

WITCHING STYLES and FASHION



page shows two new costumes, with the bodices in coat form. The one in the foreground is made of thin, smooth-faced cloth, in a light shade of tan. The cunning jacket is called the "Premier Consul." A close vest of flowered taffeta is allowed to show beneath the short coat. The fancifully shaped revers of the taffeta, decked with groups of buttons. The open fronts disclose a full-plated jabot of white mousseline de soie, falling in half a dozen ruffles. Two little pockets lap across the upper side of the vest. The sleeves are tight-fitting, and sewn into the armholes, without gathers.

The skirt, which is lined throughout with oil-bath clinging and narrow about the hips and back, and is given a decided flare about the lower edge. It is cut in a number of gores, and each gore is widened abruptly out from below the knees, to give the ripple at the hem that is required by fashion this season. The seams are strapped with cloth, run on with rows of stitching, placed very close together. A sort of bolero is formed of thread, and a row of buttons in groups of three is placed on each side of the front gore. The hat is of loose, yellow straw, trimmed with loops of wide white and blue ribbons.

In the background of the same picture is a toilet that depicts the very latest development of the Louis XVI coat, carried out in crepe de Chine. The gown is in that ravishing shade of purple called "petunia," and is made to a soft-finished silk lining, a few shades lighter. At the bottom of the skirt is a full-plated dounce of the crepe, cut in scoops at the heading, and having a bow of crepe, lined with taffeta, at each one of the upturned points formed between the scoops. The skirt is wide at the bottom, and goes to extreme narrowness at the top.

Sort of Bolero. The corsage of crepe de Chine is striped with perpendicular bands of cream lace, entre-deux. A sort of bolero is formed over the jacket by a folder drapery of crepe, terminating under a coat collar, and revers, made in one piece of lace over deep purple velvet. The full vest is made of mauve silk, covered with mousseline de soie, and the standing collar is of purple velvet, folded back in front into a stiff double bow, with an oval gilt buckle in the center. The tucked sleeves are of crepe de Chine, banded with lace and made over a tight foundation.

It will be seen from the description of these two very chic Parisian creations that, although plaited skirts have come into vogue, they have no monopoly of fashion, and that the more coquette forms that reveal the graceful outline of the figure will remain in vogue, albeit with the modification of abundant fullness at the foot.

How lavishly ribbons and lace are employed is intimated in the companion sketch, presenting two smart gowns, that are uniquely garnitured. The first is in gun-metal grey wool-mousseline. The skirt in two parts has an unlined overskirt of the thin wool, weighted down at the bottom with a wide band of white guipure. Another narrower band of guipure is placed 10 inches above the lower band. The overskirt is full length in front and abbreviated behind to allow the decided demi-train of the underskirt to "escape" comfortably at the back. The drop-skirt is made of thin silk, finished at the bottom with a shaped ruffle of wood muslin that is covered with white guipure. The whole smooth bodice, in bolero form, is made of white guipure, with the exception of the crinkled sleeves, that are in mousseline. The only note of color in the gown is afforded by the large round cabochons of imitation emerald that are set in an antique silver belt encircling the waist.

The center figure is gowned in light violet taffeta, shaded with silver. The gown is in princess form and has the whole upper part of the bodice and sleeves of art lace. A row of roses, made of deep cream mousseline de soie, with little yellow seed centers, covers the edge of the lace in front. Several straps of pany, purple velvet ribbon, slanting across the right shoulder, have the ends caught in under these flowers. At the bottom the princess is trimmed with a wide ruffle of lace that is scooped out along its upper

edge, so that it is narrowest at the center of the back. The lace ruffle falls over two circular ruffles of taffeta.

Only to the Seams. All of this lace and ruffle trimming reaches only to the seams of the front gore, the front of the princess being left untrimmed to form a sort of panel. A range of white mousseline de soie roses heads the lace ruffle and covers the edges, where it is sewn in at the seams. Flowers of this sort are among the Frenchest novelty trimmings for Summer. They are made, of course, without foliage, and are supposed to be seen so close together that at first glance they would pass for

puffy mousseline ruchings. Larger, single ones that look like huge rosettes are to be found in the millinery departments for the trimming of hats to match. The remaining costume is in pearl-colored foulara, with a sheeny surface. It is cut out squarely in the neck over an empuccament and collar of white Irish point lace, lined with white satin. The shoulders and sleeves of foulara are striped with appliqued ribbons of black velvet, interspersed with bands of black chantilly lace, entre-deux. Two rows of the same entre-deux, well separated, are placed around the bottom of the skirt, and have upright bars of black velvet ribbon running between them. A widest band of chantilly encircles the bust and continues in vest-shape down the front of the bodice. The toque accompanying the costume is made entirely of clusters of green and purple grapes, mingled with pale green grape leaves.

ANITA DE CAMP. DREADED BY MILLINERS. New York Woman Who Has a Mania for Trying on Hats. "I was trying to convince myself in a Fifth-avenue millinery shop one day last week that a \$10 hat was just as becoming as a \$20 hat," said a woman to a New York Sun reporter, "but the salesgirl who was attending me, said: 'Oh, dear, here's the fiend and I am



QUAINT COAT-SHAPED BODICES.

glad that I am busy so that she won't bother me." "What do you mean by the fiend?" I asked. "Here she is now," said the girl. "I turned around and saw a woman whose face has been familiar to me for several years, and when I learned her characteristics I recalled the fact that I had usually seen her in millinery stores. She was a woman of good figure, stylishly dressed with a well-cut Persian lamb coat. Her hair was auburn, and I should guess that she might be anywhere from 35 to 45 years of age. "I want to see some of your new hats," she said to a shopgirl who was disengaged, and when she was out of earshot, my girl said to me: "That woman is known in every first-class millinery shop in New York, and she is a public nuisance. She has a mania for trying on new hats and admiring herself in the glass. I first noticed her three years ago in Mme. Blank's shop before I came here. About once in five weeks she would come in to see our new hats. She always tried on eight or ten hats, and studied her appearance in the glass with each hat. This meant a waste of at least an hour of the shopgirl's time. The woman never bought a hat. "After she had repeated the operation a few times Mme. Blank suspected that she was employed by a rival to steal our styles and she made some inquiries about her. She found that the woman was not employed by any rival, and that she spent most of her time trying on hats because she was afflicted with a mania for it. When I came down to this shop I found that she was well known here as the



THREE STUNNING SPRING COSTUMES.

"Fiend." If you will watch her a few minutes you will see for yourself what she does. Of course, the shopgirl can't be rude to her, but she knows well enough that she isn't going to make a purchase. "I watched the auburn-haired woman for a few minutes. She selected an expensive hat, examined it carefully, and then putting it on, she admired herself before the glass. She prinked and smirked and twisted her head so that she might get different views. Then she selected another hat and went through the same programme. When she selected the third I left. There are probably lots of women who occasionally like to put on a

pretty hat in a millinery store just to see how they look, but I never saw a woman who made a business of it as this woman did. The shopgirl told me that every millinery shop in town treaded her visits, and I don't doubt it."

NOVEL IDEA IN "TALLIES." Pleasing Devices for Keeping Record of Card Games. Recently at a smart card club in New York bracelets and key rings were made to do service for tallies. The idea was ingenious. A jeweler had been taken into the scheme, and for the women had simply bent heavy copper wire into the shape of bracelets. At the ends they were twisted in a similar way to hooks and eyes and so fastened about the arm. For the men key rings were made, also of copper wire, somewhat lighter in weight. When the party began, therefore, the guests were respectively presented with these trinkets; and as the game progressed little bells were passed about to be hung on the bracelets or rings of the winners; while those that were so unfortunate as to lose the games had given to them small brass charms in the shape of crowns and little pigs. They were also slipped at once upon the rings. Throughout the evening the jingling of these little things made a merry sound, nor was the idea an expensive one to carry out. Over 70



WHY MEN ARE PREFERRED

Edward Bok Gives Reasons for Business Men's Disinclination to Employ the Gentler Sex. "I have recently been interested in ascertaining the definite reasons why employers have felt that the positions in their establishments were not most effectively filled by women," writes Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The reasons are as varied as they are interesting. The lack of physical endurance and the unreliability caused by physical considerations were the main causes. The lack of executive ability was given as the main reason in positions of trust, and the friction caused by the objection of women to receive orders from one of their own sex. "Tending or impending matrimonial engagements were also a very pronounced cause. The proprietors also came in for their share, the merchant not feeling that he could ask his female secretary or clerk to remain after business hours. The trader felt that he could not send a woman off on a mission which required hasty packing and preparations for travel at an hour's notice. In a number of cases women seemed to object, and were inclined to accuse their employers of forgetting their social amenities when they spoke sharply to them. In these cases women always seemed to remember that they were women, and made their employers remember it, too. "Illness in the family, which would not necessitate a man's absence at the office, keeping the woman at home, was another reason. And so went on the reasons which made employers decide that they preferred men to women in their offices. And as I carefully went over the reasons, I found, simply on one thing—the unnatural position of woman in business."

HER MOST PRECIOUS GIFT. Duty of Woman to Acquire and Retain a Beautiful Figure. A beautiful figure is the most precious gift, after perfect health, that any woman can possess. It is far more valuable than a pretty face. It lasts much longer, and it does not betray the years, as must eventually even the most perfect features and the most lovely skin. With a perfect form, smartly gowned and well set up, a woman cannot fail to look charming. There are three classes of women from an artistic standpoint, who may lay claim to beauty of form. In the first class belong the great beauties of the world, who are great, tall, magnificent-looking creatures, whom some men describe as "full-bodied" women. In the second class are the daughters of Venus. These women usually give the impression of ideal beauty, and are often decorated with wreaths and Cupids. Both of these tallies have attached to them long loops of ribbon, that they may be slipped over the shoulders and worn. It is always a nuisance on such occasions to have to carry things about in the hands.

REBUS PARTIES. Change From Cards and Dancing at Social Gatherings. Entertainments which require ingenuity on the part of the hostess and quick guessing on the part of the guests, with prizes to the most expert guessers, are a welcome change from dancing and cards. Rebus parties, with musical subjects or titles of books, or a hidden auction, cause much merriment. These are familiar with music will easily see the connections between the following titles and their representations, as suggested by the New York World: "The Snow and the Song," Pinaut, a sheet-music song with an arrow drawn on the cover in blue pencil. "The Broken Pitcher," by Pontet, an old broken china pitcher. "The National Flag," by Slinman, represented by the word "hoist" and a knot of cord fastened on cardboard. "Shells of the Ocean," by Cherry, a marine view of a collection of shells. "Star-Spangled Banner," by the national flag. "The Little Padded Flower," by Thomas a failed violet tied to a card or ribbon. There may be similar representations of the following names: "Roses from the South," by Strauss; "Anchored," by Watson; "Larboard Watch," by Williams; "Banbury Cross," by Wellings; "Lohengrin," by Wagner; "Take Back the Helm," "Thou Gavest," "Only a Look of Fair," "The Palms," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "The Daily Question," "Monastery Bells," "Blue Eyes," by Mallory; "White Wings," "I Cannot Sing the Old Song," by Claribel; "Far Away," "Nothing but Leaves," and "Home Again."



Over Education. (The Matrimonial School at Chicago has turned out an avowed case of a woman who visited to the school who that both men and women looked for a higher standard in each other.—Westminster Gazette.) Once Penelope was blind— Gentle, loving and forgiving— She and I both of one mind: And in peace and concord living, Each the other's heart sought, As a wife and husband ought. But, in hopes to add thereby Sweetener syrup to our honey, We a course resolved to try At the School of Matrimony— Now each other's faults we turn Without pity we discern. If you ask me what has stirred Thus fond love to bitter strife, 'Tis the lectures that I heard On the "duties of a wife"— While Penelope, alas! Studied in the husband's class. —London Punch.

KENTUCKY GIRL IN OFFICE. Clerk of House of Representatives Through Present Turmoil. Think of a girl holding office in Kentucky these days, says the Philadelphia North American. That is what Margaret Ingalls is doing and has been doing through all the stress and storm of the conflict. She, Clerk of the Kentucky House of Representatives, the very body around which the battle has been waged, but she is identified with no party, and though faction and feud are bitter there, the Southern chivalry toward women still lives, so that it might not go well with the aspiring politician bold enough to seek the girl clerk's place. She owes nothing to the Gobel party, neither to the Taylorists, and both sides know it. Merit brought her to the office, and merit holds it for her, but there is wide personal popularity, too, and the fact that she has been recognized and doffed the hat to her neutrality.

RUSSIAN INFANT BAPTISM. Long-Drawn-Out Ceremony of Immersions and Anointings. "I was fortunate enough," writes Trumbull White, in the Chicago Record, "to visit the Church of St. David, in Tiffin, Russia, just in time to attend a baptismal ceremony. According to the rites of the Greek Church, as practiced in this ancient Georgian temple, the youngster in question, a fine boy, 4 or 5 weeks old, had to be immersed in a baptismal font filled with water, each time to be completely covered, in addition to various blessings and anointings with holy oil and several long prayers. "The benevolently-looking old priest proved himself a man of kindly thoughtfulness. While the family group around the baby was getting him properly unclad, for the ceremony requires that the child shall be naked, the priest surreptitiously dipped his finger into the font, and I saw by his face that it was too cold. Then he stepped behind a screen, where his samovar was steaming, emptied the hot water and murmured a prayer, while the family still kept busy over the baby he poured enough to temper the pool that had been provided for the shorn lamb. The result was that the child was baptized with tepid water, and emerged, and there-by distinguished himself."

They Make Life a Torture for All Connected With Them. A great deal of precious life is frittered away worrying over trifles and things that cannot be helped. There is no such joy in the home as the always-quiet, complaining woman, who sees only the dark side of things, and upon whose world, apparently, the sun never shines. Everything is wrong and nothing is ever right. Husband and children are made to suffer for the shortcomings of circumstances, and there is for no one in the four walls of such a home one chance in a hundred for even the minimum of happiness. Many a woman of this distressing type, says McCall's Magazine, began her married life a cheerful, light-hearted girl. Sometimes it has been physical suffering that has robbed her of her courage, and sometimes disaster and bereavement which were almost too much to be borne. But, nevertheless, the pain is not eased, the calamity averted, the loss made good by repairs, and she is left a victim of the sunniest and most heroic souls have been from which there was no relief—bedridden invalids and cripples confined to their wheeled chairs. Took Bit in Her Teeth. When the wife of Jim Keith took the bit in her teeth an asserted that the bitmen was always a slave. Was opposed by her sex till they all was but wrecks headed down towards premature graves. She aroused such a storm with her howl for reform that our women chafed under the gears. An' the speeches she made, yep of eloquent reform that moved every critter to tears. "But us men only laughed, said the woman was deaf, that a wheel had worked loose in her brain, that she couldn't hear a word of our talk. That her man's to 'bout 'd soon wear itself out, an' her cause be commendably dead; but we mighty soon found that same woman reformer, she was deaf as a post, but she was quite plenty alarmed to discover she'd formed the Wimmen's Protectorate Club. Every sufferin' dame in the camp jined the same, an' the meetin's was hid from our sight. Not a man ben' 'lowed to line in the crowd with the hems on their sockelin' night; An' us women an' we swore till our swear words was sore, but the gals never flickered an' they jined the Wimmen's Club. Only quietly said they was going ahead an' 'd only exhaust us to kick. Party soon when we'd meet at the bar down the street, when we loafed every night of our lives. We began to discuss what was novel to us, which the same was the style of our wifes. They was dreamin' up neat, was uncommonly sweet an' was keefin' in cookin' our grub. An' we had to admit without question that it was a pleasant result of the club. All our houses was swept every mornin' an' kept so attractive an' cheerful an' bright that the bar sort of got as a ditty of 'spot as a leader' next after night. An' I noticed when I was a passin' it by after-while the great absence of bums. An' the barkeeper set in a sort of a pet an' a twist in his eye after night. Now you go on a tramp after night through the camp an' it seems rather lonesome an' queer. But from homes all around the quite heavenly sound of laughter an' song you kin hear, An' the man that was heard fur to utter a word 'gainst the club or Ma'am President Keith. Might escape with his life on account of his wife, but 'd be by the skin of his teeth. —Denver Post.

How She Got Her Patterns. A resident in the London suburbs noticed that his cook had stuck up in her kitchen a map of South Africa, with the British possessions colored red, the Transvaal brown, the Orange Free State yellow and Portuguese territory green. "Do you take an interest in the war, Mary?" he asked. "No, sir," replied the cook; "but I mean to have a skirt like that brown bit, and blouses like them other colors, and I'm just keepin' the map to match the patterns with, when I get an evenin' off, sir."

WHAT'S A MAN TO DO? I'm sure I'm fond of blue eyes 'Till hazel eyes I cannot explain to you. The gray eye—not a gray eye, But wondrous strong and true— Affix me in a way I cannot explain to you. There's beauty in the brown eye, So gentle, calm and clear, Before it's any frown I May show will disappear. And, you, I really think I In ecstasy could glow About the pretty blue eye, That fair Albion shows. I know a girl with hat's eyes, That useless seem till night; Another one with "cat's eyes," Who fascinates me, quite. Another who has "cross-eyes"— She's "cute," when all is said; So I'm at such a loss, Perhaps not better wed. LUE VERNON.

WITCHING SPRING STYLES

Dainty Creations of Millinery Art Evoke Feminine Admiration—Some Stunning Costumes.

NEW YORK, March 12.—More and more Spring and Summer goods that are more and more beautiful are daily being unloaded at the counters of the big stores, and they receive no dearth of admiration from crowds of women, who bravely face the weather for a first peep at the marvels of diaphanous beauty. Some of the new dainties are of such striking witchery as to elicit a soft chorus of excited "ohs" and "ahs" that would do credit as a repulse of a protechnical display. The flow of wondering approbation is, as a rule, somewhat abated at sight of the price tag, and the usual period that punctuates a paragraph of enthusiastic praise comes in this guise: "Well, I declare, it's positively luminous under the light." All of the most expensive materials have a satin finish that is fairly lustrous. They outshin satin, as it were. Panné is regally popular for girdles, plaistrons, collars, and even for dresses. A novelty in even stronger favor is the satin crepe that has a suppleness beyond description and a positive luminous surface. It is used for whole gowns, particularly those of the graceful princess variety, and is supposed to fall lightly over a separate silk lining, after the fashion of a tulle.

As trimming, no end of delightful appliques are shown, from tiny entre-deux of Japanese silk embroidery, to open-work embroidered bands of light-colored mousseline de soie, taffeta applique and flat satin cording, made up into lacey strips and motifs, and inserted with meshes of open-work silk or chenille. Chenille alone is destined to have quite a run, as a distinctly Summer dress trimming. The effect of black chenille, in combination with faint organdie and mousseline de soie, is remarkably lovely.

An Example. For example, a pale pink mousseline has at the hollow of the left shoulder an immense rosette of black rose chenille. Hanging from the rosette are streamers of chenille, a yard and a half long. At the belt, a little to the left of the center in front, the streamers are slightly looped and tacked down under another rosette, considerably smaller than the first, and from here the ends fall clear to the bottom of the skirt. The costume is completed by a hat of wide black satin straw, crossed with chenille, lightly trimmed on top with plumes of black tulle, and underneath with a facing of crushed French rose petals. Needle work that has been such a noticeable feature of the best imported gowns this Winter is quite as apparent and as charming upon the stuffs that are being prepared for Summer. The basic who will take the hint in time may wear an embroidered robe for the warm weather that will set her friends in a whirl of envy. The embroidery is done in light-colored silks, upon fine French organdie. A suggestion that might be offered to the good needlewoman is to buy an organdie