

Coats for Street and Carriage Wear

NO FASHION theme is more tempting than that of coats this season. At every turn one is confronted with new and attractive coat models, and provided always that one is not searching for that rare thing, a smart separate coat of short length and not of fur, only an embarrassment of riches complicates a coat quest.

Of the luxurious evening coats, artistically simple or gorgeously rich and elaborate, much has been said in these columns, but much is left to be said, for each day brings to view new coats of this description, and whether in embroidered net, velvet, satin or cloth the really successful coats for evening wear are lovely beyond description.

Much velvet is used in evening coats and for afternoon carriage and visiting coats as well, monotone colorings being preferred and the supple lustrous velvet being trimmed in braiding, embroidery, cordelleries and passementerie ornaments of self color. Sometimes fur supplies a contrasting note, the soft browns of sable, mink or marten, the white of ermine or fox, the silvery gray of chinchilla or if the coat is for evening use gleaming gold or silver or copper may be worked into the design.

One copper color velvet trimmed in heavy metallic lace or copper tones and in a very dark brown, for that is almost black, is one of the best. From models we have seen. There is an exquisite coat of rose, not a pink, not a fraise, but somewhere between the two, warm yet soft and with a silvery tone, which is a favorite with the Parisian coat makers and is lovely in velvet, satin, crepe or velvet.

Black velvets this season with excellent effect, and it is good, too, with white. We have even seen it successfully combined with embroideries in shaded violets and purples, but such a color scheme demands unerring color sense.

The pastel blues and Copenhagen blues are extremely popular for evening coats and are serviceable as well as chic. Numerous greens, particularly the light browned greens, are well liked and there are lovely evening cloaks in gray, in the burnt bread, champagne and gold tones, and in whites relieved by notes of vivid color or of gold.

But it was to the more practical street and carriage coat that this column was devoted and it is from coats of that sort that the sketches printed here were made. It is in these garments that we find the greatest forward strides this fall. All last year the evening cloaks were remarkably artistic and beautiful, but not in many a year has the long, simple wrap for afternoon wear received so much attention as has been given to it this season.

Doublets the increasing tendency toward the wearing of bodies and skirt frocks of light weight material throughout the winter has had much to do with the shift of the long separate coat; and this fall, when even a large majority of the costume coats are quite long, the long separate coat is more insistent than ever. It may be in three-quarters, seven-eighths or full length and appears in all materials from velvets, heavy ribbed silks and handsome broadcloths to chevilles and honespuns.

Braiding of one kind or another enters into the designs of most of the trimmed coats and large cordelleries, frogs, passementerie ornaments, etc., are much used, as are trimmings of contrasting material, velvet on cloth, cloth on velvet, etc. A delightful wrap of souris gray broadcloth, which seems an odd cross between a Japanese kimono and an Arabian burnous, has absolutely no trimming save a wide band of souris gray velvet bordering all its edges and one huge and superb button of old silver and topaz, which holds the folds of the cloak together on the left side of the front.

Another gray carriage cloak in the modish elephant shade is of velvet and is trimmed in cloth of the same shade braided intricately in black and gold. Or if one prefers a combination of cloth and satin there is a picturesque long wrap, half cloak, half cape, or draped like a huge cape rather than the sides to form sleeves, in deep blue, gray-blue, a huckleberry tone, with its big draped hood lined with self tone satin and broad trimmed back facing of satin down the front and bordering the sleeve drapery, while great choix of soft satin with dull gold centers and pendent tassels and cords are set on the front.

Head silk, such as fallis, Bengaline and duchesse, is modish for the afternoon coats, and like the natter blue mantau of the sketch these coats are often relieved by a collar of fur and receive an air of heaviness from soft color velvet, heavy cordelleries, ornaments, etc. Very large cords covered with silk are frequently used in place of ready made cords and give a certain cachet, as does every hand made trimming.

On the coat of gray broadcloth pictured here this silk-covered cord, matching the cloth in color, is used in place of souchais, and buttons, too, are covered with the silk. A line of prune color velvet borders the neck, fronts and sleeves.

The high director collar is a feature of some of the smart long coats, and whether of the turned-down order or merely straight and high is very becoming to the woman of long, slender throat. A long touring coat of broadcloth, semi-fitting and falling smoothly from shoulder duffe to the frock hem, ripples toward the bottom and has large frog set down the front, a high turned-down collar and hip pockets.

Braided-trimmed models in broadcloth similar in character to the redingote of the sketch and relieved from monotone coloring only by hand embroidery on the collar are legion, and even at very moderate prices one may find very stunning coats owing their cachet to lines rather than to trimming. An instance of this was a coat worn by a certain French girl by a chic young woman seen in the hallway of a fashionable



THREE CLOTH COATS AND ONE OF SILK.

set large burnished gold buttons and buttonhole loops of black satin. The buttons and simulated buttonholes were repeated on the plaits which were also of black satin. Worn with a big black hat, this coat was more chic than many a model much more pretentious.

For rough wear, traveling, motorizing, etc., chevrons are first choice and bold herringbone effects in monotone or two-tone colorings are considered smarter than more aggressive patterns, although plenty of the latter are shown among the ready-made models. The motor coats of the season are more sharply and less bizarre than those of earlier years.

Leaves from Fashion's Notebook. There is a great fancy for the tailored and semi-tailored skirts, even where the material is silk or velvet, and for the broadcloths and other dressings, such as tulle, velvet, silk or braid, or self material.

This is a season of color. Still one sees the black hat with the black satin collar and the black and white dress, but the vogue, with these are worn the long black suede gloves. The pretty black cloth dress which has made its debut this season is in new and beautiful design.

The black satin collar and cuff must be mentioned as a feature of the winter styles. The satin must be of the lustrous blue black and the shape must be the same as that of the collar, being smarter than the well adjusted black satin roll collar and the wide black satin cuffs. They are worn upon coats of cloth and upon the pretty heavy tweed dresses of the season.

In manner of ornament and draperies are the order of the day, and their vogue is perceptibly increasing. Some of them are decorative frock by a chic young woman seen in the hallway of a fashionable

pleasure which she is now taking in the society of the younger girls. Miss Ruth had been with her mother constantly, but she was a shy child and cared little for the society of girls of her age. The others are more independent. Miss Esther is the only one of the five children of the former president who was born in the White House. That interesting event occurred on September 9, 1833. She is, therefore, just past 14 and is a tall and well developed girl for her years. She is fond of driving, more so than any of the Cleverlands, and has a pretty pair of ponies and high English dogcart.

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either modern that the combination is grotesque rather than artistic. The models which show any claim to attractiveness are truly so, and there are to be seen.

The long skirt is gaining ground and, except for a walking occasion, women are wearing the skirt cut rather low and rather pointed. It adds so much to one's grace that the French women wear the long skirt continually save for the most infrequent or walking expeditions. True, it is not a sensible skirt, but it is pretty and fashionable.

The chic New York girl now carries a can of mackerel walking sticks carried by the fat and multiplying in Broadway, Fifth avenue, and a girl without one of these things is not a girl. Any pleasant afternoon one can see a number of smartly dressed young women in Fifth avenue and Broadway swinging their walking sticks, gracefully tapping their boots or pressing the handle of the canes against their lips in true "chic" fashion. A girl who goes out with the cane doesn't usually wear a fancy outfit. The suit is severely tailor-made, and she has not even a purse in her hand. The canes, Broadway cane shops say, are receiving numerous calls from women for walking sticks. The feminine walking sticks are ornamented with silver bands and are expensive.

Chat About Women. One of the best markswomen in Delaware is Mrs. Lea, wife of the governor. She has been a member of the marksmen of the Delaware militia she made nineteen out of the possible twenty-five points with heavy shot in the recent contest of the militia officers are able to do as well.

In Cleveland, Ohio, three women have been elected to become a visiting committee for all city of the governor. They are Mrs. J. H. Howe, president of the Ohio Consumers' League, Mrs. J. H. Jones and Dr. M. L. Snow. They are to have no salary, but their expenses are to be paid and they are to receive a certificate of honor and to make recommendations.

Miss Sherife Mehmed-All, daughter of the new Turkish minister to the United States, will act as interpreter for her father. She is only 2 years old, but her mother, who is a native of England, speaks English fluently. She speaks only a little, but his bright laughter will set off her tongue, it is said, like a native born.

President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke college is the first woman to be elected a senator in the United States. She was elected to the place at the last triennial council, which was held at Williamsburg, Va. The members of the council are elected at each session.

The rare compliment paid Miss Helen Clark by the Fort Leavenworth in according her the honor of a general officer of the army. She is a native of the United States and a private citizen in the United States who has taken such an interest in the enlisted men of the army as Miss Clark and none whose interest has resulted in such an official recognition and heartfelt tribute to one who wears proudly her title of "The Soldiers' Friend."

The 4,000,000 women workers in the United States are engaged in no less than 232 distinct occupations. Though there are no street car drivers reported, there are two motormen; no sailors, but three women pilots. Ten are employed on steam railroads as baggage checkers, twenty-five as engineers, thirty-one as brakemen, two as conductors, twenty-six as switchmen and three as firemen. There are six as hack drivers, two as roofers and six as ship carpenters. Strange as it may seem, there are no women who include in the unattractive trade of domestic service.

To Miss S. P. Breckenridge, assistant dean of women at Chicago university, due the credit of having originated the latest reform in the dress of the form of \$200 frock for working women who contemplate matrimony. She explained her plan to the members of the wage-earning women who met at Bowen Hall, Hull House, Chicago, for the purpose of discussing the "How May Women's Unions Be Best Organized?" Her suggestion was greeted with ecstatic applause by the eighty young women present and a careerist who had been unwilling to be married if she could be assured of a \$200 dowry to union women. The plan of giving dowries to union women in both German and English is being carried out by more than one speaker and spouse by more than one speaker in the belief that her plan would be favorably considered.

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Activities and Views of Progressive Women in Various Walks of Life

Mrs. Cleveland at Home. CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat who recently visited the Cleveland home at Princeton, N. J., writes enthusiastically about the former mistress of the White House, her retired life, her children and her home. In part she says: Mrs. Cleveland believes in furnishing each room and nook in the home with a definite purpose and to carry out a certain ideal. Her library has been the theme of many eloquent discourses. It is so big and sunny and adorned with such deep neutral tints that it would be as difficult to tire of the coloring as of the browns and grays and greens of the deep woods. It is all mahogany, the bookshelves low and handsomely carved, with fine engravings and bronzes and some carefully chosen pieces of porcelain. The walls are deep cream, with frames in natural wood or tinted dark brown or green, not a hint of gold or gilt in the entire apartment. Mr. Cleveland's desk is as large as the ordinary hall-room bedroom. It is told that Mr. Cleveland does on the library, and is as fond of his desk as of something more tangible. He was proudly showing his treasures to a fellow-professor during his first term in Princeton. That learned man admired and admired, and finally he exclaimed, sorrowfully: "Well, Mr. Cleveland, no wonder you write such well-rounded periods and experience such lofty flights. If I had a room like this and a desk like that, well, I believe I could sit down and write better English than Addison!"

Mrs. Cleveland possesses more genuine antique mahogany than perhaps any other woman in the country who does not own a colonial home and its furnishings. She has selected her treasures carefully, and the labor of love has extended over twenty years. In the White House she was noted for her love of curios, and spent many a pleasant morning rummaging the old shops for rare specimens of chairs and tables. She carried her excursions into Virginia, and nearly all her massive dining room furniture once adorned proud homes in the Old Dominion. She has always insisted on getting the name of the maker of her old furniture and the year of its sale. She looks into old records and learns whether such firms were in existence, and in some cases she has traced the different owners until she was entirely bewildered in the matter.

This old mahogany was antiquated and in need of repair. The superintendent of public buildings, to whose care the White House was given, found that he could purchase new and modish furniture for less money than he could restore the ancient treasures. Not all mistresses of the White House were devotees of old mahogany like Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. McKim, who was to be the next mistress, was consulted, and she expressed a preference for the new. Mrs. Cleveland spent a good deal of time in renewing the youth of the massive bookcases and dressing tables, with their quaint brass ornaments, but she has priceless heirlooms for her children. The entire bedroom set which the sprightly Dollie Madison used in the sunny western room in the White House is now refurbished and made gay with pretty modern silk draperies, and placed in the guest chamber at the Cleveland's. A sewing table of mahogany, with shining brass knobs, inlaid spindle legs, and deep banded lined with cherry silk, once held the family treasures of the John Quincy Adams, and it is now filled with the coverings of the most distinguished Cleveland's.

Mrs. Cleveland is a home-keeper who makes a science and an occupation of her favorite avocation. Her male and male are the envy of all Princeton, and her home seems to run by rule and measure. Twice a year every thing receives a thorough renovation, and these draperies which need renewing are restored in the same shade. She scorns the modern tendency of changing the home like the passing fashion in garments. Her home is just the same today as when she removed there from the White House. Her children will have the unique experience of possessing a home like those of the old world, familiar to them through long years of pleasant associations with the same objects.

Mrs. Cleveland and her young daughter, Miss Esther, are becoming great chums, and the neighbors say that some of the bitterness of losing her eldest daughter, Miss Ruth Cleveland, is passing away in

the pleasure which she is now taking in the society of the younger girls. Miss Ruth had been with her mother constantly, but she was a shy child and cared little for the society of girls of her age. The others are more independent. Miss Esther is the only one of the five children of the former president who was born in the White House. That interesting event occurred on September 9, 1833. She is, therefore, just past 14 and is a tall and well developed girl for her years. She is fond of driving, more so than any of the Cleverlands, and has a pretty pair of ponies and high English dogcart.

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continuous service. They received long service prizes from societies and individuals who in that way recognize good and faithful service. There were ten prizes of 150 kronen each, ten of 200 kronen and one of 150 kronen. The veteran Klara Kratochvil, 82 years old, was a "maid of all work." Barbara Uder, 72 years old, had been a housemaid and later housekeeper in the same family for fifty years. There was one man in the party, Franz Hametzer, 66 years old, for thirty-five years valet in the family of Kommerzienrat Schmarz. The pessimist who wrote about the ceremony said that no servant who remains a servant goes to a family today will remain a servant there for fifty or for thirty years, and I trust it may be spared to applaud myself if I might or withdraw my assertion if wrong."

French Women—Soldiers. The town of Grenoble has commemorated, after 200 years, that it owes something to a gallant lady and has decided to erect an equestrian statue in honor of the valiant and gracious Demoiselle Phyllis de la Charce de la Tour du Pin. In cocked hat and coat of grenadier, holding aloft her trusty sword, with a musket upon her shoulders, the sculptor gives us in bronze, says the London Standard, the presentment of this fair warrior maid.

She is only one of a long list of the daughters of France who have upheld the traditions of their race and honored the history of their country. Phyllis de la Charce was the daughter of a nobleman of Joan of Arc and Jeanne Hachette, has always boasted the wit and courage of its women, and the Echo de Paris recalls in alluding to the proposed statue of a Phyllis de la Charce de la Tour du Pin was one of that race of heroines whom the genius of Tasso and Ariosto has immortalized under the names of Glorinda and Bradamante, simple and modest and pure in their private lives, fearless and free in the field.

Those who care to read may learn from the old chronicles how Phyllis equipped a company of her vassals and putting herself at their head rode boldly through the plains from Gap a Die to Valence to guard the passes through which the mercenaries of the Duke of Savoy were hoping to invade the Dauphine. Suffice it to say that she was held prisoner for France, and justified the device of her illustrious house, "Oyez nous femme vaut homme." Her feat of arms brings up the memories of many another heroine.

In the troublous days of the Fronde, when the rivers were tinted with blood and the streets of Paris were red with the acid smell of powder, was it not a princess of the blood royal, the Grande Mademoiselle herself, who, accompanied by her two friends, Mmes. de Tisques and de Montenois, put herself at the head of an army and saved the town of Orleans for France, and her father, Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII? In the fight of the Faubourg St. Antoine the royal "frondeuse" herself insisted on setting the match to the touch-hole of the first cannon that thundered from the Bastille to cover the retreat of the French.

Under the Grand Roi again the charming Mlle. de Freney covered herself with glory under the name of the Chevaliere de Bligny.

Among the Vendees how many Vendeanes! Mme. de Rochejacquin, Mme. de Bonchamp, Mme. de Sappant, Mme. Reine Bordereau and Mme. de Beauprie, the last one leading a troop of her own, with carbine slung at her back. And there were other heroines than those of the sword and battle. Listen to Olympe de Gouges demanding the right to defend things clean. It takes up each part of the house in turn. Its Tables of Equivalents, Proportions and Weights-in-Measure are the best ever compiled. No housewife should be without this booklet. Sent free upon request.

And Virginia Chesnut, who thought her brother too delicate for service under Junot in the army of the republic, but not herself, and took the uniform under his name. Distinguishing herself in Portugal, she was promoted to be sergeant, and nobody found out the pious fraud of the job sergeant, as she was nicknamed, until one day she was wounded in trying to rescue her colonel. The "little sergeant" obstinately refused to have her wound attended to until the great old army surgeon shouted, "Unless that man there and let me see you up his side." Then the secret was out, and Napoleon gave her the coveted cross. His sergeant, Marie Schlick, better known as the "Sergeant of Jomnapee," was decorated in 1801 and ended her days at the Invalides. These are only a few of those mentioned in the Echo, but, coming down to our own times, it is evident that the spirit of her ancestors still lives in the French woman today.

In the worst of the Armenian massacres Mme. Carlier, the wife of the French consul, kept the Kurdish hordes at bay and saved hundreds of lives, pistol in hand, and it is not a fortnight since Mrs. Fourcraux at Casablanca was recommended for the cross for similar gallantry in the face of odds. All these will have their niche, even if it be a small one, in history, but one is tempted, in spite of the admiration their courage compels, to ask if their epithets will honor them more than the inscription over the tomb of a Roman matron. She remained at home and spun wool.

Freddie Bury the Green. To the accompaniment of wild cheers from the Columbia students across the way, reports the New York Press, the Barnard freighter Friday morning buried everything green belonging to them that they could find, thereby laying aside all outward sign of their freshness, except the green in their eyes, cruel sophomores were heard to say. The affecting ceremony was carried out with pomp and circumstance, and only now do the "freshies" feel themselves to be real daughters of Barnard.

Precisely at noon the first year students appeared on Millbank quadrangle, followed by the other classes and applauded by the spectators across the street. After a few attempts at songs and speeches, which nobody could hear, owing to the enthusiastic din from the Columbians, the class

post tried to still the gallery by reciting a funeral ode of her own composition. That to aid the stricken soldiers, and after reaching them she was pulled into the freezing water by the net.

From the records of her first rescue off the lighthouse it appears that "Miss Wilson" rowed unassisted in a raging storm, who were brought back safe after hours of struggle against the heavy seas.

In making the award the society took into consideration only recorded deeds of bravery by the woman, but gave some consideration to the fact that she has always worked without recompense or hope of reward.

Thomas H. Herndon, president of the organization, hopes to establish an order to confer each year a "white cross of nations" upon the person here or in Europe who has rendered the greatest service to humanity tending toward the saving of life.

Panels for Fall Brides. Her gloves must meet the frills on her sleeve. Her petticoat beneath the drop skirt will be a swirl of lace frills. Her slippers must match her gown in color and be of English kid, pointed toe.

Her gown will be of white, as pure as the driven snow, of supple liberty satin. Her slippers will be of white satin or embroidered kid, and her hose of color silk.

The wreath of orange flowers, with a sprig of myrtle, brings joy and good fortune. The bridal veil must cover the bride like a mist. It may be tulle or the hairloom bridal lace.

Her traveling shoes must have the military heel and semi-pointed toe, and be of shining leather. Her husband will be of lizard skin, toned to match her gown, and contain the initials of her new name.

The bodice will be modestly curved, showing discreetly a part of the neck, and sleeves to the elbow. Chemiselets of lace and bits of embroidery are worn with the silk blouses which go with the traveling gown.

The bridal party, worn to preclude the angle of luck, will be of blue, clasped just below the knee, with a silver, or gold, or gilded buckle.

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post tried to still the gallery by reciting a funeral ode of her own composition. That to aid the stricken soldiers, and after reaching them she was pulled into the freezing water by the net.

From the records of her first rescue off the lighthouse it appears that "Miss Wilson" rowed unassisted in a raging storm, who were brought back safe after hours of struggle against the heavy seas.

In making the award the society took into consideration only recorded deeds of bravery by the woman, but gave some consideration to the fact that she has always worked without recompense or hope of reward.

Thomas H. Herndon, president of the organization, hopes to establish an order to confer each year a "white cross of nations" upon the person here or in Europe who has rendered the greatest service to humanity tending toward the saving of life.

Panels for Fall Brides. Her gloves must meet the frills on her sleeve. Her petticoat beneath the drop skirt will be a swirl of lace frills. Her slippers must match her gown in color and be of English kid, pointed toe.

Her gown will be of white, as pure as the driven snow, of supple liberty satin. Her slippers will be of white satin or embroidered kid, and her hose of color silk.

The wreath of orange flowers, with a sprig of myrtle, brings joy and good fortune. The bridal veil must cover the bride like a mist. It may be tulle or the hairloom bridal lace.

Her traveling shoes must have the military heel and semi-pointed toe, and be of shining leather. Her husband will be of lizard skin, toned to match her gown, and contain the initials of her new name.

The bodice will be modestly curved, showing discreetly a part of the neck, and sleeves to the elbow. Chemiselets of lace and bits of embroidery are worn with the silk blouses which go with the traveling gown.

The bridal party, worn to preclude the angle of luck, will be of blue, clasped just below the knee, with a silver, or gold, or gilded buckle.

Among the Vendees how many Vendeanes! Mme. de Rochejacquin, Mme. de Bonchamp, Mme. de Sappant, Mme. Reine Bordereau and Mme. de Beauprie, the last one leading a troop of her own, with carbine slung at her back. And there were other heroines than those of the sword and battle. Listen to Olympe de Gouges demanding the right to defend things clean. It takes up each part of the house in turn. Its Tables of Equivalents, Proportions and Weights-in-Measure are the best ever compiled. No housewife should be without this booklet. Sent free upon request.

And Virginia Chesnut, who thought her brother too delicate for service under Junot in the army of the republic, but not herself, and took the uniform under his name. Distinguishing herself in Portugal, she was promoted to be sergeant, and nobody found out the pious fraud of the job sergeant, as she was nicknamed, until one day she was wounded in trying to rescue her colonel. The "little sergeant" obstinately refused to have her wound attended to until the great old army surgeon shouted, "Unless that man there and let me see you up his side." Then the secret was out, and Napoleon gave her the coveted cross. His sergeant, Marie Schlick, better known as the "Sergeant of Jomnapee," was decorated in 1801 and ended her days at the Invalides. These are only a few of those mentioned in the Echo, but, coming down to our own times, it is evident that the spirit of her ancestors still lives in the French woman today.

In the worst of the Armenian massacres Mme. Carlier, the wife of the French consul, kept the Kurdish hordes at bay and saved hundreds of lives, pistol in hand, and it is not a fortnight since Mrs. Fourcraux at Casablanca was recommended for the cross for similar gallantry in the face of odds. All these will have their niche, even if it be a small one, in history, but one is tempted, in spite of the admiration their courage compels, to ask if their epithets will honor them more than the inscription over the tomb of a Roman matron. She remained at home and spun wool.

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