THE EVOLUTION OF THE OVERSKIRT.

by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker

First the Narrow Sash on the Sheath Skirt. The Sash Widens, But Is Still Wound Around the Figure. The Sash Becomes More Full, Is Also Used in Festoons and—Then the Overskirt Appears!

WHEN there happens to be a great ado in New York, when all the presses throb and all the tongues are a-clatter, in discussion of something not quite nice—say Salome or the sheath skirt—one concludes that we must really have a giant mentor—like the gods in mythology—named "Public Disapproval," who in his motor car of 10,000-centaur power rides royally and wrathfully in pursuit of evil. Above in the clouds, or just over the roof tops, he speeds, and sometimes he shoos, and sometimes he shoots and really kills, for if "Public Disapproval" in New York comes out to condemn a dance or a dress often it is exterminated in all other cities, or perhaps it is only chased away to other p[illegible] it thrives like a poison weed.

But to leave figures of sp[illegible] figures of the fal[illegible] though New York will have [illegible] mild, moral and modified fo[illegible] sheath skirt. And one wonder[illegible] or this is due to good morals [illegible] figures. Perhaps New York [illegible] to skip a period in dress. Then we should have a laugh on [illegible] which, as soon as it hears that Am[illegible] has adopted a style, [illegible] it. Paris, capricious Paris, is dis[illegible]sing the overskirt. Very droll is the tale of the evolution of the overskirt. One thinks of a tadpole in his progression toward froghood, or of a tightly wound silkworm that bursts forth from its shell with buoyant, flapping wings, as some of the silkworms are allowed to do.

Listen to the tale of the overskirt. It can also be presented pictorially. Take, for instance, the severe directoire gown. Every one aboard was practicing the proper knee action. The train of the gown with the satin sheen was heavily weighted so that it pulled back when the lady walked—no, strode—and showed the knees. Just recall the stage beauty, the ambassador's wife in the "Merry Widow," she who was "more kissed against than kissing." This severe directoire gown that calls for [illegible] has no trimming [illegible]

[illegible]

Take after the [illegible] in illustration [illegible] full and rather bouffant. The sash has widened and has also loosened. It is laid fichu style on the shoulders, and where it crosses in the [illegible] the effect is "monstrous [illegible]." Any woman who remains [illegible] and slender with all this drapery could never wear a sheath. Just [illegible] like Kipling's "Vampire" she must be. After this same fashion, with careless, graceful winding of gauze, Aurora garbs herself for breakfast when she floats forth at dawn to sip nectar from the calla lily cup. [illegible] Aurora's gowns consist only of the drapery. She folds them up as [illegible], and each morning makes [illegible] between pink, blue or yellow gauze.

In the next picture (E) we see festoons. From shoulder to waist, and hanging in loops from the hips, there are draperies of black chiffon on a white gown. At the shoulders there are motifs of [illegible]. This is the sheath skirt festooned. There are no panniers. The natural line of the hip is shown.

At last we reach the conclusion, what do you see when you see picture A? It is [illegible] an overskirt like the one that mother used to wear. Gracefully, but with considerable fullness, it is draped and the skirt below is in fine plaits.

To make a summary of this case of sartorial evolution: First, the sheath untrimmed; second, with a narrow sash; third, with a wide sash tightly draped; fourth, with a wide sash loosely draped and then the overskirt.

And what then? Well, the sheath skirt will be but a puny sensation, if sartorial history repeats itself. Curiously enough, in old fashion books the leaves of which are now yellow with time one finds (it was in a July publication of 1880) pictures that show overskirts much like that on our gay sweet summer girl, in picture A. This overskirt also followed a period when gowns sheathed the figures (but with very tight, short overskirts), and was followed in turn by overskirts of a more bouffant sort, the old time panier draperies rather suggesting the festoons in picture E.

(But listen! Peep into these parentheses—I hope no men folk are looking over your shoulders. In old fashion books published in Vienna one reads that the hochgebauschter Hinterbahn came next. "Ach, wie oh, weh!" will say the German hausfrau who peeps into these parentheses, for, as Drecoll in Vienna would explain, the hochgebauschter Hinterbahn is a bustle, a high-built bustle. "Ach, wie oh, weh!" "Mon Dieu!" "Good gracious!" "Ain't it awful, Mabel!" one hears among the cries as we consider the possibility of this prophecy. But, girls, don't tell the men! "Public disapproval" is really far too fussy. He'll immediately get into his 10,000-centaur-power car and speed through air across the Atlantic to learn the truth in Paris.)

Now don't conclude that the sheath skirt is abandoned in Paris. Moreover, we shall really have it here—though moral, mild and modified. In Paris they are wearing every one of the five models shown in the illustrations. Besides the overskirts there are the more Grecian-like tunics. Sometimes a tunic is pleated and hung over the plain skirt, or vice versa, a plain tunic is seen over a pleated skirt. There is also an overskirt that is turned up fisherwife fashion, and still another of the shorter sort that clasps the figure like the hard, shiny encasement of a beetle. It is given a still more buglike effect by a twilled braid (the little loops upstanding) that divides the encasement into sections, separated by ribs. The braid also makes a long line down the tightly fitting sleeve.

However, remember, it is better to be simply up-to-date, really out-of-date, than to be too far ahead of the fashions in one's own country. Perhaps to be up to tomorrow instead of only up-to-date is desirable, but don't try to be up to next summer.

Besides the draperies, festoons, overskirts and tunics there are skirts made of three deep flounces, each of equal length. Lace gowns for garden parties are particularly fetching when designed in this way. The pretty French girl, when she goes to the fete champetre, wears a lace frock with a flounced skirt and festooned with flowers. One thinks of Perdita as she danced in the woods. Don't you remember Viola Allen in the part? She gathered the flowers for garlands wherewith to deck her gown. She made a necklace, a girdle and a wreath for her hair. She, however, with all her wayward fancies would never think of the queer ways of using flowers now in vogue in France. Of course the flowers on the lace frock of mademoiselle are imitation, while Perdita's were gathered from plant and bush.

The French girl in lace has garlands of roses attached to the third and lowest flounce of her lace frocks—and not far above her ankles. A large bouquet of roses, also artificial, is worn at the waistline (where the buckle ordinarily would be), and the flowers and foliage lie in an expansive mass crushed against the corsage. On her parasol, covered with little flounces of lace, there are also festoons of imitation roses, and in her cheeks imitation roses likewise bloom, though, to an unsophisticated eye, she is a picture of pink and white innocence. She is far more elegant than Perdita, but Perdita's roses were real, both those in her garlands and those in her face.

In New York we now have a fad most poetic. It is still in its infancy, but it was born in this country. No one went to Paris to find it. Women are wearing boas made of real roses. Their fragrance proves their genuineness, and it is a pretty trick to pull out a few petals and nibble daintily, if those who stare seem doubtful. The other night when Chollie and I were having dinner at the Plaza we saw a stunning beauty with prematurely white hair, but with a high color. With her black and white gown she wore a boa of La France roses very full and long. She was of the same type as the beautiful Mrs. George Wilcott Hubbell, who always wears pink roses in her snow-white hair.

Imagine a long orchid boa with the pure purple flowers helped out a bit by maline of the same color. All the beaux will have big bills at the florists if this fad becomes infectious. When a man goes to take his dearest to the theatre he will often pause and murmur, "By Jove! I forgot to buy her a boa!" In other days he only bought a bouquet. Now, the poor fellow will buy gardenias, orchids, roses and violets by the yard. The girls will be able to measure one another's boas with great ease and accuracy. "He bought me only three and five-eighths yards of orchids, and tonight she has a boa that measures seven at least." Even Chollie is worried for fear, instead of a bunch of violets, I'll demand a six-yard boa for a squarer.

A—Gown of Khaki-Colored Tussore with Full Overskirt Draped Over Pleated Skirt. The Latest Development in Drapery.

B—A Gown of White Shantung Silk with Little Jacket of Apple-Green Taffeta and Black Satin Reveres. The Narrow Sash Illustrates the First Approach to Drapery.

C—The Sash Widens. On This Lead-Colored Gown it is of Silk of the Same Shade.

D—A Gown of Mediterranean Blue Draped with Sash of Same Color. The Sash is Full and Also Wide, and Illustrates the Third Period in Drapery.

E—White Gown with Black Gauze Draperies.

MODIFIED MUSIC

By James J. Montague.

(The classical operas are to be popularized so as to increase their vogue in the United States.—News Item.)

We haven't the yearning for opera—yet—our souls we can hardly attune
To the harrowing harmony Wagner can get from ten drums and a six-shot bassoon;
But soon we shall fight for our seats every night, in classical music to revel,
And we'll howl our encores for the toughest of scores, when they're brought to the popular level.
For instance, Caruso of Lucia will make a rip-roaring, popular hit,
When he cuts the sextette, for variety's sake, and warbles as follows, to-wit:

"Please, Mr. Policeman, must my father go to jail?
The hot-dogs that he stole, sir, was petrified and stale;
We couldn't eat a one, sir, so we throwed 'em at the cat;
That's honest, what we done, sir; do you think that just for that
My papa ought to go to jail?"

When Wagner gets busy with salvos of sound, they'll chop his score off in the middle,
Cut out all the blasting, and change it around until you can hear but one fiddle;
Accompanying which Madame Melba will croon, as a sort of a musical salad,
To a longing and luring and langorous tune, the following heart-throbbing ballad:

"When you think that you're forgotten by the girl you'd fain forget,
You'd better go through bankruptcy, and that's your one best bet;
For the lady may resent
To a breach of promise court,
And the more you've saved for rainy days, the more she's sure to get."

And in old Trovatore, when Sembrich appears in front of the calaboose where
Her lover is doing a term of 10 years, she'll wail no wild, woeful despair,
But merrily chirrup, "There's worse things than jugs; just dry up your lachrymals, kiddo,"
And taking a seat on a stump she'll repeat this waltz from the "Jubilant Widow":

"All your trouble
Seems a bubble;
What's the use?
So don't worry;
What's the hurry
Till you're loose?
Other folks have troubles worse than you have saw;
Supposing you were an M. D. for Harry Thaw."

Why Bachelors Dislike Bad-Tempered Women

IT IS SAID that a bad-tempered woman can cause more actual unpleasantness for the rest of humanity than all the other disagreeable features one finds in life, and the unlucky possessor of an uncontrolled temper can easily drive to ruin or to other women the men whose misfortune it is to move in her orbit.

Men are very mortal beings; they are also very selfish, and they have a tremendous fondness for having their physical and mental comfort undisturbed.

The average bachelor prizes permanent peace and content above the happiness of possessing a beautiful, attractive creature for a wife, and he knows that a bad-tempered woman and peace go not together.

He admires a spirited woman, but he knows that a correspondingly strong will goes along with strong character, and he expects her to exercise it.

The assertion from a woman that she had a bad temper, and is proud of it, has kept more than one worthy man from asking her to share his fortune as his wife.

The woman who can control herself under the most trying circumstances is the woman who holds the strongest power over man.

No matter how beautiful and clever and fascinating the bad-tempered woman may be, or how lengthy her bank account, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister.

And amiability is not only power, it is mental progression and health and happiness, and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.

WHY I WOULD NOT BE A SERVANT GIRL

By a Business Girl

PEOPLE may say what they will of business life, but a business girl has [illegible] her evenings off. [illegible] the [illegible] of domestic service cannot deny that this is a pleasure to be envied.

But for these evenings off I should [illegible]

[illegible]

I can go out, if I choose, every night of the season at the cost of a few cents. I need not spend a cent even, for there are endless things to see. I mix among a fashionable crowd, listen to the music and see all the sights for practically nothing.

At the most a servant girl can get this once a week.

I live in a big city.

Should I want a change I have the parks with their fine bands. The country and the river—in fact, every kind of outing and amusement is within my reach.

Every evening being at my disposal I can improve my mind by taking lessons, learning languages or music. I have enough time to take up almost any hobby or recreation.

What should I do in service? Learn to sit down quietly until I am told to clear away the table.

A business girl can join musical or dramatic societies, and she has many opportunities of meeting men of good social position. She learns the manners and customs of good society, and is able to cultivate such graces as may have been denied her by birth.

But a servant can only ape the airs and antics of her mistress. And her matrimonial chances are confined to grocery clerks, with a variation among butchers' and bakers' assistants.

As a healthy occupation mine has all the advantages. At 6 I am out in the air for exercise, not confined to underground apartments. And with food to eat of my own choosing. I can live north or south, as I please.

Business is the right employment for a girl. With her evenings at her disposal she can attain to all her desires—health, amusement and marriage. She is her own mistress, is looked up to and respected. She does not depend on the good or ill-temper of others, which is more than a servant can say.

Does a Girl's "No" Mean "Yes"?

WHAT course a man should pursue when his offer of marriage has been rejected entirely depends upon circumstances.

In the first place, if he is perfectly certain that she is the one and only woman in the world for him, he must weigh her rejection very carefully, and find out for himself whether or not her "No" may not mean "Yes." Many a rejected lover has forgotten that a woman's negative is only an affirmative under another name, and has hence vowed himself to perpetual celibacy, which he has disliked very much indeed.

On the other hand, a man may entirely spoil any future chances he may have had by trying his fate again on the supposition that she did not mean what she said. If he had given her time, she might have realized what she was throwing so lightly away.

Some men fail to grasp the sense of a rejection at all, and by sheer persistency they win in the long run. I don't know if this class of man will be the happiest after marriage. It is not love that has induced the acceptance, but only the desire to be free from an annoyance that had become wearisome.

It used to be the fashion for a man to blow his brains out when his proposal met with a rejection, but that went out with powder and patches. The modern lover, as a rule, walks away, and ends by marrying some one else.

Perhaps this may be the better plan, for if his proposal had been made in the heat of the moment, a calm reflection which comes with rejection shows him how much more miserable he would have been in the future if her "No" had been "Yes" instead.

But a man who is really in love will do well to propose once more after a rejection. A woman very often does not realize the value of a thing till she has lost it. And if she sees that the man she has rejected seems able to exist without her, she may fall in love with him from sheer perversity.

There are plenty of very ideal marriages to be seen on all sides which have begun with "No" and ended with "Yes." And both the husband and wife will not fail to tell you that they are very glad it all ended as it did.

But this was only in cases where the man was perfectly certain that she was the one woman in the whole world for him, and that without her life would not have been worth living, and that he ignored her "No" because he was so certain of this.

If he wasn't sure of this he had better have taken her "No" as final and rejoiced all the days of his life that she said it, as to marry the wrong woman is a deed that any sane man will never live to rejoice at.

A Consistent Cutter.

From the Bohemian.

"Who on earth cut your hair?" gasped Mrs. Gunson as her husband arrived home.

"A locksmith, my dear," replied Mr. Gunson. "Did you think a barber had anything to do with it?"

"Indeed I did not," retorted Mrs. Gunson. "Judging from the shaggy way it has been trimmed I thought perhaps it was done by a hackman."

Force of Environment.

From the Baltimore American.

"Miss Belle has such a mobile face."

"Now I think of it, I believe she does come from Alabama."

Humanisms.

Some people can hardly believe a word they say.

It doesn't take a very large man to make a big boast.

Feminine finery has ruined more men than strong drink.

People are seldom on time, they are either early or late.

Occasionally an actress considers a divorce her best part.

What's the good of being good if you do not let people know it?

Every man ought to be the sole proprietor of the shoes he wears.

The easiest way not to settle a dispute is to go to law about it.

Many a man imagines his wife's temper was made for cross purposes.

A theory is all right until you attempt to make it do a practical stunt.