

WHAT THE "FOUR HUNDRED" WEAR

By Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

Two Smart Linen Frocks Worn by Miss Blanche Oelrichs and Mrs. Willard S. Brown.

An Elaborate Costume of Linen and Irish Lace Designed for Mrs. D. Willis James.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' "Good Luck" Slipper



A—Miss Blanche Oelrichs Wears a Tennis Dress of Khaki Linen Embroidered in White.

B—White Linen and Irish Lace Combined in Unique Design for Mrs. D. Willis James.

C—Pale Blue Linen With White Soutache Braiding Worn by Mrs. Willard S. Brown.

D—Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs Carries Her Luck on Her Dainty Slipper.

YOUTH, we are told, spells folly. So, I suppose, we can't blame the young things too severely if they sometimes wear the cap and bells a little obviously.

But really, between you and me, some of the school girls of one's acquaintance are too absurd. Their sense of their own importance is overpowering.

I heard a rather amusing story of one girl who is still in the schoolroom and whose mother we all know. She had a mild attack of measles and her one cry was, "Oh, doctor, save my beauty! Save my beauty!"

What self-conscious things some of them are! But of course there are exceptions. Blanche Oelrichs, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. "Charley" Oelrichs and a niece of the late Hermann Oelrichs, promises to be a great beauty, and yet she's not a bit spoilt.

She's only 19 and charmingly pretty, with a mass of waving black hair, which she usually wears flying loose over her shoulders. Such a contrast to her sister—Mrs. Peter D. Willis—blonde coloring! Just now Blanche Oelrichs is in Germany with her mother, visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer Sr.

She is quite an ardent tennis player, and had some rather well designed little tennis frocks, one of which you may see a sketch of here.

It was made of khaki colored linen, the color which is having such a vogue in Paris and which a few of our more far-sighted enough to order costumes of in advance on this side of the water.

It was a simple little frock, as was fitting for "sweet sixteen." The skirt, which was quite short and made without tuck or plait, had only a few unobtrusive bands of about one inch in width around the foot to relieve the plainness.

The waist had a comfortable looking turned-down collar, which gave the freedom of movement so necessary for tennis.

The waist had two deep scallops down the front, and which it closed with the visibility. Edging the scallops were inch-wide bands of the material. A deep plait on each shoulder near the sleeve gave a becoming fullness.

Cuffs, with applied bands echoing the bands on the skirt, ended a plain skirt

waist sleeves just below the elbow.

And on the collar the scallops down the front and the cuffs was the faintest French embroidery of little flowers and leaves done in white. It gave a contrast which was very effective and yet delicate.

The belt was a plain one of the khaki linen, and with this dress Blanche Oelrichs wore one of her favorite hats, with the brim turned back in front and trimmed only with a ribbon bow.

Yvonne, Brown's younger daughter-in-law, is tall, good-looking daughter-in-law. And you can't blame her—can you? when you consider how smart and well turned out they always are.

Mrs. S. Willard Brown was looking the smartest of the smart the other day when I saw her wearing a charming gown of pale blue linen. A most elaborate gown it was, too. No "sweet simplicity" about this!

The skirt, which was of fine white soutache braid, that ultra-smart adornment this year. It has almost entirely superseded French embroidery for anything but all-white gowns, and it has a richness of effect which quite justifies it.

There was braiding on the little coat and on the deep cuffs, and most intricate and expensive braiding on the skirt.

The skirt was of walking length and had a plain front—breaks, and stitched-down side plaits running from there around to the back. Down the outer edges of the front gore ran a line of soutache braid put on with a little quiri here and there.

Six large buttons of the pale blue linen embroidered in white ornamented the gown near the foot and were arranged in lines of the braid, starting on either side of this plain front width and was followed by the braid design. It fastened in double-breasted fashion, with six big buttons of blue embroidered in white.

Box plaits, set in the top of the sleeve and continuing to the cuff, gave a rather unusual air to the sleeves. The

collars were really "stunning." Generous affairs they were, running up in two rounded points in the back and front. They were braided and fastened with big buttons like those on the jacket and skirt.

A lingerie blouse of fine lace and embroidery was worn under the coat.

A hat with the fashionable roll in front and trimmed with roses completed this very smart and trim-looking get up.

It had a low, square-cut opening at the neck and was collarless. Lines of braiding ran all around the neck and made elaborate the fronts of the jacket. It was cut irregularly around the lower edge and was followed by the braid design. It fastened in double-breasted fashion, with six big buttons of blue embroidered in white.

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I had a look at a costume the other day which was a French model and undoubtedly unique, even if, personally, I couldn't commend it for beauty. It was, I was told, destined for wear by Mrs. D. Willis James, and it struck me as being one of the most pretentious linen gowns I had yet seen.

White linen and heavy Irish crochet lace were used exclusively in its construction.

A band of magnificent lace was put

GOWNS CAN BE MADE WHILE YOU WAIT--How the Modern Modiste Meets the Exactions of Fashion Devotees

"WHAT a perfectly beautiful gown!" whispered one of New York's society matrons to another. "When did you have it made?"

"This afternoon," replied her friend. "So glad you like it."

Did the admiring friend express astonishment at the information that this elaborate dinner gown had been made in an afternoon? Not a bit of it! "Making a gown while you wait" is no common thing among the "Four Hundred" in any big city.

Into a fashionable establishment just off Fifth avenue, in New York, hurried an elegantly gowned woman. In a moment she was consulting with Madame, the dressmaker. A dinner gown must be made to wear that night.

"Something in moonlight blue," suggested Madame, "and you might wear turquoise and diamonds with it, or even pearls, if you like."

"I'd like a long train and something fluffy on the bodice," interjected the customer.

"Yes, we'll make it of satin, veiled in chiffon and lace and embroidered with iridescent beads in shades of light blue just picked out with gold—yes, gold would be better at a dinner; it will impart more color to the gown. Leave it to me. I will get you up something charming in about four o'clock—say five, for a fitting? Mrs. Blanche comes at four and Mrs. Vanderveer at half after. I'll squeeze you in before the next fitter."

"And I must have it at seven o'clock sharp. Don't you think you can send it up before that?" coaxingly.

"I'll try," smiled Madame; "but you shall have it by seven, anyhow."

With a wisp of moonlight blue material in her hand Madame trailed gracefully to the forewoman. "Make a dinner gown in this color," she ordered, and then she directed of what materials the gown was to be made, with a general direction as to its style.

The forewoman hurried to the work-room to the order book, and the customer saw what she had of which to make it.

"This has got to be done by seven o'clock," she commanded. "Furry now, and see where this goods can be matched. You must buy the lining and chiffon veiling of the same tint."

A young shopper hastened away with a bit of the moonlight blue, to search the shops for materials that matched it.

Before her skirts had whisked out of the door the forewoman was telephoning hurried orders to bead embroiderers and trimming makers with commands for one to come up and get a sample to match. When the prospective owner of the gown came to be fitted, numberless workers were engaged in stitching upon her dress. Some worked upon one sleeve, some upon another. One decorated the décolletage of the bodice, as yet unfitted and unadorned, others sewed bead after bead upon the gleaming folds of the filmy gown already glittering with points of iridescent light from applications of trimmings and embroidered arabesques of tiny beads. Still others worked upon the underlay and skirt. Just before 7 o'clock two busy packers laid the last fold of tissue paper between the diaphanous loveliness of an elaborately trimmed dinner gown, and a little later a maid was arranging its fold upon its owner.

Mrs. George Gould came smiling into one of New York's big dressmaking establishments not long since with an order for a velvet dinner gown to be worn with her magnificent emeralds.

"I suggest green velvet," said Madame, the dressmaker, "with a very simple bodice to act as a frame for the jewels. Your diamonds, with the emeralds, will give all the illumination required, and there should be nothing to detract from the beauty of the stones. Some embroidery upon the skirt? Well, perhaps a design in emerald and rhinestone beads running up the skirt and around the bottom. Just enough to relieve it, and quite a rich finish to the little sleeves."

"I'll wait for it," she calmly announced. "I'm tired and I'll just sit here and answer some notes while you make it. Call me when I'm to be fitted."

In a cosy little room she was seated. Now she would write notes; then would pause for interested chat with some other gown purchaser—and such friends were constantly dropping in—then she concluded to look over samples of materials for another dress. After this she returned to her notes and then the selection of a hat. And so she rested and amused herself and shopped during the short afternoon while shoppers and workers hurried and scurried about gathering together the infinite variety of materials which go to make up a smart gown nowadays and shaping them into a beautiful whole.

"What finished already," she exclaimed, as the fitter deferentially appeared with shining lengths of satin over her arm and a business-like looking pair of scissors and cushion bristling with pins.

"In a moment," assured the fitter. "It has only to be tried on."

In a place where each customer has a duplicate of her form over in readiness to be draped with a new gown the fitting of a gown is seldom more than a matter of form. Indeed, gowns are often never fitted to anything but dummy figures where customers are away or do not want to be fitted either at their homes or at the shops which they patronize. The average woman, however, is more than willing to be fitted, for she knows that little touches of originality which one might not think of in relation to a dummy. Sometimes, too, the dummy does not answer for an absolute fit where the gown is of the character known as "molded to the figure."

In this case the fitter and his assistant pinned and draped and clipped, and in a moment the handsome gown was slipped off, carried to the finishers, and soon after dispatched to its owner.

It seems little short of incredible to the average person that an entire elaborate gown can be made up in a few hours—that a fashionable woman may order a gown on her way to pay after-noon calls and put that gown on when she returns to her home after the round of calls has been paid.

What does it mean to make such a gown? It means that one bit of material must be matched with lightning

rapidity with linings, chiffon veilings, frouncings, bindings, trimmings, buttons, frequently with beads and sequins. That satin or cloth must have silk and chiffon to match it, and this is one of the most difficult things in the world, since in some shades matching proves an absolute impossibility. In that case the laces and other materials must be dyed in a few hours. Materials for linings, too, must often be dyed.

Memory of Sleepwalkers.
From Pearson's Weekly.

The memory of sleep walkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them.

There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than 40 years before.

Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abernethy. A girl given to sleep walking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, during the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed on his violin in her hearing.

Indianian's Epitaph.
Kokomo Correspondence Indianapolis Star.

Proud of his life's conviction, and esteeming it an honor to any man, W. T. Johnson, 75 years of age, of Oakford, who died today, asked that he be buried upon his tombstone that he was a Protestant. This remembrance of his faith and of a lifetime, and he often spoke of it to acquaintances. He had lived in this county over 50 years.

almost midway around the skirt. Below the lace were three stitched bands of linen, each one being attached at the top and bottom, but fastened to the skirt only at the upper edge. These bands were inclined to be ruffled. They did not lie quite flat.

The top of the skirt suggested an apron more than anything else or rather three little aprons.

They were put on top of the other and hung out loosely from the foundation skirt. In a gale of wind I can quite imagine the effect being an airy white cloud floating about the ruffled. As I said before, it was unique.

The little coat suggested a box coat in cut, but it had bands applied which carefully avoided walking under the folds of linen folds, three overlapping. Indeed, the idea of these was carried out in skirt and sleeves.

Wide bands of the same beautiful Irish lace as on the skirt were inserted down the coat and on the sleeves. Edging this was four or five inches from the skirt which came down the front and ran around the bottom of the jacket. Three folds were used for the little simulated bolero and again three folds made capes over the tops of the sleeves.

The cuffs were wide turned-back ones and were made of three pieces. There was no collar to the coat and the opening at the neck was slight.

The hat to wear with this was trimmed with roses and had long trailing streamers depending from back.

We all cherish our own pet superstitions, and I hope you have some. I certainly have—and get all manner of thrills and discomfort out of it.

Cholly seers at me, but I notice he carefully avoids walking under the folds or starting on a journey on a Friday.

But a good luck superstition we all hold that of the horseshoe. I think that is what has made it so common. I had to have all the diamonds in my immense horseshoe set in another design in gold and set in black leather. I saw one of my maids on her "afternoon out" wearing an exact duplicate in glittering glass. I have no doubts it cost her great pains and cents.

But now I'm rather sorry that I did it. For the other evening at a dinner Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was wearing a glittering diamond horseshoe on her black suede shoe. The shoe was tiny—you know she's famous for her small feet—the diamond horseshoe was very big and the effect was quite fascinating.

I suppose the vogue of very short skirts is responsible for our lively interest in clothing for our feet.

And how abnormally short the skirts are! Some time ago I told you that my tailor insisted on making my walking skirts four or five inches from the ground. At the time I protested, but now I see his wisdom. I should feel quite "dowdy" with my skirts any longer.

Whatever the "ooms" of the case may be one of the "prow" is the excellent opportunity it gives us to exhibit to an admiring world the very newest and smartest things in shoes.

And such odd and original ideas are shown, too. Even quite conservative women have broken forth in unexpectedly giddy footwear. The woman who a season or two ago would have scorned the suggestion of garbing her feet in anything but black leather has now set forth in her boot-closet rows and rows of shoes of shoes and slippers rivaling in hue the colors of the rainbow.

For wearing with her walking togs she has trim shoes of russet leather, for the fashion of "tan shoes" has in no wise abated. Even with black cloth gowns shoes of brown are the correct thing.

For golfing she has stoutly made excursions for tennis white buckskin with rubber soles. To accompany her light tub gowns are a variety of white shoes. Puffs of buckskin, "sailor" leather of white linen, slippers of embroidered white linen with a tiny tongue and big mother-of-pearl buckle. Heavy, ribbed English pumps with intricate patterns adorned with a flat ribbon bow are considered very smart.

With her lingerie dresses, which she dons in the afternoon, she wears the "cutest" thing in shoes. They are made of very fine white kid—almost a pump in shape, and they boast a little turnover collar which has been described in) of colored kid. Sometimes they are white with a coral pink collar, sometimes black, shiny patent leather, with a collar of violet kid, of course, the stockings must bear a hint of the same color. For instance, if the color on her shoes were pale blue her white stockings would probably be embroidered with a delicate design of forget-me-nots.

Stockings of plaid silk are going to be popular. I've been quite original. I flatter myself, and have had some collars of silk of the same clan as my stockings, and my patent leather shoes. Don't you think it sounds chic?

But all the glories of the daytime footwear quite sink into insignificance when the evening comes. For wear in the evening, such darling and dainty things they are!

They are made of satin, plain and brocade, and velvet and of lace—yes, of lace!

Embroidery in gold and in silver is ample to make them beautiful. Even the heels are quite works of art. Inset, as some of them are, with sparkling stones; though that is not the fashion we saw in the winter, is a bit too theatrical for my taste.

But the luxury of luxury seems to me to be reached in the garters. Lace which some women are ordering for wear with low white shoes, and which I couldn't commend it for beauty. It was, I was told, destined for wear by Mrs. D. Willis James, and it struck me as being one of the most pretentious linen gowns I had yet seen.

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LIFE IN THE SULTAN'S HAREM--Monarch's Mother Rules Harem and Is Terror of Inmates

AT THE present moment, when so much attention is being paid to the question of equal rights for men and women, a passing glimpse into the harem of his Serene Majesty Abdul-Hamid exposes a condition of things hard to believe, and still harder to accept.

Curiously enough, however, it is not the sultan who is the most powerful and most dreaded autocrat in his own harem, but the sultan's mother, known by the name of "Valide." It is the sultan's mother who, not only regulates every incident of the harem, but possesses the right of life and death over the women in it, and there are almost no known instances in which a sultan has dared to have a favorite from a punishment ordered by "the crown of veils head," as the Valide is called in the harem.

And next to the Sultan's mother comes, not the sultan's favorite wife, as might be imagined, but the harem-dar-osta, or grand mistress of finances. The sultan's chief wife, of more correct speaking, mistress, ranks only third in the order of the harem, and seems to possess, moreover, no real power whatsoever. I use the word mistress because the sultan, which will probably come as a surprise to the majority of English readers, is not allowed to marry. This extraordinary prohibition dates from the time when a sultan, going upon some holy war, and taking his legitimate wife with him, found he suddenly seized by the enemy and led into captivity. Now the sultan, being considered the Almighty's descendant and representative on earth, his wife was of course, sacred, and could not become the property of any lesser creature.

Her seizure, therefore, created something like a panic in royal circles. A council was called, and it was decided that henceforward, to avoid repetition of a similar calamitation, no sultan should ever marry.

The members of the harem are still young slaves brought in from Georgia, Armenia and other places, and practically educated in the harem itself on the chance that the sultan may one day be crowned. The sultan's favorites, still being kept for refractory persons. Poisoned coffee is also not infrequently out of fashion, and grinders of the terrible sack, and the sultan's harem even now does its sinister work. It is pitiless to learn that, notwithstanding the fact that the sultan is ailingly sell children to supply the enormous colony which constitutes the harem.

But life for a Turkish potentate is at best a troubled circumstance. The fear of assassination is so great that the sultan, it seems, has not for years slept two nights running in the same chamber. The only person aware each night of the room selected is his mother, who secretly selects the room. Two female slaves also lie like faithful dogs, extended across the doorway, ready to spring up at the slightest noise, or the faintest call from the sovereign. But for fear of treachery even these are "changed" every night, and never until the next moment know to what part of the harem they are to be sent. The ordinary amusements of the harem are trivial enough, but it is pleasant to learn that some of the women have the deeper joy of motherhood, and that these are children to take care of and watch over. So many pet animals are kept also, that the royal harem has been called a veritable menagerie.