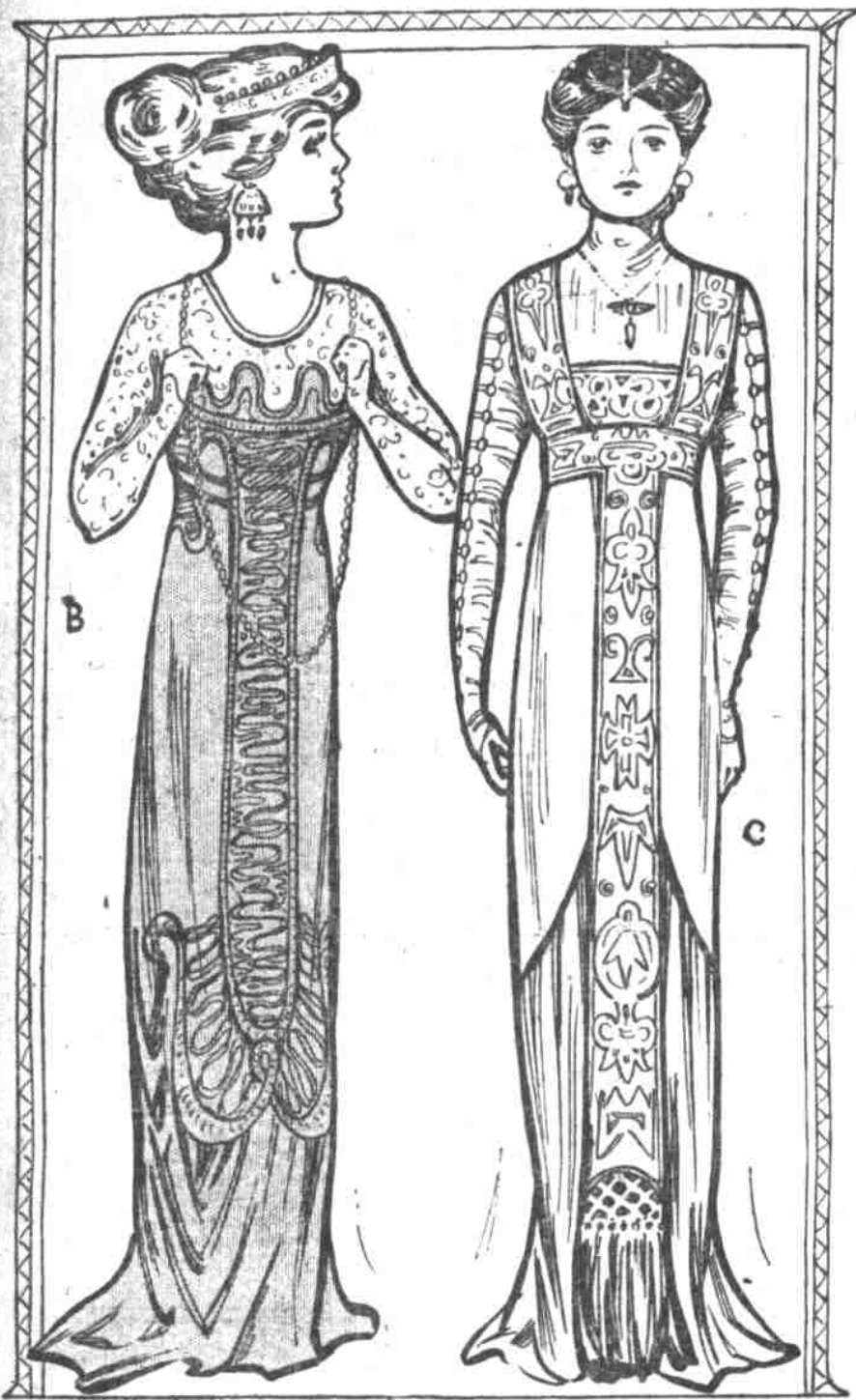


LIKE EGYPTIAN MUMMIES

Ancient Tombs Ravaged for Designs for Modern Women's Gowns.



AND what next?
Why, mummified.
So if you hear yourself referred to as a mummy, my dear woman, don't tilt a disdainful nose and look offended. Instead, smile with a conscious superiority and accept it as a compliment. For already the handwriting is appearing on the wall, written small but distinctly by fashion's hand. Already are a few knowing and far-seeing women parting their hair demurely in the middle and drawing it severely back to allow full play for the jewel set in Egyptian design which dangles on their foreheads. Already are they quietly and unostentatiously collecting wonderfully colored scarabs and having them set in wide bands of beaten gold to serve as bracelets. And if they have been clever enough, they have looked up the dress of ancient Egyptian women and discovered that in a modified—or rather elaborated—form we are wearing gowns the lines of which exactly duplicate those worn by the women of ancient Egypt centuries ago.

The low, untrimmed round neck, the scant, tightly drawn tunic, the long, swinging panel of embroidery depending down the front, even the soft, heeless little shoes which you, being up-to-date, have no doubt already ordered from your shoemakers. All these are but copies of the costume of the ladies of the Rameses family, who lived somewhere about 1000 B. C. So you see, not excepting fashion, there is nothing new under the sun!

Whatever may be in store for us in the way of still more slightly swathed draperies, I defy you to find anything much more mummylike than the silhouette of the fashionable woman to-day. Tightly her meagre draperies wind about her ankles, lightly they cling to her knees, and across her figure in a close embrace up to contracted chest and shoulders. If she is wearing one of the new mummy veils swathing head and shoulders, then the illusion is complete. Behold Madame Mummy just stepped from her case!

The vogue for things Egyptian is, however still in its infancy. Only very lately have we found the jeweled pins securing draperies of purely Egyptian design. Only with this season have appeared embroid-



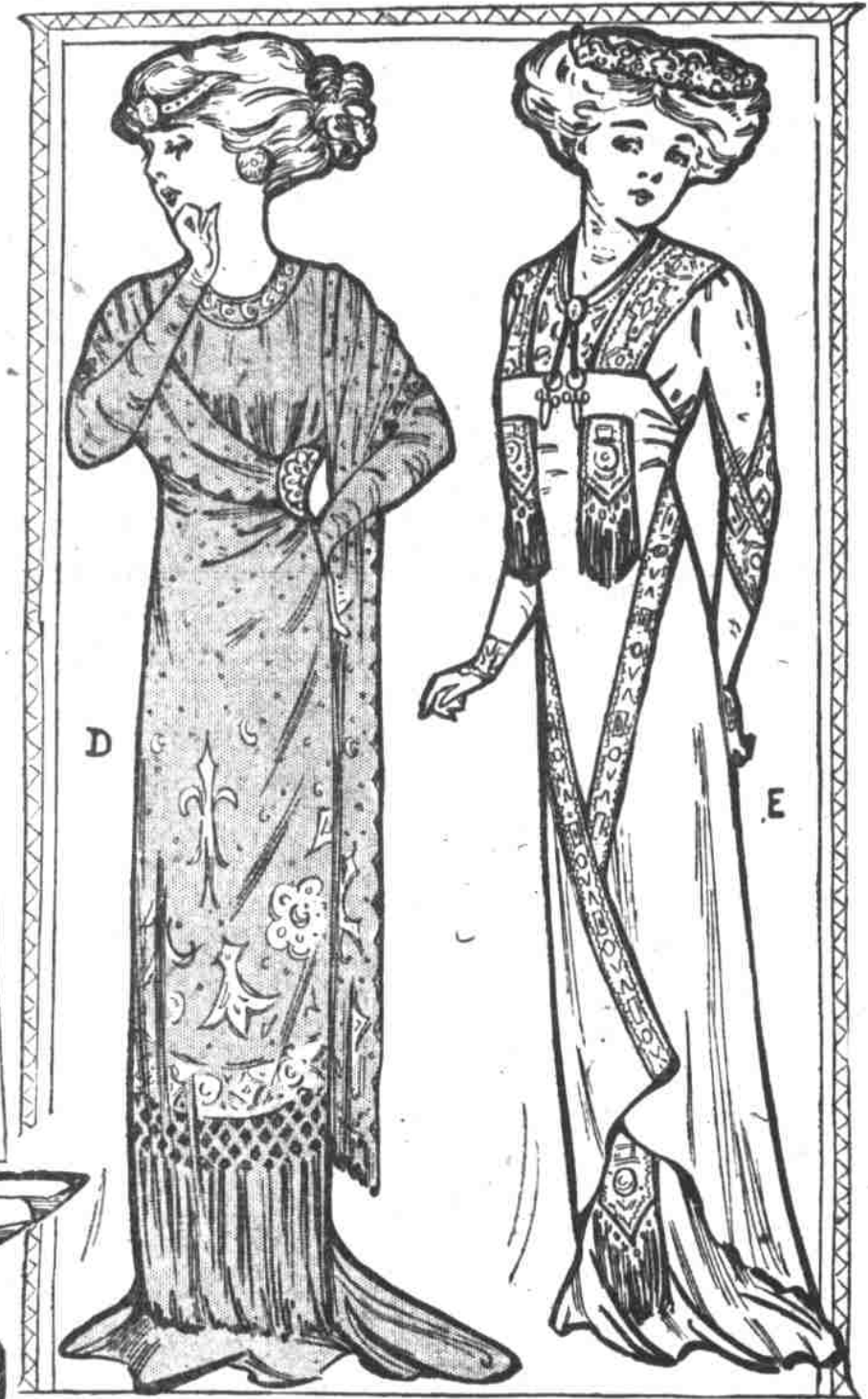
A—The Straight Lines of the Dress, the Heeless Shoe, Queer Headdress, and Even the Design of the Fan, Are All Copied from the Costumes of Ancient Egyptian Women.
B—Dress of Soft Satin, with Heavy Egyptian Embroideries. The Low, Round-Cut Neck Is a Style Borrowed from the Garments Worn by Women of Rameses's Time.
C—The Long, Swinging Ornament of Embroidry with Fringed Ends Is Typical of Early Egyptian Dress.

by Mrs. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

The Vogue for Things Egyptian Is Growing More Pronounced. Scarabs, the Lotus Flower and the Sacred Ibis Are Worked Into the Newest Jewelry and Embroidery.

were quite as fond of short waisted effects as are the women of to-day. So, after all, who knows where the "natural waist" we hear so much about really is situated? Perhaps under the arms is its original place, and the lower position is but an artificial one manufactured by years of compression.

The mummy veil is almost more distinctly as a mummy-like than all else. It is made of very heavy chiffon cloth, which makes the world as invisible to the wearer as the wearer is invisible to the world! But its antiquity lies—and thus it gains its name, round the hat and face it goes, swathing



D—Egyptian Scarfs Woven with Gold and Silver Made Into a Modern Gown of Ancient Lines.
E—Embroideries with Designs Adapted from Mummy Wrappings Are Seen on Up-to-Date Costumes.
F—The Mummy Veil—the Latest Development in Motor Veils.
G—Just-Imported Handbags Have Egyptian Decorations.
H—The New Heeless Shoe Is Like the One Worn by Egyptian Women Twenty Centuries Ago.
I—Scarabs Mounted in Old Egyptian Settings Are Extremely Fashionable.

Mistakes of Match-making Mammias.

OF all the betes-noires of marriageable men, perhaps there is none that inspires them with such dread and terror as the match-making mamma.

There seems to the luckless man absolutely no limit to her powers and her galle; and, seeing before him the warning examples of other men who have found themselves hurried unexpectedly into matrimony by her wiles, he flies from her as he would from destruction.

The match-making mamma thus defers her own ends. She frigitates away from her daughters who might otherwise have fallen victims to their father's terrified man can see nothing to attract in the daughter while he is straining every nerve to escape from the mother; and though he might have fallen in love with her for her own sake, he fights against the idea of being "caught."

But if the mamma is clever, she will not let her schemes be seen. The mother who reduces her management to a science knows how to hide it as well. This is a woman who is indeed deadly, who marries off her daughters with a rapidity which takes away the beholder's breath, who secures the best matches of the season, and knows how to wether up an obnoxious younger son as if he were a weed.

Many and varied are her manoeuvres. She is on the lookout for some law in all the men she meets. She instantly makes herself aware of the income and prospects of every partner introduced to her daughters, and if they are satisfactory, marks him for her own.

How gentle and how veiled are her first approaches. She asks the unsuspecting creature to tea, to dinner, to tennis. He, much flattered by such notice from the parents of the girl he already rather admires, falls into the snare and accepts. If he were not as blind as the fly that eagerly buzzes into the spider's web he would be struck by the remarkable ease with which he can succeed in getting that

girl into corners by herself. If he is a conceited person he rather congratulates himself on the agency he shows in carrying on his little mission unknown to the powers that be.

Alas! It is one of those powers, if he only knew it, which is paving the way for him to the paths of matrimony! It was mamma who ordered him away to college as his favorite color, and who gets a flock of that shade for Angelina, and makes her put it on when he is coming to call. It is mamma who sends Angelina with the last novel to sit on that garden seat which he must pass on his way to the house, and who prevents her being sent for when the mamma come to call and say they have not seen dear Angelina for an age.

It is mamma who sends Angelina to the piano after dinner and suggests that she cannot turn over her own leaves. It is also that devoted woman who sits down in the recessed corner of the dim drawing-room to play cribbage with papa and keep his attention held fast. It is she who suggests that there is an eclipse of the moon, and leads to know if it can be seen from the balcony. She chants Angelina's perfects until she would never believe she could possibly be anxious to get her off her hands, and she showers up all her accomplishments and domestic virtues till one wonders how any man who lives can be worthy of her.

Finally, she suddenly, when her victim is fairly inside the trap, touches the spring, and hey, presto! he is caught. She it is who places him in the terrible position from which there is no turning back. She leads him back the note he has written to Angelina and says, gently but firmly, that if her daughter receives letters from no man but her own relations or her future husband. Or, if she be a grade or two lower in the social scale, she hides in the conservatory until he has committed the rashness of seeking Angelina for a kiss; then pounces upon him and threatens him with an action for breach of promise.

Why men are to be thankful to the match-making mamma. She is so fully competent to settle all their undecided minds for them and to conclude the business with-out troubling them in the least. In point of fact, most men she takes in hand have not the least idea that she is managing for them, and those who have may as well resign themselves at once, without making a struggle for freedom, for what man could ever a fair chance against a match-making mamma?

erles rich in color and having the things typically Egyptian—scarab, ibis or lotus dower—woven into their design.

There is a sudden rage for scarabs, those symbols of the ancient Egyptian kings. I see them everywhere—in dozens. Worked into necklaces, adorning long neck chains, strung together to form bracelets, decorating the tops of combs, set in heavy gold in Egyptian designs as pins and buckles. If the man casting about wildly in his mind for the one perfect offering to lay at his beloved one's feet choose a scarab of good design and unusual coloring, I can vouch for it that he won't be far wrong.

The long-necked sacred cat of the Egyptians, reproduced in metal or carved from wood, is the good luck fad of the moment at bridge tables. For, of course, no one can expect to have good luck unless one insures it by carrying one's mascot with one. Just now, with fashionable women, it's taking the form of the quaint little sculptured cats which have been dug from the early Egyptian tombs. Of course, if you are lucky enough to have one of the actual little images which have lain for so many centuries beside their mummified original owners—well, consider yourself

most fashionably happy.

The one-sided effect in gowns which is the feature of many imported foreign models is but another adaptation of the robe of an early Egyptian woman. But, brought up-to-date, it bows slightly to propriety—though heaven knows the fashionable gown and propriety have little enough in common now! And gauze, lined with chiffon, is substituted for the partial nudity which the unself-conscious Egyptian thought quite all right.

This pronounced one-sided style of gown is very well illustrated in the sketch lettered D. Here we have the round-cut neck and tightly drawn skirt, both Egyptian. The overdress is made out of nothing more nor less than one of the metal woven shawls which returning travelers invariably bring from Egypt. Here it is

put to most striking use, being wound tightly around the figure below the waist, secured under one arm with a large gold ornament of Egyptian design, and the end, crossing the bust and shoulder, is drawn around the girth shoulder, the long end falling almost to the floor. The weight of metal—silver or gold—in these scarfs makes them particularly adapted to this style of dress, as they fall straightly and closely, pulled down, by their own weight. In this case the shawl is of black woven with gold, the underdress being of black chiffon over a very flexible gold tissue, thus producing a very rich effect.

Egyptian embroideries are already taking the place of the Bulgarian and Byzantine which we have been seeing so much of for some months past. Now we trace the sacred ibis bird, as well as conventional lotus blossoms, and Sphinx throned in the gorgeous colorings of the heads in the embroideries. These trappings are applied with no stingy hand, as witness the amount used to accentuate the lines of the gown in the illustration marked "E."

This dress, too, shows the Egyptian influence, for the women of those days

scrap basket to hold the little odds-and-ends which must be burned. On the table have well-selected books and magazines. Select pictures as you would friends, carefully and for their real value. Keep postcards in a postcard album. Do not decorate the walls with them.

Have a place for shoes, for if anything makes a room untidy it is a pair of tan shoes lying under the bed, a pair of black slippers cuddled under the chest of drawers for their rooms, and some rooms have decorated with red woolen ones—a common sight in most girls' rooms. Keep the wardrobe in order, so that when the door is opened you will not be ashamed for any necessary—a room must be clean. A few good pictures, a pretty bedspread, neat but not garish cushions, are necessary. Hide the ugly trunk with a cover, and have a

Character as Revealed in a Girl's Own Room.

OF course outsiders have few opportunities of reading a girl's character from the appearance of her own special snuggery, but she herself will benefit by the influence exerted by orderly surroundings.

A girl can learn nothing more useful than the simple little trick of having her own room beautiful and attractive. There are girls and girls, and rooms and rooms, yet somehow or other some girls care little for their rooms, and some rooms have the frowning aspect of a prison.

It is not always possible to have fine furniture, but one can have a "homey-looking" room. One thing is absolutely necessary—a room must be clean. A few good pictures, a pretty bedspread, neat but not garish cushions, are necessary. Hide the ugly trunk with a cover, and have a

Why Short Tempers Often Bring Short Lives.

EVERY one knows that spiteful persons indulge in outbursts of anger at the risk of their lives. Habitual bad temper, however, is injurious to any one, as the physicians agree.

Every time you give way to impatience or anger you shorten your life by a calculable portion of time. The next time you

get very angry, just study yourself during the reactionary period. You will notice that you are very depressed and sad, that your blood is sluggish, and that your digestion is all wrong.

The reason of this is that in your moment of anger you expended three or four times the ordinary amount of bodily tissue.

As a consequence, you cannot be your normal self until the overdrawn tissue is replaced.

You will note that people with very bad tempers never live very long, the excessive drafts upon the physical makeup eventually exhausting the latter. A certain amount of reasonable anger, as occasion may require, often, however, acts upon the system as a veritable tonic.

How Mere Fancy Is Mistaken for Love.

IT WONDER how many people really know what love means? said a widely read author.

Nowadays, in the hurry and scurry of life, love is apt to get pushed aside and left alone in the background, while we busy ourselves with matters considered far more pressing. Position, money and prospects engross our keenest attention.

A great many girls believe themselves in love, but the fancy loses its intensity as they mix in society. Love is put off to the last moment. "It is bound to come some time," is the frequent remark. But women would only take their fancies less seriously, and love less frivolously, there would be fewer broken engagements and miserably unhappy marriages.

That love begets love is an old proverb that in the light of twentieth-century civilization is apt to be contested. True, earnest, devout love seldom lacks reciprocity. It has a ring of sincerity in it there is no mistaking. But it is the spurious suit-all-circumstances sort of affection that makes the heart callous, and blunts the finest feelings.

Fancy may turn to love, but never love to fancy. The one is like the shadow upon the surface of the water; the other is treasured deeply beneath. If men and women would only take their fancies less seriously, and love less frivolously, there would be fewer broken engagements and miserably unhappy marriages.