

A SYLLABUBIC SYMPHONY

By KATE CLYDE

Lent is drawing to a close, and people are simply too busy for anything. On all sides you see the lazy ones making up their neglected prayers and giving out to seamstresses the charity garments they haven't had time to finish at the sewing circles. You know, all one's spiritual debts must be paid before Easter.

As for the praying—well, that depends on how you understand the word. There is a good deal of churchgoing and kneeling, however. Yesterday Muriel and I went to afternoon services and I saw a very pretty girl. Muriel is a blond, with a sweet face and demure blue eyes. She sat under a stained glass window, and it cast a glory about her. Her eyes were fixed on a dreamily on space, her head devoutly bent, her hands clasped. She looked like an angel. The others rose, sat down, rose again, but still Muriel remained in heavenly contemplation. Services came to a conclusion. Still she did not move. Finally I grew frightened, and I spoke her name gently. With a great start, she came to earth and cast a horrified glance around her at the empty church. "Oh, Kitty," she exclaimed, "do you suppose they noticed?" "And what if they did?" I answered indignantly. "Pray! church the place to pray in?" "Pray!" Muriel replied, "I was planning to pray to you. I should have the sleeves of my gown made."

I wonder that half the church was engaged in similar contemplation. The fact is, there's nothing but vanity in the air—hidden vanity, of course. But isn't vanity of the thoughts vanity?

All the shops have blossomed forth with the daintiest of things, and one simply can't help reveling in them. I am having all my gowns made early. The styles are well established, and it's folly to wait until the shops become crowded. You see, I always choose my materials myself. A girl who leaves all that to her dressmaker generally looks individually. I have a theory that you ought to be able to name the owner of a gown even when the gown is not on the person. No; that doesn't sound well. I'll begin over again. I mean that a girl's gowns should proclaim the wearer even when they are hanging on the closet hook. Now, perhaps, you understand what I mean. A person once said to me that if I could take an entirely new gown of mine—one nobody had ever seen—and if I could endow this gown with life and make it walk down Fifth avenue, all my friends would exclaim, "Here comes Kate Clyde's gown!" Of course, the person was a man. You never would catch a woman saying a nice thing like that. Oh, no! Women find out where your waist draws across the back and the reason why it "hikes up" on one side. I was going to talk about the new



In heavenly contemplation.

lines are out of date. You can't have your dress materials too soft this summer.

If I begin on the new shirt waists, I shall never finish. Of course, the tailor ones are always with us, but this year there is a general softening of the lines. Crush stocks are worn instead of stiff collars, and little frilled ties of the same material lend an air of safety to the plainest waists. Even the red flannel golf waist has become frivolous. Maudie's new one is laid in lingerie tucks back and front, and there are five tucks through the center of each sleeve. Right down the front there are three fat black velvet bows which look positively saucy. As for the little French blouses, they defy description with their many insertions and embroideries. Rose, blue, lilac and blue—these are the prevailing shades, and I want to give you a hint: It is the thing this year to have your sunshade made of the same material as your waist. For instance, if you have a rose dimity with a black dot, your sunshade must be ditto. These sunshade covers are both washable and removable.

I am merely going to touch on the hats, though I assure you I could go on talking forever without so much as stopping for breath. Thus it is to be born vain and to worship clothes! Well, my dear friends, this millinery season is a triumph for the girl who wants a thousand and one hats and who consequently must trim them at home. You purchase a becoming shape in black chiffon, white lace or whatever shade you desire. Then you buy the trimming for the hat all put together. They are actually selling in the shops Marie Antoinette wreaths of roses which will fall into place of their own accord and big, alluring rosettes of satin and

panne which simply require safety pinning to the front of one's hat. I say safety pinning because I shall never forget how I was at Narragansett Pier last summer. You see, Jack Worthington had invited us all to his yacht. I had a stunning new red gown, but no hat to go with it. So I ran down to the village store and bought a lot of red taffeta and chiffon, and Felle ripped off the pink trimmings of my white hat and tacked on the red stuff with a most Parisian touch. I tripped gayly down the street to the bathhouse where the others were waiting. There was a pretty stiff wind, and so I held on to my hat brim with all my might. After a bit I noticed people were staring; but, naturally, I thought they were admiring me. And when I reached the group on the landing! Oh, I shall never forget to my dying day how they laughed! The only trimming on my white hat consisted of four common pins standing on end!

New York.

RELIC OF THE EMPRESS.

One of the few occupations that amused and interested the late empress of Austria was shopping, which generally consisted in buying presents for her friends. This pleasure she could, of course, only indulge in during her visits to Italy and the Tyrol, when she went about strictly incognito, though she was too remarkable a personality not to be generally recognized. She not only enjoyed buying, but she knew the value of things and had no notion of giving fancy prices.

On one occasion when she was buying silk shawls, the specialty of a small Italian town, an English lady came into the shop on the same errand. The shopman, after the manner of Italians, asked a much higher price than the goods were worth. "Don't give more than—frances," whispered the empress in English as she passed. "That is their proper price." The lady thanked her, and the shopkeeper at once reduced his demand. The shawl is now looked upon almost as a relic of the beautiful empress.

JET TRIMMED EMPIRE GOWN.

An exquisite robe is an empire gown in fullest jet mounted on lisse, the décolletage cut low and square, decorated with a large, embroidered lisse collar, the same lisse embroidery forming the long sleeves.

For the women.

In St. Louis, where there are 60,000 young men, a count disclosed that only 10,000 went to church.

Queen Wilhelmina's husband has a great dislike to being referred to as a German prince. He looks a German, but lays stress on the fact that the grand ducal house of Mecklenburg is the only reigning family of western Europe of Slavonic origin. It traces its

descent through 25 generations of rulers and so claims to be the oldest sovereign house out of Asia.

Sir John Millais' "No," in which the figure of the young girl was a portrait of Miss Dorothy Tennant, who is now Sir Henry M. Stanley's wife, was sold in London recently for \$7,150.

The widowed Queen Margherita of Italy keeps the bullet that killed her

husband, King Humbert, in a beautifully jeweled reliquary of crystal and silver gilt, and it occupies a conspicuous place just above the prie dieu in her bed chamber.

Queen Victoria's death will bring about changes in 1,300 postage stamps in England and her colonies.

Among Queen Wilhelmina's numerous wedding presents a very simple but highly prized offering was two pure white doves, with bows of orange ribbon tied about their necks, which were brought to the palace in a basket by two little girls and smilingly accepted by the young queen, who is very fond of birds.

There are but few divorces in Canada—only 17 in the whole Dominion in 32 years. There has not been a divorce in Prince Edward Island, population 100,000, in 30 years.

The wine bottle which a Louisville girl threw into the ocean from the ship

Hanover on June 22 was picked up on the coast of France Dec. 31. The young lady has been notified of the "find."

Girls have shown themselves so superior to boys as telegraph messengers at St. Anne-on-the-Sea, England, that the local postmaster contemplates employing only girls in that capacity. It is stated that candidates have applied from all parts of the country.

The Dutch queen is a great novel reader, and her preference is for Eng-

lish books. She likes the novels of Scott and Dickens and is much inclined to romantic stories.

A piece of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, sent at the time of her marriage to her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in an original box and envelope, was sold at auction in London for \$5. It was still in good condition, though hardly eatable.

The Princess Christian has left England to pay a visit to the ex-Emperor

Eugene at Cape Martin. The two are old friends, and the health of the princess, which has of late not been of the best, is expected to benefit by her trip to the Riviera.

Betsy Ross, the little Quakeress whose hands sewed the first American flag, will be the heroine of a graceful little love story when the new Revolutionary romance bearing her name is staged in Philadelphia the coming spring.

office being banked upon the mantels and tables and every corner hidden behind graceful palms and ferns.

All this merely for the transitory gratification of two people who perhaps do not care for flowers. In the case of the McKinleys this statement does not hold good, as they are both ardent admirers of the dainty blooms.

Now, flowers are associated with the best and tenderest of human sentiments, with home and domesticity. They deserve to be cultivated amid loving surroundings and for the purpose of extending to the utmost their beneficent influences, not reared for the mere adornment of a room or building on public occasions. This view, it is gratifying to note, the present gentle mistress of the White House is disposed to take, and to the extent of her influence she will, it is reported, divert as many flowers as possible to their proper destinations—the homes of the worthy poor and the cot of the suffering. But in doing this she has to combat the traditions of the conservatory gardeners, who are strongly entrenched in their "power of place" and resist strenuously any innovations whatever of this character.

Some of the best photographs of Mrs. McKinley have been taken in the conservatory, with a background of palms or choice ferns, and it is quite natural to associate one of her sweet and gentle nature with the daintiest and pret-

tiest productions of cultured society. Of all the ladies of the White House very few have manifested deep concern for the flowers so lavishly strewn before them for their delectation or devoted much of their time to the gardens or conservatories. Mrs. Harrison is said to have been the only one of the later occupants to do so, but the peculiar conditions surrounding Mrs. McKinley have forced her to spend much time among the flowers, since the delicate state of her health will not admit of her going outdoors to any extent for exercise.

Those of us who have been privileged to see her "at home" in one of the gorgeous apartments of the White House, seated on a couch with her knitting or sewing, and have noted the pleasure with which she bestows upon her visitors the flowers so profusely provided at hand, do not doubt that many hearts will be gladdened and many a poor home brightened this season by the surplus products of the White House conservatories.

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