

POST HOLIDAY-SHOPPING

HOW THE CHRISTMAS CHECK MAY BE SPENT TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE

HAPPY the young girl who, armed with a Christmas check from some loving relative, sallies forth these days to join the throngs of shoppers. If bewildered bachelor uncles only knew the possibilities of checks after the great holiday they would never worry their heads about selecting other Christmas gifts, for with the first of the year comes a general slashing of prices in the big shops, and strictly up-to-date goods can be purchased for one-third less than was asked for them a week or so earlier. Moreover, who can measure the joy of the woman who folds in her purse a snug little sum which, with a free conscience and no thought of that great damper, economy, she may spend just to please herself?

The larger the check the greater the care should be exercised in spending it, for with feminine trinkets of all sorts overflowing showcases and counters one is apt to dissipate one's cash and have nothing really good to show for it in the end. On the other hand, there is an indefinable pleasure in owning one or two really handsome accessories of the toilet which will lend distinction to a costume. Bags should come first under this classification. There is no one thing which indicates the up-to-dateness of a woman like this small but elegant trinket. Small, because no well-bred woman allows an accessory of this sort to stand out too strikingly in her general scheme of dressing; elegant because to the initiated it speaks clearly of dollars and cents.

"By her bag shall you know her," is a tip not to be despised. We have had the run on chateaus and wrist bags, and now the opera bag is the thing. In it you may carry your handkerchief, your change purse—anything, in fact, save your opera glasses. Still you must call it an opera bag. Naturally it follows that silk is the prevailing fabric for these receptacles, and the richer and heavier it is the better. Flimsy silk is worse than useless for this purpose. Both oblong and square bags are shown, and the most popular patterns are the Pompadour and Persian silks and the gleaming brocades that our great-grandmothers delighted in. A woman who is handy with her needle can have several of these bags for the amount of money she would spend for one secured in a shop, for one pays dearly for the cunning workmanship displayed on the bags in windows and show cases. They are beautifully tailored, so to speak, and cording and lining give the real finishing touches.

Among the beautiful patterns which can be reproduced is a pale blue satin, embroidered in silver thread and tiny jeweled spangles. This is made up with all-velvet mountings. A brocade of yellow roses on a white ground is finished with a heavily chased mounting of gold and yellow ribbons.

The bags which combine perfectly with the frock are very correct, and the woman who has a really handsome velvet suit should have a bag made of exactly the same material. The mountings can be purchased at prices varying from \$1 to \$10, with prices much higher if one desires gold or jeweled effects. One of the newest mountings is a certain pole effect, tiny rings being attached to the bag and then run on rods to match. These come in exquisite woods and metals.

If one still yearns for a chateaus bag for street wear, either studded beaded or the chain mesh in dull silver with Oriental jeweled finishings is the best. Here the pendant effect gives a real Oriental scheme, and draws the line between the bargain counter bag and the real article.

In purses, snake-skin, which holds its own, goes well with almost any frock. Another trifle which will add greatly to any woman's wardrobe just now is a new theater hat. If, in a moment of enthusiasm at the opening of the season, she invested in a white evening hat, a new hat is probably a necessity by this time. Here the Christmas check works like a charm, for a distinctive theater hat is regarded by the average woman as a luxury.

While the picturesque hat still holds its own for evening wear and pale plumes are masters of the situation, a woman will look about for something more simple in headwear unless she has delicate evening frocks and cloaks. This way also be said of elaborate decorations in fruit, which flashed upon our vision at the beginning of the season. It takes a stunning girl to carry off this style of trimming, and for frequent wear it actually becomes tiresome. Much wiser is the selection of a hat in which good lines and dainty flowers join to give an air of smartness and dressiness. Here, too, one may throw a sop to Cerberus—in other words, coquette with the question of tails or no tails. If its wearer is afraid of the long, very pronounced drapery at the back in velvet or lace, she may cut the Gordian knot by selecting a hat with a bow almost Alsatian in its simplicity, yet drooping enough to cover the hair.

Two toques on such lines were displayed by a Fifth-avenue importer and one now graces the head of a popular actress. The first is in light blue of the forget-me-not shade and is built on rather broad lines, fitting snugly to the back of the hair. The foundation is folds of satin taffeta.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN ON A PEACOCK THRONE

Lady Curzon, Formerly Miss Lettice, of Chicago, Will Be the Central Figure at This Week's Durbar

ALL eyes of the Anglo-Saxon nations will be turned this week toward the most ancient of capitals, Delhi, where an American woman, surrounded by all the pomp and ceremonial possible in this enlightened and luxurious age, will represent the Queen of the nation upon which the sun never sets.

The woman is Lady Curzon, nee Daisy Lettice, now Vicereine of India, and the occasion will be the grand durbar, or proclamation, of Edward VII as Emperor of India.

It is said that the functions attendant upon this event will far surpass the durbar at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Kaiser-i-Hind. While all official duties will fall to the task of Lord Curzon, the central figure of the social pageant will be his wife. This gracious representative of the newest nation of power will stand where once the Jewel-encrusted Throne represented the greatest splendors the world has ever seen. And here progress and peace will stand in the shadow of superstitions and barbarisms that pass belief.

To the magnificent pavilion in the city of tents erected outside the walls for the actual ceremony of the proclamation will



NEWEST BATHROBE FOR CHILDREN.

which also forms the bow in the back, held in place by a long, narrow steel buckle. The rest of the hat is encircled by forget-me-nots.

The other hat was of rich cardinal velvet in the same shape, the flat crown being overlaid with autumn leaves in richest tints and the bow being of liberty taffeta, held with a large rhinestone buckle. Its beauty consisted of the perfect blending of the crimson tones in velvet, ribbon and foliage.

Among the very newest things for children are bedroom accessories that reek of comfort for cold mornings. The bath-

robes are particularly enticing, being shown in elder-down flannel in solid colors and various combinations. Cunningest of all are those in warm crimson with pointed hoods and belts with "really buttons and straps," as the owner will describe them.

Care should be taken to select large garments for such use, as they not only shrink in washing, but are worn by children at a time when freedom of action is a sacred privilege. For the nursery pillow fights and other morning and evening frolics they are, above all things, enticing to childish eyes.



A STYLISH HAT WITH A MODERATE BACK BOW.

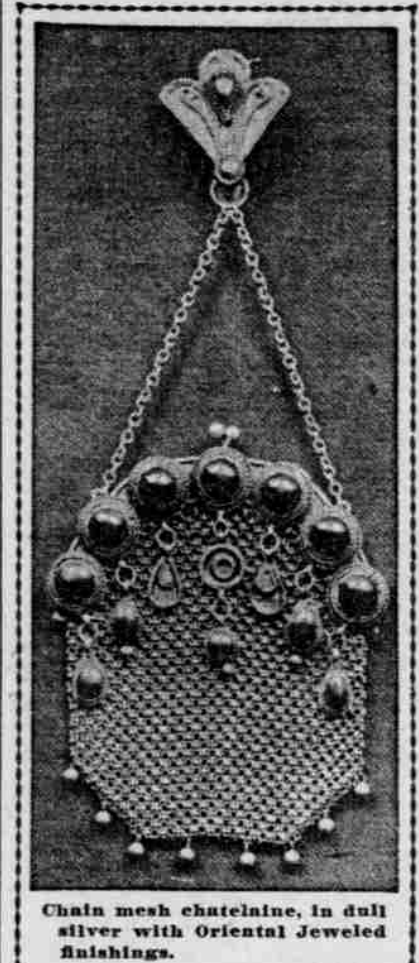
Throne, he received the Ministers and Ambassadors. Both the platform and steps by which the throne itself was approached were encrusted with jewels. From the four corners of the platform rose pillars so thickly set with pearls that, it is said, one could not insert the point of a needle between them. These supported a jewel-embroidered canopy, surmounted by a life-size peacock with wings and tail outspread, a glittering mass of gems. The actual throne was about six feet high, rubies and emeralds, the whole being valued at \$35,000,000. Partly shorn of its glory and worth now a mere \$7,500,000, the throne may still be seen in the palace of the Shah of Persia.

A Gruesome Love Story. One of the most curious ceremonies a monarch ever underwent was the yearly weighing of the Mogul Emperor in gigantic gold scales, first against gold, then silver, spices, clothes, rice, etc. The various proceeds were subsequently given to the priests. This ceremony took place in a garden pavilion in which occurred one of the most gruesome love stories of history. And in this place dainty refreshments will be served to Lord and Lady Curzon's guests.

Apart from the incidental fact that Shah Jahan's domestic circle included 5000 concubines, dancing girls and so forth, he possessed four sons and two daughters by his wife, the beautiful Mumtaz Mahal, who lies entombed in the superb mausoleum of the Taj at Agra. While these children seemed to have inherited to the full the personal attractiveness of their mother, they also inherited all the cruelty and viciousness of their barbaric ancestors. Sons and daughters so plotted one against another, and all against the father, that they were justly called a "nest of scorpions."

According to tradition the Lady Begum Sahib, or Queen of Princesses, was little short of an hour, and Shah Jahan could not bring himself to believe there was a prince in all the world worthy to marry her. But the Princess thought differently. In some way she had seen and fallen in love with a young noble of the court, a very high but dangerous honor for the object of her affections.

Presumably by bribing the eunuchs, the lovers met in the pavilion. There they passed delightful hours in each other's society before the affair unfortunately reached the ears of Lady Rauchanara, Begum Sahib's sister. Rauchanara was jealous of Begum Sahib's beauty, her greater influence with her father, and the young man, as she herself had fallen in love with him. So Shah Jahan was told by the apparently much shocked Rauchanara how his dearly beloved Begum Sahib



Chain mesh chateaus bag, in dull silver with Oriental jeweled finishings.

was conducting a clandestine love affair under his very nose, in the garden pavilion of the Seraglio.

The Emperor surprises the Lovers. Shah Jahan was too exalted a being to admit even the possibility of such a disgraceful affair in his family. A daughter of the Mogul in love with a common noble? Never. But Shah Jahan did regard it as possible that the young noble might have ventured to make overtures to Begum Sahib. So he decided to sweep the lover and his family out of existence, as one might a handful of pestiferous insects, and in a manner that would leave an impression on the mind of Begum Sahib.

At their next clandestine meeting the lovers were surprised by the sudden approach of the Emperor. All avenues of escape had been cut off by guards posted at the Emperor's order, but before Shah Jahan entered, Begum Sahib had time to conceal the young noble in a large metal caldron. This caldron stood in an adjoining alcove and was used for keeping water for baths.

The Emperor was not to be deceived by his daughter's forced composure, and, glancing about he sharply guessed that the audacious noble was concealed in the caldron.

With exquisite craft the Oriental parent proceeded to vindicate his outraged feelings. Shah Jahan did not charge his daughter with having a lover in concealment, but, as usual, embraced her affectionately and then proceeded to discuss with her the gossip of the court and the beauty of a certain necklace that he was having made for her as a present.

It may be that Begum Sahib saw through his mask, or perhaps, was led to hope that her lover might escape detection. At any rate, the Emperor, as if by chance, soon observed the caldron and asked his daughter its purpose. To this she replied that it was for heating water for the bath. Shah Jahan affected surprise and declared that he would like to see the heating apparatus in operation. The attending eunuchs were ordered to half fill the caldron with water and start the fire, after which, without further comment, the Emperor resumed his conversation with his daughter.

The Lover Boiled to Death. By this time, of course, Begum Sahib had grasped the situation. But she did not faint, go into hysterics or implore her father's mercy. Like a true daughter of the Mogul, her spirit rose admirably to the occasion. She knew well no prayer of hers could save the young man's life. Taking cue from her father's lead she understood that she could save appearances, as far as she was concerned, by simply ignoring the tragedy about to occur. So she centered her thoughts on the more pleasant subject of the necklace.

Soon the fire was glowing and the eunuchs engaged in holding down some object in the caldron that seemed most anxious to get out. Clouds of steam arose, groans were heard, then shrieks, but still the Emperor and his daughter calmly continued their discussion. Both refused to see the steam or hear the vain cries of agony. By and by the shrieks subsided into groans again, and then came ominous silence.

In a little while the Emperor arose, embraced his daughter with as much affection as when he entered, and, without a word as to the direct cause of his visit,

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OLD-FASHION PLAIDS ARE THE RAGE

BUT NOW THEY REIGN UNDER THE ELEGANT TITLE OF "TARTANS"



SKATING DRESS OF BLACK VELVET WITH YOKE AND MUFF OF SIBERIAN SQUIRREL.

THE old-fashioned plaids have come in again under the new and more elegant title of "tartans." Trimmed with plain cloth or velvet, in the color dominant in the gown stuff, some entire plaid costumes in soft wools are seen. They are used mainly for walking purposes. When well made they are fetching on slim, graceful figures, but since the majority of the plaids are very large, they have a contrary effect on short stout wearers, making them seem both awkward and badly gown.

The sharp line between the right and the wrong thing can be drawn only by the individual. A style may be new and fashionable, but we should think well before we adopt it for ourselves. Far better effects are often obtained with things which have grown the honorable fungus of time than with a novelty which renders us ridiculous.

For those who can carry them off with distinction, the wool tartans reproducing the markings of the Scotch clans are very beautiful. The original colorings are usually too crude for imitation, though some gay silks and velvets employed for shirt-waists display the more harmonious combinations of the real tartans. These shirt-waists, with durable suit gowns for accompaniment, are worn by stylish shoppers, who, if the shirt is of velvet, sometimes introduce a fragment of the same material in the trim tailor hat. Sometimes the crown is of the plaid, sometimes the puffed brim, the hat itself usually taking a flat toque shape.

Charming costumes for school girls are made of both velvet and wool tartans, with shaped box pleats distinguishing the skirts of many. A plaid wool gown, with markings of black over distinct stripes of alternate blue and white, displays these pleats, which meet a plain upper portion at the founce quarter of the skirt. The bodice is in blouse shape, with the new baggy sleeves and a highly ornamental stole collar of blue velvet and white cloth. Large sapphire buttons, with gun-metal settings, ornament the stole band, and everywhere the gown stuff is cut bias, which is a device for relieving the awkwardness of the big plaid.

Velvet and velveteen, braid or cloth trimmings, are also worn in great quantities in favor, rich fur bands and furry

accessories setting off the smartest costumes. For the high dress of young girls, for visiting, theater, concert and opera wear, nothing is considered more elegant than these textures. Velvet gowns for such

PAST HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS

Pessimistic Remarks Regarding the Christmas Spirit

"I AM not quite sure," said the girl with the gazelle-like eyes and the emerald stole, as she and her best friend idly watched the well-dressed throng gathering for the subscription matinee of music, "whether this wonderful thing called the Christmas spirit is quite so genuine, so sincere, as we fondly imagine."

"You have had too many marions glances," suggested her friend unsympathetically. "Oh, but I am quite serious," persisted she of the stole. "I have just been thinking of the gifts sent out by my own family. They really prove my theory that we send gifts to please ourselves rather than those who receive them."

"Take mother, for instance. She is a born spendthrift, and, in a pleasant way, father perpetually has to put on the financial brakes. But she preaches the necessity of Christmas charity so determinedly that the holiday season brings her the wild joy of spending money with a free hand and an unthinking mind. She hunts up relatives that the rest of us had forgotten and sends them impossible things from bargain counters, from which she comes home with her garments rent, her bonnet awry, and her heart full of joy. And she sends her special pets at the Old Ladies' Home elaborate devotional calendars and texts for every day in the year, when I know they would rather have something indigestible to eat."

"Then Aunt Lizzie sends her favorite nephew an expensive edition of her favorite author, Carlyle, when I am sure the boy is pining for a slumber robe or something else to deck his room at college. He doesn't know many girls and he wants to have things just as nice as the other men."

"Father loves red—most men do—and so he gives mother a Japanese kimono in brilliant crimson, embroidered with gold, and, though she has put it on each night

wearers, however, are rather simply made, depending more on certain daintiness of effect than elaborate details. White lace or satin vests, the last embroidered in delicate colors, and a moderate use of the new gemmed buttons, are often the only decorations used. The model of the gown is in any of the styles favoring the maidenhood. A pleated or flounced skirt and a blouse jacket is eminently popular.

A smoky gray velvet skirt, lately worn in Central Park by a girl of 16, combined beautifully with a jacket of broadtail. Postillion tails in the same skin showed at the back, and a black satin belt, with a dull silver buckle set with cat's eyes, girdled the waist.

Of this smart coat were seen the embroidered cloth bands which now smarten the most elegant finery. Cut in narrow blades, which edged the deep fur collar in a single row and showed in several on the sleeves, white cloth with black needlework formed this effective trimming.

These band embroidered cloth trimmings are used on gowns of both cloth and velvet and almost all the street materials in vogue.

Ivory kid splendidly simulated them in one instance. With black and sapphire embroideries it made a stole collar and cuffs for a French gown in dark blue cloth. The blue of the needlework appeared in large ovals set under diamond perforations in the kid, black needlework framing them. The result was beautiful, the sapphire ovals showing up with almost as much brilliance as their precious namesakes.

Fur yokes show in a few of the handsomest street gowns, with which fur-trimmed hats and large muffs are smart details.

As regards indoor wear for small maidens and their younger sisters and brothers, white wash materials compose the best of the garments. Needlework of all sorts is used on them. Rows of delicate fagotting show between hand tucks and insertions of fine embroidery, and the whole effect produces a look of daintiness rather than of splendor. Some of the little Mother Hubbard frocks for the finest maids, indeed, have an angelic plainness. Made of the sheerest India lawn, the short full skirt, which drops from a round square or pointed yoke, may be only hemmed. The yoke and cuffs of the blouse sleeves are entirely of the needlework. For girls who cannot wear those pretty wash things in winter, little wool frocks in white and brilliant tints are provided, though these require white wash gowns to be really elegant. In the same way flannel and make long stockings on small children seem out of place in the house. White or black socks have almost entirely superseded them for the smartest wear, though long white stockings are also admissible. If the child is susceptible to cold these should be of merino.

MARY DEAN.



SMART COATS FOR SMALL MAIDS.