

AMERICAN WOMEN WINNERS in Dressing Rivalry

So Declare English Experts, Creating Great Chagrin Abroad

THE American woman is blossoming into a new distinction. She is conceded the glory of being the best dressed woman in the world.

All the glory is hers. The measure of attractiveness possessed by women of other lands is to be attributed largely to their dress-makers. The American woman's is all her own; her charm is in the way she wears her dress, no matter where she buys it.

Her good looks, plus her charm, plus her taste, enable her to reap loveliness unalloyed in the dressmaking establishments of such a rich field as Paris, where other women, with as much money and, perhaps, greater influence, are able to achieve only mediocrity.

She has not claimed the fame that is coming to her. Like the male American's candidacy for office, it is being thrust upon her.

Her rivals, who have been principally English, have quit all competition in despair, being moved thereto not by any aggrandizement of honors on the part of the American divinity, but by the stinging criticisms of their own people and by the now haunting sense of their own inferiority.



She averred that Miss Maxwell was well within the facts, and added some. After that, Englishwomen have been penitently taking account of stock, and confessing that they have not so much on the rest of the world as they fondly imagined.

"The Englishwoman is overdressed," is what Miss Maxwell said, after her four years of education in good taste in New York city. "Many American and French women have gone so far as to declare the women of England are born with the faculty of taste totally rudimentary. That is unjust."

"Englishwomen in times past did know how to dress; but not now. They used to laugh at the Americans wearing diamond earrings at breakfast."

"I find the Englishwoman of today going shopping at 11 in the morning in a silk or satin gown, lace trimmed, which she trails over floors and drags after her while she climbs to the top of omnibuses, with her laces flying and her osprey plumes tumbling from her overtrimmed hat."

"The neat, trim attire of the New York business woman is in soothing contrast with the sloppy overdressing of the clerks and stenographers one sees nowadays on London's streets."

"Time has gone by when the American woman can be honestly indicted for vulgar ostentation in dress; the time is here when the accusation can be properly leveled at Englishwomen."

"The American woman now has more regard for the proprieties than we."

The countess of Meath, when she indorsed the



Mrs. J. D. Beggs of Pittsburg Photo by Allen Drew Cooke

Miss Lillian Russell who has Eschewed Parisian Gowns



Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson Photo by Alice Burpont



The Fair Queen of Italy



Princess Henry of Prussia Considered the Best Dressed Woman in Germany



Lady Pole-Carew a Notably Well-Dressed Englishwoman



Mlle. Duhac, One of the Elegant Dressers of Paris

PRIOR to the enormous industrial expansion and the notable enhancement of national self-esteem that were sequent upon the Spanish War, the average American was prone to take himself quite humbly in comparison with the noble and cultured big game of the arrogant old world.

Since then, however, he has learned to regard them with his own eyes; and he has made sure that he sizes up pretty well with the best of them, from bridge whist to an Olympic. And they have come to think so, too.

But the American woman has not had much of an opportunity to show her paces until recently, when the increasing number of Americans resident abroad, in consequence of international marriages and of expanding American finance and trade, has afforded her the first real chance of being seen and appreciated as a type distinguishable from the hordes of crude tourists whose faux pas so maligned her.

Now that American "colonies" in Europe are sufficiently representative to make their influence felt in the various capitals—with London the most impressive and impressed—the American woman has ventured to decline European leading strings as essential aids to social salvation.

So far as the fashions, at least, are concerned, she makes her own choice, regardless of the tendencies of the foreigners about her. The result this season has been a series of unbroken triumphs for her personality and her taste.

OWES MUCH TO NATURE

The American woman, with her advantages of face and figure and her inborn, infallible taste, rarely fails to come out of the Parisian autocar's imposing suits with little to that gown which, while it may not be the most ornate, most expensive or most original of his season's "creations," is assuredly the gown which most perfectly suits her individual style.

Hundreds of American women, doing that same inscrutable miracle, year in and year out, have finally produced the inevitable effect. Europe is acknowledging its inferiority in women, although asserting its superiority in dressmakers.

England is still in spasms of chagrin over the startling views voiced by Mary Mortimer Maxwell, an Englishwoman, who, having lived in New York for four years, went back home and was so disgusted with the appearance of her countrywomen that she came right out and published what she thought.

painful dictum, left the generalities to the returned traveler and devoted herself to the damning details.

Item: She was astonished, last year; to hear of her compatriots paying \$60 for a hat; this year, hats being doubled in size, she surmises they are double in price.

Item: She sees women wearing, on the street, quantities of costly jewelry, which must inevitably tempt the poor to thievery, which must inevitably tempt the poor to thievery.

Item: She knows numbers of women who deplore, as she does, extravagant and unsuitable dressing, and nearly all of them go right on obeying the dictates of that foolish virgin, fashion.

Which, as the returning travelers of America and the discriminating dressmakers here agree, is precisely what makes the Englishwoman, high born or middle class, the worst dressed creature on earth.

There are two or three essentials for a well-dressed appearance. One is a good figure as well as a pretty face; another is funds sufficient to buy some really good clothes; and the third is the judgment, as well as the taste, to choose those clothes only which are adapted to the individual style.

The Englishwoman's figure is distinctly athletic while she is young; when she is in years, she is prone to be cross and flabby. She has one incomparable charm, her complexion.

By some rare good fortune, that slim, athletic figure of hers, maintained in its lathlike thinness by more walking than any other woman in the world will make herself a martyr to, is the ultra-fashionable figure just at present. So she is far from being poor as to the first essential in fashion's sight. And she has money enough to supply the second essential.

On the third, she falls down, though! She parts her hair in the middle in front, and does it up in a bun in the back. Then, whatever the face nature gave her, she plants on top of her head an enormous hat. Her head, seen full face with hair in a classic, looks classic, unadorned; seen from any angle, with her hat, it looks comical.

If she imagines that a garden hat is of the fashionable shape, she will wear it, even with a tailored suit. If she happens to affect the heavy, English shoe which is almost a brogan, she'll wear it to the garden party. If she is persuaded that high-heeled slippers are stylish, she will wear them in the pouring rain.

And from Grosvenor square to Whitechapel, she has big feet.

Over in France femininity is all curves, with wavy waists and generous hips. The Parisienne will let fashion go chase the other foolish virgins in the matter of coiffure; she will arrange her hair to suit her face.

She will be accurately up to date as to hair. If the hat of the season be not planned to fit her face,

she will use her hair to make a compromise which invariably results in a harmonious combination above the neck.

And, having that indispensable foundation for good looks, a figure, she never dons a gown which is ill fitting or one that clashes with her hat.

But she will disregard the time of day as insolently as Americans used to. Even among the haute noblesse one will see white furs in the morning and long lace veils.

Her feet are not aggressively large, but the whole female half of the population of France make the stranger within her gates wonder whether they had to go barefoot up until yesterday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock.

Their footgear, it seems, is almost big enough for both feet to fit into either half the pair, as though, accustomed to the wide freedom of nothing at all, they could not endure anything snug. As for the "french slipper," so dear to romance, it is a dream, a fiction, a never-was, like dainty Cinderella's.

ILLUSIONS SHATTERED

In jewelry they will wear anything and everything, anyhow and anywhere. Rings on their fingers, up to the index, are common; rings on their thumbs are "shabby"; and it is a solemn fact—known to every faithful follower of the stage—that it was a Parisienne who first wore rings on her toes.

Whether it is ever washed off, or just wears off, is one of those sublime mysteries which she alone can solve—and she won't tell.

Besides, she's mostly ugly.

The Viennese, famed in song and story and able to furnish romances that make Paris envious, is in reality a large, and frequently fat, person whose corsets must never fit her, because her gowns never seem amenable to their hooks or buttons.

Dumpy. Her dresses are works of art in their details, nightmares in their ensemble. If she has the shrewdness to insert herself into a tailored suit, her consciousness of her superabundance is so acute that she tries to reduce herself, until her face looks to be on the verge of apoplexy.

There is even a herald—a blonde and beautiful herald—of the era of the American dressmaker. When Lillian Russell, whose most bitter enemies have never accused her of slighting that beautiful

A British Caruso Found?

WAKEFIELD, England, expects to go down into musical history as the birthplace of a British Caruso, all because a street car driver named Potts has been discovered to be the possessor of a marvelous voice.

Some time ago the daughter of Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell attended a small concert in Wakefield, at which the car driver sang. His very first rich, mellow notes struck Miss Milnes-Gaskell with wonder. She had never heard a voice of such marvelous purity and sweetness; it was a gold mine of incalculable richness.

She induced the young singer to go to London; the opinion of the leading vocal experts confirmed hers that Potts' voice was one in thousands; and the car driver commenced the course of training which one day he hopes will make him a veritable king of song.

A few years ago Herr Zichner, the famous Austrian composer, was disturbed in his work by the constant singing of a maid-of-all-work next door. In order to stop the annoyance he interviewed the young woman, assured her that she possessed a charming voice, but begged her to give it a complete rest for a year in order to avoid injuring it. This rather disingenuous advice the maid seemed to follow; at least, Herr Zichner was not bothered after that by the voice next door. Two years later he was amazed to find that the young woman had blossomed into an operatic star and was making a splendid salary.

Among the students at the Royal Academy of Music is a young Bangor cabman, of whom great things are expected. By accident some one competent to judge found that he possessed a splendid tenor voice. A leading singer in an English opera company was formerly a Welsh coal miner, who won the chief prize for solo singing at the Welsh eisteddfod several years ago.

Equally romantic stories are told of several of the violin prodigies who have recently come into notice. Heinrich Fiedler was discovered by a wealthy Welsh woman who was traveling in the Tyrols and who heard his remarkable playing in a cafe. She took him to London and started him on the road to fame and fortune.

Leopold Lustig, who has been a pupil of Professor August Wilhelmj, was taken by his preceptor from an East End snow. One day while Wilhelmj was walking through that section he heard the boy improvising wonderfully on his fiddle. At once he obtained the consent of the parents for the boy's musical education.

Storing Eggs in Lard

A NEW method of preserving eggs has been finding favor in Italy as the result of the experiments of a Dr. Campanini.

His theory is that to preserve eggs some system must be adopted that will absolutely prevent the exchange between the air outside and that inside the egg—for it is this continual exchange that causes putrefaction.

Dr. Campanini selected fresh eggs and covered them with lard, so as to effectually stop up all the pores. The shells were thus rendered impermeable, the change of air was prevented and the obstruction of the pores not permitting the evaporation of the water, there was no loss of weight. The whites and yellows of the eggs retained their color perfectly and the taste was not modified in the slightest degree.

When properly coated with lard—not too thickly—the eggs are put in baskets or boxes upon a bed of tow or fine odorless shavings and so arranged that there will be no point of contact between them—otherwise a mould will develop and putrefaction result. The packing room should be perfectly dry, the question of temperature not being important.

By his process Dr. Campanini kept a quantity of eggs for a year—through a very hot summer and a very cold winter—and they were perfectly preserved. He says that 4 cents' worth of lard—in his country—suffices to coat 100 eggs, and that any one could easily prepare that number of eggs in one hour's time.

Switzerland Banishes Absinthe

SWITZERLAND has finally banished absinthe. Vice Consul L. J. Frankenthal reports from Berne that the popular initiative prohibiting absinthe has been adopted by the little republic by a vote of 23,543 against 13,585. The total vote cast was 371,428 from a voting strength of over 807,700, showing that 355,000 voters did not go to the polls.

Its acceptance amends the Swiss constitution by a paragraph prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of absinthe in Switzerland. Damages will undoubtedly be paid to the manufacturers in the Canton Neuchatel, where a flourishing export industry had been built up. The federal alcohol monopoly will lose a large sum annually.

The voice of the French cantons—Geneva, Vaud, Valais, Fribourg and Neuchatel—where absinthe is consumed and where, in Geneva and Vaud, its sale was recently prohibited by cantonal ordinances, rejected the federal initiative by a small majority. The vote in the German cantons, however, where absinthe is practically unknown, turned the tide in favor of the measure.

The question now arises how the federal prohibition will work, since the federal government has no police force of its own and is dependent upon the cantonal police. If 50,000 of the 135,000 voters against the initiative sign a second initiative, they can force the matter to a popular vote for the second time.

IMPROVING A SMALL FIGURE



"Don't you think she looks better in this?"
"Thirty per cent. better, madame."