

WHAT THE '400' ARE WEARING.

by
**MRS. CHOLLY
KNICKERBOCKER**

Two Effective Motoring Coats Designed for Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs.

James L. Kernochan, with a Tail- ored Suit Worn by Miss Rosa- mond Street

A FLASH of silk, a flutter of violet petticoats, a glimpse of absurdly high heels on absurdly small shoes—an impression of great vivacity. That's Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs getting out of her automobile.

And she does that as she does everything else, very gracefully. I often wonder how she manages to be so perpetually graceful on those tiny feet of hers.

For they are small. In fact, they're the smallest feet among the women of our set, which is saying a good deal.

Quite lately I've noticed a suspicion of lightning in Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' morning.

All last winter she wore heavy black, but just to carry out the old idea of every cloud having a silver lining, we were given an occasional glimpse of petticoats of an undeniably violet shade fringing and fluting under her sombre outer skirts.

The other day, when we nodded to each other as we passed in our motoring in the park, I saw that she was wearing a motoring coat of gray—a dull dark gray, with touches of black—but a gray nevertheless.

Later we mutually discarded our wraps at Eberly's, and I had a chance for what our country cousins call "a good look" at it.

And since we are all interested in those absolutely necessary things, motoring clothes, you may like to hear about this coat which really had one or two new points.

The very "newest" thing about it was the sleeves. And, oddly enough, they were not sleeves at all, but capelike affairs which did duty for sleeves and did it very well. They were put in under the stitched-down collar in a double or triple box-pleat, and from there hung straight and free—not caught down at all.

They were ample enough to wrap well around you if the wind got rude and boisterous, and, when standing, fell into very graceful, effective lines.

Indeed, the whole coat was a graceful, floating sort of thing, which looked quite as well out of the motor as in.

It was built of pongee silk. The color, as I said, was dull dark gray. From the neck and shoulders it fell in plaits, which were stitched down for a little way and then hung in folds to the bottom of the coat, which was about fourteen inches from the ground.

Mrs. Oelrichs' Very Smart Touch.
A touch of black was given in the Hercules silk braid which formed the collar and continued down the front. The same trimming bordered the sleeves.

How much we are using flowers this year! Our spring hats are regular small conservatories—full of bloom—and corsage bouquets are not the exception, but the rule.

Not only have we been wearing all the most costly hothouse flowers, but quite humble ones from the garden. I suppose the vogue for all shades of browns and yellows is responsible for the sudden rise into favor of the golden daffodil. I've seen a great many smart women wearing daffodils with their tan costumes this spring.

In Paris they are wearing not real but artificial flowers for corsage bouquets, and a good many of the gowns the great dressmakers of France send over to us are decorated with flower-like ornaments, concocted of silk and braid.

I don't know whether Mrs. Oelrichs ordered her motoring coat at Easter time, but they were unmistakably Easter lilies made of black braid which formed the one fastening of the front.

And a very effective touch they gave.

In planning our summer outfit the motor must be reckoned with, for most of us spend a good deal of time flying about the country in our "poufs-poufs."

Not that motoring has ever quite won me from my horses. I can't get over the automobile's enemy as O. H. P. Belmont and De Lancy Kane and all the others.

But though I still love my sleek "gees," I love my motors, too. They do add so tremendously to one's comfort. And, of course, anything which helps to keep the crumpled out of our rose-leaves is not a thing to be lightly dealt with.

Heavens! I simply shudder when I think of all the discomforts we used to go through to spend a week-end at a country house. The nuisance of getting into trains and brushing against the "common herd" on the platforms, and all the noise and dust!

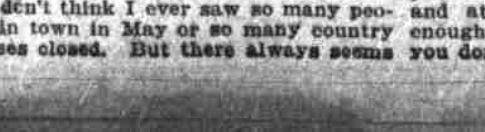
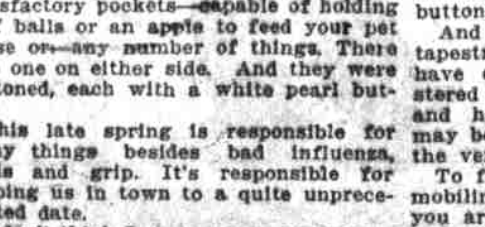
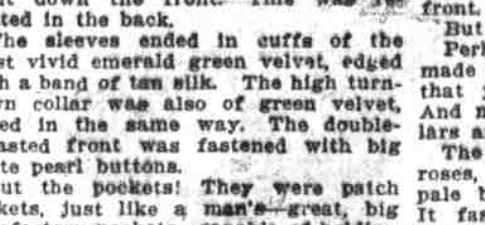
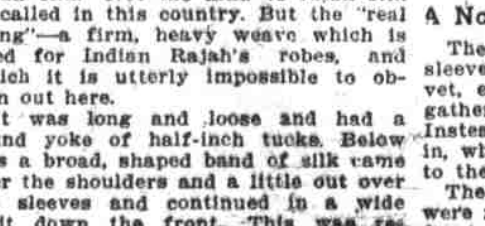
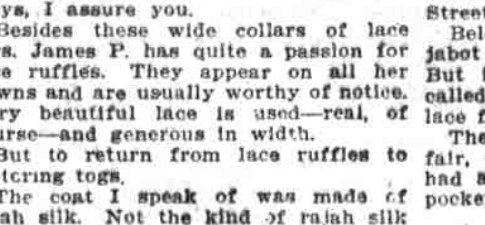
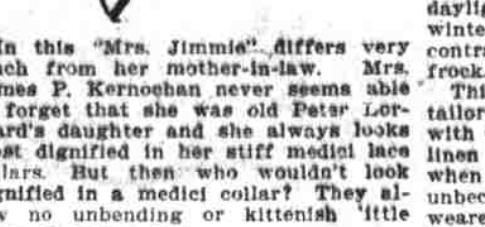
But now, when I run down to Islip or Hamstead for a week-end, my motor is brought to the door. My luggage is put on top, Marie goes with Francis in front, I in the tonneau, the door is shut and—I'm off with no fuss or bother.

When I was down at Hempstead I saw Mrs. Jimmie L. Kernochan, as usual, followed by a whole pack of her adored Irish terriers. How she loves her dogs, and how they love her! The admiration seems quite mutual.

Mrs. "Jimmie" was wearing a rather smart tan coat which would be equally good for driving or motoring. In cut and line it was decidedly "sporty" and suited the wearer admirably. I heard Cholly murmur: "By jove! What a corking coat!" It was just the kind of garment that would appeal to men.

A—Gray Pongee with Black Braid Was Used with Great Success in Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' Motoring Coat.

B—Mrs. J. L. Kernochan's Smart Automobile Coat of Tan Rajah Silk with Collar and Cuffs of Emerald Green Velvet.



C—Miss Rosamond Street's Tailored Suit of Brown Checked Cloth with the Very Newest Thing in Waistcoats.

D—A Practical and Becoming Motoring Veil.

to be plenty to occupy one's time, and town's not so bad when every one else is there, too.

I met that sweet niece of Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Rosamond Street, just as she left a motor to run into Thorley's. She was fair and dainty as usual. Her golden hair looked just as golden in the daylight as it used to at the opera last winter, when it made such a wonderful contrast with her brilliant scarlet frock.

This time she had on a very severely tailored gown of fine brown check, and with it she wore one of those starched linen collars which are very becoming when they are becoming, and horribly unbecoming when they don't suit the wearer. But this quite suited Miss Street.

Below the collar was a what we call jabot and what the French call rabat. But it doesn't matter what it was called. It was fresh and crisp and had lace frills.

The coat was a single-breasted affair, not quite three-quarter length. It had a collar of brown velvet and two pockets without flaps.

A Novel Idea in Waistcoats.
The sleeves were cut on a man's coat sleeve model, with cuffs of brown velvet, edged with cloth. There were no gathers at all at the top of the sleeve. Instead there were little squares taken in, which gave a very smart gorge cut to the outline of the shoulder.

The plaits on the skirt—and there were many of them—turned toward the front. Rather an innovation.

But the waistcoat was the thing. Perhaps you haven't seen a waistcoat made of this material, but I prophesy that you will see many before long. And not only waistcoats, but coat collars and lapels as well.

The pattern was big, blurred pink roses, tied with just a suggestion of pale blue ribbon on a cream ground. It fastened with rather small brass buttons.

And the material was crêtonne. Silk tapestry crêtonne, exactly the kind we have our chairs and cushions upholstered in. Think what an original idea and how remarkably effective. You may be quite sure that you are one of the very first to learn of this novelty.

To find a satisfactory veil for automobiling is always a problem. Either you are protected from dust and wind and at the same time hideous enough to stop 10 automobiles, or else you don't wear a thing in chiffon which

makes you look a hour for beauty—at the beginning of your motor trip. How you look when you return, having been buffeted by the wind and liberally powdered with dust, is another picture.

My modiste has lately provided me with an automobile veil which seems to be all it is claimed.

It is made of liberty chiffon, with a veil of this silk chiffon over the face. The liberty chiffon and silk chiffon are both gathered on to a wire ring which fits in the old familiar way over the top of your hat. But there the familiarity ends, for this is a brand new idea in motor veils.

The liberty chiffon is in two pieces, each piece about a yard and a quarter long and just the width of the chiffon. These two pieces are joined in the back to just where they reach the neck.

The silk chiffon which serves as a face veil is only about half a yard in length and is gathered on an elastic at the back of the neck with a button and loop. At either side the liberty and the silk chiffon are joined down from the top for about eight inches. From there the liberty chiffon goes on alone and ties under the chin.

It really makes a hood which completely protects your hat, hair and face from the dust and forms at the same time a becoming frame.

We are not confined to silk chiffon now in choosing the material for our motor veils. There are many other fabrics which have been tried and not found wanting.

And Something About Plaids.
Chiffon cloth is a material which is as light and airy in effect as chiffon and yet which seems to be more dust-resisting. Liberty silk is not considered too heavy by some women who particularly value their complexions.

I saw a remarkably good looking veil not long ago made of some soft shiny kind of silk. It was very thin and so fine you could draw it through the proverbial wedding ring. It was gray, a gray so much the shade of Mrs. Oelrichs' coat that it would have made a very good finish to her motoring getup.

The veil was put on the hat very simply and tied in a loose, fluffy bow under the chin. And there, under that chin, I spied a new idea. How we do welcome anything new—just for the sake of novelty.

And right on one of the ends of the veil was a monogram, embroidered quite unostentatiously in shades of gray silk

and inclosed in an outlined ring. Of course monograms have been done to death. No one can deny that. We

have gone about simply labeled with our own initials.

My paraisol has borne my monogram worked in silk. My pocketbook has been decorated with my monogram in gold. The pin with which I fasten my collar has had my initials intertwined and done in chip diamonds. My shoes, my stockings, everywhere my own initials have stared at me until, sometimes I have contemplated divorce and remarriage just to get a new combination.

But this little intertwining of letters was done with such tact and discretion that it gave individuality. Somehow it pleased me.

There are some very "stunning" new plaids in rubbered silk coats out this season. I use the word advisedly, for really some of the plaids are quite too noisy. They seem to be yelling "Boots who has," and a few things like that. Only I am sure these plaids never saw Scotland. If they did they are of an unknown clan.

But no doubt your own pet importer can supply you with one of these coats to your taste.

And really they have much to recommend them for motoring. They are light and cool, dust-proof and, of course, rain-proof, and look very fairly well, even after a long run.

Most Terrible Secret Society

UNDoubtedly the most powerful and terrible secret society in the whole world is the Mafia, which flourishes in Italy, and has done so for more than 300 years. It was founded in Sicily for protection against the injustice of foreign rulers; but it now embraces people of all classes and all religions, and its operations are not confined to any particular object except the gain of all the members.

He who is of the Mafia is almost sure to do well, and may even escape justice after committing the most serious crimes. It is said that the secret of the success of the famous Crispi was that he was one of the Mafia. If a member opens a new shop, the word is given round and all the other members in the neighborhood flock to it with their custom; if one of the Mafia, as they are called, is putting up for auction the influence of the order is set to work in every direction in his favor; if one commits a crime he may be let off because the judge and jury are his brothers; and not long since a man murdered another in the streets of Palermo and was caught the next moment, but he broke away from his captors, and upon the instant the cry of "Mafiosi!" was sent round, and every possible impediment was put in the way of the pursuit, so that it failed and the man got free. Subsequently the police discovered his whereabouts, but they dared not arrest him, for fear of the Mafia.

Mafia Executes Delinquents.
The society will allow any of its members to behave dishonestly or criminally towards any other man who is not a member. Of course, not being established for the purpose of committing crime, it does not encourage such acts, but when they have been committed it will do its level best to shield the perpetrators from the consequences.

But should a Mafiosi at any time do badly towards another, or in any way whatever fail in his duty towards the society, he may be sure that the penalty of death awaits him at a very early date. The Mafia never fails in exacting that penalty, and many of the quiet, undiscovered murders that are constantly taking place all over Italy are to be attributed to the society. The Mafia is the most faithful friend and the most terrible enemy.

It is not an easy thing to join the Mafia, and the tests as to whether a candidate is fit for the fraternity and likely to be a good member of it are very strict. He has to go through many probationary trials, but when at last the committee are satisfied that he is a good candidate he is duly initiated. The candidate has then to go through a terrible ceremony.

First of all a cut is made in his body and a quantity of blood is drawn from it, and with this he smears an image of his favorite saint and then sets the image on fire, immediately taking an oath in the following words: "I swear on my honor to be faithful to the brotherhood. As this saint and the drops of blood are destroyed, so will I shed all the blood I have for the fraternity; and as these ashes and this blood can never be restored to me, so can I never again become free from the brotherhood."

Shoots at a Crucifix.
Then the new initiate has to draw a revolver and shoot at a crucifix, to show that he is willing at any time to kill his nearest relation or his intimate friend if commanded to do so. He is then a full member, and he is said to be a wearer of the "red mantle."

His name as a member is not entered in any books, but it is duly forwarded to the headquarters, and then it is communicated by word of mouth to all the other members in the district where he lives. These other members teach him all the other signs and customs of the fraternity which it is necessary he should know, and he at once becomes an active member.

The headquarters of the brotherhood are being constantly moved about. One week they are in one place, and the next one in another at the other end of the country. Nobody ever knows, except the members, where to put their fingers on the Mafia. In each town there is a kind of chief agent, who is kept posted up with the doings and movements of headquarters, and he communicates them to those of the members who are concerned.

When a member wants the active assistance of the whole of the brotherhood this agent acts as the intermediary between the individual and headquarters, and so swift is the action of the brotherhood that in an extraordinary case the whole of Italy could be at work in favor of one of the humblest members within a few hours of the appeal being made.

Wanderings of a Seagull.
From the Westminster Gazette.
On October 28 last there was shot a Gull, on Lake Lemna, a seagull aged about 16 months which was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words, "Vogel station Rosetten 20." Rosetten is situated in the Lido of the Couvaud lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometres from the Lake of Geneva.

M. Forel of Lausanne communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rosetten. According to the latest notes the gull No. 20 was hatched there and marked with the ring when a few weeks old before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barometer.