

FASHIONS



Longing.

When I was a child the moon to me
Through the nursery curtains seemed to be
A thing of marvel and witchery.
The slim white crescent floating high
In the lucid green of the western sky
Was a fairy boat, and the evening star
A light on the land where the fairies are.

When I was a woman the moon to me
(Whose life was a pledge of what life might
be)
Was a thing of promise and prophecy.
When from my window I saw it set,
In the twilight my lashes with tears were wet;
Yet my heart sang ever because I knew
That from your window you watched it too.

And now, O my love, the moon to me
(Who think of what was, and was not to be)
Is a thing of heartbreak and memory.
When I see that crescent white and slim,
The empty present of life grows dim;
And its pale young gold is the hoop of truth
That, stronger than Death is, binds us both.

A. E. F., in Atlantic Monthly.

SMART THINGS IN SKIRTS

Plaid Silk Petticoats Constitute Important Adjunct of Women's Winter Garb—Pinkham.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The march of time and the moods of fashion are as clearly registered upon my lady's under-skirt as upon the more important articles of her wardrobe—more important, did I say? What a misuse of words, for with the woman of fashion the importance of these little matters is something not comparative, but absolute and impossible to overstate.

Some women have a way of making brilliant adventures into fashiondom, appearing now and again in a gown, coat or hat that is actually overpowering in its chicness, and then relapsing again into the ordinary. It is exactly this sort of spasmodic, splurging style which those high in the courts of fashion wish to avoid. Their prime object in dress is to look smart, complete and steady—up to date, but not strained; fashionable, but not stunning. It is in the details of dress that their "titles clear" are read, and perhaps the most important of all these little things is the silk skirt or petticoat.

The silk petticoat is again the correct thing for most costumes the lingerie and lace affairs of warm weather being reserved entirely for evening gowns, house gowns, and the like, while for all occasions where a step or two upon the street is necessary the silk undershirt is the correct form. It does not follow, however, that these silk skirts are not of perishable colors, and in tones so light as to become almost ruined by one or two wearings.

Plaid Silk.

The smartest skirt for wear with street dresses, and the most useful as well, is of plaid silk combined with plain colors of a blending hue. While plaids are scarcely worn on gowns they are considered the smartest thing in undershirts. Black and white plaid skirts, combined with solid black, are the most popular and general of all styles in skirts; they boast the advantage of making an effective appearance with any colored dress skirt, and are altogether satisfactory and chic. The methods of combining the solid black with the black and white plaid are quite varied.

One of the prettiest of these skirts seen this season was of a black and white tartan. The white ground of the silk was checked off in large squares; the stripes of black which formed the criss-cross, were in imitation of two black silk ribbons, which gave the appearance of being attached to the white silk. The skirt was cut with five gores, and fitted snugly to the figure, with only a slight fullness in the back, the waist band being tucked or cut out directly in the front to fit under the corsethook, and thereby give the flatness of the waist. This skirt, which was in the line of the new fashion, was a very full-skirted blouse, and was a very full-skirted blouse, and was a very full-skirted blouse.

A few inches below the knee a very full-skirted blouse was joined to the upper skirt, the seam where the blouse was put on being covered by a quilling of black satin ribbon. The lower part of the blouse was of black taffeta, trimmed at the very bottom with a tiny pleating of the same, above which was a quilling of the black satin ribbon.

Unique Joining.

The way in which the black taffeta was joined to the blouse was quite interesting and unique. The upper line where the black joined the plaid was in squares which exactly fitted into the squares described on the white ground by the black stripes. Black satin ribbons of the same width as the stripe were attached in squares over the black, carrying out the design of the plaid upon the solid black, and making an effective trimming to the bottom of the skirt. These fancy pleatings of solid colors at the bottom of the plaid skirts are the most popular form

of trimming, and some intricate effects are given. Zigzag points, squares, scallops or other patterns in which the silks are joined are especially effective when the blouse is fitted or pleated.

Fluting the deep flounce at the bottom of the petticoat is a new idea which has only just been presented this year. The fluting runs in wavy lines and is very pretty and novel but the regular knife and accordion pleatings seem to be equally popular. Sometimes a plain, colored skirt will have plaid bands or scalloped pieces of striped material stitched on at the bottom of the flounce, which is then fitted or pleated. The effect of this mode of decoration is very smart.

Some wise and economical women refuse to have their skirts with fitted or pleated flounces, for the reason that the whole blouse cannot properly attend to the function and remove the dust from the close folds and depressions of the silk, also that the silk is apt to split and break when plaided or fitted. These objections are reasonable, and Fashion accedes to them so far as to furnish equally stylish skirts, with gathered gored flounces from the knees.

Of Yale Blue.

One of these skirts was of Yale blue, the wide full flounce from the knees being trimmed with bands of blue and white plaid taffeta, used as insertions and bordered with a line of black chenille cord. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a pinked ruffle and narrow quillings, with pinked edges.

Pinking, by the bye, is another marked feature of this season's skirts. Its return to fashion is heartily welcomed. One of the newest silk skirts on exhibition this season is of salmon pink taffeta, the deep flounce covered with a series of narrow pinked frills which overlapped each other in long petal-shaped points. Another skirt trimmed in the same silk, with pink quillings as the decorative motive, had the whole flounce covered in a scroll design of large vermilion pattern, the narrow, pinked quillings standing out from the plain background upon which they were sewed most effectively.

The popularity of lace edges and insertions as trimming for silk skirts is rather waning, and giving way to fancy ribbons, narrow silk ruffles, and chenille cord. Embroidered effects, in vari-colored designs, are considered the latest and most elegant notions, and appliques of silk on net grounds are also popular as trimmings for dressy skirts.

For the wear and tear of street and dust-shedding mohair replaces the light, duster-like mohair skirt, and in these the finest black mohair finds great favor. Tuckings, pleatings, and occasionally ribbon bands form the only trimmings for these utility skirts.

AIDS TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Various Suggestions, Old and New.

Worth Considering.

There is scarcely any aid to the advice tendered women for the preservation of beauty, or its acquirement, and for the obliteration or amelioration of defects of feature, form or complexion. And there is hardly anything new in the recipes and remedies given, as will be seen in a comparison of those paraded, with much zest, at the present day and those published a decade or so ago.

In looking over an old scrapbook recently, the writer came across several that bear a close resemblance to the productions of ingenious modern purveyors to the vanity of the sex. There are others that read queerly, in the light of up-to-date dermatological or physiological research. Some old and new recipes are given herewith.

For Face, Skin and Hands.

To soften and whiten the hands, use pulverized camphor, two grains; bluish phosphate soda, five grains; carbolie acid, one drachm; borax, one scruple; glycerine, two ounces. The preparation may be diluted with a little water, when it makes a delightful solution. It should be applied and rubbed in thoroughly on face or hands.

One of the good, old-fashioned remedies for chapped hands is Indian meal. One half of the fine meal should be kept on the washstand, and another by the kitchen sink to rub the hands in, when taken out of the water, and before they have been thoroughly dried. This will keep the hands soft and white.

An oatmeal lotion which is a splendid skin-clearer and beautifier may be prepared as follows: Two tablespoonfuls fine

oatmeal, boil and strain. When cold, add one desert-spoonful of wine (white Rhine preferred) and the juice of one lemon. Wash the face in this every night, not wiping it away.

A little starch thrown into the water in which one bathes will sometimes whiten the skin. Oatmeal is excellent for the purpose. Just make yourself some bags out of cheesecloth; fill them with the oatmeal, and use in the bath.

To prevent wrinkles, try linoline massage at night. Wash off in the morning with warm milk; then bathe the face with cold milk of roses. Any one can do this, without the aid of an expert. It has been highly recommended as a sure preventive.

To Make Camphor Ice.

A formula for making camphor ice is: Spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, three-fourths ounce; oil of sweet almonds, five ounces; camphor, three-fourths ounce.

New Ideas in Neckwear.



The first of these pretty neckties is of the richest black tulle, the bow at the bottom of the stock has two wide, dashing loops, with ends knotted together a short distance below the second in a dainty affair of white chiffon, with one cunning extra loop, which is decorated with gold embroidery stuck into the bow. A solitary streamer, with a full edge of gold embroidery, reaches nearly to the waist. This little arrangement dresses up any corsage in a most astonishing way.

Glycerine, two and one-half drachms; rosewater, three-fourths ounce; borax, 28 grains. Melt together the two fats; add the oil, then the camphor, stirring until dissolved. Dissolve borax in rosewater; add glycerine, heat slightly, in a separate vessel, and unite the two mixtures, stirring until nearly cold. Put in molds.

How French Women Powder.

The French women apply powder to their faces in such a way that it is never noticeable, and never has that patchy look one often sees on the faces of other fair dames. They absorb the powder puff, but dip a piece of camphor in the powder and pass it over the forehead and temples, avoiding the eyebrows; then over the nose and upper lip, and next over the chin and around the mouth, omitting the cheeks and the parts under the eyes. After this, a clean piece of camphor is passed over the same parts, smoothing down the powder and rubbing it in. If any flecks have fallen on the eyebrows, they are brushed out with a small brush.

For the Hair.

This formula is excellent to prevent the hair from falling out: Sixteen grains of sulphate of quinine, four ounces of alcohol, one-half ounce of glycerine, one-half ounce of bay rum; water to make one pint. Apply every night.

Try shampooing your hair with the yolk of an egg, beaten, and a little borax. The

REGAL SET OF FURS.



The craze for furs this season is greater than ever. Fur toques, muffs and boas form the basis of fashion now. The fur collar is something that has disappeared from view for this season, and the fur is fashion's special pet. This regal set is of marten, the boa boasting a shower of tails, while the toque shows a smart gilt buckle, a twist of velvet and a great chow of shiny chiffon.

egg will nourish the hair roots. Rinse well, or your locks will be sticky and decidedly unbecoming.

Sometimes the hair will fall, in spite of every remedy ever heard of, and such cases are discouraging. Do not brush the hair until it ceases falling, as the scalp will not endure irritation. Shampoo every week, and at night sponge on this tonic: Forty-eight grains of resorcin, one-fourth ounce of glycerine; add alcohol to fill a two-ounce bottle.

A good recipe for making hair-curling guide is said to be: One-half ounce of gum tragacanth, one ounce of glycerine, 13 ounces of rosewater, one and one-half ounces diluted alcohol. Macerate gum in rosewater and glycerine; strain forcibly through muslin, and add alcohol and a little perfume.

Worth Trying.

A French physician, who claims that all people might be strong and beautiful, if they would, gives the following rules for health:

Don't drink tea or coffee.
Drink pure water.
Eat grapes, apples, raisins and figs.
Eat a few salted almonds daily.
Don't eat much animal food.
Take an exercise two days, rest, boiled, instead of meat.

Eat an orange every day or so.
Walk two or three miles a day.
Baths the whole body daily in tepid water.

Don't fret; don't worry; be calm and quiet.
Those who drink hot water every morning will find it more palatable if a small piece of orange peel is added. The fresh peel is preferable, but when that is not available, the dried answers the purpose almost as well.

Rules for Reduction of Flesh.

Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, etc. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt, instead of butter. Milk is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids; add the juice of lemons or lemons, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven. No naps. You must take exercise.

PERFUMED TABLETS.

They Afford Latest Means for Distributing Flower Scents.

Perfumes are put up in tablet form nowadays. A lady simply orders a dozen or more at a time, and proceeds to distribute them about in her pockets, her purse, or within the palms of her gloves. They come in two sizes.

It is unquestionably a very convenient way of investing one's self with delicate flower scents. Dropping one or more within toilet boxes and drawers, they afford a fragrance equal in strength to an ordinary ounce sachet bag, which is bulky and likely to be in one's way. These come in just one odor—the violet—and are quite the rage this year. They may be tucked away within loops of ribbons or bunches of flowers. Nearly every English girl has one hidden in her corsage and concealed within the puff of her hair. The beauty of them is that the delicate fragrance is not so fleeting as in other forms of sachet perfumes, and they are cheap.

Some heart-shaped tablets, of the color and odor of violets, are to be placed within the lips for a moment or so, and render the breath delightfully like the wood violet. Then, too, there is just now to be had a pretty contrivance known as a perfume inhaler, and called philtone. Held between the lips, it imparts a lasting, though faint, breath of this favorite flower.

The very latest toilet water is the violet sac, which is so distilled that both the color and natural odor of the flower are preserved.

For the girl who dotes on the flower-laden atmosphere of her dainty boudoir, there is the tiny lamp for burning perfume. In the diffusion the air is greatly enhanced by the burning. The fashionable substitute for sachet bags is the delicately sweet-scented flannel.

HOW RUSSIANS DANCE.

Put Dash and Animation Into Their Every Movement.

The modern society ball in America is little more than a dance. The guests actually dance; they do not merely shamble to and fro in a crowd, crumpling their clothes and ruffling their tempers, and call it a set of quadrilles. They have ample space for their dancing movements and complicated figures. In all the dances, the men are generally gifted with sufficient plastic grace to carry them out in style.

A carefully cultivated dances calling for a kind of grace which is almost beyond the reach of art. The mazurka is one of the finest of these, and it is quite a favorite at balls on the banks of the Neva. It needs a good deal of room, one or more spurred officers and grace. Listen to the description:

"The dash with which the partners rush forward, the clatter of the heels, the spurs as heel clashes with heel in spurs, punctuating the staccato of the music, the loud thud of boots striking the ground, followed by their skilful slide along the polished floor, then the swift springs and sudden bounds, the whirling gyrations and dizzy evolutions, the graceful genuflections and quick embraces and all the other things that make up the movements to the accompaniment of one of Glinka's or Tchaikowsky's masterpieces, awaken and mobilize antique heroism and medieval chivalry."

Dress of Chinese Women.

China is divided into 18 provinces, and the dialects spoken in these states vary to so great a degree that the people of Canton—properly, Kiang Tung—entirely fail to comprehend the speech of their brethren of the North or West. The Cantonese are pure Chinese; the ruling dynasty is Manchu, or Tartar.

The dress of the Chinese woman is always sober in hue, although rich in texture and harmoniously blended in color. It is elaborately embroidered in characteristic designs. Chinese women of the lower classes put their savings mostly into expensive garments, furs and jewelry, and when evil days fall, recourse is had to the pawnbroker, who is a very important member of the business world in the Middle Kingdom.

The head dress of the Chinese woman is always elaborate, and none are too poor to indulge in ornaments for the ears and hair. Natural flowers are also an important feature in the adornment of the hair. Hats and bonnets are unknown. Long finger nails are regarded as a mark of breeding and wealth.

Feet of Feminine Royalty.

The late Empress of Austria had no taste for dress—or thought she had none. This, it is said, was one reason why she made such constant use of the severely plain riding habit, in whose folds a woman cannot go very far wrong. Another reason was that the riding habit hides the feet.

Empress Eugenie of France could and did wear such little white satin shoes as ordinary French girls of 11 put on with their gowns for first communion.

Once, says the New York World, Eugenie went to see the Austrian Empress at Salzburg, wearing a short skirt that showed her little feet. The Austrian was very angry at her French sister. One might conclude that the Austrian Empress did not have small feet.

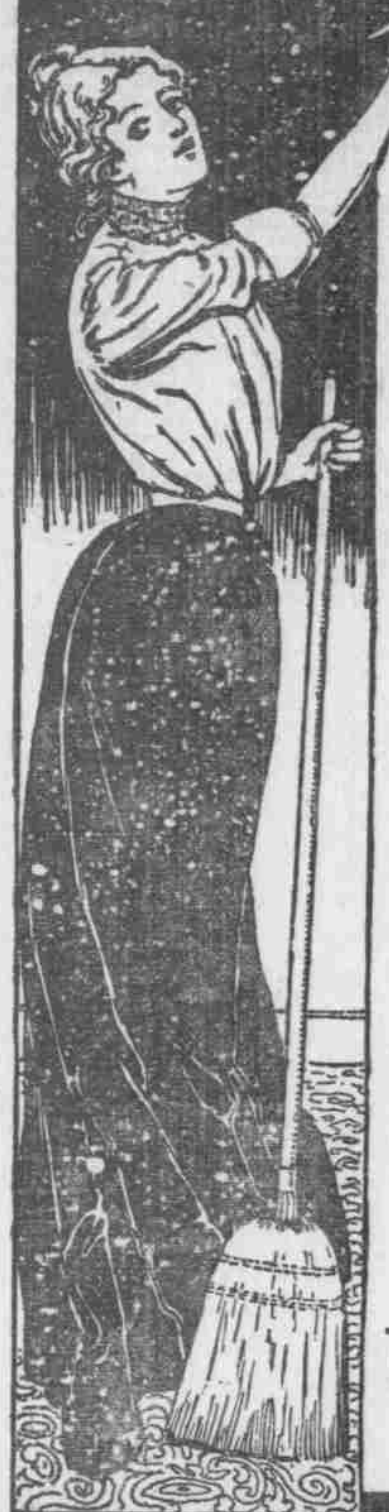
Marie Louise, Empress of Napoleon I, had big feet, whereas her unhappy predecessor, Josephine, was as daintily shod as Eugenie.

Good Advice.

Although a married couple may have trouble, trial and care, they should unto each other say: Let us hope and not despair.

—Chicago News.

"AFTER ELEVEN YEARS of suffering, I am now strong and well, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



"I have been troubled with female weakness in its worst form. I also had inflammation of the womb and ovaries, and at menstrual periods I suffered terribly. At times my back would ache very hard. I could not lift anything or do any heavy work; was not able to stand on my feet. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for doctors, but they did me no good. After a time I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I can truly say it does all that you claim for it to do."

"I have had no womb trouble since taking the fifth bottle. I weigh more than I have in years; can do all my own housework, sleep well, have a good appetite and now feel that life is worth living. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel that it has saved my life."—MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON, South Hot Springs, Ark.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a perfect medicine for women who are ill. It builds up the weakened female organism, and helps women over the hard places. Of this there is abundant proof.

MRS. AMOS FESCHLER, Box 226, Romeo, Mich., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before I commenced to take your medicine I was in a terrible state, wishing myself dead a good many times. Every part of my body seemed to pain in some way. At time of menstruation my suffering was something terrible. I thought there was no cure for me, but after taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all my bad feelings were gone. I am now well and enjoying good health. I shall always praise your medicine."

Don't experiment. If you are sick, get this medicine, which has cured a million women, and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass. All letters are opened, read, and answered by women.

MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa., writes:

"I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I used the Pinkham remedies. My trouble was ulceration of the uterus. I suffered terribly, could not sleep nights, and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief. To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain. I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot praise the medicines enough."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND Always Cures Female Troubles.

\$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical persons have from time to time doubted the genuineness of the testimonials letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5000 which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. —LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

OUR WOMEN OF CLUBBON

Their Alleged Lords and Masters Seek to Appear Resigned, but There Are Drawbacks.

"My sympathies are with the men—the husband and father of the family," said my Aunt Mary. "To appreciate the self-abnegation of the American husband, one should live abroad for a while. In most European countries, the husband is really the head of the family, and the wife must toe the mark as he chalks it for her. He is literally lord and master."

But in this country, however humble, or however magnificent the home, you usually find authority dressed in petticoats. Sometimes madame is a cat, sometimes a dove. In either case, the domestic man doesn't think of disputing her domestic sway. He goes cheerfully forth to earn a living for her and hers, whether she gives a paring snarl or a coo.

How independent the American wife is! She never dreads the homecoming of her liege lord, or loses a hair's breadth of her stature by shrinking on hearing his familiar step on the threshold. Indeed, she is rather apt to look quite bristling, as she inquires, acidly, if he forgot to leave that message at—well, her dressmaker's.

Happy woman! All her environment and the traditions of her growing-up

have accentuated her bent for equality with—or even superiority to—her husband. She is often his superior, as concerns general information of the great world's doings. While he is staring at the desk, or counter, or forge, early and late, she has ample leisure, between tasks, to enlarge her mind by club work, by reading, by taking up special studies.

Hobble Likes It.

And when she succeeds in forging to the front of her ambitious club sisters, by diplomacy, force of will and the devotion of her time and energies to that purpose, who is prouder than her good husband? He is ready to take oath that his wife is the most brilliant woman extant. Her successes warm his heart, and minister to his egotism, for are not they one?

Is she elected president of the Glow-worm Society? How he shines with reflected splendor! He never neglects a chance to refer casually to her exalted position, as leading writer in the columns of the Daily Gabbler, which is devoted to recipes for the most delectable chairs, and, also, of cakes, without eggs, butter or sugar.

Brown's wife may be "smart"—in fact, he reluctantly concedes that she has improved wonderfully, considering. And Mrs. Spread Eagle has made quite a mark in her line, but such a line—the editing of a newspaper! Excuse him!

"Let a woman be womanly, above all things, says this blessed man, as he dines on a grilled bone, his wife having been too busy at her club to go to market. He may notice, with pain, that the children appear to be running at loose ends, but he does not venture so far as to reproach his in-

tellectual better half for neglecting them. If he does, her "top-lobby" air squelches reproaches.

Hear Them!

"Well, well, dear, I hope it is all right, only it seems to me that 6-year-old Katherine is rather young to take proper care of little Tommy and the baby."

"Indeed!" replies madame, bridling. "And what, pray, could happen to them in three hours. They have food and warmth, and everything that could hurt them, or that they could destroy, is put out of the way."

"And the rooms show it. They look about as cozy as a barn," thinks the doctor, as he returns to his mansion. "These things may, and often do, clash on his sense of the 'eternal fitness of things.' But, then, he reflects, a wife, unless she can afford help, must neglect either her intellectual side or her home. He really cannot ask such a woman as his Sarah to let her polished mind rust, while she markets and berbs the children."

As to woman's clubs, the more one sees of their workings, the deeper grows the conviction that there are two or three sides to the question as to their ultimate benefit. It is true, they take up, investigate and elucidate many a vital question of the day.

There are learned discussions given—with hurried glances at the Men—that are almost interesting enough to make one forget that Mrs. Washburn-Todd's bonnet is on awry, and that the reader of the paper, Mrs. John Brook-Van Baskirk, has a dreadful catarrh. During a club session the condensed wisdom of ancient sages and of modern thought is so lavishly given forth, in lectures and essays, that, really, one's head would split for want of room to contain it all, were it not for the saving fact that the major part of it goes in at one ear and out at the other.

Lucky It Can't!

If the mind could retain all this olla-podrida of history, club-culture, art and servant questions, the clubwoman would cease to be a mere woman; she would become a perambulating encyclopedia of universal knowledge. It is perhaps well that the human understanding is limited. Else, with the progressive woman's soaring ambition for "knowing about things," "well-head" would be the dreadful result.

I recently heard a woman say that she belongs to six clubs and orders, and is in attendance five evenings of the week, and some afternoons, besides, on committees. Being myself a member of the Circutious Circle, I lately received a notice from the secretary that I was in arrears for dues. You should have seen the spelling—and the construction! She is so busy, that she defers her purpose; she has no time to take advantage of her opportunities for improvement.

There can be too much of even such a good thing as club life, as of sugar-cakes, lolly-pop, or any other good thing. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that sustains us. The mental stomach, as the physical, can only grind a certain amount of grist, and it is just as "flicky." "Ethical mysteries" are just as distasteful to one, as detective stories are to another. And when a group of women must all dine from the same platter, some will retain, and others will reject the aliment provided.

The Chicago clubwomen are shifting their point of view lately. Their eyes are being opened to the fact that a frantic rushing through reference books, in search of "stuffing" on a special subject, is not education. And even a more leisurely method does not leave one wise beyond knowledge.

MARY C. BELL.

SMART VELVET HAT.



This pictureque hat is of black velvet. The up-daring brim is faced with crystal mirror-velvet, with a wide row of the velvet caught in the center with a gilt and onyx clasp. A fall of deep cream lace comes over the brim, while the crown is adorned with opulent feathers, held in the center with a large clasp of cream satin.