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The Coquetries of Home, by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

Dainty and Yet Really Daring House Gowns. Lace Nightcaps Now Put to Use at the Theatre. Short Socks Worn With Boudoir Gowns.

A Recamier Mantle Making a House Gown With a Double Purpose. The Old Mother Hubbard Idealized.

A Tea Gown Like the War Dress of a Pharaoh and With Symbolic Embroidery. To Be a Lily, a Rose or a Violet at Home.

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A—A Dainty Boudoir Gown of Thin Silk With Wide Ruffles of Lace Fall from Shoulders to Hem. The Nightcap Is of Fine Mechlin Lace, With Satin Ribbon Choux and Long Ends.
B—A Recamier Tea Gown With a Mantle of White Silk Worn Over a Net Frock That Has a Silk Foundation Apple-Green in Color.
C—A Luxurious House Robe of Mousseline de Soie Embroidered in Gold and Draped Over Azalia-Colored Silk.
D—A Daring Tea Gown Made Like the War Dress of a Pharaoh, and With Symbolic Embroidery.

UNDER the heading of "How to Be Happy Though Married" much advice has bloomed. First of all, good cooking is recommended. One would conclude that there is really only one way to a man's heart after marriage, and that via his palate and digestive organs. But there is another way through his eyes. Coquetry is far more successful than cookery—and how much easier it is! Just begin gently and flirt discreetly with your husband. In any event it's more fun than either ordering or cooking a dinner.

Just see if you can't tie him to the ribbons of your teagown, just as his mother once had him tied to her apron strings. Keep him in loving leash. Try the coquetries of home. Instead of only basting the chicken or the ribs of beef to a turn, try some skilful basting and sewing for yourself. Garnish the chops, but also garnish your house gown.

The French name for house gowns, teagowns and dainty robes for the boudoir or bedroom means, if translated, "the coquetries of home." The wife who simply orders the dinner may have a house gown of real Cluny, blond or duchesse lace combined, but the wife who must cook as well as order the dinner can be just as sweet in dotted swiss, dimity or mull.

Just try the way to his heart via his eyes as well as his palate, and perhaps some of the sentiment of your sweetheart days will be revived surprisingly.

Eugene Field wrote a gay little poem about the teagown "that floats away where it properly should, and clings where it ought to cling," and, concluding his praise of the house frock, he says:

"It isn't the gown that compels me,
Condone the venial thing;
It's the pretty face above the lace
And the gentle heart within."

And the teagown of today is just as Eugene Field described it, for it floats away and yet it clings. All the Grecian styles of drapery that characterize the evening gown are even lovelier when adapted to the housegown. Some of the smartest of the teagowns are, indeed, much like dinner gowns. Even the costumes worn in the boudoir in the morning among women of the social world, suggest ballroom finery. They are cut with a deep V and are decollete. They have neither sleeves nor a guimpe, only draperies that fall over the shoulders. With a boudoir robe of, say, hand-painted gray chiffon with pink roses on a black border and with a long train, madam, in her bedroom, nestled among the cushions of her couch, or striking a Nazimova pose against velvet draperies, is queenly. With a well-rounded throat and a nicely molded arm she may practise a coquetry of a compelling sort. One stunning teagown worn by a woman in the spectacular set at Newport is of lemon colored silk, with a large black butterfly of jet stretching across her back from shoulder to shoulder.

But begin, little ladies, you who have depended on cookery, trying to please him with apple pie like mother's, and just wear dotted swiss with bebe blue ribbons—a shade of blue to match your eyes. You will surely reap the benefits of the best sort of coquetry—that coquetry, which, like charity, should begin at home. Take the same care you exercised in the choice of your trousseau.

For the poor tired ladies of the smart set there is such a clever Recamier house gown with a two-fold purpose. I bought one in Paris the last time that Cholly and I were over, and he thinks it's simply great. "Fit for an affinity," he said, but that's just one of his funny jokes. Cholly is so clever.

It includes—my gown, not the joke, I mean—a mantle of cream-white silk, and this is worn over a gown of white net with black spots, this, in turn, having a silk foundation of vivid apple green. Edging the mantle there are pink cerise roses, on a narrow gold braid. The band in the back is of dark green velvet, into which the fulness is gathered, making the mantle fall in graceful folds. The roses, in a deep border, at the end of the train are of embossed plush. To match the pink rococo roses I always wear pink roses in my hair. The value of the Recamier gown is this: If your friends stay late gossiping over afternoon tea (over the cup that cheers, but doesn't intoxicate, though champagne, as I tell Cholly, makes conversation of a more kindly sort), there is no rush to dress for dinner. Presto. Discard the mantle, and there you are, ready to dine in the proper regalia, at home or in some other house. "Call the carriage, madame is ready." No fussing. No impatient, irritated husband. This is an aid to happiness in marriage. Is it not?

With some of the Recamier boudoir robes without the mantle, made scant and close-fitting like the gown worn by Eames in La Tosca, some of the women in the Smart Set wear the cutest socks you ever saw. They are flesh-color, and exactly like those worn by men, only shorter in the sole, for it goes without saying that with feet as long as those of the stronger sex a woman's coquetries would necessarily be confined to those of the culinary sort. These socks are worn when reclining on one's couch in the bedroom, and one thrusts out a slipperless foot just as Madame Recamier does in that famous painting by David.

And then the nightcaps, to leave feet for heads. These nightcaps, of course, are of the lace, not the liquid sort, but, really, they're intoxicating. And such comfort! You take out your rat, you take off your transformation, your pinpuffs, your switch, and into the bureau drawers they go. With a nightcap of lace you can look irresistible with simply the hair that is really rooted. Some are like little Dutch caps, and others have frills of fine Mechlin lace with satin ribbon—choux and ribbons. Moreover, these nightcaps are even more valuable as morning caps, when, for instance, your best friend runs into your bedroom to have a chat, while you're having breakfast in bed. Even her keen eye (which records every detail and treasures it for quick delivery in the next boudoir, where she stops to gossip) can't detect whether your hair is under the cap or stowed away in a drawer. In London these nightcaps are even worn at the theatre under picture hats. Instead of, for example, a coiffure that is betousled, pinpuffs that are crooked, a bewitching cap is seen when your heavy hat is taken off at the matinee. And here you have a theatre-fashion that had its origin in "the coquetries of home."

Then such an odd design there is for a tea gown of a daring sort. It was suggested by the picture of a war hero seen on an ancient vase. Imagine wearing a costume like that of one of the Pharaohs. All London was aghast at this idea! Take Artaxerxes Longimanus, a giant Pharoah, whom one sees in pictures, illustrating the history of Egypt. His arms are bare and he wears bracelets, one at the wrist and one below the shoulder on each arm. He wore a straight kilt, or a shenti, reaching to the knees. The tea gown designed from this Pharaoh costume has the shenti, but it is worn over a soft flowing skirt with a train, and chiffon floats from the shoulders. And, then, as Cholly reminds me, in keeping with the false hair that the women wear today (the adjustable transformation), the Pharaoh's beard was likewise detachable. He tied it on with a string! With a gown of this sort, one wears an ancient necklace and scarabs set in gold. The embroidery on a tea gown of this design should, if possible, show the symbols of ancient Egypt done in silk. Just look at the picture (D) on this page. The bird at the right on the corsage means motherhood. The little lantern on a hook is really an inkpot, and is the sign for a scribe. The horse had a meaning, but this I forget. In any event, a duchess in London had her Pharaoh tea gown decorated in this way—with the three symbols—to call attention to her versatility, her success as a writer of novels, her excellence as a mother and her love for hunting and outdoor sports.

There are elaborate teagowns or housegowns, made, for example, of mousseline de soie, embroidered in gold and draped over azalia pink silk. There is also the idealization of the old Mother Hubbard, all its comfort without its ugliness. Soft silk in accordion plaiting falls from under the arms in straight lines. Over this a little jacket of Irish lace is worn. This is one of the teagowns with long sash ribbons with which you can easily keep your hubby in firm and loving leash—tied to your ribbons as securely as ever he was as a "kiddie" to mother's apron strings, hanging around while she beat the batter for the cake. But you can accomplish it without beating the batter.

Sometimes a lady decides she'll be a flower—a lily, a rose or a violet. Then her teagowns and all of the couch cushions have the fragrance of the blossom she chooses. If she's a violet, clusters of tiny sachet bags hang among the ribbons and the laces of her gown. Easily one can make the sachet bags so that they look like violets, fashioning the petals from a soft, pliable silk. The roses that are really sachet bags, hanging in clusters on a floral teagown, are made of lustrous pink satin, and with yellow silk one makes French knots to imitate the golden heart. So be the flower of your family. "Consider the lily," not the vegetable. Arrogate unto yourself much importance, and be mindful that coquetry, like charity, begins at home.

The Perfect Way to Serve a Perfect Little Dinner.

A CAPTIOUS critic might aver that the last word had been said on the subject of dining. But society must dine, and dinners—even small ones—hold pride of place as the best and most exclusive of all entertainments. Just now a dinner must be well given to be endured. Social life means hard work any time. The opera claims much of one's time among other things in Winter, and in Summer other things attract our attention—new beauties, new millionaires, even new royalties.

A clever writer declared that "duty" was one of the most misused words in the English language. But all the same it has ceased to be the fearsome fetish that frightened us into good behavior some twenty years ago. Anyhow, that dull business, the "duty dinner," has taken a back seat. We no longer ask two dozen bores on the "chop for chop" principle, and for no other reason under the sun. The little dinner, however, has come to stay, and is now one of the most cherished institutions. But a little dinner may be a big fiasco. One may ask six people, two of whom are not on speaking terms, while a third is in love, a fourth has a grievance, a fifth is on a diet rule, and a sixth is a suffragette; well, at that rule the little dinner might develop into a nightmare.

The perfect dinner of to-day is composed of from six to eight people, men and women who are sympathetic and charming or celebrities, or both. An ideal guest is a maker of mirth, a judge of wine and of epigrams, a clever talker, and a tactful listener. And the ball of talk should be kept tossing about in lively fashion; in a word, one must have general conversation. A big dinner is apt to resolve itself into a series of tete-a-tetes. The favored plan is for a man to talk to the lady he takes in to dinner, with a few words at intervals to his other companion. And this sometimes—but not always—makes for success. Much, of course, depends upon the hostess and whether or not she be an adept in the science of selection. Two guests well-mated may have a good time, but at a large dinner these happy pairs are not the rule, but the exception. And to obviate this defect a big banquet is now often broken up into several sections. When forty guests are invited separate tables are arranged for small numbers; in fact, the party is made to consist of six or eight "little" dinners.

After all, there is nothing better than good dinner-table talk and nothing more irksome than its absence. Times have changed since the days in London when Sarah Lady Jersey refused to give the great Duke of Wellington a lift in her carriage "because," as she said, "he put nothing into the pool of conversation." Here were the days of beaux and belles and polite letter writers. Ours is the age of motors and aeroplanes, trusts and telephones, and the strenuous life leaves us little time for graceful accomplishments. But good talk is by no means a lost art in the best society.

True, some folk say that the recognized topics of to-day are racing, stocks and shares, politics (in small quantities), chiffons, bridge, motoring and ballooning, and the big hats, with stray remarks on new books, plays and pictures, and much spicy gossip on the marriages, deaths, debts and divorces of our dearest friends and acquaintances. But this rule does not obtain at all tables and it may be noted that even much trivial chat can be seasoned with wit and clever converse.

A hostess is the woman at the wheel as regards the success of a small dinner, and modern ethics help her plan of campaign. An extra man was once thought a mistake and an extra woman meant the death sentence to a dinner. But we have changed all that. More men than women are now the rule, and even the superfluous woman—if amusing—is not so fatal as she appears.

Manners and customs change with the times, and even little dinners are done with a difference. London is the latest capital in Europe, and dinner at 8:30 has become a rule and not an exception. New York dines a little earlier. And a modern hostess is apt to ignore the laws of precedence. She will send in her guests in haphazard style or by means of slips of paper put into a sort of lucky bag, and men and women often leave the table together in the fashion that prevails on the Continent.

At a small dinner the floral decoration should be kept low and flat, as high, upstanding ornaments are a heavy handicap to general conversation. And dining-room chairs deserve study; the well-stuffed, straight-backed variety add much to one's comfort, and chairs with arms are a safe check on the danger of an overcrowded dining-room. Each woman guest should have a foot stool.

Bridge is the game of the moment, and its pros and cons have been discussed with much needless severity. Britishers and Americans are both nations of gamblers, and this instinct for adventure is no doubt the main cause of much of their prosperity. The frequent ill effects of the practice are undeniable and deeply to be deplored, yet it is a habit that will never be uprooted and that shows itself in many ways—in racing, card-playing, on the Stock Exchange, and in every sort of speculation.

Little dinners are the joy of the wit and the clever talker; but they are a science in themselves, and to become a good hostess needs brains as much, if not more than money.

And clever people with slender pocketbooks can do very smart things, provided they have only tact and talent.

Do Women Prefer Charming Rogues?

By MRS. GEORGE NORMAN.

IF we were content to take our opinions of the Eternal Feminine from the paper that soothes our shattered nerves at breakfast time, we might too rashly conclude that woman has an inherent liking, if not an actual preference, for the conventional scoundrel.

But, before arguing thus from the particular to the general, and allowing the dum of our knowledge of the heart of woman to be circumscribed by exciting head-lines, many things should be taken into consideration.

In the first place, there is in this country a most singular dearth of men in society, and the opportunities that the average respectable woman has of meeting a prospective husband are, in many cases, extraordinarily limited.

Hence the otherwise absolutely incomprehensible success of the matrimonial advertisement. Our social life is so constructed that hundreds of young men and women never meet others of their age, and the severest monastic regulations could not more effectively debar one sex from association with the other than does the dreary monotony of the daily round as lived in many quiet places.

Then it has been said that no man is so miserable but that he can discover some woman who will be more miserable still for his sake. And on this principle the worst of criminals must find a wife.

But the notorious bigamists with whose deeds we have of late become familiar, hardly, as a matter of fact, throw much light on the question whether or no women prefer scoundrels. They have, in almost every case, masqueraded as honest men, and have, therefore, merely deceived the women they married. And though it is easy to be wise after the event, it is easy to be wise after the event, what, in a class and country where antecedents cannot be sought in Burke or the Landed Gentry, was to enlighten their "victims" as to the villainy of the smooth-tongued and pleasant young men who come a-wooing? Their demands for money, it is true, might have awakened suspicion, but suspicion is not the sentiment which comes uppermost in any but ungenerous natures, and in the classes in which bigamy oases most frequently occur it is by no means unusual for the woman to advance part of her savings towards the expenses of the home.

And when all is said and done, the chartered scoundrel—the bigamist, the forger—may be scarcely more objectionable, may, in many cases, be far less so, than the smugly-respectable, highly-respected thing of petty vices that so often a woman must call "husband."

We are, of course, nowadays, many of us, men and women alike, far too sentimentally inclined toward the scoundrel. There is a point of diseased mellowness and effeminancy in the history of Society at which Society takes the part of him who injures it, the part of the criminal, and does so, in fact, seriously and honestly, and a section of the community seem already to have reached that point. But while fully believing in a sane and firm justice, the necessity of punishment and its usefulness, it may be conceded that not infrequently the scoundrel, whose sins bring him within reach of the law (for we have in the midst of us slumowners, "sweaters," managers with chorus-girls at a weekly salary of $7.50, and others who pass for upright men), the scoundrel, I say has sometimes a "way with him" that appeals to our sex.

The same imagination which, run riot, has started the bigamist on his career of adventure, gives him, perhaps, a sympathetic insight in dealing with women; the same breadth of view that, misapplied, has given a stamp of devil-may-careness to his ill deeds is, at any rate, less repulsive than the self-regarding prudence of the hypocrite. "In politics and in trade," Emerson, that law-abiding citizen, remarked, "brulsers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks." Everything is relative, even villany, so to fleece a young man of means of a considerable portion of his belongings, of even to entrap a young woman into a bogus marriage, is hardly worse, in its essence, than much that passes as mere worldy wisdom—the going-back on a friend in trouble, or dealing meanly with dependents.

How often in the countries of dowerless women are not the very wives of quite rich men more stinted, and in that sense poorer, than the laborer's wife, with the difference that the latter can at least go out and do "odd jobs."

The women of the upper classes of society are likewise credited with a tenderness for knaves and rogues. And though it may be true that there is something that appeals to a women's deepest instincts of pity and compassion in the downward tending career of the ne'er-do-well, yet the mystery of her apparent weakness for the triumphant villain remains unsolved.