactory, embossed, pierced or in new art silver. Just as varied is the assortment of silver buttons, from sets in lacelike openwork to others with effectively raised or chased ornamentation. A set of half a dozen choice buttons in a case with a buckle to match is a possession to be coveted.

Chenille is still used and is frequently utilized as an embroidery, decorated with all kinds of precious stones and gold.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Maiseau Neuville.

ADVANCE SUGGESTION IN PARIS SPRING HAT.

To match each color are to be furnished, Mme. Petit, the first woman admitted to the French bar, appeared to take the oath at the first chamber of the court of Paris in a robe that was not the masculine toga and still was a modification of it. It was made from her own design and had plaits at the foot of the skirt to give fullness, fitted closely over the hips and had a long train which rustled by reason of its silk lining and seemed to be a cause of interest and wonder to her 16 brother lawyers. Mme. Petit is a beautiful woman and very intelligent.

Mme. Jeanne Robin of Paris founded a loan association in one of the suburbs of that city to aid needy artists and writers with loans of from 5 to 2 francs. No security is required and no time set for repayment, and yet the failures to pay have been rare. Mme. Robin is a novelist herself and knows the hardships of unknown writers.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE MARKED REVIVAL OF TUCKS.

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER.

The cream was first served in England at a ball given by a lady living in Oxford street on Dec. 29, 1758.

A Polish Jewess is married, it is said, by her hair to be cut off and used for a wig for the purpose, it is said, of lessening her attraction in the eyes of men other than her husband.

Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr college, has announced a new scholarship. The sum of \$2,000 has been raised by \$19 subscriptions among the graduates of the college, and the scholarship will be awarded for collegiate work without respect to financial need.

A great mending of state tapestries is soon to be undertaken in France. The task of filling in the worn eaten parts of 233 tapestries, of which 50 can hardly hold together, will be done at the Gobelin establishment. The cost of the job will be \$100,000. The work will be spread over a period of 12 years because there are so few skilled workmen equal to it. The government owns in all 635 tapestries which were made before the revolution.

Mrs. Marietta Harmon of New York was the only woman out of 62 applicants for examination before the New York state board of pharmacy in December. Her papers were marked perfect, and therefore her record cannot be broken.

Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, in her third annual report gives some interesting details of the work among the Indians. The Carlisle school now has over 1,000 pupils and the teaching of homemaking to the Indian girls as important as teaching farming to the boys. She has visited the Indians in their camps and adobe

and has traveled 41,138 miles since her appointment.

Queen Sowabha is the leader of fashion in Siam and slowly and surely she is leading the ladies of the realm from their oriental customs to western ideals of dress and social etiquette. The queen has placed an order with an English firm for hosiery which will average 3 1/2 a pair, the colors used to be only delicate shades of rose, red, pink, heliotrope and eau de nil. Shoes