

A GRIST OF FASHION GOSSIP

KATE CLYDE

BUT the end of my pen and looked across at Peggy. "What shall I talk to them about this time?" I inquired.

Peggy raised her eyes from the book she was reading. "It might be a good idea if you told them something about the styles just for a change," she remarked, with heavy sarcasm. "I pity your readers if they have to depend on you for ideas for their dresses."

"But"—I objected. "But nonsense!" interrupted Peggy. "You are the greatest little gossip, Kit! You talk of everything but the principal thing. Now I don't believe you have even mentioned the new skirts or those cunning little waists which fasten down the back or the strawberry shortcake hat or—"

But at this point I stopped up my ears, and Peggy was forced to go back to her book. Perhaps she is right. The strawberry shortcake hat is the latest thing in millinery. Fancy a medium sized sailor with a Tam O'Shanter crown being so large that it extends as far as the brim. Of course, this leaves a wide groove which is filled up with a crushed tulle trimming, so that Peggy's comparison was very apt considering that the hat which prompted it was of such straw with a filling of deep red tulle. These shapes are the ugliest things you ever saw, and you have to be more than pretty to look well in one.

Certainly have been neglected about dress, yet, goodness knows, they are an important detail, for almost the entire success of a dress nowadays depends on the trimming and hang of the skirt. There are any number of new styles, but they are all very elaborate. First and foremost come the tucked skirts. The old standby, of course, is the perpendicular skirt, but the imported gowns show a vast amount of bias cutting. I noticed a pretty gown of Daisy Faa. Triller's which was sent over from Paris only a week ago. The entire trimming consisted of tucks, these ran on the bias from right to left all around the skirt. Of course, it took skillful fingers to carry this out successfully, but it gave a delightfully quaint look to an otherwise simple gray gown. One of the most striking effects is the herringbone in which the bias cutting is brought into points by means of a seam back and front. Mme. Arzentine is making me a blue voile gown

in this way, and it is very pretty, especially as the trimming illustrates one of the most up to date ways of using black velvet. You see, the gown is dark blue, and it is all banded with deep insets of pale yellow taffeta. These are partially covered with two appliques of black chintilly which are so arranged that they leave uncovered a strip of the pale yellow taffeta about two inches wide. Then from applique to applique across this bare section are sewed perpendicular strips of the narrow velvet ribbon. This latticework is charming, and it gives a much richer effect to the gown than plain lace.

One hears a great deal of talk about the wider and shorter skirts. French designers have sent over models of this description, but, in spite of their growing popularity in Paris, they have not found favor on this side of the water. I asked Mme. Arzentine the reason why, and she gave a large and expressive shrug of her shoulders.

"Mademoiselle," she remarked, "see like this. Ze Frenchwoman she entire different figure from ze Americanine. Ze Parisienne she ees plump, she ees rounded, she haf ze short waist line zat go in so, and she dress soft, blousy, wiz a little belt zat nip her in like a string. She ees all frou frou and chic. But ze Americanine! She may be seven feet or five; eet ees all ze same. She want ze long, long, half starved effect—ze sardine figure. Ah, I have no patience wiz her!"

Peggy is deep in the shirt waist question, and so I suppose that is why she wants me to put a word about them in this letter.

She has gone around for the past week with red, green, blue and yellow samples in her pocketbook and a look of profound abstraction on her face. She even handed a pink sample instead of her fare to a street car conductor and was only recalled to her senses by the chuckles of the other passengers. But that is a painful subject with her, and we don't mention it. What she wants me to say is this: The newest waists all button down the back, and if you want to be really and truly swell you must either get up an hour earlier in the morning or engage the services of a maid to help you into them. They are made quite soft, these new blouses, and the favorite materials are wash silk and batiste. They are ornamented with wide bands of insertion or handsome embroideries, and the collars, which are detachable, are made of unstarched pique or tulle muslin. The buttons are either made invisibly by means of a lap or they are very fancy and form a portion of the ornamentation of the waist.

It was at an afternoon whist at Maisie Bender's that I noticed a pretty waist of this description. It was made of a very unusual material—brushed net over a coffee colored silk lining. From collar to belt it was laid in tiny tucks, and it was trimmed with ap-

plique of Persian ribbon in a black, green and rose design.

Yes, we are still devoted to bridge whist in spite of all the rumors that the fad would cease with Lent. The game is played not six, but seven, days in the week. Of course, what is done on the seventh is not much talked about, but a recent case leaked out. A young man was invited by a society matron to join a bridge whist party. He was much flattered, so he accepted, but was somewhat shocked to hear that the game would take place Sunday evening from 8 to 11. His hostess silenced his objections by telling him that it would be a very quiet little game and that if he refused he would break up the party, as it was too late for her to secure another man. So he was forced to make his appearance on the Sunday appointed. It was on the stroke of midnight when he succeeded in calling a hansom and making his escape. He was exactly \$1,000 the poorer.

The latest thing now is the living bridge party. Mrs. Horner gave one last week. Margery Ericson went, and she told me all about it. It appears that 52 guests were dressed in white silk gowns applied with velvet spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs. Even the face cards were represented, perfect in every detail. The game was played by four people in the usual way, and the living cards were dealt and fell out when played. Margery says that the room presented the prettiest scene imaginable. It looked as if magic had been performed. The only artistic bit was Mrs. Horner, who chose to appear as the queen of hearts. This impersonation hardly suited her red face and round figure. But what's the use of being a multimillionaire if you can't take liberties of this sort? New York.

THE CZARINA'S SISTER.

A granddaughter to whom Queen Victoria was greatly attached is the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, nee Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, one of the four charming daughters of the late Princess Alice, the queen's favorite daughter. The grand duchess resides in Moscow, of which her husband is governor general.

The grand duke Serge is a brother of the late czar and of the duchess of Coburg and uncle of the present ruler of all the Russias. The grand duchess is an older sister of the czarina, to whom, by reason of marriage, she also stands in relation of aunt.

The grand duchess, who, in spite of her youthful appearance, is 37 years of age, was married at St. Petersburg on June 15, 1884, and on April 25, 1891, she became a member of the Greek church, which her sister joined at the time of her marriage with the czar.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

More and more men as well as women are coming to think the belief is well founded that real marriage is comradeship. Milton believed it when he declared that the end of marriage was conversation. To make good comradeship that will last through life both must have interests that are worthy and permanent, both must have the power of growth, both must have the love of service, if life is to be closely lived together.

daughters of the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Constance Butler, Lady Helen Stewart and several of the younger members of the viceregal court. Lady Mabel is fond of outdoor sports and is devoted to fishing.

When the king of Portugal visited Paris, he saw and admired Mme. Rejane in "Madame Sans-Gene," and the idea of presenting her with a pair of mules from the royal stables struck him as being appropriate. Rejane was delighted, although it took a considerable time to train them.

The Duchess of Abercorn and her two young daughters are among the kindest and most practical patronesses and helpers of the Irish Industries Association of England. Many years have gone by since the duchess started the Baronesscourt industry, now one of the most flourishing in the kingdom, some idea of the useful work done in connection with it being supplied by the mention

of the fact that Baronesscourt furnishes 14,000 pairs of socks each year to the clothing department of the British army.

The little diamond crown which Queen Victoria favored after her widowhood never looked large enough for her and sometimes seemed as though it must tumble off her head. It was once in great danger as her majesty mounted the throne during one of her rare visits to parliament, and Princess Beatrice

had to come quickly to the rescue to keep the sovereign emblem in place. At the Duke of York's marriage the Princess of Wales wore the diamond tiara, Russian shape, which the ladies of England gave her as a silver wedding present. The Russian tiara has become a useful article to the leading ladies of English society, as it can quickly be turned into a necklace of very handsome appearance. In England this ornament is not usually worn as at the

czar's court, but differently poised on the head. Many people consider Mrs. Cornwallis-West still the loveliest of the charming trio composed of herself and her two daughters, Princesses Henry and Beatrice. The mistress of Ruthin castle, nee Miss Fitzpatrick, has a full measure of Irish wit and brilliancy as well as true Irish beauty, and to these gifts she joins the possession of an exquisite voice.

tion of places of cure. Some of the most famous of Germany's physicians were received by her majesty, among others the celebrated Bavarian doctor, Professor von Ziemessen, with whom the empress conversed at some length. Lady Mabel Annesley, the pretty young stepdaughter of the Countess of Annesley, is one of the charming group of Irish maidens which includes the

empress of Germany is known to be ever the first to further the interests of any project set on foot for the alleviation of human suffering and for the diminution of disease. Her majesty gave ample evidence of this a few days ago by granting a special audience in the royal castle to the representatives of the movement on behalf of the erec-

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

SPRING TAILOR MADE GOWN.

WOMEN OF FOREIGN LANDS.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE LATEST BOLERO COSTUME.

THE KIND OF MEN WHO NEVER MARRY.

"There was never yet a bachelor of 40 whose heart has not been at some woman's feet to take or leave, as she would," says a well known writer, and this, generally speaking, is absolutely true.

However, there is one type of man, a very rare one fortunately, who from a mixture of cold love of self and miserliness rigidly eschews matrimony.

Of such a one the story is told that, being on one occasion somewhat impressed by the bright eyes and red lips of a certain damsel, he gave some thought to the married state and pondered over the advisability of entering it.

Racked with doubt, he ordered a large meat pie to be prepared, and on its appearance divided it in half. There was ample! Then the reflection crossed his mind that in course of time a subdivision might be necessary.

The portions were divided by a trembling hand into two. He looked, hesitated and scraped them all on to his own plate.

The damsel had to find another lover. Men who regard marriage as "an insane desire to provide for another fellow's daughter" or "the picturesque gateway to a commonplace estate" are far better unmarried. The temporary devotion of their little souls would make no woman the happier.

VICTORIA REIGNED 23,223 DAYS.

Somebody with the bump of statistics abnormally developed has taken the trouble to calculate the exact length of the Victorian era in days, hours, minutes and even seconds.

As the reign of Queen Victoria began at 20 minutes past 2 on the morning of June 20, 1837, and closed at half past 6 the evening of Jan. 22, 1901, it follows that the total length was 23,223 days, 237,388 full hours, 33,443,176 minutes or 2,006,590,200 seconds. All but 546 1/2 hours of it were in the nineteenth century.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRADES.

THEY called it the W. A. P. C.—Woman's Anti Personality Club. It was founded upon the ruins of a once flourishing feminine organization that had gone to pieces because its members could not resist the temptation in discussion to illustrate a general point by particular reference to the finances, families, fashions, frailties or faces of their sister members.

At first the name Anti Friction club was proposed. A lady who had studied mental science pointed out, however, very logically that if personalities were avoided there could be no friction; so they decided "Anti Personality" to be the correct thing. The first bylaw read:

Any member indulging in personalities during a meeting of this club shall be suspended from its privileges at pleasure of the governing board.

While this bylaw was under consideration the president left the chair temporarily in order that from the floor she herself might speak to the motion, so vital did she regard it. She made in its favor an appeal so touching that two ladies who had not spoken to each other for a year moved over together and kissed each other before all the folk. Several other members shed tears. When immediately after the president's speech the question

was put to the ladies by yeas and nays vote, there was ne'er a yea in the bunch.

Under these exalted auspices the W. A. P. C. started. Mankind beheld how sweet and lovely it was for sisters to dwell in unity. The era of reconstruction of the old fashioned woman idea in the minds of men was on.

A month after the adoption of the bylaws the first social meeting was held. The question for discussion had been prepared very carefully by a committee woman noted for her amiability. She had chosen the subject of music as one naturally promotive of blooming harmony. She worded the statement of her question in a manner so delicate that it could not give offense to the most sensitive feminine soul. It was as follows:

Music is a moral law.—Plato. Received. That on individuals who appreciate the dynamics of melody and rhythm is incumbent a behavior consonant with that exalted plane of being. No malicious impulse, no unworthy rage of common passion, no dress of civility, divides the sublime seal that can in thought reach the high C or vibrate in unison with the ineffable electric color thrills and ecstatic mysteries of B flat.

Adonira (Mrs. Charles) van Hebrides spoke first after the committee woman in advocacy of the deep Emersonian sentiments above stated. A holy calm pervaded her paper until she said:

"But it gives me inward pain to note how unworthy of their sacred calling professional women singers and musicians generally are, having no regard for their moral or social reputation."

"She got no further. Mme. Adonira Pertona sprang to her feet and shook a dainty white gloved finger in the face of Adonira (Mrs. Charles). In a high D sharp she shrieked:

"Woman, I've been a professional singer 20 years, and I want you to understand that I am just as respectable as you are and move in the choicest circles. You are an—"

"I protest!" exclaimed Adonira (Mrs. Charles). "I have suffered socially from inviting professional women to my house."

Fifteen ladies sprang to their feet. They all talked at once. There was a buzzsaw vibration of eloquence in which could be distinguished "order," "unparliamentary," "ashamed of herself," the thumps of the president's gavel sounding meanwhile like successive blasts of dynamite. Adonira (Mrs. Charles) van Hebrides raised her voice and waved her white kid hand with the greatest imaginable dignity.

"I protest," said she, "against this unparliamentary interruption. Mrs. Pertona, at your age!"

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return to her own land as highly educated and up to date as any college-bred American girl. Yet this princess of the blood was traveling second cabin in order that she might eke out her money and turn it in on her education. What princess of any other nation would have done that? What American girl college student?

There are Japanese women doctors, teachers, merchants and writers. These women of the Island Empire have not the freedom and honor of their sisters in America, but they are not under so much restraint as Spanish women, and they have to a considerable degree the approval and encouragement of their men in their attempt to rend the veil which holds in darkness the feminine

sex in the orient. No other men of an oriental nation thus encourage their wives and daughters to make of themselves new women.

On the theatrical stage in China and Japan female parts have been personated by men, as they still are in China. In Japan, however, women are now permitted in the dramatic profession, and one or two have won distinction in this field. I have seen recently a copy of a Japanese periodical in which a famous actress was sketched and pictured much after the fashion of western magazines. This Japanese lady star was represented in one picture in her dressing room, where her manservant had just finished attiring her for her part.

The outlook for womanhood in Japan is hopeful, altogether so. And Japan's best guarantee for future civilization lies not so much in her new navy as in the rapidly increasing enlightenment of her women. They are lively, lovable and gifted, worthy to be welcomed among their sisters of western civilized nations. ALICE W. MORTIMER.

MILK AS A TOILET LOTION.

Theoretically, on account of its cream and albumen, milk is a valuable cosmetic, but its advantages are more than counterbalanced by the very irritating character of the salts and sugar contained in the milk. As a rule, milk renders the skin red in a patchy way. Skins differ very greatly in their sensitiveness to the action of milk. When it can be used without subsequent irritation, it should always be warmed—not boiled.

It must be borne in mind that milk quickly undergoes septic change. If used as a lotion and the skin is not cleansed daily with hot water, soap and rinsing, pimples may be expected.

The milk bath of the experts, about which such wild statements have been made, is never adopted as a routine agent for treating exposed parts of the skin. It is always followed by careful cleansing and at the first sign of irritation, popular or otherwise, by proper remedies.

BUMPED HEADS WITH THE QUEEN.

In a biography of Leech a story of the late Queen Victoria's ready wit when a girl is told. The artist was giving her a painting lesson, when she dropped her pencil. She stooped to pick it up, which Leech did also, with the result of the usual collision. Much overcome, the artist attempted to stammer out an apology, but before he could speak the young queen, smiling good naturedly,

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

HAT OF STRAW AND CHIFFON.

to put him at his ease, said, "Well, Mr. Leech, if you and I put our heads together in this way I ought to improve very rapidly."

HAT WITH TULLE RUFFLING.

This is a serviceable hat, for it may be worn with either a tailor made or a dressy gown. Black satin straw was selected as a foundation for the original model. The bolero brim was composed of eight ruffles of pale gray mousseline de sole edged with tiny black

velvet ribbon. The hat was tilted on one side by a black velvet band. This was concealed by a large pale yellow rose, which gave the desired touch of color.

Another pretty way to make the hat would be to have it of black straw and tulle edged with narrow silver ribbons. With this color scheme a salmon pink rose would be more effective than the yellow one.

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.

"You needn't tell me that women have no sense of humor," said one mean man jester to another.

"Well!"

"I overheard a stuttering man propose once. He said, 'I l-l-love y-y-you d-d-devotedly, m-m-m-y d-d-dear B-B-Blanche. W-w-w-will y-y-you m-m-marry m-m-me?'"

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