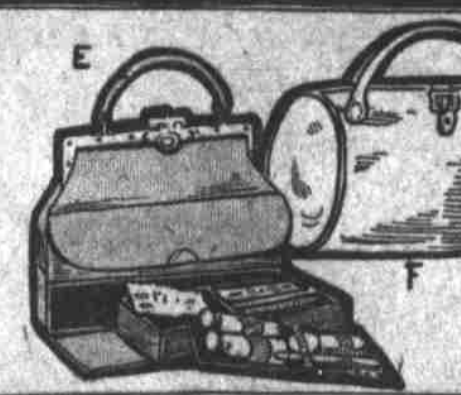
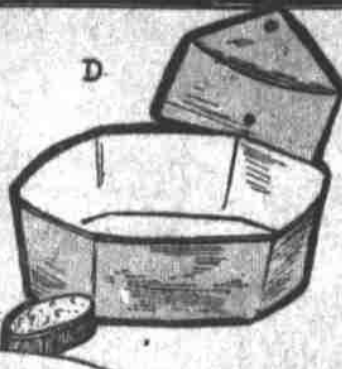
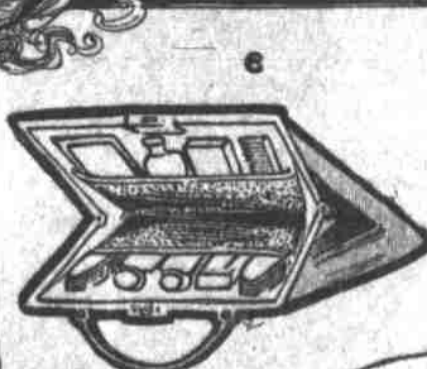


# HER NEWEST TRAVELING TOGS - by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

## If You Want to Make a Hit You Must Invest in One of the New Automobiling Bonnets.

## Pullman Robes for Sleeping Car Wear Are the Invention of a Clever Modiste and Fill a Long Felt Want.



A—The Up-to-Date Woman Will Welcome A Cleverly Designed Pullman Robe, Made of Striped Silk, with Cap and Bag to Match.

B—Demure and Yet Coquettish Is This Latest-Imported Bonnet to Be Worn When Traveling by Automobile.

C—Every Necessity of the Toilet Is Found Within a Fitted Traveling Bag.

D—A Basin of Rubber Which Folds Up Small Enough to Go Into an Envelope Is a "Just Out" Novelty.



G—An Air Cushion Adds Much to the Comfort of the Journey. Made of Silk. They Fold Into Small Compartments.

H—The Pet Dog Travels as Luxuriously as His Mistress.

I—Three Views of One of the Newest Bags.

away at six, strewing sponges and tooth-brushes by the way, with your hair in a state of disorder which almost reduces you to tears when you do reach a mirror. You have endured the endless moments of waiting outside the locked dressing room door while every male passenger in the car parades by and you are miserably conscious of your much-crushed dressing gown and generally disheveled appearance. Oh, yes, we have all been there!

But now, if you wish to appear from the curtains of your berth, fresh and dainty as a May morning, a picture of astonishing neatness which will draw the admiring eyes of all, just invest in a Pullman robe!

It is just out—the invention of a clever modiste—and, like many other much-needed inventions, so simple that one wonders why it wasn't thought of long ago. Striped silks in the subdued colors which do not associate with dust are chosen for its construction—smoke gray or dull brown. It buttons tight to the throat and has sleeves extending to the hands. Wide revers, fastened with buttons, and girde ends descending in the front give it a thoroughly up-to-date air.

A bag, capacious and comfortable, of the same silk, goes with it. This is slung over the arm and contains the necessities of the toilet. As a finishing touch a cap of plaited silk, with large bow and buckle as trimming, hides any deficiencies of the coiffure. The robe, bag and cap are all so constructed that they fold up into small compass and do not take up any amount of room in the traveling bag.

This Pullman robe is not intended for sleeping in, but only to be slipped on in place of kimono or dressing gown when making excursions to the dressing room. It assures a long-felt want.

But this is only one of the many traveling comforts which have lately appeared on the market. A novelty which caught my eye the other day was a folding wash basin of rubber. Many women have a horror of using soap, towels and even a basin which is provided for the general traveling public. But now she need no longer worry. She can invest in a small rubber envelope which contains this basin. A good size when opened out, the bowl is so cleverly made that it folds up small and flat. It would be particularly useful on automobile tours, for the hotel accommodations found throughout the country are not always of the best.

It would be easy to grow too enthusiastic when writing of the latest fitted bags—such ingenuity and good taste are shown in their construction and fitting. Gone are the old-fashioned dressing bags, with innumerable unneeded things within, so heavy that they almost required the heavy arms of "baggage smashers" to lift them. Now we have bags of patent leather, with crystal bottles and silver or gold-mounted toilet articles within, all designed with an eye to lightness in weight. While in some of the bags the toilet articles fit into pockets and under straps fastened into the bag itself, in others they are all attached to a leather-covered board, which can be lifted out bodily and set up on the toilet table, ready for use. Nothing is forgotten which can add to the comfort of the user—tiny curling tongs and spirit lamps, even a miniature iron is included in some of the fittings. And, of course, all the usual brushes, boxes, powder puffs and perfume bottles.

A rug bag of shiny patent leather with pigskin straps and handles is very smart looking and absolutely new. It protects the rug from dust and wear, and also makes it possible to check it in the baggage car.

Another compact traveling convenience is an air cushion. This also folds up and slips into an envelope, although it is quite large when opened up and inflated. These cushions are covered in prettily designed silks, and are really very useful on long or short journeys.

In these luxurious days madame's pet dog—To-To or Frou-Frou—demands to travel in quite as great comfort as his mistress. He often has a servant of his very own, one whose duty it is to devote himself to the pampered pet, to find for him his lace-edged handkerchief when its use is necessary or to put on his tiny rubber boots if the weather grows damp. His own cushion must be carried for this canine baby, and, of course, the coarse food of railroad companies is not to be thought of for him to eat. His servant travels in the baggage car with him and sees that no want of his is neglected.

"Oh, it's well to be a dog—sometimes!" The very newest carrier for pet dogs is made in the form of a leather bag, with wire netting at one end to admit light and air. This netting sometimes has a layer of leather, which rolls up and can be lowered if there is danger of draughts. Of course, to be caged in this way is something of an insult to anything as cherished as these pets, but railroad companies are still hard-hearted and decline to let them roam at their own sweet will.

Shopping bags—or what appear from the outside to be shopping bags—are not the simple receptacles they were a time ago. Once we felt quite satisfied if we found within a purse, card case, mirror and possibly powder puff. Now these bags, apparently no larger or bulkier, contain positively everything necessary to a week-end visit, except a "nightie"—and there's plenty of room left for that! These are called "automobile bags" and come in various leathers and fittings and prices running well up into the hundreds.

New models in traveling bags have secret compartments for jewels let into the main body. These are quite unlike the clumsy old-fashioned carriage boxes, and are guaranteed to keep your toes warm motor-ommed because of its lightness. Tea

baskets, for the making and serving of "the cup that cheers," are imported from England, and are to be found among the fittings of every well-appointed motor car. Spirit lamp, little kettle, teapot and tea caddy, with tea cups and spoons, make a tempting array.

It must be in protest against the hideous motor headgear that women have been wearing for so long that milliners have designed such an array of charming little automobile bonnets.

I defy any woman not to look attractive under one of these demure and yet coquettish chapeaux. With soft hanging veils of chiffon, lace frills softening the outline near the face, and big rosettes over the ears, they are delightfully pictured in the illustration marked "B." This has a soft, puffed crown of chiffon and two chiffon veils, one of which may be worn hanging over the face, protecting it completely. Ribbon ties secure it under the chin—an ideal headgear for steamers, as well as motor wear.

These little bonnets, following the fad for fur used in various and unexpected ways this winter, are made of soft velvety fur—mole-skin or chinchilla. Then instead of rosettes of ribbon they have soft trimming, clusters of little animal heads, which fasten the ends of the ribbon ties. They are perhaps a trifle suggestive of the small children's fur bonnets, but are very charming for all that when worn with furs to match. It is well to have the flowing veils made of water-proof, dust-proof, chiffon, which women are finding such a comfort. Then you can wear them in sea damps or winter dust with no fear of harm. The fur designers have "done themselves proud" this year. Have you invested in those dear little new fur-lined

bonnets, fastened across the instep with ancient compartments for jewels let into the main body? They are quite unlike the clumsy old-fashioned carriage boxes, and are guaranteed to keep your toes warm motor-ommed because of its lightness. Tea

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### A Plea for the Matinee Hat.

By a woman who wears one.

FROM time immemorial man has been the enemy of woman's hat. He has nursed a grudge against it these many decades. Often reiterated has been his cry: "Why does my wife want a new hat?" And he has even been heard to say: "If that hat were good enough for yesterday, why is it not good enough for to-day?"

In sad old of season he has inveighed against the fascinations of millinery. He has laughed at the girl who presses her nose against the shop window to stare at its charms; he has protested when her hat is decorated with flowers, contemptuously likening it to a truck garden; he has cried out when it is adorned with feathers, urging the cruelty of sacrificing beautiful birds in the cause of unbecomingly fashion, while he has carefully ignored how equally inglorious to the fate of the dove which puts in its appearance on a woman's hat is the fate of the plover which sticks its foot out of a pie for a man's luncheon!

Any stick does to beat a dog; and the custom of the matinee is an opportunity to belabor the perennial offender. Man hates not only the matinee hat, but all hats, excepting his own new one of green felt with a quill in it. He seems quite pleased with that!

The walking costume is designed for completion by a hat, and does not look well without it. Those whom fashion has joined let no one, if she would preserve the utilities of dress, set asunder.

I would further urge that the hat is not a matter to be dealt with lightly. Its adjustment is fraught with difficulty, its road to success strewn with many pins, and the veil which encircles it cannot be brought to a completely righteous conduct without assistance. We do not place our hats on our heads and give them one knock on the top to settle them into their right position, as is the habit of man. The dress of the day, with its kimono sleeve and its tight collar-band, does not permit us to raise our hands comfortably above our head, and we must therefore put on our hat before we put on our bodice, and a maid is necessary to settle to perfection the veil of fashion.

With every desire to please and to obviate any misfortune by the passing of a man for his entrancing cigarette, suppose we decided to leave our hats in the ladies' cloakroom. Sixty beautiful hats resting on the pegs in the cloakroom of a theatre! What calamity might not befall them? And what an opportunity for the attendant to masquerade awhile under their charms! No woman could resist the opportunity of trying on sixty hats.

Should we consent to nurse our hats and risk their destruction to fix them on any bow as we pass through the lobby and to deprive ourselves of the protection of the veil, how can we then becomingly fulfil any social duties which may be ours after a matinee? How elegantly attend an "At Home" which might be a part of a subscription programme, or take a drive in the Park before dinner?

Even the most reasonable of men would this!

beings—I know of no worse ordeal than the early morning arising in a crowded sleeping car.

Of course, you have experienced it—mere ordinary human beings—women

not wish to exempt woman from vanity, and while I am so fully realizable that there are some women who do not mind sacrificing their appearance, who do not care whether their hair be tidy or untidy, whether they are looking nice or ugly, and who will in their worship of the drama renounce some personal grace, still these are not the occupants of the orchestra. Their usefulness in the scheme of existence I do not doubt for a moment, yet I would wager they do not bring very much grist to the mill of the box office.

"But," I can hear the man argue, "it is frequently women who ask other women to take off their hats!"

Not frequently, I would assert; and seldom spontaneously. And who knows what may accute them? They may have been exasperated by a neighbor, or perhaps they find the hat of the woman in front of them prettier than their own, and they are anxious to avoid breaking the Tenth Commandment? But if any serious ballet could be taken, the woman with a proper appreciation of dress as a fine art would vote to be allowed to wear a hat with a costume, and would, when at the theatre, exercise her sense of fitness of things by choosing that hat of felt dimensions.

Recently, when urging that the matinee hat is not necessarily obstructive, nor necessarily superfluous, I endeavored to elicit the sympathies of a very well-known playgoer. He writes to me:

"I myself never go to a matinee performance, for I object to being annoyed by having some fantastic bundle of feathers and ribbons in front of my eyes."

There it is. He makes no accusation of size or shape; he objects to any hat! Man is the enemy of the hat. He is a prejudiced witness. But I, who have the interests of the theatre very much at heart, and at the same time regard fashion with respectful admiration, would advise authorities to ponder well before they impress stringent sumptuary laws upon playgoers.

Playgoers are few and far between; the theatre offers attractions other than the matinee. Any attempt to regulate the costume of the playgoer may knock another nail into the coffin of the theatre as a popular amusement, and we know too well it is none too much in favor now.

The pleasure we get from a theatrical performance is a debatable quantity. That we should pay good money and risk this shows some amount of courage and devotion. But when we are further taxed in an unbecoming and inconvenient degree, I doubt whether we shall not pause, consider and turn the other way.

If it has been discovered that in truth the wearing of hats impedes the view of the stage, then let the managers alter their method of seating; let each seat be raised above the other. The theatre's laws the theatre's patrons give. Three-fourths of the patrons are women. Should a certain contradiction and a doubtful satisfaction wait upon their attendance, they may come to say, as I did when the dentist was machining a hole in my best tooth:

"And to think I should be paying for it!"

### Some Wise Hints on Letter Writing.

LOVE letters, business letters, ordinary letters. These are the three heads under which letters will obviously fall.

With regard to the first there is no need to say more than that if they are acceptable they will never be criticised.

Always write naturally, as you would speak. But it is the ordinary everyday letter that needs attention, the letter passing from friend to friend. Such a letter has often altered a whole life, changed the

face of the world.

Never sin at literary effect. This may seem yourself, but will have no chance of pleasing your friend.

Avoid self-consciousness, and do not try to dress your thoughts in a new fashion. Create the impression of heartiness, and a keen interest in your friend's welfare. Above all, study neatness. Nothing leaves a more marked impression than a mottled and slipshod letter. It stamps the nature of a woman, and, to my mind, takes away all the charm of the may-be clever and elegant letter.

### Onions Are the Foundation of All Cookery.

By AN EPICURE.

THE dislike of onions is a mere affectation of gentility. No healthy man or woman ever really disliked onions, but owing to faulty gastronomic perspective it has been thought "nice" to pretend that their flavor and savor are obnoxious.

As a matter of fact, onions are the foundation of all cookery, good and bad. Moreover, there is not one of the affected onion-despisers who does not eat them, and enjoy them, without knowing whence comes the subtle aroma which is so alluring and individual. This is where a good cook excels.

The ancient Egyptians considered the onion almost too sacred to eat, and had a mitigated veneration for it, which may, or may not, have been inspired by their gourmet-priests. It must always be remembered, in this connection, that in recent times it is a horticultural fact that the excessive taste of the onion has been very much mellowed.

In "The Queen of the Air," Ruskin attributed the degradation of peasant life very largely to the use of the rank-scented onion and garlic. This is absurd, although it must be remembered that throughout our literature we find frequent references to the grossness of their odor. Take, for instance, Bottom's directions to the clowns: "Most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath."

Among the many quaint traditional attributes of the onion is the old gardener's belief that the Rose loves the Onion, and puts forth its sweetest blossoms when planted in propinquity. Alphonse Karr, in his "Journey Round My Garden," speaks of yellow garlic (the "moly of Homer"): "It is more than it appears to be; it has the power of keeping us safe from enchantment, spells and evil presages. A crow may fly past you on your left hand, but you need not entertain any fear if you only have yellow garlic in your garden."

The leek, which is of the onion tribe, was so esteemed by the Emperor Nero, according to the historians, that his subjects gave him the name of Porrophagus (from Allium porrum, the leek), for he ate them with oil for several days in every month to clear his voice, abstaining from bread on these leek-eating days. There is Bible authority, too, for their usefulness. The Israelites in the desert pined for "the leeks and the onions abundantly in Egypt."

Onions are quite the best nerve strengthener known, no medicine being equally useful in cases of nervous prostration or so quick to restore and tone up the jaded physical system. The very bourgeois French couple a l'Oignon is a truly wonderful nerve tonic, and, properly made, one of the most delicious preparations in the world.

Again, the onion absorbs all morbid matter in its neighborhood. It has been found on more than one occasion that during an epidemic of cholera a string of onions hanging in a house amid other houses which were all infected became unintelligibly diseased and black, but proved thereby protective to the inmates of that particular house. An onion enthusiast writing of Italy, says: "All the social atmosphere of that delightful land is laden with a fragrance of the onion; its odor is a practical democracy."

The famous and fatuous Ben Brummel, in the height of his glory, was asked whether a gentleman might eat onions immediately before going into the company of gentlemen. "No man is so well-looking and fascinating," he replied, "that on entering a ballroom he can afford to handicap himself with a strong odor."

The naturalist, Frank Buckland, had the highest opinion of onions as a cure for insomnia. "I am sure the essential oil of onions has specific powers; in my own case it never fails; if I am much pressed with work and feel that I am not disposed to sleep, I eat two or three small onions, and their effect is magical."

It is only by the experiment of leaving it out that it can be proved how dull, flat and uninteresting are soups, sauces, stews, gravies, salads, and seasonings of all kinds without a suggestion of onion, shallot, chives, garlic, or leek. The flavor must "perk" up, as Sydney Smith says, and, of course, must not be permitted to predominate imperceptibly; it must merely hint, a suggestion, an innuendo, but without it there is the certainty of insipidity.

The usefulness of the onion as a means of divination must not be forgotten. In Folklore's "Plant Lore and Legends" he quotes a verse common in his time in the countryside, and which, in a modified form may, it is said, yet be met with:

In these same days young waltzes gries that meet for marriage be Do search to know the names of them that shall their husbands be; Four onions, five, or eight they take, and make in every one Such names as they do fancy most, and best to think upon; Then gear the chimney them they set, and that same onion they eat; That first doth sprout doth surely bear the name of their good man.

It was Louis Eustache Ude, the great cook, who originally dubbed the onion "the foundation of all cookery," and his certainty knew what he was talking about. It is at once the most democratic and most aristocratic of roots, "a radical of the radicals," and yet one without which the King's table would be incomplete. To despise it is at once vulgar and ignorant.

### Keep Your Kisses.

THE deadliest disease, the kiss disease, is that of love. That is why a mother should caution her daughter against allowing any man to whom she is not engaged to kiss her.

You young girls, perhaps, don't know how susceptible you are. But men do, and unless you maintain your self-respect and keep them at a distance they will be apt to take advantage of it. A kiss sometimes means everything to a girl. To a man it means little or nothing. Let a man prove by his devotion and his earnestness his sincere love for you before you allow him to kiss you. If a man means nothing to you, and you give your kisses carelessly, then all the finer joys of life will be closed to you. If you would have them mean anything, keep the kisses for the man who will offer you his heart and his life.

### Nobody Cares--But Mary

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

LUIGI and Tony are shivering cold; All pinched are their little blue fingers, And Mary looks weary, and troubled, and old, As close by their cradle she frowns. Luigi and Tony are cruelly ill; Their frail little souls may not tarry Much longer, in bodies already so still, And nobody cares—but Mary.

AT daybreak must Mary trudge out through the snow And bear home a head-load of fuel. Last week she was only too willing to go, But now—ah! to leave them is cruel.



The burdens she bore for them once seemed so light, But now they are grievous to carry, For Luigi and Tony may fade in the night, And nobody cares—but Mary.

NO money for balm for the little dry lips, Lost now to all babyish graces; No money for wine—just the tiniest sips Might bring back the smile to their faces. And if—oh! the dread of it—if it must come, Not even a penny to bury The two little figures all quiet and numb; But nobody cares—but Mary.

### Crown Heads and Princes Who Prefer the Cloister.

VIEWED as a profession, being a king, queen or prince must be one of the hardest, most unenviable jobs on earth. How can this be proved? Easily, by the fact that though the most honorable and one of the best paid positions, yet great numbers are always "throwing up the job" of wearing a crown.

Whenever a king or a queen feels that pride and comeliness will permit, he or she promptly descends from the throne and gets as far away from court as it is possible to go, which usually means the convent or monastery.

It is said on excellent authority that Queen Maria Cristina, mother of King Alfonso of Spain, will take the veil within the next few months. She has long said that as soon as her son was happily married and an heir to the throne established, she would escape from the hated ceremony of court forever.

The latest of the great personages to take the vows is the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of Sergius and a sister of the Czarina. She has entered a nunnery near Moscow to the surprise of nobody who knew her.

The Dowager Queen of Portugal would leave the court and the world at once if the tangled state of the little nation's affairs did not make it her duty to help keep the tottering dynasty on the throne.

If Mexico were to think better of its murder of the Emperor Maximilian, and decide to re-establish a monarchy, it would have to seek its new emperor in a monastery. A few weeks ago Prince Augustine de Iturbide, the heir to the throne, joined the Third Order of St. Francis.

In the fashionable society of most of the European capitals Prince Augustine was prominent for many years, but, as in the case of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, an assassination preyed on his mind, and after a recent severe illness he decided to retire from the world.

The other day the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne received in private audience a Dominican monk who gave his name as Brother Raymond. The Cardinal and the monk remained for some time in prayer. Many were surprised at the unusual honor done to a poor priest, until it was whispered that the monk was none other than Prince Charles of Lowenstein, in whose veins flows the blood of kings and crowning princes.

It is only a few weeks since His Highness took the vows. Several seasons have been given for the step. One is that the Prince is a victim of unrequited love, the other, that he is disgusted at the small progress made by his anti-dueling campaign.

The first reason is rather absurd, for the Prince is nearly seventy-five years old, and is still passionately devoted to the memory of his late wife.