THE WORLD OF WOMEN

DAINTY HATS DESCRIBED BY DAISY MAY.

[Copyright, 1899.]

Yellow crocuses and blue periwinkles in florists' windows usually remind the passing throng that spring is here. Yet validity watched for their appearance along the thoroughfares for the past week, and each time my disappointment grew greater when no slender necks from the familiar stems surrounded by their yellow hoods nor starry petals did proclaim. It is the custom to bar according to such signs of the year, and for it we are ruled. When early blossoms bid you good day, it is time to be off with the old and on with the new. I want a straw hat, which I confess is responsible for the deep interest I evinced. And after the manner of some mammas who hold the purse strings and on occasion assert parental authority by designating the "when, wherefore and where" which so frightfully irritate Daisy. The aforesaid "when" proved the unbearable adverb which frustrated state and made me long for crocuses and periwinkles by the yard. Mamma said: "Straw hat indeed! Not till spring blossoms appear!"

This morning my floral messengers meekly greeted me at Broadway and Twenty-fifth street alongside of the celebrated Lawson pink. Here they were in flat dishes springing from out a mound of green, quite naturalike, yet so lacking! The frenzy for a new straw hat almost furrowed me. I failed to experience the keen delight of previous occasions, and I hated myself for the seeming inconsistency. The window fascinated, though, and before evening I had repassed it a number of times merely to stop and gaze. Now that I am at home, the unbridled is analyzed, and I know why my dear, sweetly sensible flowers failed to provoke the old time exhilaration. They are out of the procession. The eye, grown accustomed to chrome color, demands even of nature her more brilliant hues, and to quicken pulses, to thrill, needs must have them.

Adieu, pretty crocus and modest periwinkle, with all your simple sweetness! Your reign is over. The probable source your throes, and henceforth merely as a harbinger of spring and monitor for bonnet buying will recognize the blushing carnation. This year the Lawson variety on elderly women is sufficiently charming to control the voice of all dissenters who at her bidding forsaken allegiance to other queens of springtime. With a wish I must throughout the fact that crocuses, periwinkles and mild aunts are destined to flourish in remote corners of the earth seldom seen while pinks and bachelor girls prosper. The boisterous pink can increase its splendor and has put on another coat of velvet. By reason of a dressmaker's skill her petals are now double faced in velvet softness.

What about that hat? I'd almost lost myself in admiration of jack roses and that florist knew which flowers grave and gay contrast for expressory. On my down town jaunts looking for my familiar floral friends I searched the bonnet shops. There were so many beautifully built chapeaux I was unable to decide which I best liked. I tried the pink and the latest shade to perpetuate a fondness for the progeny of this much favored family.

For a personal utility hat I can scan an all straw which will strongly appeal to the tailor maid. It was an exaggerated crash toque in wood brown shade, rather round than oblong, with crown high and indented at irregular intervals. The pointed quills above and of velvet of the same brownish hue massed on the left side were its sole trimming.

One of the oddities took on a continental swagger, sidling another to the discovered models of yesterday. The idea was undoubtedly borrowed from the Washingtonian period, lending in its modernity much of original beauty. Four distinct corners slightly upturn. The hat is decorated by two immense and fluffy cheaux of liberty silk supporting the inevitable quills, which, however, aptly illustrates the newest millinery wrinkle.

My toy is the picture hat. The one in question is a violet fancy which promises to no uncertain tones a continuation of the purple craze. We Americans are keeping unfurled the purple flag as our insignia of choice relation with royalty and thereby strengthening Jenney Bell's announcement to Germany of its Dulce friendly attitude. I should advise milliners in our new possessions to permanently adopt the color as a mourn to the memory of hard statesmen. A violet brim, upon which the stems of a big mottled bunch rested, supplied a novel effectiveness to this particular class of chapeau, always built on similar plans.

Summer hats for the most part will be made of tulle and shirred silk mousseline. A profusion of flowers in velvet or the substantial green leaves in which they will be trimmed are in striking contrast. Satin braids and fancy straws all in one color, but brilliant, are de rigeur. The rosettes and straw straps stitched on taffeta are the novelties of this milliners.

As hat and shirt waist must match to be fashionable I took a look at the new bodices. Shirt waists begin the season in a blaze of glory. Their evolution has been marvelous. From the plebian origin of dowdy sparsee waist of 1895, with ordinary sleeves and unpretentious collars, evinces the bodice of amazing proportions which some other can imagine. There is no rule governing the quality of cloth from which they may be fashioned. Just now women are in a flutter over embroidered linen and poplins. A tendency to abolish all surplus fullness and to provide a peplum is a characteristic observed. An inclination for Russian blouse effect was demonstrated in violet silk patterned in oblong pieces joined by fancy stitching, showing an intermixing of white. It was fastened at the side by double tube placed six inches apart, which also held together the opaque skirt showing beneath the belt.

A very picturesque scarf arrangement is frequently seen on some of the smartest bodices. In this instance blue and white striped silk was chosen. The long and broad scarf encircles the neck crosswise and tie in front at the throat in a small butterfly bow, the ends being formed in a sailor knot at the foot the to dangle loosely. Flowers deeply pointed suggest a return of this late lamented gift of fashion and are made outlined in order that they may drop carelessly.

Green is numbered among the popular shades. In pastel tints it is very fetching combined with darker shades or black. Designed to attract attention was a fanciful bodice of dark and light green. The plaited vest just reached the waist line, while a bolero jacket fell a few inches lower. A notable collar, low in front, with high dog ear arrangements hugging the back of the neck, was rather more amusing than otherwise.

Ribbons are the proper adornment for grandfather and mother, and since this is a season of dishtowels clothe the ribbon there is at its height. Dresden designs are more lavish, more artistic, more exquisite, than they have been during the winter. Their popularity is on the increase. New combinations in color are impossible, as every known association of tints representing favorite flowers has been employed for the past few months. Note fruits are brought into requisition with charming results. Some of the most showy examples which are on display for early spring are in sash width, measuring from 6 to 16 inches wide. These have the appearance of having had a handful of blossoms thrown at them without regard to order.

A new ribbon scheme had a narrow check running through the center and a Dresden border on either side. One especially attractive combination is an olive green plaid an inch and a half wide, bordered by a vine of pansies. A tiny check in shades of lavender, with a violet border on an ecru background, is among the charming varieties in this particular category.

Perhaps a more novel and peculiarly woven ribbon is that with tinsel effect. These come in dark colors and strongly resemble cloth of gold. A handsome pattern defines bunches of grapes with real green foliage. The reddish purple from alternates with a bunch of shrine grapes of vivid green. Narrow black with stripes running through the design into a dress. Such ribbons are made into stocks and belts and harmonize with any green which one might choose to wear.

Persian designs are prime favorites, wrought in tapestry fashion of blues, very gold and rose. Not infrequently are seen colored satin stripes of uneven width about half an inch from the edge on ribbons of this character. Shot ribbon with geometrical figures and stolen in bas-relief is very effective. Cheer is rampant—browns, pale blue and coral—the delicate tints vying with one another in kaleidoscopic combination.

Taffeta has been superseded by the lighter weight or more gauzy stuff for ribbons which are suitable to summer fabrics, yet, with that perversity to which fashion is remarkable, velvet ribbons are the vogue and are intended for the trimmings of shortest skirt and skimpy summer cloths. Plain ribbons are no longer recognized. Delicate shades, which are emphasized by a variety of blossoms in darker hues, are permissible. Pronounced patterns which leave nothing to the imagination have clearly the preference. Chrysanthemums and roses in garlands over miniature beds of blossoms in the earth ribbons and seem so vividly realistic that one is loath to make them into bows and ends and loops or knots for fear of crushing the life out of them.

Daisy May

New York.

NEW CONCEITS IN BODICES AND HATS.

All Is Vanity.

"There are no men in my photographs in these days," said a fashionable photographer the other day as the talk turned to posing before the camera.

"Why not?" we asked.

"Vanity first, style second, vanity third," was his reply.

"Then a woman does not care for a likeness?"

"She does—sometimes, but not often. Not when she is going to give the picture to the young man from whom she expects a proposal or to any stylish relations or, indeed, when she is intending it for her drawing room mantelshelf. I make a specialty of women's work, and I assure you that you would be thunderstruck if you could notice the difference between the real physical characteristics of the customer who goes in and the finished product as we place it on the easeiel for her in a few days ready for some purpose of society."

"How about the men?" was then asked.

"I am glad you spoke of it," the photographer answered. "Do not think the women are alone. They are vain, I'll admit, but it is my impression that the male customers are even more fastidious. A man is a hard fellow to suit even at best. He will stand and expect about twice as much flattery as a woman. Here her does well. I would rather flatter a woman than a man at any time. Give me the woman, rather, with all her vanities and foibles, for she is much easier to suit, provided always we flatter her a little, but the men are not satisfied even with wholesale flattery. Vanity has thus killed our art."

Fashionable Hairdressing.

It is not an easy thing to do the hair well in the new fashion on the nape of the neck. The actual ceiling of the mass of hair is worn enough, but the head itself must be carefully dressed. The hair must be carefully, though slightly pulled and most carefully and completely stylish to large natural wave right round the head. The tight fringe must not be touched, but very simply curled. To some faces this style is most becoming, but it must be cautiously attempted, for few heads can bear flatness, and the Hesperian woman is too apt to think a curling and puffing unnecessary, and strain the hair exactly off her face. To vary with this coiffure in the evening there is a diversity of ornaments of different shapes.

It is correct to wear the deep curved back comb just above the coil, so that those of us who invested in a costly tortoise shell and paste specimen a year ago may bring ourselves in the consciousness of a good investment. The wired velvet bow is very much used for the hair, and a black velvet it can be applied to various dressings of the hair.

A Simple Polish For Furniture.

Boiled linseed oil is the simplest polish known. It should be boiled the day before needed, as it must be quite cold.

BEAUTY HINTS.

Mary Scott Rowland Discourses Learnedly Upon the Correction of Facial Blemishes.

[Copyright, 1899.]

Freckles are due to circumscribed deposits of pigment in excess of that found in the surrounding skin. They occur under the influence of the sun's light and heat and are either permanent or temporary. Persons of light hair and thin skin freckle much more readily than do dark persons, for with the former the sun's rays seem to have a greater attraction for the coloring matter of the skin and to draw it to the surface with more facility. Red haired people are notable for their susceptibility to freckles.

Freckles are irregular shaped brownish spots of pigment, occurring on the face and backs of the hands. They appear sometimes as distinct patches, sometimes as little blurs, caused by the joining of the edges of the several and distinct freckles. They are greatly dreaded in this form, as they give the skin a rusty or dirty appearance.

Freckles do not usually make their appearance on very small children, but when once they come they may be regarded as chronic, lasting at intervals for a lifetime and being more marked in summer than in winter.

As a precaution those who are inclined to freckle should as much as possible keep out of the sun. The rays of the sun when reflected from water are especially productive of crops of freckles.

When compelled to be outdoors, it is a small measure of protection on the part of those who freckle readily to apply to the skin a thin coating of pure magnesium powder. Powders which contain lead or bismuth are more or less poisonous. Such preparations, uniting with the sulphur matter of the skin, only serve to make the freckles worse.

I have had great success in removing freckles with the following lotion: Citric acid, two drams; acetic acid, two drams; rosewater, half an ounce; glycerin, half an ounce. Put this on the face every night with a camel's hair brush, letting it remain until morning, when it should be washed from the skin with warm water and a pure olive oil soap.

In very bad cases it may take several weeks to get rid of the freckles. While treating for the freckles the face should be kept protected by a pure powder during the day.

Moth patches appear on the face and neck and are symptoms of disease of the liver or some other internal organ. The cause of discoloration should be removed by treatment from a physician. This does not remove the spots. A regular treatment of the skin is needed to take them out. After that, if the system is in good order, they will not return.

Before retiring the faces of those troubled with moth patches should be thoroughly washed in tepid water, a pure olive oil soap being used. A mixture of lemon juice in equal part with universal sugar should then be applied to the face and allowed to remain there until morning. In the morning the face should be washed and as much pure oatmeal cream put on as the skin will absorb. After that is done the face should be thinly covered with a pure powder.

No woman is pleased to note the first wrinkle in her face. The day comes, however, when it is impossible to ignore them. A careful study of the cause and cure of wrinkles has thoroughly convinced me that they are not inevitable. Wrinkles are not necessarily found in an aged face. They are caused in several ways. Sometimes their appearance is due to carelessness in looking after the skin. It may have lost its natural oil, which is a great disaster to the complexion. Those who value their beauty should not sit too near the fire, for heat is one of the greatest factors in drying up the natural oil of the skin. Scouring out the pores with a face scrubbing brush will also serve to reduce the oil in the skin.

Another cause of wrinkles is dieting for obesity. Sewing and dressing during sleep also serve to mar the face. To overcome scowling a black bandage should be worn over the eyes. The shrinking of the muscles which have lost their natural vigor is a very large source of wrinkles. When that is the case, the muscles of the face need something skin foods and tissues applied to them. They thus more quickly absorb the nutriment through the pores.

There are which there are premature wrinkles may be tired from them if they are attended to in time and carefully treated.

Black heads are a disorder of the sebaceous glands of the skin, characterized by pimpish or blackish pin point or pin head sized elevations and corresponding in position to the orifices of the gland. If there are many of them on the face, they make it look dirty.

Lateral pressure will force out the sebaceous matter in a thin threadlike form. From the accumulation of dust and chemical changes caused by contact with the air the sebaceous matter becomes discolored; hence the term black heads. Black heads are most troublesome between the ages of 15 and 30.

Disordered digestion, sluggish liver, constipation conditions and chlorosis are sources of black heads. The infrequent use of soap, especially by those of oily skin, favors the formation of black heads. Working or exercises in a dusty atmosphere will serve to clog the ducts with dust.

Mary Scott Rowland.

Cheese Omelet.

Whisk two eggs well, then add salt and pepper and an ounce of grated cheese. Melt an ounce of butter in a small omelet pan. When it is quite hot, pour in the egg mixture and prick it all over with a fork until it sets; then loosen it round the edge, give the pan a shake, fold the omelet over and place it on a hot dish and serve at once with a little grated cheese scattered over it.

JAPAN'S POETESS LAUREATE DYING.

Talk about the new woman of the occident! Why, in Japan the oppressed sex rules nearly everything, particularly by the office of poet laureate. This post in Japan is not the meager office with a tun of wine and a beggarly salary attached that it is in England, but a courtly position with a title and much honor and gold appertaining thereto.

The present laureate is "the crowned poetess, Sojako." Every year the poetess is, in accordance with the rules of her office, expected to contribute a poem to be read at the New Year's celebration held by the Emperor.

New world readers Miss. Sojako's American compatriots that she is primary ill in her palace in Jedda. For 18 years she has never failed to present the annual poem which has been one of the features of the great imperial New Year's festivals. The mikado, the princess of the blood and all the dignitaries there listen in admiration to the reading.

The 15th of January is the most interesting day of this festival. It is a sort of poetical tournament in which even the poorest peasant, if dowered with genius, may take part. Competitive poems must be sent to Miss. Sojako. She selects the best of these for reading before the emperor and empress, who select the four best for prizes.

The tournament was opened last year with a cantata the words of which were by the mikado himself, who is a poet of Miss. Sojako's. The emperor displayed more nervousness over the presentation of this cantata than ever many an affair of state in which the nation figured, for the most merciless if the most polite critics in the world are the Japanese, and when it comes to poetry not even royal rank is any protection against their wit. Although his scenic highness had carefully coached each of the performers, he was a little nervous lest stage fright, hoarseness or some other untoward circumstance should mar his beautiful verses, and as a precaution he issued that the headsman would be behind the scenes with his ax and block to attend to any stumblers.

All went off beautifully, however, Miss. Sojako said it was a very nice poem for an amateur, and all went merrily as a spring millinery opening. The emperor was so tickled at his success that he declared his intention of going to work at once on a more ambitious effort—a grand opera perhaps. If Miss. Sojako would kindly lend her assistance. Miss. Sojako graciously assented, and the mikado was confident that ere he was through he would rival the efforts of the western barbarian, Wagner. Now that the court laureate is ill, the mikado is in despair. She is 72 years old, and not only is she called the tenth muse of Jedda, but she is allied with the noblest families of the empire.

She is the sister of the Baron Sannomiya, the great master of ceremonies of the imperial palace. The baron is very proud of his gifted relative and is well known himself for his fidelity to the manners and customs of old Japan—so much so that the mikado, who is rather modern in his tastes and has but few prejudices, often chaffs him merrilously and even enjoys the fun of scandalizing him.

This illustrious lady was in her time a perfect beauty of the smallest type, and, though very old now, she is still charming to look at. She has the most aristocratic appearance, dresses beautifully and makes a point of keeping to the splendid Japanese costume of olden times. She wears the three white silk petticoats, one above the other, the purple silk or gauze dress with a wide, scarlet border. The whole costume is artistically embroidered with many colored silks and represents tiny landscapes, houses, trees and fruits.

The sleeves are equally covered with flowers and birds. The hair is thrown back and gathered on the nape of the neck in a knot tied with a bow of colored paper, and, a detail which has its interest for the ladies who wish to adopt the truly elegant Japanese fancy dress—that of the grand princesses of old—she does not wear the large sash which up to now was thought an indispensable part of the costume. On the contrary, the thick and wide sash is not distinguished, but almost corresponds to the apron of our bourgeoises.

The Model Hostess.

Even though a guest or maid inadvertently breaks a lot of china which can never be replaced she must smile on as though the loss of the entire set would but emphasize the pleasure of the evening. Though in her heart she may be dubious about certain important details of her dinner or dance, she does not show her anxiety. A flurried hostess or nervous host, whose countenances but badly conceals the worry felt, can do more toward making events uncomfortable than if the soup were served stone cold and the salad dressing were ruined by a too liberal quantity of vinegar. An imperturbable calm and ready tact are the two important factors in the making of a model hostess.

IN LENT.

The flesh she sternly mortified
Was that of my enamored heart,
For when I hoped to call her bride
She said that she and I must part.

But, still, when strains melodious raise
Our sordid thoughts to higher things,
I almost join in songs of praise,
So sweetly my dear sweetheart sings.

I gaze enraptured on her face,
Where penitential fervor glows,
And marvel at the practiced grace
That's shown in her angelic pose.

Her eyes are veiled lest they entice,
Her lips are grave with whispered prayer,
And of her Lenten sacrifice
She dreams as she is kneeling there.

And that is why I drain my cup
And not too much my fate deplore,
For just because she gave me up
My sweetheart thinks of me the more.

PETER M'ARTHUR.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The dowager empress of China is reported to have bestowed the famous "Shang Fund" sword on Tsai Chi, prince of Tuan. The peculiarity of this sword is that it confers the right to behead any person without appealing to the throne. The bestowal of it is understood to imply the privilege of removing obnoxious persons from her majesty's path. To assume which the latter is rather suspicious of such agents, but that is frequently the case in the conduct of affairs in the Celestial empire.

Until recently Japanese women were not allowed to spend their lives in single blessedness, and, if after a certain age, they were still unmarried the law stepped in and provided them with husbands. Now a decree has been made by the mikado and women may remain spinsters to the end of their days if that be their pleasure.

The property of the actress Sarah Bernhardt was sold not long ago. It was naturally full of significance to the fair sex. At every lot which had held the patches of the great tragedienne, her lookbook, a coiffure, with the small soft of it, a gold pomadoire, a bouquet of artificial flowers, which formed one of her stage accessories, and a book of Shakespeare's plays, with an autograph inside the cover, were among the most interesting of the personal effects of this eminent actress.

The queen of England is a great lover of bulldogs and has a number whose pretty tricks and charming piping give her great pleasure. To insure the safety of her majesty's little feathered pets, it is forbidden to any one to have a cat in the royal household—at least any one whose apartment is at all near the queen.

Among the presents lately showered upon a rural bride was one which was the gift of an old lady in the neighborhood, with whom both bride and groom were prime favorites. Since years ago the old lady accumulated a supply of cardboard mottoes, which she wrote and had framed as occasion arose. In cheerful rods and blues, suspended by a cord of the same colors, over the table on which the other presents were grouped hung the words, "Fight On, Fight Ever."

Mrs. Dudley Martin is the owner of jewels worth a king's ransom, and when she takes them about with her a detective is generally in attendance till they are safe once more in the safe keeping of a London bank. Another American lady whose jewels have made quite a sensation in London society is the beautiful Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison will accompany her husband when he ex-president goes abroad this spring in the interest of the Venezuelan commission.