

FUTURE QUEEN TO VISIT AMERICA.

HELENE
OF ORLEANS
NOW
DUCHESS
OF AOSTA.

THE future queen of Italy, the beautiful and clever young Duchess of Aosta, is coming to the United States. She is the daughter of the one time friend of America, the Comte de Paris, one of the officers on the staff of General McClellan in the civil war, and one of the historians of that war. The Duchess of Aosta is the wife of the heir to the Italian throne. Her husband, envoy to the United States, comes to this country to announce the accession of his cousin, Victor Emmanuel III, to the crown of Italy, and she accompanies him. The Duchess was born at Twickenham, England, June 16, 1871. She is the sister of the queen of Portugal and also the notorious Duc Philippe d'Orleans, pretender to the throne of France. The blood of the duchess is of the bluest in Europe. The house of Orleans-Bourbon traces its ancestry back to Henry IV of France, who ruled at a time when the ferbers of nearly all the monarchs of Europe were merely little feudal lords. The duchess is said to be a typical English woman in education, most of her life having been spent in England. She is a fine musician and linguist, she rides and dances well and is exceedingly jealous of the dignity of her position. She does not like the young Queen Helena of Italy, whom she regards as a mere upstart and parvenu, the daughter of a nobody.

When the duchess was married to the heir apparent, there was no thought of the Prince of Naples, the present king, marrying, and as his health was very poor it looked as though the duchess would be the next queen of Italy. The marriage of the Prince of Naples to Princess Helena of Montenegro changed the prospects of the Duchess of Aosta and exasperated her to such an extent

It from taking place, for the young Duke of Clarence is reported to have been in love with the Princess Helena, whom he had known from childhood. At the court of Russia the duchess would not be popular, for the czar and zarina are related to the English royal family, the latter being the granddaughter of Victoria. At the court of the emperor of Germany, a French princess would be very much out of place, considering the relations of France and Germany, even if there were no Philippe d'Orleans episode. Consequently, in looking for an acceptable mission for the duke the king thought of the United States, one of the friendly powers and one united by friendship with the Comte de Paris, the father of the duchess.

The mission is one that cannot but be acceptable to the Duchess Helena. In this country she will receive all the ceremonial attention that she considers belongs to her rank as a daughter of France, but which is not always accorded to a secondary princess of Italy.

In appearance she is tall, slender and blond, with a fine complexion and the bright, cold blue eyes of the Orleans family. In manner and carriage she is said to resemble portraits of her beautiful ancestress, Anne of Austria. Not since Eudokia visited this country have such notable royal guests been entertained, and as the young couple will likely make a tour of the country, they will be the center of many official entertainments in the large cities.

The Duchess of Aosta is the favorite sister of the Duc d'Orleans and is devoted to his interests. Her inability to secure his recognition at the court of Italy is said to have embittered her against her husband's family. Should



Photo by Sarny, New York.

MISS JESSIE MILLWARD'S NEW GOWN.

Jettied evening gowns are among the most striking of the fall importations from Paris. A handsome jet trimmed gown is worn by Miss Jessie Millward, leading woman of Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock company. The gown is of lace spangled with jet and is crossed with jetted bands. It is fitted over the figure in plain, close lines and has broad straps of jetted lace for sleeves.

Man's Little Ways.

BY THE EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

Mr. Thomas Hunkin lives in the country, three miles from the village. When he says he is going to town, his wife, Juleyann, suggests that the younger children, Tommy and Julia, need shoes, and she wants to go along to select them.

"All right," says Hunkin, "but don't be all day getting ready. Why it always takes a woman forever to dress beats me. Where are my clean socks?"

"In the top drawer, where they've been ever since we went to housekeeping," answers Juleyann.

Mr. Hunkin turns the contents of the drawer over.

"There are none here," he says, "strange how a woman never can put anything in its place, anyhow."

Mrs. Hunkin is brushing Julia's hair. She drops the brush, goes to the drawer and pulls from the bottom of the heap a pair of socks. "They were on top, right before your eyes, before you turned everything upside down," she said.

"Humph!" remarks Hunkin. After a moment he asks, "Where are my sleeve buttons?"

"You had them on when you came home last night. Where did you leave them?"

"Aw, I can't be bothered with keeping track of an old thing like that. Do you think I'm an fool maid or a Nancy man?"

"Mabel, dear," says Mrs. Hunkin, "go out to the garden chair, under the tree by the back porch, where your father undressed last night, and see if he left his cuffs there. If they're not on the chair, maybe they've blown them off among the hollyhocks. If you can't find them, go to the carriage house and see if they are upon the back seat of the surrey. If he didn't leave them in the carriage, they're behind the bath-tub up stairs. Make haste! Don't keep your father waiting."

The cuffs are found at last, but they are under Mr. Hunkin's bed in the front room. Silence till they are buttoned on. Then he is heard from again:

"Are my shoes black?"

By this time Mrs. Hunkin is fastening Julia's frock. "Susan," she calls to the maid of all work, "stop mixing the bread two or three minutes and

shine Mr. Hunkin's shoes. That's a good girl."

Silence for five minutes. Mr Hunkin is fumbling among papers at a desk.

"Who's been meddling with my letters?" he exclaims. "I put Turpin's note right here in this pigeonhole, and now it's gone, and I have to show it to Jones before I answer it. If those children don't leave my papers alone, I'll bust 'em well, I will, by Jot!"

Julianne has by this time commenced on Tommy. Susan is blacking Mr. Hunkin's shoes. Mabel is brushing his coat and vest. Harry is calculating a problem in arithmetic for school. "Harry," calls Mrs. Hunkin, "see if there isn't a letter lying under the table where your pa threw it after he read it at breakfast."

Harry gets the letter where Hunkin had flung it all crumpled up. "It was exactly where you threw it yourself. The children never touch your letters!" says Mrs. Hunkin, with spirit.

"Humph!" remarks Hunkin again. "Can't I get anybody to tie my shoes, with all you standing about?" Hunkin is getting a little stout around the waist.

Mrs. Hunkin is scrubbing Tommy's nails with a finger brush. "Tommy," she says, "do go and tie your father's shoes for him. I declare, he's beginning to make me nervous."

Once more silence for five minutes. Then Hunkin:

"Where's Miranda? I wonder why she's never around when I want her to fasten my necktie? She's the only one that can do it decently. Miranda!"

No answer. Miranda is the eldest daughter, 18. She expects to be a great American novelist, and she is in training up in the attic, writing short stories. She is deep in the description of her hero. Is it a man's voice or is it the newly invented fog horn that can be heard 15 miles at sea which roars:

"Mabel, dear," says Mrs. Hunkin, "run up stairs to the attic and bring down your sister to tie papa's cravat."

Miranda comes instantly, makes exactly the right sort of a flat, square bow to Hunkin's clean, crisp tie, puts him on his cheek and says, "What a nice, handsome papa it is!" and goes back up stairs. Hunkin smiles benignantly in the looking glass and murmurs to himself:

"Nothing like a man who knows how to bring up his children properly."

Miranda continues the story of her hero:

"His strong chin and firm brows proclaimed him a masterful man. Such he was among men. Wherever his commanding, yet musical, tones were heard men instinctively recognized a leader. But when he bent his gaze upon a woman his dark, luminous eyes softened with a strange, magnetic light, and the object of his gaze felt that here was a knight and hero. As indeed he was. No prince of old was ever more chivalrous to all the sex than was Reginald Hamilton Fitzherbert. The thousand and one indefinable, infinitesimal courtesies that are so inexpressibly dear to a woman were ever at his command, ever forthcoming. No service he could render a lady was ever lacking. He would have saved women from every unpleasant task or sight or sound if he could."

Down stairs Mrs. Hunkin had finished the last button on Tommy's white sailor suit and was hurriedly running a big safety pin through the back of her shirt waist and skirt. Outside Hunkin was hopping around the mare and surrey like a dancing bear, at intervals roaring toward the interior regions:

"My gracious, Julyann, ain't you dressed yet? I never in my life knew a woman to be ready on time. A man would have dressed himself four times over while you've been puttering and primping there."

DON'T RUB THE EYES.

Children should be taught not to rub their eyes, for this habit is likely to be injurious to these sensitive organs. If there be irritation of the eyelids and the rubbing is not merely a trick, bathing with warm boracic lotion will probably give relief. The lotion is made by adding five grains of the boracic powder to an ounce of water.

attended the congress of women at Paris were surprised to find how little advancement had been made by Frenchwomen in securing their rights. It was found that married women have no individual rights in that country and that questions which were settled long ago in America, England, and even in Germany, are still debated there.

American women fond of organizing all kinds of new societies have not hitherto done much toward the providing of dowries for poor girls. The French are in the advance in this matter. There was a grand celebration a few evenings ago at the exposition, the Festivities de la Dotation, which was founded to provide dowries for girls whose parents are willing to contribute 50 centimes per month.

Queen Christina of Spain deposited her money in the Bank of England,

VAUDEVILLE AND "SASSIETY."

What the
"400" Owe
To the
Stage.

PERHAPS some of our readers will be interested in hearing what scientists have to say of the vaudeville habit which at present dominates fashionable society. Scientists contend that the rage for vaudeville is caused by "nerve spread." The gray matter, getting thin, spreads itself. The result is that the attention can be held but a few minutes at a time. A 15 minute "turn" is about the duration. Hence we have vaudeville. This opinion may or may not be correct, but it is a social fact that even a stage opinion is sacred to gossip. Is not "the thing" unless favorably commented by a Hungarian mandarin is served with the menu. Good looking men from the theaters are brought in at the feminine afternoon teas to sing their latest catchy songs, and dancers have their fling at open supper parties.

One of the recent vaudeville affairs was a breakfast of 24 covers. This was served at small tables, all heaped with roses of different hues and trimmed with ribbon to match. During each course something different went on. The Misses M. sang rattling, lively dark songs with the fish, and the Misses G. sentimental plantation melodies with the sweets. The dancers came on the scene with the fruit. Dog-berries to the contrary, comparative opinions are interesting, and Parkia, the man of the laughing song, who has supplanted the Duchess of Teck and in the company of crowned heads, has been instituting some comparisons that American hostesses will perhaps find valuable. He says that the women smothered him when he was here, in London performing. At the London crush teas every one appears to stand, while here they sit. Like other performers from afar, he is set wild by the chatter.

Although the last off of the picket fence has assuredly disappeared, there are a few whose attitude toward open playmaking folks deserves criticism and is rightfully resented by them. Private theatricals and vaudeville dinner affairs are to the leading modes of entertaining this winter; therefore it will be instructive to hear what a chatty actress in reminiscent mood had to say on the subject a few nights ago. The gist of her talk was the difference in the treatment of vaudeville performers here and in London.

When a fashionable London woman proposes to secure the services of any feminine entertainer, she goes through quite a preliminary performance herself. First she calls on her in friendly fashion and asks her to drop in informally for afternoon tea at her own home at some appointed time. The singer, dancer or recitationist, as the case may be, is made much of, and if she makes a good impression is urged to stay and dine. On the evening of the entertainment she is treated precisely the same as the guests. People are introduced, she enjoys the efforts of the other performers, partakes of the supper and finally goes home thoroughly pleased.

The contrast to this is the experience of two pretty girls, in demand here as in London, and theirs is precisely the

same as that of the other vaudevillians. Take, for example, one night last week, when they were to dance at a smart affair. When they reached the house, they were shown into a tiny room fitted with a small mirror, a table and two chairs. They were told that they would be called when they were wanted. Their dances, as it happened, were before and after other performances. Meanwhile they were evidently expected to retire to their cubbyhole, where they were neither comforted with appliances nor staid with flags.

Speaking of the stage begs thoughts of clothes, and undoubtedly it is from this source that we derive the most pleasing knowledge of dressing. It belongs legitimately to the profession of an actress to attire herself becomingly. It is to the stage women we owe a debt of gratitude this season for introducing more delightfully picturesque gowns than we've had for half a century past. What pranks they will play with the exquisite painted ribbons remains to be seen. One has begun well in calling attention to her trim waist by buckling the gay ends of an elaborate sash into an inch space. She further calls attention to her slender back and its splendid proportions by a cunningly devised corset. Her doling suggests the limitless opportunities of ribbons, wide and narrow, buckles large and small; it is for the clever girl to embrace them as they come knocking at her door.

Sashes and fichus are inseparable if you would perfect the quaintly beautiful costume. The very acme of elegance is reached when the fieu of white or cream colored diaphanous material is draped above a chemiselette worked in silks repeating the tone and design of the accompanying floral sash. In the same category may be mentioned medallion girdles of cameo, turquoise blue enamel and quaintly carved faces of peasants or those copied from the more pretentious historical halls of beauty. Dull toned gold and silver clasps and buckles atone with mock jewels dot the classic gown, which is prominent in early fall fashions. Draperies are caught at intervals with the bejeweled bits of metal in all sorts of fanciful shapes, and these illuminate beautifully beige, pearl gray and kindred quiet colorings.

Handsome as a Greek goddess was a bride, with yester gaudy lace yoke and half sleeves. The gown was ravishing in its beauty and remarkable for its apparent lack of seams and visible stitching. In this, as in other instances of similar style, it is quite a contrivance of the inevitable clasp or buckle is capable of imparting.

The loudest cry of fashion is for braiding. There is scarcely a walking costume which boasts not braid in some form or other—narrow or wide, straight or curled, in continuous rows or in broken lines—and the boleros and Eton coats, and even the jackets which reach to the hips, are entirely covered with traceries of braid. The combination of ribbon velvet with braid is new and effective, and the only trimming which tries to seriously rival braid for ordinary everyday wear is the inch wide silken fringe which used to delight

our grandmothers. This, on a black glace dress, looks quaintly old fashioned, while it is really the latest novelty, and gray cashmere dresses are to be admired when trimmed with fringe to match. Fringes may, however, not be written down among the revival of the fittest, for they are not really decorative. They rather the dust with annoying rapidity, and they cannot be credited with the merit of elegance. With the air filled with phyllophorae oratory and men drunk with partisan arguments, little is talked of save politics, and this reminds me of the alleged story of Mr. Bourke Cockran's social debut, as told by a society gossip.

Five years ago Perry Belmont took Bourke Cockran under his wing and gave him a place in his box at the opera. His surroundings were evidently Society leveled his longitudes at him and shrugged on Mr. Perry Belmont's purpose in having a politician in his box at the opera.

The past season at the opera Mr. Bourke Cockran was in everybody's box. He has become a man of fashion. His clothes are of the latest cut, his manners are suave and his gait is tripping.

When Mr. Cockran sails for Europe nowadays, society is in tears. It has lost its lion. And when I say that it has lost its lion I am reminded of the great transformation made in Mr. Cockran.

He was once a tiger, a Tammany tiger, and his roar shook the walls of all the houses in Fourteenth street. But now he is a lion, a lion without a roar, and no house could soo more gently than does Mr. Cockran.

Daisy May
New York.

SAPPHIRE CRAZE ON THE WAY.

America has not yet been inoculated against the fever for sapphires to which all London has succumbed, and the demand for this favorite of fickle fashion is so great that the supply is hard-



ly equal to meet it. What the jeweler will do when the fever is at its highest is a question for serious consideration. Until within a few years this stone was only obtainable in three districts of Ceylon and India. But now some of the most brilliant stones come from the western hemisphere. These new gems have wonderful brilliancy and vary from intense red to what is generally known as sapphire blue. The accompanying illustration shows a necklace of the gems combined with diamonds. This style is finding much favor on the other side of the water. The jewels are confined to the front of the collar and fall loosely away from the throat.

WOMEN IN CHINA.

Woman's influence in China is greater than in commonly supposed. Records of the Flower Kingdom are full of examples of women famous for their learning, heroism and high principle. Woman's lot in China is, however, not an enviable one. She is not received into the world with joy and gets very little education. At 12 she is banished from all companionship to become "the young girl who sits in the house" until her marriage, when she weds some one she has never seen. Then she must obey her husband and her mother-in-law; she may not come into contact with men or the outside world, and as a rule she cannot read. She may, however, receive ladies and return their calls.

The patriarchal system is so universal that the father is a despotical ruler over his family, and a married woman becomes so entirely a part of her husband's family that she has to yield her obedience to her husband's parents, who frequently treat her more as a slave than a daughter-in-law. The doctrine inculcated in the Chinese classics is that a woman has three stages of obedience—first, to her father; second, to her husband, and third, if her husband dies, to her son when he reaches manhood.

The old proverb goes: "Men wish their boys to be like wolves and fear lest they should be timid; their girls they wish to be like mice and fear lest they should have the boldness of the tiger." The laws established 2,000 years ago are in favor today, and among them no rules are stricter than those for keeping the women in bondage.

A SIDE TILTED HAT.

This side tilted hat is made of bellotrope straw, the brim and crown being draped with black net and ivory lace, relieved by a large choux of bellotrope ribbon. Under the brim is placed a spray of shaded foliage. A becoming toque is of purple chenille, with a softly draped brim of a spotted foulard, a soft knot with wide ends, completed by a handsome milinery buckle, being the sole garniture.

SUITS OF FRIEZE.

Suits of frieze in artistic shades are all the vogue. A gown worn at Cowes was of bellotrope frieze, drawn in at the waist with a black velvet band, the black velvet strapping finished with tiny buttons. Black velvet and rows of stitching adorned the shoulders and skirt. The vest was of pale mauve, with tucks and lace insertion. A fascinating novelty is a red three-quarter coat with scarlet moire collar.

having a special messenger who makes the trip from Madrid to London for the purpose of making these deposits. Although the queen is allowed the sum of \$200,000 a year from the Spanish treasury, she has not drawn a cent of this on account of the financial straits to which Spain has lately been subjected.

Mrs. Sheridan, mother of General Phil Sheridan, made a flag which has become historic. It is now to be presented to President McKinley.

Novel use of chiffon ruching.

A novel use of chiffon ruching is seen on the dinner gown shown in the sketch. The gown, which is of pink lustrous silk, is covered with a network of black chiffon ruching, which outlines a tablier on the skirt and a bolero on the waist. Three ruffles edged with the ruching fall below the tablier. The underbodice is made of finely tucked pink chiffon, the collar set upon it being also of blacked chiffon. A narrow belt of black velvet clasped with a gold buckle encircles the waist.

Novel use of chiffon ruching.

A novel use of chiffon ruching is seen on the dinner gown shown in the sketch. The gown, which is of pink lustrous silk, is covered with a network of black chiffon ruching, which outlines a tablier on the skirt and a bolero on the waist. Three ruffles edged with the ruching fall below the tablier. The underbodice is made of finely tucked pink chiffon, the collar set upon it being also of blacked chiffon. A narrow belt of black velvet clasped with a gold buckle encircles the waist.

Novel use of chiffon ruching.

A novel use of chiffon ruching is seen on the dinner gown shown in the sketch. The gown, which is of pink lustrous silk, is covered with a network of black chiffon ruching, which outlines a tablier on the skirt and a bolero on the waist. Three ruffles edged with the ruching fall below the tablier. The underbodice is made of finely tucked pink chiffon, the collar set upon it being also of blacked chiffon. A narrow belt of black velvet clasped with a gold buckle encircles the waist.

Novel use of chiffon ruching.

A novel use of chiffon ruching is seen on the dinner gown shown in the sketch. The gown, which is of pink lustrous silk, is covered with a network of black chiffon ruching, which outlines a tablier on the skirt and a bolero on the waist. Three ruffles edged with the ruching fall below the tablier. The underbodice is made of finely tucked pink chiffon, the collar set upon it being also of blacked chiffon. A narrow belt of black velvet clasped with a gold buckle encircles the waist.

Novel use of chiffon ruching.

A novel use of chiffon ruching is seen on the dinner gown shown in the sketch. The gown, which is of pink lustrous silk, is covered with a network of black chiffon ruching, which outlines a tablier on the skirt and a bolero on the waist. Three ruffles edged with the ruching fall below the tablier. The underbodice is made of finely tucked pink chiffon, the collar set upon it being also of blacked chiffon. A narrow belt of black velvet clasped with a gold buckle encircles the waist.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The women of Victoria, Australia, have organized an antislavery league said to be similar to the ones in this country.

Mr. Faithful Begg, the chief advocate of woman suffrage in the British house of commons, has announced that he will not be a candidate for the next parliament.

The queen of Spain has publicly de-

clared that if the marriage of the Princess of the Asturias to Prince Charles of Bourbon is celebrated no dowry will be asked for from parliament.

The Khedivah of Egypt has one of the most sumptuous yachts in the world. The saloons are most magnificently upholstered in white satin, brocade with pink roses, the cornices done in

real gold, while the panels are hung with beautiful pictures. Her own room is decorated in pink and white, the bed, with its lace trimmings, looking particularly inviting, and, owing to some superstition, she prefers to sleep on the floor.

Mme. Patti's boudoir at Craig-y-Nos is quite gayly decorated with the ribbons taken from bouquets which have been thrown to her. Among them are some which are highly prized, having

been received many years ago. It has been known that her favorite poet is Longfellow, her favorite novelist Dickens, and her greatest pleasure is derived from entertaining her friends, to whom she gives very beautiful and costly presents. Mme. Patti has the enviable reputation of having received the highest sum of money for one performance, which was \$11,000, for one night in Buenos Ayres.

The American representatives who

real gold, while the panels are hung with beautiful pictures. Her own room is decorated in pink and white, the bed, with its lace trimmings, looking particularly inviting, and, owing to some superstition, she prefers to sleep on the floor.

Mme. Patti's boudoir at Craig-y-Nos is quite gayly decorated with the ribbons taken from bouquets which have been thrown to her. Among them are some which are highly prized, having

been received many years ago. It has been known that her favorite poet is Longfellow, her favorite novelist Dickens, and her greatest pleasure is derived from entertaining her friends, to whom she gives very beautiful and costly presents. Mme. Patti has the enviable reputation of having received the highest sum of money for one performance, which was \$11,000, for one night in Buenos Ayres.

The American representatives who