

How Clever Women Have Won Brilliant Medals

One, Also Holds Legal Right to Wear Male Attire.



Madame Vallet-Bisson



Madame Jane Dieulafoy, Holder of the Legion d'Honneur and Only Woman in France Legally Entitled to Wear Trousers



Madame Adolphe Brisson

BY ROBERT FRANKLIN.
 PARIS, March 11.—(Special Correspondence)—When, a few weeks ago, Sarah Bernhardt—the Divine Sarah—secured the coveted red ribbon of the "Legion d'Honneur," she joined a by no means small company of French women of conspicuous work in many walks of life who already have received the decoration.

Although the fact is realized by comparatively few, more than 100 of Madame Bernhardt's fellow countrywomen have been so honored. Some of these women, of course, are known all over the world for their achievements but the vast majority are of no importance, especially when compared with the great actress who waited so many years for the honor she so richly deserved.

Of the more famous women members of the great French order one of the most widely known is Madame Jane Dieulafoy, who was made a member some 20 years ago. She enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in France who is entitled to wear masculine costume. She was born in 1852 and was educated in a convent until she reached her 18th year.

According to the custom in those days, she left the convent to get married. Three months later the great war of 1870 broke out and her husband volunteered for service in the field. Madame Dieulafoy made up her mind not to be separated from her husband and asked permission to accompany him to the front.

Although this was an unprecedented request, it was granted by the French War Office, which also gave her permission to don a soldier's uniform. The young 18-year-old heroine accompanied her husband during the whole of the campaign and underwent the same hardships and privations as the

other soldiers. She had, however, overtaxed her strength, and was seriously ill for several months after the conclusion of peace.

After having fought by her husband's side it was only natural that she should share his labors. Possessing the same taste for literature and travel, their 44 years of married life have been, as Madame Dieulafoy said the other day, "just like a long and happy holiday."

"It was in 1881," said the indefatigable old lady to the writer, "that my husband and I went on our first official trip to Persia, where we covered over 4000 miles on horseback. Sometimes we remained nearly a fortnight in our saddles, only resting for a few hours every other day."

"We slept on the ground and occasionally went two days without drinking. We were lucky enough to make some interesting finds at Susa, just when we were going to give up in despair. After a month's work with 300 Arabs without any result we were about to abandon the camp when one of the men who was sweeping a trench laid bare the nose of a marble horse. We set to work with renewed vigor

and soon unearthed the famous bas-reliefs which are to be seen in the Louvre. We took a short rest after bringing our discoveries back to France. We returned to our work three months later with a subvention of \$10,000 from the French government and a marine crane of exceptional power.

"Six months afterward we were back at Susa with the well-known 'Persian archers' and other finds of great value. When we landed we had just \$5 left between us. After we returned to Paris we spent several hours a day for two years at the Louvre, arranging our finds and superintending their classification. Several more years were spent in writing up our travels and discoveries. These fill two enormous volumes of a thousand pages each. Shall we go back to Persia again? I hardly think so. Other explorers, better equipped than we were, have followed in our paths, and I don't think they have overlooked much. Besides, we are rather too old to go so far afield. There is a great deal to be done in Spain and Portugal and that is where we propose to go next. There are regions in these countries which are almost as unexplored as the wilds of Peru."

lished two interesting books about Spain and is now engaged on a historical work dealing with Isabella, the Catholic.

Madame Adolphe Brisson (nee Yvonne Sarcey) is the youngest woman in France who has been made a member of the legion.

She is a daughter of the popular Sarcey who was the foremost literary and dramatic critic of the last generation. She inherited her father's talent and has been a prolific journalist for the last 20 years. She was fortunate enough, at the age of 15, to meet a very promising young writer a few years older than herself. This was Adolphe Brisson, now dramatic critic of the Temps, a paper which yields as much influence as did the Edinburgh Review in Macaulay's time.

Both husband and wife are indefatigable workers and conceived the idea, some 15 years ago of starting a literary and political review for family reading. The majority of French reviews cannot be placed in the hands of young people and Madame Brisson had noticed, from her own experience, that a literary publication which could be placed in the hands of cultured girls was badly needed.

With a modest supply of capital, supplemented by untiring energy, they founded the popular "Annales politiques et litteraires" which is now one of the most widely read weeklies in France, and has subscribers in every part of the world. The most eminent writers, politicians, scientists and artists contribute to it, and it has an enormous influence among the present generation of Frenchwomen.

ing editor of the paper and contributes a long article every week under the signature of "Cousine Yvonne." This article is specially addressed to her girl readers, who call themselves her "cousines," and contains helpful advice on all sorts of subjects. As the circulation of "Les Annales," as the paper is generally called, is over a million a week, it may be safely asserted that two or three million French girls wait impatiently every week for "Cousine Yvonne's" article. In addition to this she personally conducts the "Answers to Correspondence" column, in which she shows herself to be a guide, philosopher and friend of almost encyclopaedic knowledge.

All this hard work has not had the effect of "wrinking up" her face or her hair. She has two married daughters, and is the most surprising young-looking grandmother of 40 that it is possible to meet. "I might truly say I was 25 for a few days longer," she said the other day, "but is it worth while?"

Madame Brisson lives in a picturesque old house within a stone's throw of her office. These old French houses have the advantage of containing rooms big enough to hold a modern Parisian flat. Her drawing-room contains a number of paintings by modern French masters; among others there is a very fine family group by Marcel Baschet, who is now a member of the "Institut," representing three generations of the Sarceys, and a portrait of Madame Brisson's eldest son by Henner.

Besides her paper she has founded another work of immense educational value—the "Universite des Annales." Twice a week in the great hall of the "Annales" building, the most famous lecturers in France continue the education of the French girl, who owes a

great debt of gratitude to "Cousine Yvonne."

A third eminent woman holding the red ribbon is Madame Vallet-Bisson, a pastelist, whose works are almost as well known in the United States and England as they are in France. As a child she showed a decided taste for drawing, and she persuaded her parents to send her to the famous "Ecole Julien" as soon as she left school. There she worked for four or five years under Jules Lefevre, who advised her to concentrate on pastel work.

She scored her first success about 25 years ago when she took a silver medal at the "Salon des Artistes Francais" with the portrait of Mlle Roscanda. She has exhibited regularly at the same salon ever since, and has taken all the possible rewards from honorable mention to gold medals. For the past five years Madame Vallet-Bisson has been "hors concours." For the coming salon, which will open in May, Madame Bisson is showing two portraits, one of Madame Mercadier and her little son Andre, and the other of Baroness Chamorin.

Several of Madam Bisson's works have been purchased by the state, and figure in the national museums at

Brest and Orleans. In England her pastels occupy a prominent place in the galleries of the Cunards and the Rothschilds.

Madame Bisson and her husband, who is also a well-known painter and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, work together in a large sunny studio overlooking the "Parc Monceau." They were putting the finishing touches to their exhibits for the approaching salon when the writer called.

"Yes, I think it is the best thing I have ever done," said Madame Bisson, looking affectionately at her portrait of Madame Mercadier and her little boy, "and my husband thinks so too." The portrait represents the most fascinating Facies imaginable and a handsome little fair-haired boy. Both are dressed for going out, but the background is indoor.

Questioned as to the relative merits of oil and pastel work, Madame Bisson said that she considered it possible to get much softer tones with pastels, and consequently to get nearer to nature. "I think it is impossible," she said, "to reproduce the rich, soft tones of the human face by means of oils. There is always a certain hardness about oil paintings which it is impossible to avoid—a certain gloss or shine if you see what I mean. But with pastels it is different. There is a peculiar velvety softness about them which exactly imitates the skin's delicate tints."

Certainly this theory is amply justified in Madame Bisson's latest portrait, but there are not many artists who can handle pastels with her consummate skill.

EASTER BRIDES TO SHATTER MANY HALLOWED TRADITIONS

Wedding Gowns Without Trains, Pink-Tinted Satin Instead of Ivory, Veils That Do Not Veil, Sticks Instead of Bouquets, and White Wigs for Bridesmaids—These Are Some of the Innovations of the Coming Bridal Season.

BY CORINNE LOWE.
 "THE fabled ivory tint has disappeared from the wedding gown," declared the salesman, confronting the little bride-to-be just up from the country. "You see, that yellow tinge was extremely unbecoming to most people, and so nowadays we are selling silks with the very faintest pink reflected in the white of the gown."

This is only one of the many changes which the last few years have wrought in the bridal outfit. Veils, shoes, quality of silk and bridesmaids' gowns have indeed undergone many vicissitudes of fashion. Of this we receive positive information from the Spring wedding pageant which was featured at one of our big department stores a week or so ago.

First of all, there is quality of the wedding silk. No longer is it the heavy satin which used to gleam in heavy folds beneath the misty white veil. The passion for soft, supple crepes has invaded the bridal territory, and now we find hardly anything save crepe meter or heavy crepe de chine. Even chiffon combined with lace is separating us from the old tradition of heavy satins. To this there is one exception. Liberty satin shows a decidedly upward bend, and some of the most beautiful wedding gowns for the early Spring have been fashioned of this shimmering fabric.

The Coronet Veil.
 One other point of variation is the veil. Formerly most brides walked up the aisle of the church under a shower of tulle. Now the veil is seldom worn over the face, but is caught up at the forehead in light folds, with the effect of a coronet. For the rest this exquisite garment is very long, and its ends, projecting beyond the hem of the gown, are often caught with a spray of orange blossoms. Around the face the veil falls very softly and gracefully from its coronet peaks. Backward it flows without an interruption, unless, as is sometimes the case, it is caught in a circle outlining the head.

Conservatism is of course the guide chart of the wedding gown. Although follow it must the general direction of the season's mode, there should be prohibited all the fantastic touches which

sway the less ceremonial creation. Dignity and simplicity must be won from a skitish with aggressive "style."

The Train Disappears.
 Most important of all the changes at work in the present-day wedding gown is the absence of the train. Very many of the new bridal creations—particularly for the young bride—are quite short. For instance, one imported model of white chiffon is completed with a flounce of deep lace just escaping the ground. For the rest, a cutaway tunic with long sleeves is embroidered in an all-over floral pattern of white silk. The veil worn with this gown is the circular one so fashionable nowadays. It is of tulle edged with fine lace and is gathered about the head into a perfect cap from which the lace hem escapes to form a bewitching frill about the face.

In spite of this tendency toward the wedding gown without a train there have been some very beautiful gowns, achieved with the aid of the Watteau back, that train which falls from the shoulders. In the case of a tall and stately bride there is, indeed, no arrangement of drapery which gives more of ceremonial dignity.

The shoes which are worn by the bride of this Spring will not be alight with the elaborate beads and ornamentation of former years. Plain in cut, the very loveliest of the season's wedding slippers are set off with a tiny bow or butterfly of lace. The stockings to be worn with these very often have a panel of white lace in the front. Sometimes, too, they show on ankles and instep the fine weblike surface of very loosely woven silk.

Even the fan which the bride of today carries has fluttered its way far from that of other days. No longer regular in shape, this favored accessory of the moment is shield-shaped and generally inset with insertion of gossamer lace work.

A New Bridal Landscape.
 Not only the bride, but her attendants, record a complete change in the wedding landscape. This is emphatically a year of taffeta bridesmaids,



and this material is carried out in the loveliest flower-like tones of gray, violet, rose and yellow. The favored method of making the bridesmaid's gown is with a panner-like overskirt—a mode well brought out in the model wedding party mentioned as having taken place at a certain department store.

Very often, too, the skirt is draped upward in the back to obtain the mock-bustle effect of the hour, and a smart little tunic flares piquantly at the hips. Flounces are also a favorite resource of the bridesmaid's taffeta frock, and some of them recall the calyx-shaped skirts of the crinoline period.

The bodice of this frock is, like the bride's, often square of neck. Sometimes, however, folds of lace go straight across from shoulder to shoulder in the way that recalls again Empress Eugenie and the days of the Second Empire. For afternoon weddings there are some bolero effects sought in the taffeta gown of the bride's attendants, and this, according to the latest dictates of the mode, is cut low in the back and flares out above the shoulders.

Truly exquisite are some of the new

hats to be worn by the bridesmaids of this coming season. Some of them are flat little untrimmed shapes of colored straw flaring up in the back and fastening under the high knot with a band of flowers—the only trimming that is allowed. One such hat in lavender with encircling band of solid violets converts one immediately to this rather wayward mode of ornamentation. Still other shapes—and these take one back to the shepherdesses days of Marie Antoinette at Tricou—are very flat leghorns, sloping

down the front and rising a little in the back. Flowers—dainty nosegays of forget-me-nots, perhaps—are heaped under the hat and fill in the space where the brim flares upward in the back. At times, too, the flowers are even reactionary enough to appear on the top of the hat.

Sticks Instead of Bouquets.
 The old-fashioned bouquets carried by the bridesmaids have now been almost entirely supplanted by sticks with either flat or crook tops. These sticks, enameled in white and tied at the top with their bouquet of violets or daffodils, are another wand waiting us back to the days of the Watteau shepherdesses. In a number of smart weddings now being arranged baskets containing flowers will surmount the sticks.

The white wigs now becoming so fashionable will undoubtedly add a charming touch of the patch and powder days to the Spring wedding. One girl is planning to have her eight bridesmaids appear in these legacies of a former day, and what with snowy wigs, taffeta frocks with saucy little

panniers, white shepherdess crooks and bodices with the square Marie Antoinette neck this wedding will undoubtedly summon our fancy back over the centuries to the time when Mistress Betty walked in the place of Miss Gwendolen.

A very charming idea which is being carried out by several prospective brides is to have the gowns of the wedding develop the various tones of one particular shade. For instance, here in one wedding pink is the law of the occasion. Instead, however, of obliging all the attendants to wear the same shade, this bride has arranged that the entire wedding party show a skillful gradation of color. Commencing with the bride, whose silk gown has the slightest hint of rose, the maid of honor will follow in taffeta of most delicate shell pink and the remaining seven attendants will appear in gradually deepening tints.

Sand the Best Cure for Tired Feeling.
 An English physician has announced a most effective cure for that tired feeling that attacks everyone at some time or other. Walk barefoot in the sand, up and down, back and forth. Keep on walking, too, until you feel an undeniable rush or circulation of blood which will be sure to follow this unwanted exercise. It is that same quickened circulation that is so tremendously invigorating and stimulating. It is accounted for by the fact that the nerves of the sole and the heel are irritated and the circulation accordingly stimulated. This same exercise is also good for insomnia.

nia, as the wide expanse of yellow sand is good to exercise a sleepy effect on a tired and nervous brain.

Father Spanks Child Who Prays for Him.
 THEY spank babies for saying their prayers nowadays. This time it is father who objects, and the reason is that the prayer doesn't flatter him. Baby Alice, sternly supervised by her grandma and her mamma, whispers this little petition every night: "Pray God bless grandmother and spare her to me, pray God bless mother and spare her to me, and pray God make my daddy a better man."

Arthur W. Barber, of New York, the father of little Alice, objects hotly to the baby saying this prayer every night. He thinks it isn't the sort of set speech that a child should learn in infancy, reflecting as it does on his moral character. And so he spans Alice and she goes right on sobbing through it.

Not Pleased.
 (National Monthly.)
 Jones met his neighbor Smith, who carried a gun in his hand.
 "Been shooting this morning?" asked Jones.
 "Yes, I had to kill my dog," answered Smith.
 "Why, was he mad?" asked Jones.
 "Well," said Smith dryly, "he didn't seem to be any too well pleased."

An Easier One.
 (London Sketch.)
 Timekeeper (arranging starts for golf tournament)—Name, please.
 Goller—M. de Valmont.
 Timekeeper—Tuts, mon; we canna bother ourselves w' names like that here. Yell start at 4.30 the mornin' mornin' is the name o' McPherson.

