



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

COSTUME OF GRAY VOILE AND LACE.

FASHIONS AND * * * OF DIVERSIONS OF LENT

YESTERDAY I dropped into the team of the Waldorf-Astoria with Missie Bender. We sat in a comfortable corner and devoted ourselves to sipping chocolate and munching crumpets. Incidentally I looked around me in search of some nice gowns that I might describe for your benefit. I was very much surprised to perceive that there was not one well dressed woman in the room. True, there were several women who made a feeble attempt at it, but it was easy to see where they had come from—Sixth avenue or the district thereabout. Indeed, you didn't have to look at their faces to find out where they belonged, or at their dresses for the matter of that; the linings of their coats told the story.

Yes, that's a pet theory of mine, and I might as well air it here. Look at the lining of the coat, and you will find out what the woman is. It is not the fact that it's frayed or dirty or old that tells the story; it's the color or the texture. The bright lining of cerise, orange or vivid green belongs to the east or west side or, again, to the wilds of Harlem. The girl who reveals a lining of black taffeta is apt to be in modest circumstances and to have bought her suit ready made. So also with the girl with white taffeta on the inside of her garment. But the white satins, the

brocades and the Persian colorings—these point unmistakably to the woman of fashion. See how little things betray us.

A Fast Crowd.

However, to return to the team of the Astoria. It's wonderful how it has changed from what it used to be. Last year even one used to see hosts of smartly gowned women. Yesterday I only saw one. She was coming out of the Turkish room and wore a magnificent creation of gun metal mirror velvet and a rich garniture of sables. Just fancy! Only one in all that host of women! What, then, were the others? Strangers; absolute and complete strangers who probably had to scrape up the money for their tea and cakes and then deluded themselves with the vain hope that by coming to the "Waldorf" they would obtain a glimpse of the favored Four Hundred.

They need not have laid that flattering unction to their souls. The corridors of the big hotel have become the haunt of such a stock gambling, poker betting and generally rapid crowd that the women of the best New York families go there as little as possible, leaving it to the members of the so called smart but really fast set.

Still yesterday I was astonished. The quondam parvenu woman with her

common face and expensive Paris clothes was conspicuous by her absence, and her place was taken by the countess looking maiden with her \$1.38 taffeta silk waist and her cocktail hat, accompanied by her beau, wearing an atrociously high collar and a generally depressed air. Couples of this description lounged awkwardly about the splendid halls or ensconced themselves in twilighty nooks in the Turkish room, blushing with confusion when any one approached. It was all very queer and strange and looked as if an excursion party from Huckleberry Corners had been let loose.

But enough of this!

The New Foulards.

I don't suppose you will be averse to a description of the new foulards, especially as the other day I assisted at a private exhibition of some exceptionally smart models. In the first place, then, let me remark that satin foulard is the thing. Don't buy any other kind if you want to present a smart appearance. Any of the pale colors will do—sea green, gray, lilac, old rose and wood color—but blues and reds will also be worn for less dressy occasions.

Now, as to the trimming.



New foulard.

heavy Arabian lace stands first in the list, and to be ultra smart it must be of a dark string linen color. You have no idea how artistic this is on a pale color or on white. Bands of this, then, appear on both waist and skirt. If you want to have something very choice, cover your foulard waist with a Louis XV. Jacket of it. Louis XV. Jackets will be worn a great deal by well dressed women next summer. The sketch illustrates something of the sort. The gown is made of lilac foulard spattered with tiny pin dots of a darker shade. The sleeves are elbow length, with two fluffy ruffles lined with lilac chiffon. The waist is laid in tiny perpendicular tucks, and the skirt is done in clusters, with a flounce edged with the Arabian lace. With this are worn elbow sleeves of black silk, and there is a black chiffon rosette with ends placed directly in front of the waist. The large black hat of lilac chiffon is trimmed with a single long ostrich plume. Elbow sleeves are again to be a feature of the summer dresses.

Gray and Turquoise Blue.

A striking combination of color was a silver gray satin foulard trimmed with touches of pale turquoise blue panne. What made this so effective was that it was worn by a black haired model.

A wood brown foulard was trimmed with a broad belt of pale blue and a café au lait design was combined with shell pink. Perhaps the handsomest and richest of all these gowns were the pale, shimmering, almost white Persians trimmed with ivory white lace



COUNTRY COUPLES AT THE ASTORIA.

and worn with ivory white lace hats trimmed with white and palest green flowers.

By way of a Lenten diversion this year several smart women have organized music classes. I don't mean by that that they learn to play the violin or the piano, but they take up the history of music, and an epoch or a great composer is illustrated by a selection rendered by a prominent musician or singer. Very smart and select are these affairs. I assisted at one of them in the house of Mrs. Van Amsterdam last Thursday. The subject was "Chamber Music." I regret to say my attention wandered. There were so many well dressed women present that I couldn't resist picking up a fashion hint.

Mrs. Van Amsterdam's cousin, a chic little auburn haired girl, wore a broad-tail coat with chinchilla cuffs and a floppy muff, also of the chinchilla. Both were lined with ruffles of accordion plaited pale gray chiffon. Very chic effect!

New York.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

EVENING ROBE OF POMPADOUR SILK.

WOMEN'S WORK.

In Australia, where women have been granted equal suffrage, they take an interest in public affairs. Rev. Lydia Brock is pastor of the Congregational church at Clay Center, Kan. It has increased in membership and strength under her ministrations. Sister Dorothy, to whose efforts was largely due the successful starting of the House of the Good Shepherd in Bartlesville, Mo., has accepted a call to a responsible position in church work in

old Trinity parish, New York city, under direction of Rev. Morgan Dix. She will have charge of all the girls in that parish.

A woman's exchange is successfully carried on at Spokane, Wash., in connection with a restaurant and a noon-day rest.

Mrs. Mary E. Hart, a California journalist who went to the Klondike last May with her brother and a party of prospectors, recently returned to her

home in Los Angeles after a series of adventures such as few women can relate.

There is a movement at the University of Illinois among the various fraternities and sororities to own their houses. Eight of the men's societies and three of the women's are occupying homes rented or leased. Several houses are expected to be bought next year and paid for in yearly installments. Dr. Irma Klausner and Miss Elsa von Leyen, who were the first women to take their degrees and wear the German

ENGLISH WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS

IN Great Britain more pluck and force of character than in America are required to come out as a woman suffragist. For this reason perhaps the English ladies who advocate the rights of woman are exceptionally strong, intelligent and gifted. With Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant and Lady Henry Somerset American women are already somewhat acquainted. Lady Somerset, handsome, intellectual, rich and benevolent, turned from fashionable society to do what one person might to lighten the woes caused by drunkenness. She was not in the beginning a believer in the theory that voting is the right and duty of woman as of man. She worked among the poor, the wives and children of laborers. She speedily found that the cause of temperance must be re-enforced by the power of law. British men would not make laws to lessen the liquor traffic. It must be done, if at all, through women and women could never do it without having the ballot in their own hands. So a woman suffragist Isabel Somerset became, and a woman suffragist she has remained to this day.

Of Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, who has lectured the States several times, it has been said that the culture of three centuries sounds in her voice. Most English women who speak in public have this exquisite voice, and it is a revelation to Americans of the music that can be produced by the speaking voice. It comes through cultivating a clear enunciation and giving forth the sound from the front of the mouth instead of from back in the throat.

Another famous woman suffragist is Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, widow of Great Britain's blind postmaster general. It was through her vigorous assistance that her husband was able to perform the duties of his office. She is a writer and the author of an able book on social and political economy. Mrs. Josephine Butler, lifelong worker for social purity, also was driven by the scientific logic of facts into the camp of the woman suffragists, reasoning that to help woman it is necessary to put into woman's hand a weapon wherewith she may help herself. Mme. Sarah Grand is another eloquent and vigorous woman suffragist.

If Queen Alexandra should proclaim herself in favor of women's voting, the feminine sex in England would have full suffrage inside of five years. Such are the British people. In our country nearly every president from Lincoln, with his dictum of "the ballot for all," to Mr. Roosevelt has been in favor of feminine voting, but as yet the sex has full suffrage in only four states, which shows that a president's opinions do not count for much after all.

But Queen Alexandra is silent on the suffrage subject, as Queen Victoria was before her. Several prominent ladies of the English nobility besides Lady Somerset have, however, come out strongly for their sex's right to vote. The brilliant and dashing Lady Florence Dixie is one of them. Mental traits do appear to run in families. Lady Florence is the daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry, who devised the famous rules of the ring for prize-fighters with gloves. She herself is an athlete among women, an author, a distinguished bareback rider and an advocate of feminine cross saddle riding. During the Boer-British contest of 1880-81 Lady Florence was a war correspondent in South Africa. She was for years an enthusiastic huntress and is today one of the best feminine shots in the kingdom. She has slaughtered living creatures through her unerring marksmanship in nearly all parts of the world.

Suddenly and unaccountably a few years ago Lady Florence saw a new light. The bloodthirsty, inhuman cruelty of what civilized man calls sport dawned on her. Since then she has done her best to go back over her trail and so far as possible undo the wrong she feels herself to have done in amusing herself by killing things. She has written two vigorous books of protest against hunting for so called sport. Once after a day of shooting she went out at night in the moonlight, saw the red, trampled snow where the murdered animals had met their deaths, saw broken wings, half frozen pheasants that had escaped instant death from the shots only to die more horribly, thought of the maimed hares and rabbits that in like manner were freezing to death and then and there renounced hunting as a "spot" forever, she even became a vegetarian in her horror of it.

There, too, is the distinguished representative of the United Kingdom to the International woman suffrage conven-

tion at Washington, Mrs. Florence Fenwick Miller, physician, lecturer, author and philanthropic worker. After attending the convention Mrs. Miller remains among us, lecturing on such topics as "The Woman Citizen," "English Puritans," "London Society" and "Mental Epidemics." "London Society" and "Mental Epidemics" might perhaps be bracketed together as a course of two lectures.

She must have been born to woman's rights advocacy, for she made her first speech in favor of feminine suffrage while yet in her teens, and she was so persuaded through and through of the justice of her sex's claim to equality with man that she induced her betrothed to agree to her retaining her own name after marriage, and she has always done so. She was a beautiful, accomplished girl; she is a beautiful, accomplished woman, and a very eloquent one.

During her brilliant girlhood Mrs. Miller studied for the medical profession and won first honors in her examinations, but British law did not then permit women to be practitioners, and she was obliged to abandon this part of her plan. Then she went in with the enthusiasm of a strong soul for literature and humanitarian work, especially agitating for the rights of woman, doing her part toward bringing in the day when her sex might practice medicine in England. That day has come.

When she was only twenty-one, Mrs. Fenwick Miller was elected a member of the London school board and served for nine consecutive years, when she declined to be a candidate again. She is the author of several books and a regular contributor to the Illustrated London News.

LILLIAN GRAY.

THE RIFT IN THE LUTE.

Lovers' quarrels generally arise from the merest trifle. In about nine cases out of ten neither side could tell you how it came about. There were a misunderstanding, a word taken amiss, a look that was misinterpreted. Then, boy, presto! the bugles sound, each side is flying to battle, and there may be wounds many and grievous before arms are laid down once more.

Some old writers used to say that the quarrels of lovers were the renewing of love. There is no truth in it. It may be that when people make up after a quarrel they are more loving to each other for a time by way of atonement, but there is never again the same sense of confidence and security in each other's love.

And be warned O lovers, both men and girls—don't quarrel. Begin, since you can't know where it will end. Above all, never let yourselves be led to pretend you don't care whether you never speak to each other again. You know it would make you miserable for life. Bear and forbear—exercise a little patience. Don't answer back sharply to a sharp word. Let your quarrels have no beginning; then you may be sure they will always end well.

THE CHARMING SMALL GIRL.

Why is it that short girls always—very rarely always—get married, while their taller sisters have to have considerable difficulty in finding sweethearts? Think over the circle of your friends and see if this is not true. You will find that apart from the ever present exceptions which prove the rule, the statement that short girls always marry is a true one, though startling.

There must be something specially attractive about short girls. Perhaps their weakness appeals to the instinct of protection in the masculine mind. When a man meets a girl who is tall or taller than himself, he feels that she needs no attention or help, whereas should his companion be small and babyish he looks after her with all the instinctive pity of the strong for the weak. And pity, as everybody knows, is closely akin to love.

Thus the kind hearted man is more prone to select as his sweetheart a short girl than a tall one. Whether his selection is really best time alone will show.

At any rate he thinks she is the one girl in the world for him, and that's the main thing.

A MEMORIAL TO AN EMPRESS.

A committee has been formed under the patronage of Archduke Otto and Archduchess Maria Josepha of Austria to erect a monument in Vienna to the memory of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and a touching appeal has been drawn up to the people of Vienna to join in the subscription. High and low, rich and poor, are requested to add their mite, and in doing so to show their loyalty to her late majesty.

THE HINTING WOMAN.

I DECLARE," said Mrs. Porrens to Mrs. Filson, "it does beat all how that Almy Popkins gets everything she wants just by hinting! I don't believe she could go straight at a thing to save her life. She moves away round like one of those toy loop railroads at the exposition, and you never know till after she makes the whole journey what she is after. Last summer she wanted an invitation to our place in the country. She begins by sending me an Easter card. Then, of course, to be polite I ask her to our house to dinner. She comes, and all through the dinner and after it she tells me how delightful it is to a lone woman to get a glimpse even for two hours of that home life which is denied to her.

"Then she begins and talks about how dreadful it is to stay in the hot town all summer alone or else to go to some country boarding house where all the air smells of pigs and where you are watched and talked about every move you make. 'It's so terrible to be alone in the world and not have much money,' says Almy. And she puts her handkerchief to her eyes. Then of course I felt sorry for her, and I up and said before I thought, 'Miss Popkins, if you would like to come to our place in the country for a week at our place in the country will be pleasant for you, you may come and stay that long, though I have many guests through the summer.' She snaps the word out of my mouth instantly

and says: 'Oh, you dear! It will be like heaven to me.' In May she writes to remind me of it. Then she invites herself to come the 1st of June, and down she alights on us, and I'll eat my hat if she didn't stay a whole month! And she acted just as though the house belonged to her; ordered everybody around and put her frocks and frills into our wash till Ann threatened to leave. I never was so glad to get rid of anybody in my life as I was of Almy Popkins.

"At her boarding house one of the ladies has a new seal-skin, and she showed it around among the women. One day Popkins said to her: 'I am invited to luncheon at Mrs. Swellton's today, and I don't know what I'll do. I know my cloak is not warm enough for such a cold day, and it's a shabby old thing anyhow. Oh, dear, it's hard to be poor!' Then, of course, what can the lady do but lend Popkins the new seal-skin jacket? And she flourished off in it in great style.

"Last week brother Sam had tickets to take his wife to see Stagestride in 'The Bloody Finger Print.' Almy found it out. She 'happened' to drop in at Sam's just before dinner and had to be asked to dine. Sam and his wife never mentioned they were going to the theater, but she said she was crazy to see Stagestride; she had not been to the theater since her cousin died, and of course she could not go alone. Sam did

not say anything aloud, but Popkins stayed and stayed, and when they had to tell her they were going out she said: 'Well, I'll just walk along with you as far as you go. It's so lonely to be alone.' She actually went along with them to the theater door. She stopped when they stopped, and Sam swore like a teamster to himself, but he had to get a ticket for her to 'The Bloody Finger Print' too.

"But the slickest of all was the way she worked the Belladonna club to get herself to their swell reception. She wrote the chairman of the entertainment committee that she had a poem on the mystical charms of belladonna and would not be like to have her send it to be read at the reception? She had read it in the midst of thunders of applause before a meeting at which Senator Snorey was present, and she wrote him, and Senator Snorey said he never in all his life heard anything like it. And that was so, too, for there never was anything like Almy Popkins' poetry. The entertainment chairman of the Belladonnas is a soft headed kind of a thing—can't bear to snub a woman—so of course he wrote Popkins to come and read the poem herself. She did go and read it, and there she was smiling and smirking around and making people compliment her poem as though she was somebody. She bores folks till they dread the sight of her, but she gets there. JOSEPHINE HUNTER.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

SPRING COSTUME IN DARK SILK.

THE HANDSOME MAN VERSUS THE PLAIN MAN.

All women are proverbially beauty lovers, and it is always the handsome man who commands their first youthful love. But are the handsome men the most interesting? No, most decidedly not.

They are apt to regard their personal appearance too highly, whereas the plain man knows that he cannot win the girl's favor by his appearance, but by his manner.

Therefore he studies how to be interesting. The consequence is that, although the handsome man may attract at first, the plain man will win in the long run by the very force of his superior intellect and fascination. Gazing into the most beautiful eyes grows insipid when the owner hasn't two ideas to exchange, while one forgets a man's lack of beauty in the charm of his cultivated mind.

Of course if a handsome man has brains and talent also he can carry all before him, but the combination rarely goes together. Of course every girl considers the man of her choice to be handsome whether he really is so or not. Love is proverbially blind. Thus perhaps our engaged girl readers will disagree with the statement that handsome men of ten make very poor sweethearts. The man who knows he is handsome is as bad as the girl who knows she is pretty.

The good looking man who never spends a moment's thought on his good looks—he is the ideal lover. But he is very scarce in these days when male foolishness and flirtation are held to be two of life's fine arts.

Beware of handsome men! They are apt to be dangerously clever at love-

making; long practice in easy conquests has made them so.

If a girl meets a handsome man who seems to be taking a loveletter interest in herself, let her keep a sharp eye on all his actions. She should watch for the slightest sign of flirtation and give him to understand that she will have none of it. His protestations may be genuine, but they may not. Be decidedly chary of giving him "the benefit of the doubt."

The girl whose lover is both faithful and handsome is wonderfully lucky.

A VIENNA SOCIAL FAD.

The "swagger" thing to do in Vienna is to meet one's friends at the new and handsomely appointed pawnshop, where there are cozy tearooms and every inducement to spend the time in chatting, reading or in walking about the spacious premises. Inquiries are made as to what articles have been pawned, the advantages gained and comparisons made.

It always was a known fact that those not quite up to keeping in the swim resorted to "uncle" at critical times, and many are the households which, once the merry carnival is over, calmly pawn the family jewels and any other valuables it would be wanting in piety to make use of in Lent. During the summer the precious furs and their way to the three balled institution, where they are well napped-thinned and camphored, while a smart little sum enables the owner to extend his or her holiday trip, leaving the day of reckoning to take care of itself, for who would trouble to think of bleak December when May flowers are blooming?

Rev. Florence Buck was lately installed as pastor of the Unitarian church at Kenilworth, Wis., in the presence of a large audience.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

EARLY SPRING COSTUME OF BROADCLOTH.

home in Los Angeles after a series of adventures such as few women can relate.

There is a movement at the University of Illinois among the various fraternities and sororities to own their houses. Eight of the men's societies and three of the women's are occupying homes rented or leased. Several houses are expected to be bought next year and paid for in yearly installments. Dr. Irma Klausner and Miss Elsa von Leyen, who were the first women to take their degrees and wear the German

state medical examination, have now settled at Berlin, where they intend to practice. Now that this is allowed in Germany many women are flocking to Berlin to study medicine.

The New Jersey State Nurses' association has just been organized. Its object is to secure legislation for the proper registration of graduate trained nurses in that state. At present three states—New York, Illinois and Virginia—have such organizations, and New Jersey will be the fourth.

Mrs. H. M. Vandervort and Dr. Cor-

nella Deby of the Illinois State federation are investigating child labor in Chicago. Twenty-five per cent of the children found working in three Chicago factories were pronounced younger than fourteen years by these club-women. Worse still, on questioning some of the children they discovered that many of them worked overtime at intervals during the year.

The Princess Mary of Teembar, sister of Prince Henry XXII, of Reuss, contributes to a recent North American Review an article advocating radical reforms in dress for women. The princess would do away with the corset altogether. Skirts, she says, should not reach the ankles, and shoes should be without heels and as open as sandals.

The college woman, broadminded, democratic, with a splendid education as the foundation and the study of domestic science following, could make herself a power. Even the "servant girl problem" offers an opportunity for scientific solution.

At the recent municipal election in Malden, Mass., Dr. C. Maria Nordstrom

was re-elected to the school board for a three years' term, having already served fifteen consecutive years with rarey an absence. She is the oldest member on the board in point of service.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore her eighty-second, yet these distinguished advocates of reform are still equal to more work than half a dozen average young men and women.

To dream of bells signifies a speedy marriage or good news.

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