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#### THE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.

**Fashion Never Devised Anything Daintier or More Enticing.**  
 Surely fashion never devised anything daintier or more enticing than the materials now offered for and in the shirt waists for the season. Linen is produced in styles of weave and degrees of coarseness, roughness and also delicate fineness never before thought of. The linen knickerbocker effect is entirely new and makes up into suits with the blouse instead of shirt waist. This comes in several shades and colors and looks exactly like wool knickerbocker.



NEW WAISTS FOR WARM DAYS.

erbocker suiting. Linen is so well liked that one finds it in every quality and every degree of shade from the natural flax to the bleached batiste, which is so fine that it is a wonder it is ever woven. Many beautiful and dainty house frocks are made of pure white linen in such weave as best pleases the wearer. They are trimmed with rather heavy lace in cream and sometimes even in butter color. The linens are shown in all the season's best colors, and they are fast, so that the wearer need not fear to put as much trimming as she will on them. The tints are blue, pink, heliotrope and sulphur yellow. These are all beautiful when trimmed with lace.

Lace in small separate figures called medallions is set along the front fold on yokes and among tucks wherever they seem called for. They are very dainty and are used on so many of the waists and skirts that it would be unprofitable to mention them in detail.

A long list of materials especially adapted for waists for summer are shown, and it seems that nearly everything is mercerized. This means that the fabric has been made frothy and lustrous by some treatment with silica ground to an impalpable powder. It is certainly handsome, but so far as my experience goes will not survive the laundry. So let whoever buys it be careful and keep it out of the water. Everything, even the stiff swiss muslins, is mercerized. The new silk and linen batistes are exquisite. They show lace lines and lines where there are swivel woven blossoms in natural colors on a natural grass tint. Silk and cotton woven together make another very delicate and dainty fabric, for the most part in tints with Pompadour figures.

Quite a number of the light materials have a border of embroidery woven along the edge so that it can be utilized as trimming. Some materials are shown with quite wide stripes of openwork like lace or embroidery, and between them the plain linen.

Shirt waists are made of all of these and many more, but the shirt waists of this season are marked by neater effects than they were—that is, they are built more compactly. Few of them have that ugly and obnoxious extension to go under the belt. These have the finish of a belt, and very many waists have a snug lining stiffened with featherbone, which washes like cord.

Almost every waist has the bishop sleeves, with cuffs narrow or deep, as suits the wearer best. Many have yoke effects and are trimmed as fancy dictates, but in a close and neat manner. All have high collars more or less ornamental. Quite a new fancy is to have a yoke in a sort of bertha shape, with long, pointed ends which reach down like the front of the bodices in the pictures of Queen Elizabeth. The blouse shape is modified somewhat and the point in front is accentuated. One made in this style was of soft pale blue lousine silk. The yoke was tucked across and the bertha had two rows of fine insertion and a narrow edging to match. Medallions of lace were set all around the bertha and on the stock. The sleeves to this came but to the elbow. It is intended for a dressy occasion. The belt and bands around the sleeves were of dark green velvet. Another pretty waist of chiffon foulard was open in front, like a vest, and the front was closely tucked and of a shade lighter than the silks in the embroidery which ran down each side. The waist had sleeve caps; so did another made of figured silk. This had a simulated yoke outlined by a skillful application of lace and medallions. One pleasing style has tucks along the shoulders and down the outside of the sleeves, while three embroidered straps add to the finish.

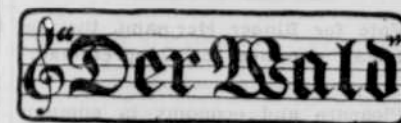
HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

#### "DER WALD'S" COMPOSER.

**Miss Ethel Smyth and Her Remarkable Achievement.**

An interesting event of the musical season of 1903 has been the performance for the first time in America of Miss Ethel M. Smyth's opera, "Der Wald" ("The Forest"). Thus it cannot be longer said that no woman has ever composed a successful opera. Moreover, a distinguished musical critic said if it after its first night in New York, "To the opera's credit, it can be said that discussion of it may proceed upon the broad plane of contemporary music without reference to sex or nationality."

This is very good, considering it was written by a man concerning a woman's musical composition, which generally receives more sneers than pats on the back from masculine critics. Indeed, even in this case the critic, like a man, involuntarily claims what is best in the opera—that is, the style of



MISS SMYTH SINGING AT THE PIANO.  
 (From a drawing by John S. Fargo, R. A.)

composition and its basic philosophical and intellectual ideas—"masculine to an astonishing degree." From the intellectual standpoint praiseworthy, therefore they must be "masculine" which leads one to observe once more that there is nothing small about the male mind when it comes to claiming things.

Miss Smyth is English born and reared, the daughter of a British artillery general. The military social set into which she was born is one of the most conventional among all mankind in its notion of what is proper for a well born and bred "young female." So Ethel Smyth found it when, aspiring and longing, feeling within her a growing impulse of power which she must express or die, she at the age of twelve announced to her family that she was going to Leipzig to study music.

The little girl's family checked her, meddled with her natural longings and sought to kill them. Her work, admirable as it is, shows traces of Grundyish interference. It is colorless in the passages where it should be warm and passionate, the critics say, as though the young woman could not burst her stays and be entirely natural and full in her expression of what Mrs. General Grundy disapproved. Still the young lady's opera is so strong and musical in other ways that the critics may forgive this defect. She will probably learn better in time.

Ethel Smyth was persistent. She kept declaring over and over again that she intended to study music and compose music as well. It required seven years to overcome the family. Then the girl went her way to Leipzig rejoicing. The seven years, however, were not wholly lost, for she developed a fine, graceful physique through exercise in doors and out. She is fond of golf, horseback riding and dancing.

The Smyth family gave her permission to remain in Leipzig a year. By that time they believed the nonsense would be taken out of her and she would be willing to return home and take the round of life suitable to any well regulated army girl. But she did not return at the end of a year. She remained in Leipzig, on the contrary, four years, studying with enthusiasm. She began musical composition while there. Leading performers in the city of music gave at different times a string quartet and a violin sonata by her. After Leipzig the girl still refused to drop into nonentity, but continued working in Dresden, Munich and Florence for several seasons. Then she studied in Rome, whether she still journeys from time to time to breathe in the thrilling atmosphere of art and music in Italy.

It is interesting to note that it was a man, and a musical authority at that, too, one with a contempt for woman in musical composition, who first suggested to the girl to write an opera. He was Herman Levi. During her years of schooling Ethel Smyth had been writing symphonies, sonatas, a mass and chamber music with more or less success. She herself plays her own compositions with rare skill and power. One day Herman Levi heard her play and said to her:

"You must write an opera."  
 She has now written two. She herself composes both music and words. The first opera was "Fantasia," the second is "Der Wald," which was received with favor in Covent Garden, London, before it was brought to America. Its leading idea is from Schiller's lines:

Art thou afraid of death? Dost desire to live forever?  
 Live in the whole! When thou art gone, it will endure.

MARCIA CAMPBELL.

## A FAMILY WOOING

[Copyright 1902, by T. C. McClure.]  
 Macdune passed over his coffee cup for the second time and helped himself to a third biscuit from the enveloping folds of the napkin on the table. The gas log was purring cozily. Aroma of the rich Java berry permeated the room. The soft light threw shadows, the kind in which Cupids love to nest.

The room itself was one of those dream places calculated to woo a bachelor away from his sordid self—silk curtains, delicately tinted walls, books that looked as if they had rare tales to tell and chairs that invited with arms outstretched.

Macdune inhaled the fragrant atmosphere of content and was happy. Without intending to make an inventory he permitted his eyes to wander from one thing to another. His glance eventually gravitated to the girl. Ah, here was the piece de resistance! What other could have worn so pretty a gown or worn a pretty gown so well? Who but a genius feminine could have arranged every fold and bounce just where it would most favorably set off the charming figure?

Miss Wright was looking at him, and the victory, almost complete, was won by her eyes, like masked batteries behind the drooping lashes. He asked a hesitating question that brought a reasonably prompt reply. The coffee urn and the gas log blinked knowingly at one another.

Four months from the day that Macdune went from the golf links into the Wright home for a bit of conversation and a sip of coffee he was riding westward with her on a Pullman, looking happy indeed.

Mrs. Macdune beamed over the dining car table at him. She poured the coffee and plunged a sugar loaf into its amber bath with a merry little smile and an air of domestic proprietorship.

"Claire," he said, "do you know that little luncheon over the gas log that October afternoon was one of the things that convinced me you were the signpost pointing me along life's highway? The coffee and the flaky biscuit, you know. I thought any girl who could set a little repast like that was worth a prince's ransom."

The bride thoughtfully snapped a few bits of rice from her traveling hat. Here was a strong temptation to be met and conquered and she only three hours a wife!

"Jack," she said at last, "my sister Edith made that luncheon. I am so sorry. I know no more about cooking than I do about Arizona politics."

Jack laughed reassuringly. "I was going on to say that the cooking was a comparatively small matter. You see, the pretty little den was arranged with such exquisite taste. I knew a girl who could hang those pictures in just those places would make any man on earth a wife worth having."

She looked out of the window. A haze obscured the flash of forest and meadow, and when she turned to him again her lip was trembling. But honesty won again.

"Oh, Jack, I am awfully sorry! My sister Flo arranged that room while I was in Buffalo last spring. They all say my taste is despicable when it comes to arranging things."

Macdune seized her hand. "Forget what I said. It was only foolishness. You know, Claire, that the real motive was yourself; your gowns too. Why, Claire, you are the envy of all the girls in town. How could a plain old peasant like me fall to fall head over heels in love with you?"

"Jack, don't; oh, don't!" she pleaded. "Oh, Jack, my sister Ethel makes all my gowns and plans them too."

Having indulged in the brutal carelessness of being specific, Macdune would have protested that he loved her for herself, her personality, her sweet sympathy, her smile, her voice, but he feared she would arise and say, "Alas, they, too, are all borrowed!" Here he was, a poor man, wedded to a girl who could neither cook nor sew.

"It seems, Jack," she said after a painful silence, "that you have married my sisters by mistake." She made a pathetic attempt to smile.

The tear in her voice melted him completely.

"Claire!" he exclaimed. "I feel like a prisoner at the bar," she hurried on. "The charge is obtaining a husband under false pretenses. I must assure the judge and jury that the only thing I can do is to say I am penitent and promise to make restitution. I shall learn to cook better than Sister Edith, sew better than Sister Ethel and hang pictures better than Sister Flo."

Jack brought his judicial fist down on the table. "The prisoner is discharged," he said. It was only the other day that Claire won first prize at a housekeepers' exhibition.

FREDERIC A. SMITH.

**He Didn't Get the Tart.**  
 A well known novelist tells an amusing story of his father, an English rector, and Sir Henry Thompson, the surgeon and authority on food. Sir Henry was called in and prescribed a certain diet, particularly warning the patient against apple tart, for which the reverend gentleman had a great partiality. "Oh, but, Sir Henry," pleaded the patient, "mayn't I have a little—just on Sunday? We always have it for dinner then." "Sir," replied Sir Henry in severe tones, "do you imagine that your stomach is any different on Sunday from what it is on other days? Good morning."—London Outlook.

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