

# THE NEW APRON DRESSES

## Pinafore-Shaped Over-skirts One of the Latest of Fashion's Fads. This Novel Mode Is Found in Dresses for All Occasions.

If your dearest friend glides in one of these days—of course she will "glide" in, no one walks now—and displays to your astonished eyes a gown which forcibly suggests the apron of a hospital nurse or your own parlor maid, don't, I beg of you, display ignorance by expressing surprise. Be warned in time. She is merely exhibiting the very latest thing in frocks from Paris.

For the idea of these apron dresses has taken the French designers by storm, and already the ultra-smart women of our set, who somehow always manage to have things months before the common or garden women even guess at their existence, are ordering "pinafore frocks," as they naively call them, with a reckless disregard of consequences in the way of enormously long modest' bills. Let the bills come later if they must, but they will have this newest conceit of fashion "soon, sooner, soonest!"

If you will devote a few minutes to a study of the gowns sketched in the illustrations, you will have a very good idea of the apron dress as it comes straight from its wrappings of tissue paper, out of the boxes marked with the names of the great dressmakers of Paris. You will see at

In the sketch lettered "A" we have a gown with a very pronounced apron effect. It is a charming thing of chiffon and spangles in a delicious shade of shell pink. And, by the way, this pink, suggesting sea tints when used in the ultra-slimpy costumes of this season, will add one more sensation to a foug like of sartorial sensations which leave us literally without breath enough to even say "Oh!" For you will see it used by the very daring, in evening gowns cut extremely low and of a



A—Dress of Pink Chiffon, with Apron Effect of Iridescent Beads and Silver Sequins.  
B—Imported Model of Raspberry Red Liberty Satin, with Embroidery in Shades of Red and Gold.  
C—Walking Costume Made with Pinafore Overskirt.  
D—French Dress of Violet Velvet with Apron Drapery.  
E—Novel Apron Garniture of Lace on a Frock of Pale Blue Mouseline de Soie.

### Girls Who Live the "Individual Life."

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

There is one thing which girls who combine to live with other girls ought to remember, and which I have never as yet seen clearly set down in black and white. It is that their first duty should be to preserve as far as possible the individuality of each. Take away our individuality, and life is no longer worth living. In prisons, individuality is stamped out as far as possible, and as a scheme of life it cannot be said that a prison ranks high or is desirable. It is the great drawback to existence in a workhouse or in any large institution. Children brought up by the line and rule of a great establishment do not do so well as children individually reared, and perhaps that is why many orphanages are now boarding their children out in small groups or families under suitable mothers. I have seen in dozens of domestic magazines advice to young wives as to how they shall behave to their, ured husbands. Husbands in such articles are always tired and worn out. They always have pin-pricky, worrying, fatiguing and annoying cares in their offices, and they always require to be made much of, and petted, and indulged, and cared for, and made to forget their daily vexations when they come home to wife in the evening.

But if four girls, or two, each earning her own living, set out to keep house together, they must not forget there is no wife at home to coddle them and make much of them, to be a little human door mat, a sort of flesh and blood buffer between the sensitive bread-winner and the outer world. No, the girls who are going to keep house together are all bread-winners: all have worries in their offices of wherever they are earning their living; all will come home more or less tired, and more or less needing to be comforted and coddled. Well, who is going to do it?

There is only one solution to this question, which is that the first rule of the household must be, bear and forbear. Indeed, in such a household as this I would write up large over the entrance not those fatal words, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," but a later, a simpler and a better inscription, "Bear ye one another's burdens." For if hard-worked girls are going to keep house together that is one of the first lessons that they must learn, to bear one another's burdens. One should not be considered more than another, excepting under special circumstances. For instance, a sick one should always come the first. I know a very wise woman who thinks that favoritism of par-

### A Sure Cure for the Blues—Smile.

Did you ever try smiling to cure the blues? If not, try it when you are troubled with this melancholy complaint and note the result. You cannot be ischrymose if the corners of your mouth are turned up, and with a smile on your lips life takes on a new aspect. The people you meet smile back and a general atmosphere of good nature, good temper and good spirits is everywhere. Smile always, and your digestion, your complexion and your popularity will improve a hundredfold. Every woman wishes to be good looking, and nothing so quickly destroys all the natural good looks a woman possesses as a sour, long face. Her nose may be shaped on lines contrary to classical specifications; her complexion may leave much to be desired, and her mouth open to a wider range than is strictly in conformity with laid-down beauty rules; but let her be good-natured, with her eyes and mouth ready to break into smiles, and there are few who will notice nature's shortcomings, and those who know her will love her and seek her society.

A well-known doctor has adopted this "smile" method in his treatment of nervous patients, and claims that when it is persisted in regularly, good effects are the result. It takes some persuasion to get them into the way, it appealing to many as the height of absurdity, and if one is "blue" and takes considerable will to sit down and smile sweetly and complacently at nothing at all, and it is this will power that brings the blessing—it makes one forget the fancied misery.

by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

## A Brand New Under-Garment for Wear With Directoire Gowns. A Foreword of the Season's Opera Cloaks.

berry picked out with dull gold and a deep and heavy fringe weights the lower edge. Chiffon and lace, combined with embroidery, are skillfully used, on the upper part, and the inevitable little necktie with gold drops depends from the front of the collar. In "D" the apron effect is not so pronounced, but takes on more the effect of an ordinary overskirt, falling in graceful folds at the sides and back. This is one of those French dresses of few lines which must be cut with art and worn with distinction to look anything at all. Donned by a person of poor carriage, it would be a hopeless failure. Each day brings to one's notice more pro-

to at least one petticoat. For those is devised the underskirt of liberty satin of the thinnest, most supple weave. It is made absolutely tight fitting to the knee, where it is attached a deep, accordion plaited ruffle of satin, without ruche or plaiting at the bottom, for there must be nothing to set out the bottom of the dress skirt. This ruffle winds itself pleasantly in about the wearer's ankles, but one must pay some penalty for remaining so persistently feminine. But if there is an absence of adornment under one's frocks, there is certainly no lack of it above them. Nothing more charming have I seen for some time than some opera cloaks just arrived from "the other side," which are destined for wear on the opening night of the Metropolitan Grand Opera.

We have had cloaks of fine cloths, of satins, of chiffons and of velvets, but anything like the sparkling, luxurious glitter of one of these wraps I have never imagined. Made on a foundation of gold-colored chiffon, lined with frothings of creamy lace, the outer covering of the cloak was a mass of gold sequins, literally palliated all over with gleaming gold. It sounds rather brass-band-like, I know, but so satiny were the little sequins, so airily were they attached to their chiffon foundation, that all sense of vulgarity was lost. The cloak became a gleaming wrapping of fire, changing with every motion of the wearer. Another coat-like arrangement reaching



ounced styles. Dresses hug the hips and cut tightly, clinging to the lower limbs to the tip of the toes, but have a queer looseness of effect at the waist line. Underclothing is reduced to the very least possible, all kinds of devices being used to faintly veil the silhouette of the figure and yet add no apparent bulk. From Paris comes one of the most extraordinary of these several garments combined in one. It is designed to take the place of drawers and petticoat and is for wear under long-skirted cloth gowns. Double faced satin is made into drawers, cut with but little width at the knee and fitting absolutely skin tight about the hips. At the knee long, shirmy pounces of satin are added. These hang down to the ankles and are supposed to give some support to the dress skirt, without adding any unnecessary fulness about the feet. The chief recommendation to our American eyes seems to lie in the fact that this divided sounce allows some liberty of movement, which is not always found when the very narrow satin underskirts are worn. For, although I quite blush to have to admit it, some women are obstinate and old-fashioned enough to insist on clinging quite to the bottom of the skirt was of copper-color chiffon, over an underlining of gorgeous pompadour silk. Great, overgrown golden roses, purple passion flowers and white camellias with which the silk was patterned showed through the chiffon, which was shirred around the shoulders and attached again to the silk at the hem. Loose sleeves of cloth of gold with wide hanging cuffs supplied the need of sleeves, which evening wraps suddenly demand this season.

### Sure Thing.

"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of the five children, from his bed. "I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother. "Can't we go, too?" "No, dear. You weren't invited." After a few moments of deep thought, during which the mother was bidding the

### Others' Good Night.

"Say, ma, don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you took us all?"—Youth's Companion.

### The Talk of the Day.

First Society Matron—I've just paid \$300 for a fascinating little rag to wear to your delight. Second Society Matron—So charmed! Who is your ragman now?—Life.