

FASHIONS



Girl in the Khaki Dress.

There she goes in the shopping square. The men look back, the women stare. The critic's remarks are passing loud. As she wanders her way through the gaping crowd. But she hears them not, and she cares much less. She's one of the first in a khaki dress. She passes the cop on the shopping beat. He smiles and points out into the street. "The color's the same," he says with a grin. "The same as the mud she's walking in." But she hears them not, and she cares much less. She's one of the first in a khaki dress. The newboy grins: "Get over her nibe! Now wouldn't dat tickle yer under de rib?" "The awning stuff wid a mustard smear. Take it away! It don't go here!" But she hears them not, and she cares much less. She's one of the first in a khaki dress. "A gauntlet run for a thousand eyes. Just she braves the 'Whew!' and the rule 'Oh, no!'" And the girl who gave and love to say: "She looks like a road on a rainy day!" But she hears them not, and she cares much less. She's one of the first in a khaki dress. —Chicago Daily News.

WHIMSICAL SPRING WRAPS

Shimmering Foam and Froth of Ribbons, Laces, Ruffles and Costly Givaways.

NEW YORK, May 1.—The Spring wrap is always beautiful; it doesn't need to be protective to more than a limited degree. It is a foam and froth of ribbons, and laces and ruffles; it glimmers and flashes with sequins and jet, and it belongs to the sunshine and sweet air, just as do the young leaves and blossoms, and the big hats covered with chiffon roses and the spiders' canopies misnamed parasols. When it is a long wrap, it is like a veil that floats about the figure, transparent and misty. Often the under side of it is of white chiffon, and the upper side of black net, fraying into lace edges and broken with insertions of black Chantilly. When it is a short wrap, it is a dainty little cape, filmy as a Summer cloud, and whimsically suggesting an impossible rapprochement of laughter-loving Marie Antoinette and the grave Puritan maiden in simple gray frock and snowy kerchief. Or else it is a capriciously extravagant little bolero, a garment fit for Mab, Queen of the Fairies, with its collars and revers and even linings of costly Malines, Alençon or Anglet lace and its frostings of embroidery and sequins. To be sure, there are heavier wraps, driving coats of putty-colored cloth, long enough to reach the knees and elaborately stitched to simulate double garments, the Vandyke upper part as falling over rows of horizontal stitching, and the collars and cuffs maintaining by their decorations the same pious fraud. And there are race coats stitched and embroidered and quilted, which seem to "sew" made with seven needles stitching seven years' could not accomplish their intricacies of detail.

An Example.

One such coat in pale mastic cloth belongs to the touseau of Miss Edith Morton, whose marriage took place last week. It reaches nearly to the feet, and is partly fitted at the back, the sides being laid in flat plaits, which seem to fall free under a short bolero. Around the neck is a white cloth cape, braided with arabesques in mastic cloth. This rises at the throat into a high collar, and is prolonged in front into a panel in the form of a stole, which continues to the bottom of the garment, and then encircles it. But despite this and other examples, the latest long coat is of nothing thicker than taffeta, and is remarkably full by reason of an infinity of tucks, and yet commendably light because unlined and most cleverly manipulated. It is semitransparent rather than of sack shape, and if of black it has immense revers and little of white silk, incriminated perhaps with a coarse, tinted lace, while down the side may fall a scarf of deep yellow applique.

For the matron a three-quarters coat of more dignity is of black peau de soie, stitched perpendicularly in fine tucks and having its skirts overlaid with a deep application of coarsely patterned black Lurex lace. The coat is edged by the inevitable chiffon frill, ruffled with gauze, and its enormously high, flowerlike collar seems to be held in place by a broad black velvet ribbon, which is knotted back and front, leaving long, looped ends. In contrast with these garments are borders of little taffeta coats and boleros, of audaciously smart severity, these relying for their sole success on elaborate tuckings, strappings and daring outline of revers and high collar. One of new bolero, though May is upon us, is of black velvet, with facings of white satin, black lace and rows of black velvet ribbon. Another short coat, which may be made of white or black satin, is lined with soft Marie Antoinette silk and has same, reverse, collar and cuffs overlaid with lace or heavily stitched.

Mrs. Gould's Coat.

A little black silk coat, which is being worn by Mrs. George Gould, is trimmed diagonally on the body and sleeves with rows of black guipure insertion. The sleeves are also tucked diagonally, and at the wrists there are frills of black chiffon. The square revers are edged with a quilling of black chiffon and rosettes of chiffon, while soft folds of the same gauzy material are drawn down between them and appear in front. A knotted silk fringe surrounds the basque, and at the throat there is a scarf of the fashionable Cluny lace in a deep ecru tone. The hat which Mrs. Gould wears with this coat is made of crossover folds of black guipure silk, and the brim is veiled with chiffon. Two large rosettes of chiffon and some jetted sprays give a light and graceful effect that is very pleasing. A very original vest is made of black peau de soie and accented plaited chiffon. It is cut short at the back, but has



long, pointed ends in front, which are trimmed with narrow black silk guipure. The rounded collar and revers are faced with accented plaited chiffon and edged with full chiffon guipure. The deep, accented plaited chiffon flounce, which forms the sleeves is also quilted at its border. There is an inner waistcoat of plaited chiffon, which holds the garment closely to the figure at the back, and to complete the toilet there is a large hat of drawn chiffon trimmed with long, black paradise ostrife. Under the left side are folds of flame-colored velvet, caught with two paste and silver buckles.

Capes proper range from very short to medium short, and while nine in ten are covered with frills of the most diaphanous fabric, a few are as quaintly prim and old-time in cut and finish as if rescued from an attic chest where they had lain for half a hundred years.

One of these new-old models is shawl-shaped, pointed in the back, rounding up in front, and reminiscent of old school, stately ladies, though designed to grace the younger and more frivolous of their grandchildren. The material is black satin and the decorations are three shallow, scalloping flounces of open network, over puffs of white chiffon. These are set about the shoulders, again at the level of the elbows and just below the waist line. The cape has a high collar fastened by falling ends of wide ribbon, which are caught by an old-fashioned buckle of gold and silver filigree.

Jaunty Little Capes.

Jaunty little capes that reach just to the elbows are as numerous as ever, together with longer ones that quite cover the arms. A handsome cape in pastel blue cloth is in front, and reminiscent of old school, stately ladies, though designed to grace the younger and more frivolous of their grandchildren. The material is black satin and the decorations are three shallow, scalloping flounces of open network, over puffs of white chiffon. These are set about the shoulders, again at the level of the elbows and just below the waist line. The cape has a high collar fastened by falling ends of wide ribbon, which are caught by an old-fashioned buckle of gold and silver filigree.

A very beautiful little evening cape is made of white satin veiled with a deep flounce of embroidered black chiffon. It has a high collar with a full ruffle of white lace which cascades down the front, fastening at the throat with a silver clasp. There are wide ends of black velvet and large, outstanding revers, like bats' wings, of black velvet.

The newest golf capes come in plaids that are patterned as much like a golfing board as ever. They are remarkably light and brilliant in color, but show few details in their design. Among smartly cut cloth coats for economically minded women there are numberless Etons and Eton coats and plain, short, tight-fitting cutaways, whose small revers turn back just enough to

show the necktie, and which fasten with horn buttons. The cutaway never goes out, any more than does the corresponding fashion for men. It may vary a little in length, in the style of sleeve, or in the size and shape of the revers, but to all intents and purposes it is the same garment from season to season. Many women prefer this garment so strongly as to cling to



NOVEL VISITE AND SHORT COAT.

A trunk of this sort has a compartment for a man's hat and also a compartment for a woman's bonnet, and it has other suitable compartments for the separate belongings of each. Steamer trunks have now long been used on land as well as in sea travel. Something designed for water or for land use as a bag is made of heavy canvas

and trimmed and finished with leather. This bag is much like a mail bag in appearance except that it is shorter; that is, not so deep. This bag is used on steamers to carry overcoats and wraps, and it is perfectly adapted for use in the cabin and used there as a receptacle for things to be laundered. Bags of this sort are used more or less in yachting and boating, and for long journeys where transportation facilities would be limited. They are also used in trips into the woods and so on. Afloat or ashore the bag can be tossed about without injury to itself or anything else, and it does not, like a trunk, take up a fixed amount of space, but only the space actually required by bag and contents, whatever the contents may be, more or less.

Insurance Man's Trunk.

Trunks are made for various special purposes; for the use of men traveling on business, for example, there was made for an insurance man a trunk with a movable compartment section containing spaces for blanks and envelopes and so on, and for pens and ink, for whatever was required in his business. This made practically a completely equipped desk. Whenever this traveler stopped it was not necessary to take out of the trunk and transfer separately to a table the various things he required, but he simply lifted out from his trunk that portable desk and set that upon the table, thus getting in a moment everything that he needed, conveniently at hand and in its accustomed place.

Perhaps an unusual special trunk as any that has been made was one built by a New York trunkmaker in which to carry a parlor organ. This was for a singing evangelist who, traveling carried his own instrument, with which he was familiar, and so that he might everywhere and anywhere be sure to have a suitable instrument at hand. In making long journeys on land and sea and shipping and transporting the organ frequently, to insure its safe carriage, it would have been necessary to box it, and as a more secure and economical method of transporting it there was built for it a

trunk, and in this trunk the parlor organ went from point to point safely round the world.

WILL PREVENT STOUTNESS.

Electric Massage Roller the Latest Beauty Appliance.

The complicated art of acquiring beauty has become simplified. Any woman may now achieve beauty at home and unaided, says a New York exchange. All that she will have to do is to discharge the duties of beautifiers whom she now employs to exercise their arts upon her person, and buy an electric massage roller. The roller will do the rest.

The instrument itself, which has caused a sensation among New York society women, is the perfection of simplicity. A small roller with a handle is attached to a wire, connecting with an electric battery. The idea is that of a combination of the principles of electricity and massage. Its functions are so diverse as to include the reparation of almost every physical defect.

Primarily, of course, the purpose of the electric roller is to discourage unwelcome plumpness, which it is said to accomplish with great certainty. With this in view, the roller is made in three sizes, the largest to reduce the hips, the medium size to smooth out double chins, or extra plumpness of the face or neck, and the smallest size to apply to the eyelids. In the latter case the object is, of course, purely to do away with wrinkles, which marie gift is only second in importance to the artificial creation of slenderness. But, for that matter, the women who use the roller declare it is able to produce plumpness as well as slenderness—that it makes wrinkles and hollows impossible. For that matter, the roller is said to be a machine a daily rite, performed just subsequent to the daily bath. The entire body having been rubbed with considerable vigor, the face, neck and arms are particularly in the spots where wrinkles threaten to come or have already arrived—are gone over with scrupulous care.

ORDERS HUBBIE'S CLOTHES.

Wife of ex-Cabinet Officer Attends to That Important Duty.

The wife of a man who served with distinction as a Cabinet officer during a recent Administration entered a tailor shop near Fifth avenue, New York, says the Sun, of that city, recently, and said to the proprietor:

"I am Mrs. So-and-so, and I don't suppose that women come into your shop very often."

"A good many women help their husbands to select their clothes," said the proprietor.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said the woman. "I have bought my husband's clothes for him ever since we were married, and if he did not order for them, he would not have any clothes. He never thinks of them. Didn't even when he was in Washington, though he was always properly dressed. Now, I want some Spring clothes for my husband. I will select the samples for three suits and I will tell you just how to make them. When my husband comes to get measured don't pay any attention to his orders about the clothes if he gives any. He has ordered his own clothes for you yesterday, and if you will step back I will show you the patterns."

"Young man," said the ex-Cabinet officer, "I would not dare to interfere with my wife's selections. Just take my measure as quickly as you can and make the clothes as directed."

After the measurements had been made the ex-Cabinet Minister hurried out without asking what style of suits had been ordered for him.

BANISHED FROM TOILET.

Ugly Fights Are Succeeded by Daintiest of Underwear.

The important change which has taken place in making very full skirts necessary brings about a corresponding change in underwear. We have escaped, says La Nouvelle Mode, from the acute crisis which led many women—and those not the least delicate and careful of themselves—to repudiate fluffly lace and fine ribbons and adopt odious lights, with grotesque lines, making the female outline resemble that of bathers in bathing costumes, thus which nothing can be more ungraceful. Here is one point established. Those wretched tights of English origin, known by the name of combinations, are banished from the toilet.

The fine cambric chemise, the drawers richly trimmed with lace, the thin under-petticoat, have become the indispensable basis of every woman's dress. Nevertheless these garments are still buttoned and adjusted very low on the stays, so as not to increase the size of the hips. Some women even wear their stays over them, but this practice often makes troublesome folds, and the under-dress, being made of fine lawn or nainsook takes up a very small space beneath the silk petticoat, which should be more correctly called the underskirt. In fact, this silk petticoat has weight and falls around the bottom, intended to support the bottom of the skirt. The upper part is still very tight-fitting. The front breadth is cut almost straight. A few gorges are made in the upper part, and there are two breadths, cut on the cross

For centuries the women of Monticou have been renowned for strength of character and severity of demeanor. At the same time no conviction is held more firmly by the people of Monticou than that women should be the rulers of their own households.

In its effort to reconcile the theory of man's supremacy and the condition—most cases of his subjugation by his wife, Monticou years ago, wrote a correspondent of the New York World, devised a form of humiliation to rouse overdone husbands to a sense of their shame. Recently, this ancient punishment was visited in its full rigor on a particularly unfortunate victim of wifely discipline. The affair created a sensation, and now all the husbands are lions, all the women lambs.

The spiritless man whom the town subjected to ignominy was a factory hand named Jules Roger. He had ventured a few days earlier to tell his wife that domestic arrangements for which his wife was responsible.

"Insulting creature," cried his wife, true to the traditions of Monticou family, and a stormy quarrel followed. As the husband did not relinquish the ground he had taken, the wife seized a broom and emphasized her remarks to such an extent that the mechanic was finally able only to crawl out of the house groaning.

Opinion differed the next day as to whether the disciplined husband had deserved his beating or not. But there was no question that he had acted criminally in allowing a woman to beat him. The next night, he found the majority of the town's population lying in wait for him. A white cotton nightcap was tied on Roger's head and a distaff thrust in his hand. The humiliated wretch was then forced on a donkey's back, facing toward the animal's tail. Finally, upon his back was pinned a placard which was written: "I am willing to be beaten by my wife."

A chorus of jeers greeted the man and the donkey as they were led forth to ride about the town. The procession moved slowly, and at every step the crowd increased. All Roger's fellow-workmen; all the husbands who had been similarly disciplined, and all the wives who had acted as disciplinarians—the latter if it was noticed, being particularly jubilant—followed the jeering, taunting procession and its victim in their tour of the town.

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COREAN WOMEN.

Paste Instead of Sew Clothes—Bride's Eyes Are Also Pasted.

A Korean bride has her eyelids pasted together until she has been three days a wife. Notwithstanding this rather unpromising beginning, the life of the Korean woman, while secluded, is not as unbearable as that of the women of many other Oriental nations. They are poor, and consequently compelled to work very hard, but, as a rule, are well treated by their husbands. They have pretty names, meaning plum-blossom, treasure, etc., but after marriage are known only as So-and-so's wife, until they have an oven, after which they are known as the mother of that son.

As a little lass the Korean girl is taught domestic work, and begins early to assist her mother in making the family clothing. She learns how to paste clothes together, then to wash and iron them. The use of paste instead of thread is a custom practiced only by the Koreans. It is done on a smooth block of wood or stone and is beaten smooth with ironing sticks. These sticks resemble a policeman's club, and each ironer uses two.

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END AND I AND BABY.

We are so jolly, contented and gay. End and I and the baby.

What do we care for the Apian Way, End and I and the baby? Politics, wars and the tariff may go. Little we reck how the fickle winds blow. We're a triumvirate, mighty and low. End and I and the baby.

Climb up, my little son, here to my knee— End and I and the baby. Isn't he sturdy and brave as could be? End and I and the baby. Take him, my dear, he's weary with play. See how he sinks in that Sluggish way. Here is a kiss all around, and hurra— End and I and the baby. —Robert Loveman in New Lyceum.

HENPECK'S ROUGH USAGE

Poor-Spirited Factory Hand Endures Much Humiliation by Populace of Monticou, France.

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END AND I AND BABY.

We are so jolly, contented and gay. End and I and the baby.

What do we care for the Apian Way, End and I and the baby? Politics, wars and the tariff may go. Little we reck how the fickle winds blow. We're a triumvirate, mighty and low. End and I and the baby.

Climb up, my little son, here to my knee— End and I and the baby. Isn't he sturdy and brave as could be? End and I and the baby. Take him, my dear, he's weary with play. See how he sinks in that Sluggish way. Here is a kiss all around, and hurra— End and I and the baby. —Robert Loveman in New Lyceum.

HENPECK'S ROUGH USAGE

Poor-Spirited Factory Hand Endures Much Humiliation by Populace of Monticou, France.

For centuries the women of Monticou have been renowned for strength of character and severity of demeanor. At the same time no conviction is held more firmly by the people of Monticou than that women should be the rulers of their own households.

In its effort to reconcile the theory of man's supremacy and the condition—most cases of his subjugation by his wife, Monticou years ago, wrote a correspondent of the New York World, devised a form of humiliation to rouse overdone husbands to a sense of their shame. Recently, this ancient punishment was visited in its full rigor on a particularly unfortunate victim of wifely discipline. The affair created a sensation, and now all the husbands are lions, all the women lambs.

The spiritless man whom the town subjected to ignominy was a factory hand named Jules Roger. He had ventured a few days earlier to tell his wife that domestic arrangements for which his wife was responsible.

"Insulting creature," cried his wife, true to the traditions of Monticou family, and a stormy