

The Advancement of Shirt Waists & Blouses

Quite the Most Pronounced Novelty of the 1908 Season in the Way of Shirt Waists is the Waist Made of Washable Tulle Sleeves and Waists Cut in One Is a Feature of Elaborate Blouses

By MRS. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

This Season's Linen Shirt Waists Will Be Devoid of Embroidery Lingerie Waists Are More Lace Inset and Embroidered Than Ever

NO matter how hard fashion censors may frown upon the shirt-waist and assure you that "the really well-gowned woman will be guilty of wearing such a plebeian article of apparel," yet the average woman smiles sweetly and goes on making additions to her crisp stock of waists of linen and lawn. For she knows just as you and I know, that this year, as in other years, every woman will wear shirtwaists.

The separate waist—lingerie, tailored, or just plain shirt—has too firm a hold upon the feminine American public to be easily given up. And this year has proved no exception to the rule. True, the delicate white waist of lawn and lace has been somewhat shoved into the background this winter. In favor of the waist of dyed lace or silk or net matching the skirt in color, but with the approach of warm weather the lingerie waist will come into its own again. Trunks packed for winter sojourns in summer climates show this.

Many women have been congratulating themselves on the excellent bargains of lace and embroidery they were able to pick up in the shops during the January sales. Now comes the question of how to use them to best advantage in making up their summer outfit of fine white waists.

Surely this year the problem is not a hard one to answer. For on tailored waists for morning wear no embroidery or lace whatever is to be permissible and on the plain waist of the lingerie variety you cannot use too much lace and embroidery or in too many combinations. Cluny, filet, Irish and the old reliable "Val" all are worked into endless designs and combinations.

Quite the most pronounced novelty of the 1908 season in the way of shirt-waists is the waist made of washable tulle. It might be mentioned



A—Waist of Chiffon and Cluny Lace With Plisse Ruffled Collar and Satin Tie.
 B—Silk and Insertion Are Happily Combined in this Waist, Which Illustrates the New Sleeve.
 C—Tailored Waist With Effectively Placed Buttons and Deep Cuff.
 D—One of the Season's Novelties—a Waist of Washable Tulle.
 E—Embroidered Crepe de Chine and All-Over Lace, Trimmed With Irish Crochet Lace Buttons.

colors of blue and pink and lavender as well as the conventional white. These colored collars are destined for wear with all-white tailored waists.

As for the jabots and little lace bows—they quite beggar description. They are most charming and feminine accessories, and the tops are overflowing with legions of them of every charming design and material. Exquisite hand embroidery and real lace are being used entirely. The jabots are becoming longer and fluffier, sometimes being so long that the end tucks under the belt buckle.

While there is a certainty that these will very early in the season become unappreciated, still they are too pretty and becoming a fashion to be hastily discarded. Ruffles of finely plaited lace-edged lawn of graduated widths appearing from under one edge of the central box plait are somewhat newer than the ruffles turning each way.

Color that many waists button in front and the central box plait is so plainly in evidence, there is a sudden revival of interest in jeweled studs with which to fasten them. Very good sets may be found, consisting of four studs, cuff buttons and a jewel-set safety pin with which to fasten the linen collar.

Little Irish crochet buttons and buttons of fine white braid are used on fine white waists. Irish crochet heading is inset along seam lines with good effect. Braiding with very fine white cotton braid on linen waists, combined with lace insertions, is a fad of the season. It gives good results for the amount of work expended.

Colored ties and belts to match will be worn. A little bow of inch-wide satin ribbon heading a jabot, an end of ribbon running down the center of the jabot to the waistline, is a fad of color from Paris. Ruching is worn at the top of the extremely high-boned collars attached to most lingerie waists. The edges of the sleeves are also finished with the ruching.



to the uninitiated, is a very fine net of silk or cotton, which has the recommendation of laundering excellently and looking always fresh and dainty. While we have been surprised with waists of net from really exquisite nets of expensive filet which rich lace incrustations to the abomination of the ready-made waists of coarse mesh and coarse trimming, this is the first attempt of a net waist to enter the field of the tailor-made.

You may see how tailor-made it is by glancing at a sketch of it in the illustration lettered D. It only breaks out into novelty in the little ruffle down the front. It is lined to yoke depth both back and front, but the sleeves are unlined, which will be a recommendation during the hot weather months.

The tailor-made waists of linen are blossoming forth in a profusion of plaits of all widths and depths, of course, even in the tailored waists hand-tucked and plaits are much to be preferred, but machine stitching is more excusable do lines than on the lighter materials, which are combined with lace and embroideries.

Sleeves on these tailored waists are again long and end in the masculine shirt cuff or in a turned back cuff, which is, however, stiffly starched and fastened with knif buttons. Very occasionally a bit of French embroidery is seen on the cuffs, the box plaits down the front and the stiff collars of these waists.

But if the severity of the waist for strictly morning wear is unbroken the waists for more festive occasions amply make up for it in their elaboration and frivolity.

The most fragile of laces are combined with heavy embroideries. Often "to gild the lily" the lace itself is embroidered and inset. All the materials of other years are again employed as a groundwork—battis, moules, handkerchief linsens and lawns, they are all here. But so lace inset and tucked and embroidered are they that very little of the material itself is seen.

The sleeve cut in one with the body of the waist and the exact similarity of trimming on the front and back of waists are two important features. No longer is all the ornamentation lavished on the front of a waist, the back having to be content with a few meager tucks. As to sleeves—an armhole is apparently something to be much ashamed of just now. For never in the history of waists are we allowed to see to what a sleeve is attached. The armhole is carefully hidden in some form of the sleeve called kimono. Sometimes it is the sling sleeve of last summer, sometimes a low-hanging little cape cut at one with the rest of the waist, but always a disguise is provided for the top of the sleeve.

As to length—why, almost any length you fancy, with perhaps the seven-eight length in the lead. That is the sleeve ending a couple of inches

above the wrist bone. I can't say I think it is a becoming place at which to bring the sleeve to a conclusion, but what will you? We must all bow to Dame Fashion's decree.

The yokes of waists seem to be of all shapes—round, pointed and square. On a good many imported models I notice that yokes of fine, very fine tucking are enclosed in bands of lace insertion. And, indeed, tucking forms much of the trimming of elaborate waists. Alternating bands of horizontal tucking and wide lace insertion around the sleeves, following the direction of the wide sleeve where it falls away from the rest of the waist at the turn of the shoulder.

In the sketch combined "A," up and down tucking is combined with heavy cluny lace in an effective design. Below the high-boned "coker" collar, the plisse ruffled turned-down collar which is seen on some exclusive imported models. The long ends of the tie, which is of pale pink satin, are decorated with some cluny lace dangles. This is also original in that it has the bow of plisse muslin and one of satin.

While I hear from Paris that the day of the stiff linen collar is fast fading, the stripes shown in New York shops—collars quite glorified out of resemblance to the stiff things in which men enclose their throats.

They are embroidered and inset with lace motifs of delicately tinted linsens in



WHY A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

By a Woman of Experience.

"THE reason I am always tired," a friend of mine said recently in my hearing, "is that I am always trying to put 15 minutes' work into 10 minutes' time. I undertake something that I could not finish in the space I have allowed for it. If I kept on a full run all the time, then when some accident interferes all my calculations are thrown out and everything goes wrong."

I am myself constantly fighting with the temptation to undertake more than I can accomplish in a given time. In a way, I enjoy working under the spur. That is, if I have a long, quiet morning ahead of me, with just as much as I can put into it if I work all the while, and with the ideal set before me of finishing a certain amount at a given time. Men, as a rule, are naturally wrong-headed. But I don't like to see three hours' work ahead of me and only two hours' time in which to do it. Nor do I like to plan for fitting in everything to the time I have at command, and then have something or someone come in and take the 10 minutes I didn't have to spare.

I felt this especially the other day when I went shopping. I don't shop at all, at least, not shopping

as it is generally understood. If I know what I want, and where to find it, and have the money for it, I don't mind ordering it and paying for it. But on this special occasion the thing I thought could find at a certain place was not finished. It would have been finished when I found it there were two customers ahead of me, and I had to wait my turn. Then when the occasion, by the way, of the circumstances that the women push in ahead of others when they are in a hurry. By the time I had what I wanted, I had to wait to do the other things I had planned for, and since I had not allowed any time for the things I might have expected, I was forced to go home with my errands undone.

That is the trouble with so many of us. We try to put too much into a given time, and then when interruptions arrive they eat up our leisure and leave us with our necessary work unfinished. It would be much better to plan our work from the beginning that we could decide what must possibly be done and what we could possibly leave undone. Oh, yes, I have heard that before, and when I have said: "But suppose that you were ill and couldn't do the things?" In answer comes: "Oh, but that is different."

Well, I dare say it is. When illness puts on the brakes and says "stop!" there is an allowance made for us that

we could not ask or expect when we are well. But yet, if we will go over our daily lives calmly and dispassionately, don't you think we can find something that we have crowded out, and whose omission would be of benefit to the person who left it undone?

Then there are the young women—eager, ambitious, longing to put all into their lives that these will hold. I recollect all about it. I was that sort of young woman myself once.

As a result, they are not willing that anything of interest shall be crowded out, and so needed rest and repose are the things that go to the wall—and the girl finds out that patience and the power of endurance and sympathy are among the things that were crowded out, and that she and others must suffer for the lack of them. It makes no difference what may be the age of the girl—whether she be out in the world taking care of herself or in the school getting ready for her life's work—wherever she is, in 99 cases out of 100 she is doing too much and crowding out some of the things that are worth more than other achievements.

Not that I mean to belittla this view of things. Work is about the biggest and finest thing in the world, and that is one reason I am urging you girls to do less, in order that you may do better that which you do accomplish.

WOMAN HAS HER SPHERE—Home the Place for Her

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

WOMEN are there not the same helpful, sympathetic women today as there were a decade ago?

Is the instinct of woman no longer as the magnet holding her to the home—to children, to her husband?

Some who have studied the consequences of the amalgamation of native and foreign races do not want for an answer.

They are frank with their opinions that the disposition of women in this country to be veritable helpmates, as they formerly were, is being lost.

Citizens from foreign countries have not brought with them to this free land the same unity of purpose between husband and wife that exists in almost all countries.

I do not pretend to say whether this is true or not, but it seems to be the common opinion of those who have investigated the matter that it is, and that the women of today are not interested in the success of their husbands and the male members of their families.

One frequently hears that when husbands and fathers are over-indulgent with their wives and daughters, the

women become selfish and unreasonable and are not disposed to share in the efforts to accumulate wealth or practice economies and self-denial which persons of limited means should exercise.

This certainly cannot be said of all our women, as we have many illustrations of the achievements of women in the interest of their husbands, fathers' and brothers' success.

There is another phase of the question. It has been claimed that American women sometimes do too much for their husbands and occupy industrial positions which they should relinquish on account of the duties that devolve upon them as wives and mothers. If there is something radically wrong there is no disputing it.

If our women would cease to occupy positions which take them from their time to their families and devote what they would save would probably amount to as much as what they might earn at work, which takes them away from their homes.

As a natural consequence their domestic affairs are wholly neglected and much harm inevitably follows. It is not surprising that earning money creates a spirit of independence in the minds of the best-intentioned women and quite frequently dulls the interest

which they should have at all times in their home and their loved ones.

Men, as a rule, are naturally selfish and expect women to be attentive to their household duties, even if they are altogether the fact that they are worn out by the daily grind of filling in position wage-earners occupy, as well as the fact that the addition to their incomes through the woman's wages must be at the expense of their domestic bliss.

The fact that wives especially are wage-earners also begets a feeling of responsibility. Husbands and wives drift apart in their aims and ambitions of life, when, as a matter of fact, the whole responsibility of providing pro-

erly for their wives and children should rest absolutely upon the husbands and fathers.

It would be better if the women of the nation would insist upon themselves and their families being supported by their husbands and fathers, which would allow them to turn their attention exclusively to the discharge of their duties in their homes.

Any woman who fulfills the place as wife and mother as it should be filled has little time to devote to other occupations, however agreeable and profitable they may be. This applies particularly to the younger women, whose children are in their infancy and require the constant attention of their mothers.

In addition the waste that follows personal attention to domestic affairs far exceeds most liberal compensation that is paid for their services in any capacity.

Women are naturally weaker physically and it is impossible for them to serve two masters—their homes and their employers, without speedy destruction to their health and breakdowns, the inevitable result of being over-taxed and over-worked.

An inquiry should be made as to whether or not the men of the present time are willing for their wives to undergo the drudgery and labor of adding to their incomes to lighten their own burdens, albeit they may have to sacrifice their domestic happiness.

FRIETCHIE'S GRAVE MARKED

From the New York Sun.

The rest of the United States might unite in celebrating the Whittier centenary if it wanted to, but one town to which the Quaker poet gave fame couldn't be persuaded to join.

Frederick, Maryland, is divided still as to whether the lady with "the snow white hair" really did shake the Stars and Stripes out the window of the little house on Patrick street, and it has never been very grateful to Whittier for the fame it got out of the poem.

But Barbara Frietchie did live there at any rate.

What is very much more to the ends of one youngster with a strong commercial instinct, the lady is buried there and without a headstone of any kind. Moreover, there are enough tourists as they chanted the lines, "Who touches a hair of you gray head," etc., to provide a pretty steady stream of visitors to the high-walled cemetery.

The key, a monstrous affair on a foot-long stick, is kept at the sexton's house, and as the key squeaks in the ponderous door of the high gray wall it seems as if, in keeping with all the dignified old town, the opening gates ought to reveal at least something worth while.

The place more often sports a fair hay crop, in which one spouts about hunting for the grave of the supposed heroine.

"Wahnter see Barbara Frietchie's grave?"

The accent of the very small-faced bespectacled boy barely visible over the top of the wall—his ladder must be all but to short for him—is indescribable with its trace of the south and its veiled hint of business.

"Yes. Do you know where it is?"

Evidently he was only waiting for a chance to be willing, and with trousers rescued by just one suspender he drops over the wall and heads like a bee for the grave.

Evidently, too, he knew just what questions every one asked, for he at once pointed out the fields across which Stonewall swept that day when he came to the brook beside which the Frietchie cottage stood.

"Really, now, do you believe Barbara Frietchie did that?"

The boy begged the question with coaxingly pointing to the top of the grave, neatly heaped with white stones, and when the visitors rather hesitated, urged, "Most fow'r right fond o' pebbles. Uncien I put more'n two bushels on that ere grave this summer beside them ere now."

And then indignantly: "Most everybody'll me a dime. I'm savin' my money!"—triumphantly, as if that ought to settle the value of white pebbles from Barbara Frietchie's grave—"I'm going to be a preacher."