

Trends of The Moment in Paris

By Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

Collecting Scarfs of Famous Women the Newest Fad Some Advance Fashion Hints

The Latest Coquetries of Dress of Fashionable French Women Grecian and Oriental Modes Bring Novel Accessories

American women are nothing if not original. They need not go all the way to Paris for fads, for they are quite capable of creating them for themselves. Nevertheless, the whims of the gay French capital—capital of fashion's domain as well as of the French republic—have a way of finding their way over the Atlantic and are sometimes welcomed by women of America. Little too hard on them and they do not take root in new soil. But that's a question that only time can answer.

In this "twain" season, when we still cling to our cold weather clothes, even though the shops be full of summer fabrics, some little imported fads and fancies are not without interest. Some of them, it must be admitted, are almost too extreme to be adopted by our countrywomen, though others, I venture to predict, will be taken up with enthusiasm.

For instance, can you imagine anything having greater chic than the little collar of fur with butterfly bow of satin fastening it at the back or under one ear?

I told you about it when first it made its appearance in Paris several months ago, but it is quite worthy of a second mention. By way of contrast, this bit of a collar is worn with a muff of quite gigantic proportions, and the effect is certainly striking.

From the fad for collarless gowns we must, of course, go to the other extreme and swing our throats in folds of stuff until not a bit of them is to be seen. High, high behind the ears rises the fashionable collar, and far, far out almost to the point of the chin. And although this sounds uncomfortable, in reality it is not, for much boning is not necessary, the secret lying in the cut of the collar.

Madame Nazimova, the gifted Russian actress, wore a wonder-provoking collar in her last play. The whole gown was a marvelous erection of folds and lines, made of queer, earth-colored stuff. But the interest of the gown to the feminine portion of the audience lay in the wonderful collar. It swathed Madame Nazimova's long neck to the point of her chin. Now, this actress is noted for length of line from chin to collar bone. How on earth did that collar stand up?

The mystery was solved when the actress' head dropped wearily backward and the collar stood alone! It must have been boned and canvassed to within an inch of its life.

Quite in keeping with this fashion of high neck covering are the black satin ribbons which Paris belles bind around their throats and tie under one ear, the ends fluttering at their sweet will. You may see the effect in the sketch lettered "A."

Sometimes the ends are very long—quite to the left ear; but the more conservative women cut theirs off at a length of several inches. The Countess Corday hat worn by this figure is worthy of notice, for you will see many of them on the Easter parade. They are made of tulle or net, puffed up into a high crown with a brim composed of narrow folds of net. Caught in around the crown are little nosegays of roses and forget-me-nots, while directly in front nose is a net tie, caught with a velvet bow. Over a pretty face these hats are irresistible, so soft and becoming are their outlines. Of very different order is the theatre headress adopted by the women of Paris as a compromise between "really-truly" hats and the required neatness condition. It is nothing more nor less than an oriental turban of softly rolled tulle or chiffon in delicate coloring. Sometimes strings of pearls are wound around the chiffon, sometimes it ends in a heavy gold tassel drooping over the left side. Its effect is strikingly eastern and quite in keeping with the miles of silken scarfs in which French women are now wrapping themselves, as in the ladies of the harem.

These scarfs are now worn with dress suited to any period of the day. In the sketch lettered "B," a novel arrangement of the hip scarf is shown worn as part of a morning gown. With skirt and coat suits the scarf forms a wide circle under the jacket opening in front, the ends knotted and hanging in the back. But it is with evening gowns that these queer fashions scarf shine in all their glory. Worn in brilliant coloring over evening gowns of somber shades, they are the most striking feature. Unnecessary to hint that they are suited only to slender-hipped figures.

Scarfs for draping around the shoulders come in all colors and combinations of beautiful stuffs. Tulle, chiffon, liberty silk—anything that is supple and docile in texture is called into requisition. Gray silk net, having borders of rosy pink roses, old blue tulle, with tarnished silver flowers and Irish lace dyed cherry color with borders of chinchilla are a few of the schemes of these scarfs.

French women are industriously pursuing the fad of collecting scarfs that have at some period of time belonged

to famous women. Europe is being ransacked so the madame may have the satisfaction of saying, "Yes? You like my scarf? It belonged to the Pompadour." With evening gowns these scarfs are arranged with a careful eye for artistic effect and form an important part of the costume.

Speaking of evening gowns reminds me that the opera on a gala night in Paris looks like an animated bed of lilies of the valley just touched, with frost. Poor flowers, they have come out too soon and Jack Frost has caught them! There is a perfect furore for these modest little blossoms for coiffure adornment, but always frosted and sometimes combined with a glittering dragon fly.

Grecian fillets, made of red gold and studded with pearls and gold cabochons, are worn, binding the hair at the back, below the Grecian knot, instead of in front of it. Golden quilts stuck airily through the hair in front are much worn.

Quite in keeping with the picturesque of women's attire are black bands of velvet worn around slim white wrists and fastened with a diamond brooch, forming a bracelet. Novelty watches of black watered ribbon, caught with a tiny diamond clasp which suspends the jeweled watch on

the wrist.

Opera glasses of enamel have for a handle a long, slim, spangled fan. New trinkets are added each day to the already overburdened Vanity Fair of feminine chatelaines. The very newest ad-

ditions are three little gold bound boxes of rose pink, ciel blue and violet enamel. They are quite tiny things and are suspended on little gold chains. The owner when questioned as to their contents parries the questioner with all

a French woman's adroitness. Finally, if she relents, you are allowed to look within. Just minute white pellets are seen. Madame's "little medicine"—the funny pills she takes for her small and mostly imaginary ailments. It is a

most critical, so artistic are they, so plainly the work of a skilled and inspired hand and brain.

And it is this woman who poses every subject, finishes every picture. I saw one of the great Rodin that made me catch my breath, so strong and true was it, showing the man's marvelous genius as well as his features.

The gray-haired woman who had taken that photograph and finished it held it from her with a look on her face that fascinated me. "No wonder I feel young," said she. "For I find my life in my work and the vitality of work is inexhaustible. Grow old? I never think of it. I would that I might live forever, to forever catch the beauty I see in human beings and reproduce it in my pictures."

"Yes," in reply to a question I had asked, "I am married and have quite a family. Someway they have always been woven into my work as a part of it, although, apparently, my home and

my studio are separate. But they and I know this is not so.

A—Wide Black Satin Ribbon Tied Under One Ear, With Ends Touching the Skirt Hem Is the Very Latest Thing.

B—Waistcoats and Spats Are Now Made to Match.

E—A new Version of the Grecian Fillet, Made of Red Gold and Studded With Pearls.

F—With the Oriental Hip Scarfs Has Come an Oriental Head Dress for Theatre Wear.

G—Bracelets of Velvet Ribbon Are Fastened With Diamond Brooches.

H—The Up-to-Date Watch Guard Suspends the Watch on the Wearer's Chest.

I—In the Newest Opera Glasses a Fan Forms the Handle.

J—Mysterious Boxes of Various Tinted Enamel Now Dangle From One's Chatelaine.

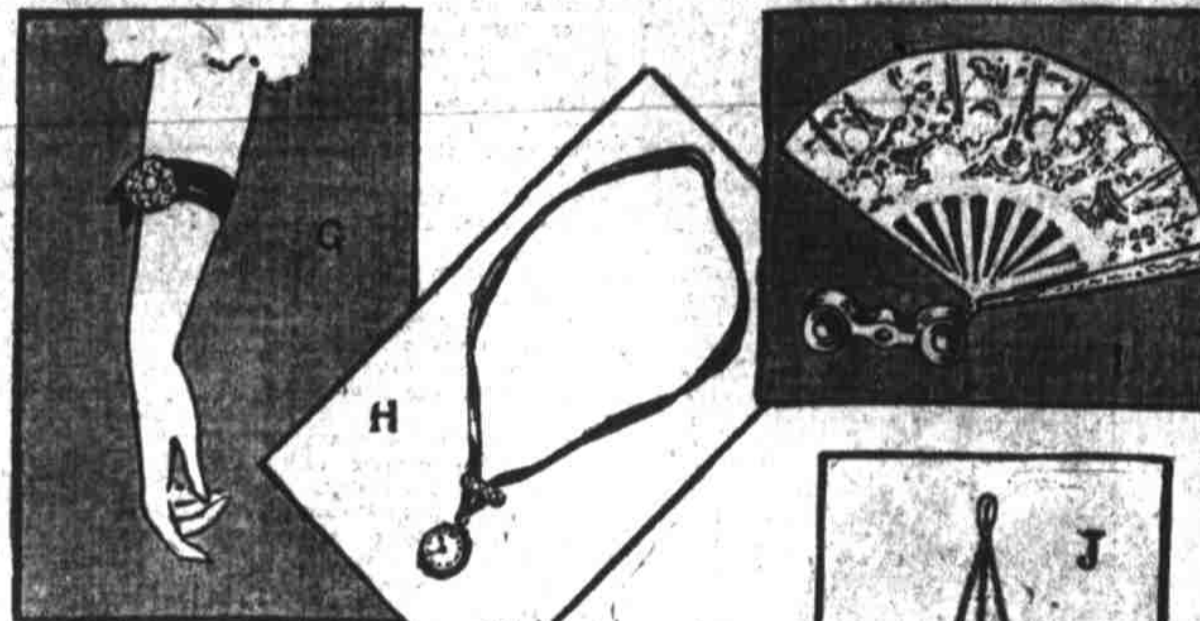
K—Collars of Fur Are Tied at the Back With Butterfly Bows of Black Satin.

L—Shoulder Scarf of Black Fillet Lace With Bands of White Satin and Swansdown.

M—Novel Method of Tying the New Hip Scarf.

N—A wide black satin ribbon tied under one ear, with ends touching the skirt hem, is the very latest thing.

O—A new version of the Grecian fillet, made of red gold and studded with pearls.



"PROMPTNESS"—Something We All Should Consider—By London Carter

THERE are few characteristics more worthy of cultivation than promptness, for in every sphere, in every phase and condition of life does it inspire confidence, it is the chief motive power of all system, without which no enterprise can be satisfactorily transacted and the success of individuals as well as corporations is primarily based upon punctuality, which involves both honor and conscience. To be negligent of obligation and engagements, either socially or from a business standpoint, is doubly culpable; in so much as in so doing we take advantage of the trust placed in us and also waste the time of others, the value of which we have no means of estimating or right to judge—only a few instances of carelessness are necessary to materially injure one's general standing, and although no particular misfortune may result, still there is no sure way of

undermining faith and trust, and without which no one can hold responsible positions. To a limited few, punctuality is a matter of temperament, but the majority of people are not naturally thus conscientious; however, it may be acquired by all, and is well worth consideration, for it not only makes life better worth living, but from every practical point of view is a fine asset for all. The prompt man will always prove his own best advertisement; he will be well-courteous favors and general respect; he will have more real friends and will inspire more patronage from the public than the man who over-estimates his own influence and ability. Promptness is a component part of so many things that it is perhaps wiser to distinguish the children at school

promptness is essential in the management of a household; if the mistress is indolent and careless the servants are over-keen to take advantage of every opportunity; the children grow lax and indifferent, and even the husband becomes demoralized. Promptness in the business man is but the outward expression and evidence of an inward consciousness of his appreciation of life's responsibilities, and by it he becomes a marked man; whereas, through its absence he may become proportionately insignificant. One may go even farther and say that a man cannot be either a gentleman or a Christian if he does not feel a moral obligation of promptness and fairness towards his fellow man; he may have the outward semblance of a gentleman, but fundamentally he is lacking and a sort of moral thief, who encroaches and imposes upon the time of others, and also from matter-of-fact, practical, everyday standpoints, the important business man, who has the advantage of official knowledge and all well-founded theories and resources could never have attained his coveted position had he not with each succeeding past experience been a prompt eye-witness of every phase of his particular line of work. One frequently sees inherited greatness eclipsed

by persistent and systematic personal effort that in this age, when individual merit is so universally recognized, it is decidedly necessary for all to become promptly active and look to their laurels. The fortune of birth and inheritance is of almost incalculable value if not overestimated, for such good fortune enables one to gain without unnecessary strength certain education, but if overvalued it produces false standards and encourages indolence, and at which time the self-made man's success, through contrast, becomes enviable and conspicuous and which success is largely the outcome of a prompt and systematic observance of every detail of his work. Some are necessarily more fortunate than others, but almost all success is a matter of personal responsibility, and with proper diligence and care all may become recognized, for the world is ever willing to adopt.

Vermont is expected to send an unstructured delegation to the Republican national convention. The delegation, it is said, will be disposed to accept either Hughes or Taft, with its preference, so far as present indications show, for the former.

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PUTTING LIFE INTO WORK; An Opinion—By Irene Gardner

LET me tell you about two women I have talked with lately. One is something over 50 and looks every year her age, because, having passed the half-century mark she has made up her mind that her life work is about accomplished and all she needs now is to take a back seat and watch the procession move by. The result is, this woman is uninteresting and unhappy. She has no strong hold on anything, feels that the world does not need her, and, to uphold her pessimistic view, often refers to the Oaler theory than which nothing could be more absurd. The other woman is well along in the sixties, and when I met her one day last week it was in her own studio, which is one of the most famous of its kind in the world. From it every week are sent out photographs that astonish even

the most critical, so artistic are they, so plainly the work of a skilled and inspired hand and brain. And it is this woman who poses every subject, finishes every picture. I saw one of the great Rodin that made me catch my breath, so strong and true was it, showing the man's marvelous genius as well as his features. The gray-haired woman who had taken that photograph and finished it held it from her with a look on her face that fascinated me. "No wonder I feel young," said she. "For I find my life in my work and the vitality of work is inexhaustible. Grow old? I never think of it. I would that I might live forever, to forever catch the beauty I see in human beings and reproduce it in my pictures."

There is no calendar except that marked by achievement for this artist I have told you about. But for the other woman, life seems nothing but years, made up of months, days, hours, minutes and seconds.