



Photo by Chickerling, Boston.

FOR LATE WINTER AND EARLY SPRING.

## A PEEP AHEAD AT HATS FOR EASTER

It seems rather early to talk about Easter hats, but the fact remains that many clever girls are making theirs, now that Lent has begun. The styles are well established, and new straw models keep coming in every day, so there is no reason why a girl should not have by Easter time half a dozen charming hats for the price she would pay for one. Yes, I believe in a girl's trimming her own hats.



The hat of the coming summer.

At first she may not be a grand success, but in a short time, if she persists in studying herself, she will have far prettier headgear than her friends. The reason is very simple. There is not one milliner in ten who studies carefully the face of her customer. At best she will only see it "fixed up," as it were—to try on a hat—and every one knows that the hats you can wear on certain days are simply impossible on others.

Really what most milliners do simply amounts to this: They import at the beginning of the season several models from Paris. These models, with variations of color and size, they deal out to all their customers.

**Flowers Will Be Worn.** This is to be a flower season, a fact which makes it very easy to trim hats. Then another thing has to be taken into consideration: The edict has gone forth that to be in style your hat must

match your gown. No longer may an economically minded girl content herself with two hats, one white and one black. No; she must have a shelf full of them—pink, blue, pale green or yellow, as the dress may be.

**"Off the face."** This is the cry of the spring hats. They are all tilted back from the forehead and fit close to the hair in the back. The low coiffure has something to do with this, for it is obvious that the edge of the hat must meet the twist, chignon, bun, knot or whatever you choose to call it. The brims, too, are upturned and are full of curves and indentations. It goes without saying that where the brims are so upturned the under side is beautifully trimmed. A drooping effect is very frequently seen in the back in the shape of a bow of velvet or a scarf of lace.

Let me describe to you the hat in the illustration, which, by the way, is one of my friend Polly Benedict's. It was evolved by her clever fingers at the cost of \$7.50, whereas if she had bought it at Mme. Fleurette's, where we usually go, the price would have been goodness knows how much.

### A Pretty Hat.

The hat is of pink mohair straw, a very fashionable material which gives an effect like satin. So rich does it look that it is being used even now for evening hats. The fluted brim is lined with tucked pale chiffon. A band is placed on the left side of the hat. The trimming consists of a wreath of pink roses of different shades. At the back there is a huge, drooping bow of black velvet. The hat itself, with the tucked chiffon lining already placed on it, cost \$5.25; the flowers and velvet made up the rest. So you see for what a little sum a really pretty hat may be obtained.

Beautiful picture hats are shown of white leghorn with wired edges, so that they can be bent into any shape desired. They are trimmed with soft, crushed lousine ribbon. An especially pretty model had a couple of soft

knots of pale blue lousine combined with two long stemmed roses. The stems were wound about the crown, and the foliage was allowed to droop carelessly.

### A Frenchy Foulard.

A plain but rather Frenchy foulard is shown in one of the sketches. It is of finely figured blue with strappings of plain blue silk edged with a tiny hair line of red. The position belt is worthy of notice, as it shows its latest development. The underseventeen and soft front of the gown are of ecrú net embroidered with red silk figures.



Postilion effect.

But to drop the subject of gowns, the report that Mrs. Bradley Martin has made a crown for herself on the exact model of one worn by Queen Something—or other of historic memory belongs to my mind the ever interesting subject of "nouveau-riche."

It seems as though New York were fairly overrun with these people of mushroom growth. The other day I called on a prominent artist who lives near the Waldorf-Astoria. During my

visit he grumbled frequently at the smallness of his quarters. "Why," I remarked, "you could have rented a most commodious studio on Fortieth street opposite what was once the reservoir for half the price you pay for this one."

"Yes," he answered, with a smile, "but then people wouldn't buy from me any more. They like to say, 'I picked up this little thing at J. Dabble Brushington's studio on Fifth avenue,' don't you know?"

The vulgarity of it!

### The Fellow With "a Man."

I sometimes think that the men "nouveau-riche" are worse than the women. Certainly I don't want another specimen like the young fellow who called on me last Monday evening. He referred nine times at least to his valet, very evidently a recent acquisition. It was "my man this," "my man that," until I thought I should go mad. He finally topped it all by remarking patronizingly as I apologized for the hairs my little dog had shed on his black coat: "Oh, but, you know, I shan't have to brush it. My man, he does all these little things for me."

Translated freely, the man "nouveau-riche" speech runs something like this: "Oh, yes, I met Jimmy Swellington on the street just as I was coming out of my broker's, don't you know, and I slapped him on the shoulder and called out, 'Let's go on up to the Waldorf and have something to set us up.' And when we were there, what should Jimmy say but that he was going to run over to the other side the next day, and he said, 'Won't you come with me?' Well, I didn't have much time to get ready, but I managed to scrape together a little money,—dollars



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

LONG COAT OF CARACAL AND CHINCHILLA.

## THE CHARMING SPOUSE OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

As George Eliot said in a pessimistic moment, the happiest women are those who have no histories, then must pretty Princess Irene of Prussia live in a state of earthly bliss. Who and what is she? We know she is the wife of Germany's popular sailor prince, Henry, that she is the sister-in-law of Emperor William, also of Czar Nicholas, also of Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, also that she was the third daughter of the late Grand Duke Ludwig IV. of Hesse, who married the English Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's favorite daughter, and that, therefore, besides being sister-in-law to so many royalties, Princess Henry is the granddaughter of England's lamented queen, who—many she rest in glory—had descendants enough to furnish on call a husband or wife to every ruling house of Europe when one was needed. Both the princess and her husband are therefore grandchildren of Queen Victoria and first cousins; more than that, even, for Queen Victoria herself married her cousin, Prince Henry of Prussia and his wife are consequently by blood almost as much English as German.

Princess Henry is thirty-five years old, but looks very youthful. That must be because she has no history and is therefore happy. She was married in 1888, three weeks before the death of her illustrious father-in-law, Emperor Frederick of Prussia. Henry was the favorite son of both his father and mother and married with the dying emperor's blessing. Frederick was unable to speak his fatherly blessing because of the terrible cancer that was eating out his throat and his life, but he wrote his congratulations upon a slip of paper and pressed it feebly into Henry's hands, and it contained these words, inexpressibly touching: "You at least have never given me a moment's sorrow and will make as good a husband as you have been a loving son."

To his credit it is recorded that Henry fulfilled the prophecy and from that day to this has been as good a husband as if he were just a plain, common laborer living in a cottage and not a prince at all. It is pleasant to think there is at least one good husband among the royalties of Europe, showing that the thing is possible after all. Then, too, Princess Irene is so fair, bright and sweet a woman that Americans like to think she is happy. A German paper tells us that she, first as the betrothed, then as the bride of young Henry, was his only stay and consolation in the troubled days in which, very close together, Emperors William I. and Frederick died, or when, quoting the words of a German paper, "our hero Kaiser and his glorious son closed their eyes forever."

Princess and Prince Henry have three sons, Waldemar, Sigismund and Henry. Baby Henry was born in 1900, while his papa, who is now admiral of all the German fleets, was still in China. Prince Henry betook himself to China at the beginning of the disturbances there and remained two years. There his wife paid him a visit at the German settlement on the coast, and an English paper in its laudatory anxiety to pay a compliment to a relative of British royalty said:

"The presence of the gentle princess in the German settlement of China, where their royal highnesses were immensely popular, did much toward reconciling the Chinese for the loss of territory."

Which statement, this being America and a free country, may be safely taken with allowances. The princess' eldest son, Waldemar, twelve years old, has been lately appointed by Emperor William a lieutenant in the First Prussian footguards. Sigismund, the second son, was born in 1896.

Now we know whose wife, daughter and sister-in-law Princess Henry is and how many sons she has and how old they are. In Europe that would be all anybody would care to know

MAILLA WEAVER.

DERIVATION OF "HONEYMOON."

The word "honeymoon" is derived from the German and has its significance from the fact that the Germans formerly drank mead—a sweet liquid made of honey—for thirty days after the wedding.

## SIMPLE WALKING DRESS OF CLOTH AND FUR.

The simple toilet sketched here is made of tobacco brown shawl cloth trimmed with black broadtail and strappings finished with small gilt buttons. The front of the Russian blouse opens with small lapels of brown panne



velled in coarse cream colored guipure and hemmed with ivory cloth. With this is worn a hat of ivory felt garnished with two wings resting on draperies of spotted brown and white panne.

### THE ART OF SCOLDING.

Women in authority should study consideration of other people's feelings. The common scold or the continual fault finder is perhaps the most disagreeable person in the world, not only unhappy herself, but making others so.

Scolding, viewed in one light, is really an accomplishment—that is, when used for the proper correction of servants and children. If a woman feels called upon to deliver a rebuke to a servant, let her make it clear to the offender that her displeasure is justified. She should never lose her temper, but be calm and dignified, remembering that bearing has much to do with the respect in which she is held by those under her authority. Scolding should never degenerate into nagging for this is lost all claim to respect from the delinquent, and the person at fault becomes critic, and a very scornful critic at that.

All scoldings should be gauged by the error, but do not make any rebuke long drawn out. Give each a hopeful ending. When properly administered, a scolding quickly bears the fruit of better behavior on the part of the offending one.

Many wives have spoiled the good nature of their husbands by seizing upon some fault, trivial perhaps, and constantly dwelling upon it.

Where a home is made unhappy by a great fault of the husband, if he is worthy of loving and saving, he is more effectively appealed to by tenderness than by denunciation or scorn. There are many men today in the wrong path possessed of worthy attributes who might be saved by gentle reproof, but are only spurred on their downward course by the unrelenting fierceness of a scolding wife.

### A DICTIONARY OF LOVE.

A cynical Frenchman has published what he calls a "Dictionary of Love." The following are extracts from it:

"I will love you eternally" signifies "My love for you will continue as long as it lasts."

"It is an eternity since I saw you" means "I have not seen you for two days." "How cruel you are!" stands for "Why do you not believe me? I have done everything to prove that I love you; I have talked, I have sighed, I have been heaping flattery upon you till I have got to the end of my part."

"Do you want to see me die?" is a figurative form of speech which can thus be translated: "I am tired of spending so much time talking nonsense. After all, there are other girls in the world beside you. If you do not capitulate soon, I must raise the siege."

"I will never change" is often used instead of "I like to pass my time agreeably, no matter at whose expense, and as I find this disposition convenient I shall probably never change it."

"I wish I could love you" in the mouth of a woman means "I actually do love you." And so does "I wish I could hate you."

### VICTORIA'S BELOVED BALMORAL.

Very few people are aware of the fact that Balmoral, the favorite residence of the late Queen Victoria, formerly belonged to Sir Richard Gordon, the brother of the great Lord Aberdeen. When Sir Richard died, in 1848, the prince consort, who had been looking out for a property in the neighborhood, purchased Balmoral for Queen Victoria. The price paid was only \$160,000, but the old castle was soon found too small for her majesty's requirements and, much to her regret, had to be pulled down. Queen Victoria had a great affection for the old castle and was always anxious to acquire anything connected with it. Two years ago, hearing that a beautiful water color sketch by a fellow of the Royal Scottish academy was to be sold, her late majesty immediately bought it, and it now hangs at Balmoral.

### A SCHEMER.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think we shall ever be rich enough to own a yacht?" "I shouldn't be surprised."

"When we can afford it, you will buy me a yacht, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Charley, dear, I know you are a business man, and I know you want me to be a business woman. If you will give me a new hat and a new gown and a new coat now, I won't say a word about the yacht. Isn't that a lovely discount for cash?"



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

HAT OF FELT AND ROSES.

## MRS. BIVENS' SYSTEM.

**P**AW is a very obstinate man," said Mrs. Jehoda Bivens. "I do believe he's the obstinest man I ever knew."

When I was a girl, before I married Jimmison Bivens, everybody recommended him to me because he was a young man who had stability of mind, such as our old preacher used to pray that we all might have.

"My Maw never approved of Bivens because she said he showed signs of having a little too much stability of mind, but Maw's opinions never counted for anything in our family. My Paw was all there was, and Paw wanted me to marry Jimmison because he said Jim was one young man who could say no."

"Well, on Paw's advice I married Jimmison, and before six weeks I found out he was a man who couldn't say anything but no. I couldn't call my soul my own for a minute. If I wanted somethin', Jimmison was sure to snub me and tell me somethin' else was what I should have, and if I said, 'Yes, that's just what I do want,' then he'd say I shan't have it. I wanted fifteen years' tryin' to please Paw and give in to his notions, and it made me white-headed before I hit on the system."

"Now I got everything I want, and everything runs smooth and easy, and I wouldn't change Paw for any other man livin' for then it would take me fifteen years to get used to that man and learn how to manage him."

I found it out accidental, the system. One Saturday I wanted the horse to go to town awful bad, and I didn't know no better than to say to Paw, I must go to town today. 'Well,

says Paw, 'I ain't a-goin' to have one of my horses took out this hot day. If you go, you walk.'

"It was three miles to town in a blazin' sun, and I was so hot out that if I hadn't been a peressor I could have just said bad words. But I was a peressor, and I didn't have even that satisfaction. So I says to myself, 'I'll take Marget Ann and go over to Sister Simmons' and forget all about it. Paw sees me startin' out and asks me where I was goin'.' I tells him, and he says, 'No, you ain't neither; I want you to go to town.' Then all of a sudden I seen a great light, as it were. I says to Paw, 'But I don't want to go to town.' 'But I want you to,' says he, 'and that's enough.' So to town Marget Ann and me went, me studyin' in my mind all the way about the system. It 'peared as if one of the 'invisible helpers' them theosophists talks about had been whisperin' to me unbeknownst and givin' me a hint. Some folks says it's inspiration, and I knowed I'd got it. I tried it on him the very Monday mornin' after that Saturday."

"I was always crazy to have flowers in the front yard, but Paw he never would let me. He said he'd not have the ground littered up with fool trash. So Monday mornin' I says to Paw: 'We seen Sister Simmons out a-workin' over her roses Saturday evenin' as me and Marget Ann come home. I don't see how a sensible woman like Sister Simmons can waste her time over such fool trash as roses in her front yard.'"

"'Humph!' grunts Paw. 'Mis' Simmons has got sense enough to try to make her home look nice and pretty, and if you had her gumption you'd try to make my home look pretty to me, too.'"

"'Oh,' I says, 'I do believe I ought to be spendin' my time at somethin' useful, but if you really want me to plant roses in the yard I reckon I can do it.'"

"'Well,' says he, 'I do want it. And since that day I've had all the flowers I wanted, and my yard's just beautiful. 'Lemme tell you how I got Marget Ann her music lessons. The child was crazy for 'em, and she has a good voice, if she is Jimmison Bivens' daughter. So I said to Bivens: 'Paw, 'Lizy Simmons is learnin' to play the pnyana. Did you ever hear of such vanity and foolishness for farm folks?'"

"'Humph!' grunts Paw. 'I reckon it ain't foolishness at all. It's just like a girl needs, and my darter is as good as anybody. See about gittin' the music teacher.'"

"'Marget Ann and me was so tickled we could hardly stand still, but we daren't say a word. It works like a charm, the system, all through. Whenever I want a thing I just pretend I want the contrary awful bad, and it fetches Paw every time.'"

JOSEPHINE HUNTER.

### WANTED—A COMPLEXION.

The latest cure for a thick or spotty complexion is to wash it with parsley water. It is done in this way: You must take half a pint of rainwater and soak in it a large bunch of parsley, letting it remain in the water all night. In the morning when you dress you must rub the face well with a dry cloth, then dip your sponge in the parsley water and pass the damp sponge over your face, leaving it on without drying it. You must do this three times daily, and at the end of a fortnight you will be surprised to see that there are no more spots or roughness on your face.

(naming an extravagant sum), and when we got on the other side of course I cabled for more. Yes, we had a great old time. Stayed at the Cecil; had the best suit of rooms we could get; paid — pounds a day for them and used to



KATE AND THE ARTIST.

so out every evening and spend — pounds on an average." And so on and so forth until the conversation sounds like a price list.

Kate Clyde  
New York.

### BEAUTY A MAGNET.

It is an open secret that at several of the fashionable winter and summer resorts frequented by the richest people proprietors of well known shops have of late years engaged the most beautiful young ladies they could persuade to act as assistants, paying sometimes very high wages. The results in sales to customers of the male sex are said to have been eminently satisfactory, and, in addition, some of the fair assistants have found wealthy husbands.

## FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

"Widowers are much nicer than bachelors," said the man who has been married three times. "I know this is a fact because widows think so, and if there is anybody on earth who knows a good thing when she sees it it is a widow."

The Woman's Christian Temperance union of Ontario has addressed a memorial to the provincial government calling on it to redeem the promise

which, it is claimed, was made on three different occasions by three different leaders of the present administration that as soon as the powers of the provinces were defined it would introduce a bill for the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Ontario.

Turquoises are the favorite stones of all the Mongol races and are generally worn in their original state except by the Chinese women, who have them roughly cut and wear them mixed with pearls and coral. Both the Tibetan men and women ornament themselves with lump turquoises, the men wearing them attached to their single gold earrings, which are worn in the right ear only.

Mrs. Roosevelt's friends in Oyster Bay and elsewhere on Long Island have received intimations from Washington that Mrs. Roosevelt will not give articles to fairs held by churches and other organizations. The president's wife, it

is said, has been compelled to pursue this course because of a deluge of applications from all parts of the country.

Two sisters of Atchison, Kan., laundried last year 3,000 pairs of lace curtains and bid fair to exceed that number this year. In addition to the curtains, these enterprising women also did up a large number of pieces of fine laces of all descriptions. The fame of the laundresses is widespread, and work is sent to them from all parts of their state. Mrs. Klopff, the senior

partner, begins her work at 6 o'clock every morning and finishes it at a late hour of the night.

English women have taken up the "charity sewing clubs" with renewed zest since the return of the Princess of Wales from her tour. The Ophir brought home, it is said, an astonishing number of frocks, flannel petticoats and wraps that the future queen had taken time to cut and make during her trip, assisted by her ladies in waiting.

"As I look out on the great unsettled

problems of our country I feel that the home has in it the solution of them all," said the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., recently to the Mothers' club of New Haven, Conn.

"What is the verval?" (fee) is no unusual question to the Holland housewife when she is engaging a servant. All servants' fees and the small commissions go together into a box kept by the head of the house, and at the end of the year the amount is divided among the maid and men servants. At

New Year's the younger generation calls upon the older people, without regard to sex.

A very curious custom in Seoul, Korea, is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city has proclaimed it to be the hour of sunset and the time for closing the gates. No man is allowed to be in the streets after that hour under pain of flogging, but women are allowed to go about and visit their friends.