

# FASHIONS

lands in dress have grown greater, the facilities for securing the elaborate costume necessary are not improved. We physicians are able to realize this because of the curious and ominous human elements that are the outgrowth of overtaxing the system at shopping.

**"Dressmaker's Hysterics."**  
"For example, there is hardly a week goes by that I am not called in to look after a well-defined case of dressmaker's hysterics, directly due to great mental and muscular exhaustion over a gown that the connoisseurs seamstress fails to send home in time for the date and occasion for which it has been planned. These attacks are invariably aggravated by the husband, who jokes and jeers at the very moment when every sewing machine needle is needed for the sufferer. I have known distinctly serious cases of nervous prostration following too much fitting and matching succeeded by too frequent disappointments."

"Ten years ago 'the tailor-made spine,' as we call it now for lack of a better name, and 'the milliner's squint' were almost unknown to physicians, whereas at present we deal with such afflictions daily. The first results from the long hours' spent standing before a mirror in a tailor's fitting-room caught in a briar patch of pins while the proper line of coat or skirt is achieved. There is no royal road to a glove-fitting tailor suit save by posing hours at a time, without flinching—a species of endurance and slavery only the modern woman has ever known, and the consequence of which is horde of exquisitely sown women, pallid of cheek and haggard of eye, hurrying here for electric treatment, and big business for the masseuse. As to 'the milliner's squint'—"

But here the reporter of the Philadelphia Inquirer dropped in a modest inquiry that the petticoated Galen insisted to quite good nature.

**Common Masculine Error.**  
"Now, my dear young friend," she answered gently, "don't drop into the common masculine error of believing that women dress for vanity's sake and suffer such hardships merely to gratify a lust for clothes. The American woman is the best-dressed of her sex in the world, gives to her toilet her time, her brains, nay, almost her very life blood. Why?"

"Chiefly because the American man is the most exacting husband in the world, as regards the splendor of his wife's appearance. He must have her as good a housekeeper, accomplished, or even beautiful, but she must dress well. Her fine gowns appeal to his sense of beauty; signify to

years. The museums of Europe have been ransacked for illustrations showing costumes, furniture, etc. The size of his building indicates an extensive exhibit. The Parisian Academy of Hairdressers is to have a section of a gallery for an exhibition of its art. It will reproduce an old section of the Palais Royal, showing hairdressers in the costumes of Louis XV and XVI. What more could the feminine heart wish?"

**DAINTY FOOTWEAR.**  
Becoming Boots and Shoes Replacing Masculine Styles.

Shoes for Spring are not mannish as they have been for the past few years. Heels are made higher, insteps arched and altogether shoes are shapely and pretty. Women are beginning to realize that a daintily shod foot is the essential, most noticeable part of their toilet, and intend discarding the heavy, masculine shoe. They are making an unusual effort to have their feet look thoroughly chic, small and feminine, as they did years ago, before they ran to the razor-toe, high-heeled mode. After a run on the "razor-toe," fashion went to the other extreme and adopted the flat heel and broad, square toe, finally drifting to men's shoes, a style now to be worn for golf only. The real smart girl will clothe her feet in high-buttoned or laced patent leather boots—not shoes, there is a distinction between the two—until the first intimation of warm weather, when she will go into Oxfords and russets.

The two strictly leading styles are the patent leather low shoe and patent leather boot. In regard to the proper size heel, the Louis XV is the most distinctive feature between the house and street shoe. For the seashore, black and white canvas Oxfords will be worn during the mornings. Black patent leather Oxfords, slippers in black kid, bronze and to match the gown will be popular, and the one point noticeable in all grades of shoes, boots and slippers is the neat, round, sensible-looking broad toe and moderately high, shapely heel.

**Artistic Kimono.**  
We have to thank those true artists, the Japs, for many of our artistic ideas, but it is to the women of the Flowery Kingdom one must pay homage for creating that marvel of elegant simplicity, the kimono, so well known to those who have



**My Mither-in-Law.**  
When I courted 'er Maggie her mither did cry That name could be suited like Maggie and I; But since we've got married a change is ower 'er. Noo, I canna get on 'er mither ava'.

When she tak's a rin up by the frende she sits, An' gets on to Maggie for cleaning my boots; She says, "Dinna learn him his fashion ava'; She's a middlesome lady, my mither-in-law."

She picks fauts 'er this and she picks fauts 'er that; She even picks fauts 'er our innocent cat. She scolds at our wean when he greets on his maw; She's a heidstrong auld lady, my mither-in-law.

When she speaks 'er our neebours she rins them at 'er door. An' she thinks there no maw like her in the toon; If she does any good turn 'er loudly she'll blaw. She's a fond 'er herself, my auld mither-in-law.

Some night I will open my mind on her yet. An' tell 'er o' something she winna forget. I'll tell her she winna come here and micka. Folks who siver has berme'd her, my mither-in-law.

—Glasgow Mail.

## BIGOTED EASTERN WOMEN

**Elizabeth Cady Stanton Shows Folly of Zealots Who Would Restore Gloomy Puritan Sabbath.**

An organization of women is now making an effort to secure more rigid Sunday laws in the East. At a recent meeting they expressed a strong desire that the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition should be closed on Sunday, the only day the masses could enjoy its wonders. They have also made an appeal to the Drug Association of Philadelphia to sell no candy, cigars or soda water on Sunday, and Sabbatarians are making war on the little bootblacks and newsboys of Baltimore, for plying the trade which is so necessary to their very existence on Sunday. Others again ask that their bishops forbid that flowers for Easter be delivered on Sunday.

Discussing the matter, Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes, in the New York Sun, that "if women, with their rapidly increasing influence in public affairs, continue to move on this line, we shall risk the secular nature of our government, so carefully guarded by the Fathers, and re-establish the old Puritan Sabbath, with all its absurdities and restrictions. A wag, in speaking of those times, said facetiously: 'Under the old laws of Connecticut a man could not kiss his wife nor a hen lay an egg on Sunday.'

"Instead of making restrictive laws, the best influence women can exert in this direction is to do all in their power to make Sunday a day of innocent pleasure and lasting profit for the masses. Let them open all the schoolhouses and assemble the children of the poor, to entertain them with beautiful stories, with some high moral purpose, interesting facts of animal life and illustrated lectures, for audiences of working men and women, on history, science and philosophy, adapted to their development. Open the libraries, museums, the art galleries, elevate the drama, for those who are not interested in theology and church services. Coming home from the Episcopal Church, with a boy 12 years old one Sunday, he said: 'How tired I am of "Thou shalt not"; it seems as if the Lord forbids everything that a boy enjoys, and commands everything that is disagreeable.'

"Another set of women are making war on the bicyclists; they wish that repressed on Sunday. Others wish to stop all the cars and omnibuses, and compel the laboring classes to spend the day in the gloomy tenement flats, thus preventing all excursions to the parks or the country, where families now go with their lunch baskets to spend the day and get an occasional glimpse of the grass, the trees, the flowers, the sunshine, and breathe the fresh air, never vouchsafed in their gloomy homes."

"Liberal thinkers have been working for years to lift the people out of their superstitions and make the day one of rest and pleasure, a necessary change of employment for the health of body and mind. This class objects to the woman suffrage movement, lest, having the power, woman's influence should always be

**SENSIBLE DUTCH CUSTOMS.**  
Girls Taught to Know Something and Become Good Wives.

Most of the better classes in Holland set great value on a good education for their girls, the learning of languages being considered superior to the cultivation of accomplishments, perhaps for the reason that the native language is of little value outside the country. Many clever Dutchwomen are unable to sing, play or paint, yet are renowned for their talents. A thorough domestic education is insisted upon; it is considered a disgrace for a girl to be ignorant of sewing, washing, ironing, housekeeping, arithmetic and cooking. Under the head of sewing are included the arts of fine darning and mending and underclothes making.

After leaving a first governess, who is generally either English, French or German, girls not of the highest rank, say a writer in McCull's Magazine, go into the primary schools, and then to the high schools—Hoogera, Burger-school, Voor, Meisjes-—into some of the excellent boarding-schools, in which the best of educations is combined with the simple food, care and amusements of quiet homes. Only the upper-class parents send their girls abroad to school, but after leaving them from the national establishments, they supply them with finishing lessons from many masters and mistresses. It is the mother who chiefly teaches the domestic arts. The daughters are brought up to admire clever housekeeping and housewifery generally, and to prepare for the time when they themselves will have to manage a household.



When a Dutch girl is about 18, she is confirmed; her education is supposed to be finished and she enters society. One pleasing custom is, that after becoming engaged, she is not allowed to socially be obliged, to call upon her relatives, friends and acquaintances, with her fiancé, in order to introduce him. Some betrothed girls will, no doubt, find these trials trying ordeals. The day of showing her future husband to those dear to her is a charmingly natural one. Until this little ceremony has taken place, the engaged pair may be expected to go about freely alone, but after it they may do as they please in most matters.

Very long engagements are usual in Holland, as dowries are rare, and neither husband nor wife may be expected to be allowed to stand in the way of a betrothal between young folks who love one another. The Dutch have been called a proeminent race, yet in the way they set more romantically disposed nations an example.

**SAUCE FOR GANDER.**  
Baltimore Woman Suggests That Some One Write Rules for Men.

"I do wish someone would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently to a reporter of the Baltimore News. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully'; that the house must be like a new pin; I must be prettily gowned; the dinner must be daintily cooked and served; and that he must be worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me."

"These precepts are all right theoretically, and, under ordinary circumstances are practically followed by most women instinctively who wish to retain her husband's admiration, but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow? Why don't you come one to tell them to look cheerful when they come in, and to forbear to grumble, if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason; to be a little sympathetic and affectionate and remember that their are not the only troubles in the house?"

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent in practicing expedients to keep her husband's love, and to avoid anything which he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers. This may be all right in the abstract, but in the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return, but it is not the writer's fault if they don't."

"I don't know if I am of 'Thou shalt not'; it seems as if the Lord forbids everything that a boy enjoys, and commands everything that is disagreeable."

**"OCTAVE THANET."**  
Miss Alice French Assumed the Nom de Plume by Chance.

Miss Alice French, "Octave Thanet," whose new book of short stories shows her interest in the industrial world of the West and the Southwest, spent most of her time not long ago on the origin of her pen-name.

"My writing and my pen-name are purely matters of chance. I had my first stories in my mind for years before I put them on paper, and I was a great inspiration to me in writing 'Octave Thanet' was the name of a freight car which the children of my neighborhood loved to play in and about."

Miss Alice French is fond of housework and cooking, and declares she is a much better cook than writer. She belongs politically to that branch of the Republican party in the West which endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the workers, and a substantial part of her income is spent in doing good. At a labor meeting not long ago she was enthusiastically received as a benefactor, and after she had finished a little speech of advice and admonition she was roundly cheered. "Miss French, a little," "Miss French forever," cried the audience.

At this the presiding officer, a man, arose and replied, "I know you mean well, but there may be some men who hope that the lady may not be Miss French forever."

**CAKE WHILE YOU WAIT.**  
Housekeepers May Save Lots of Time in the Kitchen.

Mary Kimmerly, in "What to Eat," gives a startling new theory on the art of cake-baking. She says that the usual way of mixing and baking a cake is a waste of time, and that by following her ideas, which she has tested to the fullest, one can mix and bake a cake in one-half the time formerly consumed.

First, she says, make such a fire as will heat the oven quickly. Now put all your materials together into your mixing bowl before you begin beating or stirring at all—butter, eggs, sugar, milk, baking powder, favoring and salt. Commence stirring and continue steadily until the whole mixture is a smooth batter. Butter your baking pans and bake as quickly as possible, without scorching. While this method of mixing a cake is unusual, there is really no reason why it should not prove practically all right. Try some simple recipe and see how it works.

White Cake—Whites of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of cornstarch, 1 1/2 cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, and favor to suit taste. Put all ingredients together and stir briskly until it is a smooth batter, and bake in a quick oven.

Collected by One Woman.

Miss Harriette Scott, of New Orleans, has solicited and packed 800 volumes for our soldier lads and Marine. Hundreds of periodicals have also been given her, and are stacked up in a room at her home awaiting shipment. Much of the literature sent her came in response to appeals through the daily papers, and almost all of it was of the better class.



## At Easter Time (Bondeau)

At Easter time, with radiance rare, In all her glory, faultless, fair, On promenade the maid appears, No traces left of Lenten fears, An object gay and debonaire.

His heart is dizzy with despair, That stylish hat, those veils so rare, To nod their heads and dominate, At Easter time.

He knows how much this whole affair Makes doubly sure the subtle snare, He is not realising, has no fear, That he will lose her love, the dear, The bills are what makes Papa swear, At Easter time.

Herbert Howe.

## GOTHAM'S EASTER SHOW

**Ella Osborn Tells of Anticipated Novelties of New York's Gay Carnival of Fashion.**

NEW YORK, April 10.—Are we to wear panned dresses? Easter Sunday is not so distinctly an opening day in Vanity Fair as formerly, but it is still the dividing line between Winter and Summer fashions, and it is still to the gay, traditional parade that we look for the settlement of most questions.

Will panniers appear in the Easter procession? Panned dresses have been brought from Paris. The shops show them; they have been worn at the opera, at restaurants and at evening parties by a few extremists or experimentalists. Will they be accepted by women in general? No one expects it.

The hoopskirt scare of a few years ago failed to materialize. The American beauty was told with emphasis that presently she would be overturning all her spider-legged tables and breaking her 5 o'clock teapot and denuding her divan of its three-score cushions and pushing all her impedimenta to the wall in her cry for space—space!

Yet, instead of crinoline, she wore eel-skin skirts! So now in the new contest between Watteau and David, Marie Antoinette and the Empress Josephine, the affected simplicity of the pseudo-pastoral dress, with its looped overskirt, garnished with the silks of the last century, to the high waist and straight lines of the classical Empire gown.

The heightened dress is a freak, a whim, and is likely to remain. Yet fashions are as uncertain as the stock markets. Panniers are worth watching.

**Flowered Underskirts.**  
The quaintest and most piquant of the Watteau dresses yet finished show flowered underskirts, with overskirts of different materials, opening in front and draped on the hips. They assimilate themselves to the prevailing mode by a lavish use of tucks and plaatings.

A model dress of this order is made of Venetian cloth, of a mauve so pale as to be only a shade or two removed from white. The front of the skirt has a panel of figured pannel of a deeper mauve tone; the sides and back are of cloth laid in flat plaits, stitched down. Small panniers are laid in fine folds about the hips, seeming to be held by large silver clasps at the waist in front and behind.



## SMART TOGS FOR CYCLING.

the world his generosity and business cleverness, and furthermore, and not least important, they prove the prosperity of the country.

"Women shop to make the wheels of commerce go round, and so soon as our patient, long-suffering, much-enduring American women quit shopping and throw off the tyranny of the tailor, milliner and dressmaker, just so soon will all Fridays be black and all Mondays blue and the foundations of finance crumble."

**"Palace of Costume" at the Big Paris Exposition.**  
At one side of the Eiffel Tower, writes the Paris correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald, will be found an attraction of special interest to women. Probably no one but a Frenchman would conceive the idea of spending \$300,000 on an exhibition of costumes, but M. Felix probably knows what he is doing, for he has been a successful Parisian dressmaker for many years. He has erected a big building that he is pleased to call the Palace of Costume, and he intends to fill it with reproductions of women's dresses at various epochs from ancient times down to the third Napoleon. Let not the masculine reader smile in disdain. Let him recall how often he has seen members of his sex stand in awe before the wax figures of cheap museums.

Being French, M. Felix is artistic. He will not only have figures to wear the clothes he has designed, but he will represent famous characters and group them in tableaux reproducing famous incidents in history. As a consequence he will have to introduce a few female figures to properly fill out the tableaux, but these are only to play a secondary part in his scheme. He will begin with a group of ancient Gauls, surprised and frightened by the approach of an army of Roman invaders.

Marie of Burgundy will be shown in a costume of her period. Blanche of Castille will be represented in a cloistered retreat. Catherine de Medici will be seen in regal attire, in the act of making a visit to Ruggieri, the famous astrologer. There will be a representation of Henry IV and his mother, and the coronation costume of Josephine, which is said to have cost nearly \$300,000 in 1804, to be imitated with exactness.

With such appeals to her love of dress, beauty, romance and mysticism, how can any woman resist the temptation to contribute a few francs to M. Felix's fund, and if the wives explore the Palace of Costume, how can the husbands escape? Wise men! What a "barrel" he will have next November!

Naturally this sort of a show cannot be gotten up on the instant, and M. Felix claims to have had dressmakers, artists, sculptors and decorators at work for two



Now doth the Festive Summer walet appear upon The scene, In every shade From white to red, and Hundreds in between: It darts and every manly eye, And stretcheth Every neck, And maketh grim row fellows Glance to follow. At her beck As down the street in glad array Fair Paris lightly trips, A vision rare And on the neck to Dainty finger tips; And there are Hordes of others all most Gleefully parade, With some in stripes And some in plaids and some In checks arrayed, And some are alien, some Are wool, some linen, Some pique, And some the flannel and Neardirk are seen In the array; And some do blouse like Coals of fire, while some are Verlant quite, And every shade of Yellow, brown, blue, red, green is in sight; And thus, when warming sapphry Kiss the early leaping Tree, the streets Become kaleidoscope Of marvel of all marvel! Each Bright dangle feels that she Doth wear by far the Sweetest waist of all. That company! All maidens love the Summer walet, the waist of Giddy hue, and Laddies love to love the maids, who Love this loving, too! So here's a toast, a merry toast, To maiden sweet encased Within the Gayer, waistling, neat and giddy Summer walet!

—J. W. W. in New York Sun.



the serpent again tempts Eve.

**"DRESSMAKER'S HYSTERICS."**  
"Tailor-Made Spines," "Milliner's Squint," and "Sich."

"Shopping," said the woman physician, leaning back in her easy chair, "is the white woman's burden. It is the popular belief among men that a good long day of haggling over samples and wrestling with dressmakers is the sort of thing that makes the sex I have the honor to represent truly happy. But as it happens, what men in general and husbands in particular don't know about women would fill books for all the libraries Andrew Carnegie can ever build.

"You may quote me as saying that shopping is about the heaviest task feminine mind and muscle are called upon to endure. It is the kind of responsibility that paves the way to nervous prostration, and the worst of it is, shopping grows a more complicated and exhausting duty every day. A half century ago, if a fashionable member of society devoted two hours out of every 12 to her dress, she was enabled to keep right up to the standard of the mode. Today, four hours will hardly suffice for the more elaborate and trying one, and for every one dress requisite 20 years ago, five are now essential for the keeping up of appearance; and while the de-