

HER LITTLE FADS  
And FANCIES.

# THE WINTER MAID

Latest Rulings of  
DAME FASHION.

THE town continues to be in a tempestuous whirl of excitement, for we are not in the midst of the "shop opening." Crowds of out of town folk, as well as the local colony of swells, are assembled to attend the first big auto exhibit at Madison Square Garden. Following this, the same character will be another of the same Central Palace, housed in the Grand Central Palace, and next on the program will be the "shop opening" and an occasional evening at the opera make up the sum total of woman's recreative but busy days.

November, as we all know, is one of the most important fashion months of the year. Modes in general have settled down to their winter campaign as standard cuts are concerned, and we're little to anticipate save now and then a trimming and incidental fads. The autumn girl has glided into the charmed circle almost unobserved. She would have been wholly ignored, so unobtrusively does she gown herself, had she not leaned heavily upon a very slender walking stick. Was she lame? Not a bit of it—she just couldn't relinquish all her masculine eccentricities of dress without a struggle, so she chose a staff, which is both a symbol of manliness and a something still to lean upon.

It is well known, the "tailor maid" of today is fully and feminine to the last degree. The cloth of her gown is perhaps the only suggestion that she belongs to the twined and serge fraternity. Aside from this she is sweetly demure in fluffy neck frills and some curly shaped velvet hat tilted very much to one side. She no longer strides, but walks with becoming dignity and attention to all traditions—wears a veil; one of that bewitching kind which has large dots at the edge, growing gradually smaller toward the top. So much for the autumn girl of 1900, who may be justly described as a composite of the several types of smartly gowned

women of yesteryear. In her get up she's part Parisienne and part English, with the savoir faire of an American. The introduction of opera in English prior to the Metropolitan's regular season brings the opera goer into prominence earlier than usual. It is her privilege to display the elegance of the evening toilet. This lesson she has learned to the final letter. She aims at startling effects and seldom fails to achieve the distinction. She seems to have reached the height of her ambition this season, as the boxes at the opera house present scenes of brilliancy in the way of shimmering gowns and jewels ever before unequalled. Entire velvet gowns, embellished with cut beads, steel or jet, are undoubtedly a splendid sartorial success, but I am not as yet reconciled to them when skirts are cut a la housemaid. A black velvet worn by a fashionable grande dame was on this order. The skirt was cut in two sections, the upper part of heavy black net shirred into the belt, and the lower half, consisting merely of a deep band of black velvet, lavishly embroidered in jet. The bodice was composed wholly of the velvet, being a sleeveless affair, with ropes of jet beads festooned about the round neck and hanging in fringe fashion over the shoulder.

Black and white combinations are made magnificent by the use of silver or gold galleon in the form of straps, belts or even fanciful decorations. These are the most pronounced novelties in the galaxy of beautiful gowns found vying their way over the opera house. A delightful example of "black and white" had an underskirt of white taffeta striped in lach white silver galleon. Over this fell a soft black chantilly lace drapery, on the hem of which were pointed lengths of the silver trimming. By this clever arrangement was gained a heavy silver effect at the bottom of the skirt, which seemed to float in a cloudlike fleeciness toward the feet. Accompanying this was a blouse, sleeveless and heart shaped, which had narrower inlays of the silver trimming.

Wraps, the background for all this loveliness, are not destined to mar the beautiful ensemble, for they are more exquisite, if that be possible, than the gowns themselves. Confections, as applied to them, would not be a misnomer, for certainly the manipulation of delicate lace, silk, feathers and chiffon beggars this descriptive title. They reach the foot of the skirt invariably. The most elaborate fit loosely and are provided with roomy, bell shaped sleeves. The sleeves of coat are ruffled in lace to give a downy appearance. Brocaded satin forms the outside, and sea-shell pink usually the lining. Overlapping lace ruffles cover the latter, so that there is just a faint rose glow perceptible border many of these wraps, and in such cases a high collar is lined with them. The deep, round circular cape, too, to describe a point which falls over the train, is another stylish model. It comes in cloth, as well as silk, and is lined oftentimes with the same color, thereby imparting a note of elegance. The unlimited use of chiffon plaitings of every conceivable variety applies to these, both in cloth and in silk.

The shop displays are marvels of excellence, as well as beauty. The cheaper products are not alluringly placed as yet. I say "excellence" advisedly, for not only are their products good to look upon, but are well and strongly made, wherein they differ largely from European purchases. Within the next six weeks will follow a secondary opening, so to speak, which will proclaim to the bargain hunter her opportunity. Hats are of two kinds—flat or steple crown. The flat ones are worn over the face, even though they are slightly lifted to suggest a rolling brim. Deep lace ruffles, measuring eight or ten inches, are draped over and under the brim of some of the more freakish ones. Long gilt slides and buckles are much used, and there is a liking for hats and trimmings of like material. Sometimes soft felt, of others panne or oriental velvet, compose the entire chapeau. Picture hats have steeple crowns and are grotesquely individual, with a fanfare of nodding plumes and much show of gilt.

Irish family Emmet. In 1788 her great-grandfather was a member of the United Irish Society. Mrs. Mrs. Lloyd Stevens and her son, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, are building two houses facing each other on Lombard street in San Francisco, having decided to make that city their home. Isabella, the former queen of Spain, who has for years been living in Paris, is now making efforts to be allowed to return to her native country, from which she was banished 23 years ago. Among the land Dyaks no youth dares venture to pay addresses to a maiden unless he can draw at her feet a netful of skulls, it being necessary for him to prove his prowess by killing a few men, women or children. Among these tribes the lower of the maiden of his choice some offer nuts. If she accepts, he is happy, but if she refuses and says, "Be good enough to blow up the fire," it means that he is dismissed. Female barbers are quite numerous in Austria, but are required by the Barbers and Wigmakers' guild of Vienna to pass an examination before going into business. One of the most curious collections in existence is that belonging to Count Einsiedeln of Berlin, who possesses specimens of the garters worn by many past queens of Prussia and by nearly all living princesses of the Prussian royal family. The Empress Frederick, the crown princess of Greece, Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen and Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe are only a few of the royal ladies whose cast off garters are among the treasures of Count Einsiedeln. London has seen the biggest dog show of the century at the Alexandra Palace. It was held by the Ladies' Kennel Association, with 6,007 entries and \$50,000 worth of prizes. At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain until the child reaches the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives, the tree is cut down, and a skilled cabinet maker transforms the wood into furniture, which is considered by the



Designed by Sisco. Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

## A USEFUL LONG WRAP.

The long wraps which are to be worn this winter combine the virtues of utility and comfort. The handsome long cloth coat from Paris shown in the picture may be used for evening or for day wear. The high collar is of fur, a material that also extends down the front of the wrap. The sleeves are covered with a scrolled pattern in strappings of cloth. The same effect is carried out on the front of the wrap. The sleeves are comfortably large, spreading out at the wrist into trumpet shape.

producing in facsimile the subtle beauty of the petticoats, aided by a broad girde of silver webbing, of which the newest belts are manufactured.

Evening gowns are not so long nor so clinging as a year ago. Of course, there are women who always wear filmy stuffs, and there are gowns in quantity to supply such a demand, but the seasonable fabrics are rich, brocades and velvets with here and there a tendency to stand out and away from the figure. The increased weight of such materials necessarily decreases the length.

One of the choicest and most expensive among the new materials is a heavy plain satin. It is the foundation of all embroidered gowns, which are the exponents of the greatest expenditure of time and money. A gorgeous creation of this kind on view at one of the openings is in pale lavender satin, embroidered in graceful, trailing vines of wistaria and smilax, with here and there rosebuds interwoven. The embroidery is a revival of the erstwhile chentle kind, crepe being substituted for that disfavoured article. Clumps of gorgeous flowers, bouquets resplendent in coloring, fashioned of bright, soft silks, are as much in vogue as the more delicate crepe tendrils.

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## HIS LITTLE WAYS.

BY THE EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

"Oh-h-h! Ah-h-h-h! Ow-w-w-w!" Mrs. Shufflebotham sprang wildly from her sweet morning sleep. At first she could not make things out. Grogginess like a fog bellying at the bottom of an empty barrel rent the air. There was a sound like the flapping of mighty wings or as of sheets and blankets tossed to and fro upon the ambient ether. Then came an agonized, long drawn out howl, and her name was pronounced. Beneath all its notes of distress she knew that voice. In velvety murmurs it had whispered love words to her in the days of her romantic girlhood. In high, diabolic, superior masculine tones it had instructed her since her marriage. It was the voice of her beloved, as the Bible says.

"Maria, oh, Maria, where are you? Why don't you come? What's the matter with everybody in this house? Are you all dead? Oh-h-h! Wah! Wow-w-w-w! I'm dying! There, there!"

Maria leaped across the Japanese matting in long leaps that would have filled a sprinter with sublime admiration and in three seconds landed beside Mr. Shufflebotham's bed.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked.

He glared wildly at her. "Matter? Here I've been dying all night with a pain in my heart, and nobody came near me! I'll never come out of it! I know I never can! Do something for me, quick! There it goes again! Ah-o-ow!"

Mrs. Shufflebotham raised the house, "Adoniram Judson," she cried, "jump into your clothes quick and run for the doctor!"

"Run for two doctors," moaned Shufflebotham, "and be quick, or I'll be dead before they get here!"

"Mary Elizabeth," continued Mrs. S., "call up the hired girl and tell her to heat some water to fill the rubber bag, while I make a mustard."

"What's the matter, dear?" plaster for your pain. You come and stay with him and get out your books about first aid to the injured that you studied in the Ethical Distension University Straining school. Turn over the pages till you come to heart disease and see what it says. Hurry! And while you are doing it fan your pa, so he can get his breath, and keep the covers on him so he won't take cold, and have Dorothy put a wet compress on his head. Don't take your eyes off him a minute."

Mr. Shufflebotham groaned anew. "Oh, oh, are you never coming? There I go again! I'm a dead goner! Maria, Maria! Have you no heart that you let a man die all alone, like a dumb brute?"

Mrs. Shufflebotham hurried to the deathbed scene. She put the hot water bag across her husband's heart and pasted the mustard plasters upon the soles of his feet.

"That's better now, Tom, dear, isn't it?" she asked coolly. "No, it isn't; not yet. And even if it is, it'll only be temporary. When I am gone, Maria, see that my grave is kept green. Send word to The Blooming of the, Maria, that I can't come. It's an awful responsibility to have two or three departments hanging on one editor's shoulders. This is the day for getting out my woman page too, I

was going to write an article telling women to control their nerves and not fly off their heads like children or go to pieces over every little foot thing. Now, nobody to do it, nobody to write anything serious but Miss Parmenter, and a woman can't do it—can't get the touch. Ah-h-h! my soul and body, there it is again! Maria, where are you? Those plasters are burning my feet to the bone, and you don't care a thing! Take 'em off! I can't stand 'em another second!" Mr. Shufflebotham kicked out wildly and scraped the plasters off by rubbing his feet together.

The doctors came. Maria, Adoniram Judson, Mary Elizabeth and the maid stood around his pillow, while the medical men administered hot drops and a narcotic. Mr. Shufflebotham lay back and closed his eyes. Peace reigned.

"I can't let you children go to school today," whispered Mrs. Shufflebotham. "Mary Elizabeth, you must watch beside your father while I keep the baby still. Adoniram Judson, you hang around the house, and don't make any noise. I'll want you in case pa gets worse and I have to send for the doctors."

Mrs. Shufflebotham sighed. She had meant to go to the Hypatia club that day. She was down for a paper on the duty of wives and mothers to contribute the higher intellectual culture in spite of sorrow. She had rummaged all the libraries in town and sent to Washington for Puh. Dues to inform her mind. What is more, she had a new bonnet to wear. Now it was all off. "Resignation is the sweetest of feminine virtues," Mr. Shufflebotham had written once in his woman page. His wife did not find it so.

Three days were away. Maria or one of the children sat beside the sick man through the daylight hours, and a trained nurse watched with him by night. The third day Mr. Shufflebotham sat up in bed. "Does a man have to be starved forever, just because he's been ill?" he demanded. "Maria, I'm sick to death of swallowing these slops. Squab on toast, a beefsteak and lyonnais potatoes, pancakes and omelets. That's what I want, and I want it quick. It'll make a new man of me."

"But, Thomas, when you've been at death's door!"

"But I ain't staying at death's door, am I? I ain't a woman, am I, to coddle myself up, when there's nothing much the matter with me?"

Shufflebotham got the nourishment he craved. The doctor came for a farewell call.

"Is he likely to have one of these heart attacks again?" asked Mrs. Shufflebotham.

"Heart attack!" exclaimed the man of medicine. "Madam, it was no heart ailment. When the stomach is the recipient of scalloped crabs for its nourishment, it is not always in condition to assimilate them. Then it refuses to do so. In that case the scalloped crabs remain for a shorter or longer period undigested. A fermentation supervenes in the inward parts, gases are generated, their passage through the colon is attended with pain."

"Yes, Maria, that's what I said—the colon," remarked Mr. Shufflebotham. "Was that all—indigestion?" said Maria. "Why, I've had that four days myself and never thought of mentioning it."

## HOW TO DRESS.

The very latest idea is to dress to suit the furniture in your room—or, vice versa, to furnish your rooms to harmonize with your dresses. Thus, if your drawing room is decorated in shades of rose, your gowns for home wear must be in similar shades. Whether we are to refresh our rooms when we want to change the color of our gowns, Dame Fashion does not say. But anything for novelty, no matter what the cost!

Until a woman reaches the age of 20 she may wear just what she pleases in regard to colors, style and shape of garments. After that age she must be more careful and give a little thought to her complexion and figure before deciding upon her gowns. After to still more judgment is needed, especially in colors. Look preserved women who desire to look young make a mistake when they array themselves in bright colors in the daytime. At night vivid tints may not be unbecoming, but worn in the sunlight they accentuate every mark of age.

Nature teaches us a lesson in color which it would be well for us to heed. In early youth the light, soft tints of spring; in early womanhood the glowing hues of summer; in autumn, rich, dark tones; in winter, the pure white and gray shades that are in perfect harmony with old age. Few people relegate black to its proper place in feminine attire. Its adoption is properly supposed to be specially suited to the elderly, or those past the bloom of youth. This is a mistake. Only women still in the glory of fresh flesh tints look their best in black. Those who are past should avoid it as much as possible or cover it with creamy lace. This, of course, does not apply to the Dresden shepherdess type of lady, whose delicate coloring and snow white curls are thrown into relief by the somber hues of rich black satin or stiff brocade, with its softening accompaniment of lappets and fichu of honiton or Venice point. Alas that nowadays this dear old lady should be so rare!

## A CLOSED SLEEPING BAG.

A German manufacturer has taken out a patent for a new sleeping device in the form of a bag. In order to avoid the inhalation of cold and humid air and the entrance of rain and insects and, on the other hand, to get sufficient warm air to relieve the occupant, the bag is breathed freely by the occupant. The bag has been provided with a number of small air tubes, covered on the outside with a kind of mosquito netting. It is said that a number of these bags have been shipped to China, to be tried by the German troops.

MME. MACHINKA

# THE WORTH OF LONDON

Inventor of Fashions.

ONE of the remarkable persons in London is Mme. Machinka, the beautiful society woman who designs the gowns of the court and the Marlborough House set. She is remarkable not only for the ability which has brought her an immense income and the title of "the Worth of London," but because she is a woman of high birth and fashion. Offers of splendid salaries from both Worth and Paquin have been received by her in order to induce her to give up her own business and go to Paris to design costumes for them. There are, of course, many cleverer modistes, but Mme. Machinka is not a dressmaker, and she is in trade only because she wishes to add to the moderate income of a London society woman, as so many others of title and position are now doing. Mme. Machinka does more than give her business the prestige of a great name. As is the case with the Countess of Warwick, who keeps a shop, she personally superintends her establishment, receives customers and executes her ideas.

In private life Mme. Machinka is Mrs. Jack Cummings, the wife of one of the handsomest men in English society. The Cummings blood is of the very bluest in Great Britain. There was a De Comyn killed at the battle of Anwick so long ago as the year 800. It is through Margaret, daughter of Robert Bruce, that the Cummings trace their ancestry back to royalty.

Mrs. Cummings is a Frenchwoman by birth and belongs to one of the families of the old French noblesse, with its ancient feudal estates, blue blood and limited income. Her husband, while a man of means, is not rich in the extravagant acceptance of the word in modern society. With a town house and several fine country places, she found that neither herself nor her husband could keep up the ancient splendors of their respective estates on their moderate incomes.

Mrs. Cummings, from the time she entered society, has been known in her set as "the best dressed woman in England." Long before she went into business her friends, who consulted her in regard to the selection of gowns and

Naylor-Leyland, Lady Curzon, the Duchess of Manchester, Lily, Lady Bessborough, the Princess Hatzfeldt, Mrs. Fanny Ronalds, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Jack Leslie, Mrs. Arthur Paget, the Hon. Mrs. Frewen and Lady Terence Blackwood are among the American women when she gowns, either partially or entirely.

Of other women may be mentioned the famous beauty, the Princess of Piess, said to be the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," Mrs. Cornwallis-West, mother of the Princess of Piess and the beautiful Mrs. Shaila West, the Baroness Adeline, Mrs. Lanning and her daughter and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Mrs. Cummings is Mme. Machinka, the dress inventor and couturiere. In her handsome private parlors only a few of the socially select are given audience, but in the great salon, where the general customers are received by her assistants, she gives a few minutes to each one. This is in order that she may know how to instruct the artists who first sketch in water colors the gowns which she proposes to have made. By studying each patron she can form an idea of what will be most becoming to her style.

At 4 o'clock Machinka drives to her home in Cambridge square, Hyde park, where she is Mrs. Cummings, the society woman, entertaining and entertaining by the most exclusive circle of the British aristocracy. She has three beautiful children, and it is for their sakes as much as for her own that she gives up so much time to the business establishment, for "money, not rank or birth or intellect, is the great power today," says this clever woman.

She is a blond of the pronounced type, and her gowns are always models of exquisite dressing. The frock which she wears in the portrait herewith is a beautiful one of gray, trimmed with hands and appliques of lace. Her short velvet coat, with its high collar, sable lined, is in the very latest fashion, yet possesses an individuality all her own.



MME. MACHINKA (MR S. "JACK" CUMMINGS).

The details of her toilet, suggested that she might "make money" out of her gift. It was not until it became a matter of course for aristocratic women to go into business and the professions that she thought seriously of turning her taste in dress to profitable account. At first she merely designed for a few friends, and then, finding that the demand for her services was very great, and that it was only under her personal supervision that her ideas were absolutely sure of being carried out successfully, she took a house. It is a big, double stone structure, decorated and furnished as handsomely as if it were intended for a dwelling. Then she secured artists and dressmakers and, putting a silver plate bearing the nom de guerre Mme. Machinka upon the door, was ready to receive her customers.

Of course, society people were her first patrons. These included the smart women of the court and the Marlborough House set, together with many of the royal princesses of England. Nearly all the London American women of title have their gowns designed, or, as she calls it, "invented," by Mme. Machinka. The "Inventress" of the Marlborough, Lady Heskett, the Countess of Essex, the Countess of Craven, Lady

how the fund was growing, and even after purchasing this monument there is a large surplus which will be given to the Elizabeth Home For Tuberculous.

Mrs. Helen Grenfell, Colorado superintendent of public instruction, has discharged the duties of her office so successfully for two years that a petition has been signed by the leading educators of the state demanding her re-nomination.

Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School For the Deaf of Boston, has held her office for over 32 years. This institution was founded in 1868 and was the pioneer as a day school for the deaf and dumb.



Designed by Bonoulet. Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

## SMART CLOTH GOWN.

Street gowns and house gowns of cloth are now finished with large, aggressive looking plaits, stitched down about one-third of the length with parallel rows of close stitching. The costume in the illustration, which is a new Paris creation, has skirt and bodice of the same material. On the bodice the plaits are stitched flat to the lining. An ornamental collar of cloth faced with satin, which in turn is covered with lace, gives the finishing touch to the toilet.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Three women, the wives of famous husbands, have been accorded the honor of burial in Westminster abbey. They are Lady Palmerston, Lady Augustus Bunsby, wife of Dean Stanley, and Mrs. Gladstone.

Mme. Craski of the Moscow observatory recently discovered a star of the Algol type, this being her second discovery of the kind, her first having been found two years ago. An Algol star is variable—that is, the light is diminished at regular intervals by the revolution of a companion star. Her most recent discovery is wonderful in that no telescope now in use is powerful