Woman's Domain.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative. When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar. Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss the truth. Some women can't pass a millinery shop without looking in; some men can't pass a public house without going in. A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run away from it. Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men. A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his wife won't see it. A woman can sit in a theater for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache, or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't. A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides her shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself at all times chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential.

Upon an unhappy male scribe fell the burden of describing the first wedding in Coolgardie, Western Australia. With a noble desire to rise to the importance of the occasion, but with a limited and technical vocabulary, he plunged in. The bride, he tells us, wore "a creamy, quartz-colored silk, with orange blossom outcrops." Another lady was dressed in a "reddish substance, with ironstone colored leaders running around the main body, and looking so nice that many a male animal wished for a miner's right, so that he could apply for a perpetual lease. Miss B. appeared in a charming outfit, the main body being blue, trimmed all down the foot wall side with laminated leaders of dark slate color. The dancers showed their appreciation by immediately prospecting round. Miss M. set envious teeth on edge as she waltzed round in a slate colored robe, the principal outcrops being decorated with diorite colored stringers and other surface indications of a highly pleasing nature. More than one poor dryblower, as he panted round the room with a less accomplished partner, envied those who for the time being owned so good a claim. Miss K. wore a kaolin colored silk, while Miss S. was from peg to peg arrayed in slate colored material, relieved at the throat by a white quartzite sort of band. Miss D., in a rich limestone colored creation, relieved at the datum points near the neck and shoulders, looked as pretty a picture as prospector or painter might wish to see."

After the funeral of the comte de Paris the splendid floral emblems, of which there were over sixty, were, by the order of his widow, photographed and then taken to Weybridge, where they were put in the mausoleum. The beautiful wreath sent by the officers in the American army measured twenty-five feet in circumference and contained more than 3,000 artificial roses.

What to do with the great quantity of flowers and emblems that still accompany many funerals, notwithstanding the frequency of the "kindly omit flowers" notice, is often a question to the family of the deceased. Recently a man prominent in a public way died and the house was almost besieged on the day of the funeral by messengers carrying their burdens of flowers. When the cortege wended its way to the cemetery several carriages were piled high with the pieces, after the casket had been literally covered with loose flowers. All were placed on and about the grave and there left, which is the usual course. A better use would seem to be to break apart the splendid masses of bloom and to scatter them among the sick and the poor. In the case referred to such a course would have been peculiarly appropriate, as the dead man was one who never turned a deaf ear to the suffering and whose charities can never half be told.

Probably the two most interesting persons in Washington today are Mrs. Peary, wife of Lieutenant Peary, the famous arctic explorer, and her little daughter, Marie Ahmigito Peary.

Young Miss Peary is born to a greatness she can never escape. Like Virgina Dare, she will go down to posterity sung of many tongues, her primary claim to distinction being that she is the first of her kind to begin existence among the glaciers and ice caps of northern Greenland.

Besides, this, however, little Ahmigito has more than even a first baby's list of perfections. Se is very pretty, with flaxen hair and big blue eyes; she is wonderfully vigorous and well; she is gay and bonny, ready to laugh with any one, and, with a pluck that could hardly be absent from the child of such resolute and plucky parents, she has passed the trying first year of life with an ease and success that other babies should be urged to emulate.

The present tendency in philanthropic movements seems to be toward a non-elaborate system of management. The circle of King's Daughters, an organization of really stupendous size, has so little red tape about it that the untutored cash girl of the city stores can grasp its scope and machinery. The Needlework guild started in England, with Lady Wolverton at its head, and duplicated in this country with Mrs. J. W. Stewart as president, is a marvel of greatness and simplicity. A woman who has spent her life in charitable work said the other day: "I am convinced that the greatest benefit to the needy can be secured through some system of regular individual giving to individual need. If every well-to-do family would take some other family who needed assistance and agree to help it over the hard places, I think the charitable bureas and offices could be shut up." Something of this system has been suggested in England, where a general committee shall receive the names of the charitably disposed to pass on to heads of districts where want exists, thus bringing the two parties to the transaction in actual contact.

A woman writing from Liverpool where she assisted "at the street festivities only of the visit here of the duke and duchess of York," says of the latter: "Of course I was interested to see the probable future queen of England, and I was fortunate enough to be very near the carriage as she came to it at the railway station. The daughter of some dignitary, a little girl dressed in a white frock and a big white picture hat, but most tastelessly wearing tan shoes and stockings, presented the duchess with a bouquet of lovely orchids and lilies as she left the train, and it was wearing the smile of pleased acceptance of this courtesy that I saw her. Nothing, however, can make the duchess of York pretty. She has a good, kind face, but heavy, and most disillusioningly unaristocratic. At her mother's age she will be the commonplace looking matron that the duchess of Teck is, and undoubtedly equally devoid of figure and presence. What a pity royal women are so disappointing! It would be a real pleasure to see an English one who looked as if born to the purple. I've had some of the young women of the aristocracy pointed out to me, and most of them are beautiful high-bred appearing girls, but a step higher in English society shatters all traditions of blue blood."

Dr. Roux of the Pasteur institute claims to have found a cure for croup, that terror of young mothers. It consists in the subcutaneous injection of serum taken from the blood of a horse that has been previously vaccinated with the cultivated microbes of croup. The injection should be made once for all. Soon after it is made the temperature falls, the growth of the false membrane is arrested, in twenty-four hours they begin to peel from the inside of the throat, and in thirty-six hours the larynx is free from the bacilli. Dr. Roux began his treatment at the Children's hospital on February 1. He took there with him a large supply of the serum and innoculated every child he found suffering from croup. The ordinary local and other treatment was continued. Dr. Roux asks us to remember that in the years 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, out of 3,971 children treated for croup at the hospital where he experimented, 2,029 died. Since February last, out of 448 children who received the serum injections, 109 died.

The Venus de Medici is 5 feet 5 inches in height, 26 inches about the waist, 24 about the bust and 44 about the hips. T[illegible] employed as "cloak models" by most of the dry goods establishments are about of the same height. The measurements required of a "model" 5 feet and 5 inches in height in one establishment are the following: Waist, 22½ to 24 inches; bust, 34 to 35; hip, 45 to 47; base of skull to waist, 16; biceps, 11½ to 12.

A prominent physician recently gave the following as the current measurement for a well formed, well developed and healthy woman of 5 feet 5 inches: Waist, 24 inches; bust, 33½ to 34½; biceps, 12 to 18; wrist, 5⅛ to 5¾; hips, 44 to 45; calf, 13 to 15, and ankle, 7 to 7¼. The doctor's "model woman" has similar hips and a smaller bust and about the same waist as a "cloak model."

There is every prospect that braid will be very largely used during this season, both on dresses and on coats. The plain skirts will be trimmed with either one very wide braid or three, or, perhaps, five narrower, and for this purpose military braid will be very much in request. There are several new makes of this, and one which is made in imitation of lattice work is rather a favorite. Sometimes the braid will be carried up to the waist on either side of the front, and the intervening space filled in with a double row of enormous buttons, a trimming which generally comes in with braid. It is a senseless kind of ornamentation, and one which occasionally is extremely noisy, as, for instance, in church, when the buttons are apt to rattle against the front of the pew.

A "Fast day" soup that is delicious any day is made from the tops of a bunch of celery. Add two quarts of water, a tablespoonful of butter, an onion, and four potatoes, sliced. Boil for two hours, and just before pouring into the tureen over toasted bread cut into dice or croutons, thicken slightly with flour wet in cold water.

A lively young Danish woman, Miss Sophie Christensen, is anxious to get work in Chicoga as a carpenter and joiner. In the city of Copenhagen she learned the trade, to which she was bound as an apprentice. When her apprenticeship was completed, a short time ago, she was admitted to full membership in the union. She displayed great aptitude and skill as a worker at the trade, and she is ready to display specimens of her handicraft. Among other things, she has made a "self-closing bookcase" which is serviceable, artistic and beautiful, and which is admired by everybody who sees it.

THEIR COMPLIMENTS.

Highly Polished Gifts and Graces that Make the New York Women Attractive.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Descriptions of the dresses, jewels, lace, carriages and receptions of the grand dames who are members of the "400," abound upon all sides. Their accomplishments are less exploited, although quite as worthy of notice.

In fact there is no harder worked woman in the world than the society leader, who has an abundance of money and is also supposed to have an equal amount of leisure. She has a "lesson" of some kind every day; it is a German one morning, French another, and so on through six days out of seven.

If she has not written at least one book, it is not from lack of desire to do so.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, for instance, has published a book or two and they are generally regarded as noteworthy as her gowns which is saying a good deal. Miss Sallie Hewitt, daughter of ex-Mayor Hewitt, is also literary in her tastes and has written several magazine articles. She also spends one or two hours daily at the piano or practicing on the violin; her sister, Eleanor, is equally as studious, although perhaps more devoted to outdoor sports; she is a clever whip and can drive a four-in-hand.

Mrs. Wilbur A. Bloodgood is a woman of varied accomplishments; she is often seen on the amateur stage, and is a good actress. Then she sings as well as she acts, fences as well as she sings, drives and dances and in her drawing room hang two portraits, one of herself and one of her little daughter, painted by her own hand.

Mrs. Lloyd S. Bruce, daughter of Mr. Edward Cooper, and wife of the editor and proprietor of the North American Review, has really wonderful talent as an artist, and had Mrs. Bryce not been a "society girl" she would probably have achieved distinction as a portrait painter and caricaturist.

Mrs. Gabrielle Greeley Clendenin is wonderfully clever with both pen and pencil, and some of her etchings on wood, done with an ordinary pen, are really works of art; had she, too, been obliged to turn her talent to use she would have achieved renown and been reckoned among the artists of the day.

Mrs. John di Zerega, mother of the late Lady Franklin, is one of the literary lights in New York society; her first book, a child's story, was made up of tales first originated for her own children's amusement; at the suggestion of a friend she wrote out the stories and had them published. She has recently translated some fairy tales from the French.

Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbery's pet accomplishment, one among a number, is photography, and some of the pictures she makes are worthy of a professional, so clever are they in pose, light and shading and finishing. Portraiture is especially her hobby, and not only has Mrs. Lounsbery photographed each member of her family, but she has also accomplished the unique feat of photographing herself, with slight assistance from a friend, who removed and replaced the covering from the camera. For this picture Mrs. Lounsbery wore the picturesque Turkish costume, in which she appeared at Mme. Barios de Roda's costume ball about two or three years ago. She wore some genuine Turkish jewelry, and her face was veiled a la Turk—with a veil, however, so filmy and "cobweby" that it allowed the features to be plainly seen.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has many accomplishments, but the ones which afford her the keenest enjoyment are athletic ones—tennis, playing for instance, at which she is an expert, sailing catboats, at which she has recently won distinction and applause, and cycling; although she has not made any "century" runs, as yet, she is a rapid and skillful bicycler.

Miss Fannie Tailer, a tall, stately girl, is distinguished among her friends as a bright and shining light at the tennis courts.

Mrs. George Andrews, wife of Judge Andrews, is one of the best linguists in New York, and every morning she devotes two hours, and often more, to her favorite studies in this line. She always has a German maid and a French one, and converses with them in their own tongue.

Law is a strong point with Mrs. Theodore Sutro, and she could give points to a Philadelphia attorney. She studied it quite recently at the University of New York Law school, and when she graduated had the distinguished honor of being the valedictorian of the class.

Mrs. Henry Villard and her eldest daughter, Helen, are accomplished pianists, as well as German scholars. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is also musical, and plays remarkably well. Miss Rockefeller, daughter of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, devotes her time to violin playing; she possesses a valuable Stradivarius and also an Amati violin.

Miss Kirkland is playing the leading part in "Shenandoah" at the Academy of Music for the season. The rooms here are spacious and Mr. Frohman has put aside a pretty suite for her. Miss Kirkland looked into the mode of entertaining while abroad this year and came back determined to adopt it.

The large sitting room in which she receives her friends is hung after the English fashion in delicately colored chintz. The woodwork is blue. The windows are crossbarred with filagreed iron and hung in golden brown plush. Rugs are thrown about the floor, great divans covered with golden velvet are piled high with silk and Persian cushions. A low French dresser is placed under two great side lights, on which lie a multitude of silver toilet articles. A writing desk is usually open with Miss Kirkland's monogrammed paper lying ready and everywhere on matinee days are flowers.

One only goes by invitation and usually pleasant people are brought together by the tact of the hostess. Sometimes a clever musician is asked and in a most informal way he spends his time at the piano, while the maid serves tea in the exquisite cups that were sent to Miss Kirkland by friends when her recent engagement to Mr. Howard Gould was announced.

Miss Kirkland wears very smart house gowns at these receptions. One I noticed was strikingly graceful and Frenchy. The robe was of mandarin yellow, with huge gathered collar of yellow batiste edged with valenciennes. The large sleeves were gathered at the elbow with narrow blue satin ribbons. As she walked the robe showed the petticoat of the same silk with vari-colored "pinked" ruffles, each lace covered. Louis XV. slippers of yellow suede with filagreed silver buckles completed the costume.

SMART SHAPES.

New Hats and Bonnets Designed for the Opening Season.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Big hats have come to town. They are, says Mme. Mode, with her foot well down, for carriage, church, promenade—any social functions—alone; so let the woman break this solemn law who dares.

Among the most unique and becoming of the large shapes yet shown was one that looked as if it might just have stepped down from a Reynolds portrait. In fact, picture effects, it is to be clearly seen, are the order of the day, and many and varied are the suggestions they give.

The brim of this hat, which was wide and almost without a curve, was a skeleton structure of wire and black net, with a small roll of bright green as a border edge.

The crown, high and stiff, and looking more like a French bonbon box than anything else, was made entirely of the velvet. The same color in a rich ribbon velvet repeated itself in a wide Alsatian bow at the left front, and fastening behind this was a high tuft of loosely waved black ostrich feathers.

Another delightfully picturesque freak, fashioned after this model, had its small, steep, powder box crown made of blush-apple velvet, which, with its delicate streaks of yellow and crimson, closely imitates that fruit. A charming addition in the way of a pair of wide, black crepe de chine strings has been added to this, and instead of the net a full moon of jetted lace, cunningly wired, formed the brim. The sole outside trimming, a bunch of black feathers as large almost as a small bush, was fastened immediately in front, with a square jet buckle.

But if those two hats have a reason for being, by virtue alone of their becoming qualities, how to account for the next fantaisie! It was as curious and ugly as some strange weird flower, one of the uncanny mushrooms that sometimes come to us from Paris, and the mere sight of it recalls a certain inconsistency for which the French are famed. Fathers and mothers of all fashions, at least the best and the worst of them, they nevertheless resent openly, and with no mincing manners, any new whim of La Mode that seems merely bizarre.

The first flower bonnet went down the streets of Paris followed by the hoots of the multitude, and even stones. Foreign fashions are stared at and audibly commented on by the passers by, and one of our own

countrywoman, Miss Viola Roseboro, the clever magazine writer, tells somewhere that she was once so amazed in Paris by remarks on her headgear—which happened to be a dashing little Scotch traveling cap—that she put it under her arm and walked home bareheaded and respected.

And now, with the memory of all this insolence, this hat!

Picture a monster disc, straight and flat as the ogre's plate in the fairy tale, of deep, gold colored felt.

Put in front on this vast, untrimmed expanse a single low bow of black velvet, whose wide, stiff ends touch the edge of the brim at each side. Under this brim, as if growing out of the temples, fasten two large balls of silver and Rhine stones; next, from the two crown sides underneath, hang two black ostrich feathers that curl around the coiffure and droop to the shoulders, and lo, the latest French freak that offends the American palate.

In this large hat the temple ornaments were distinctly out of place, but for small hats and bonnets they form an effective and becoming garniture. Indeed, the very latest fad in millinery is a broadening effect at the sides, and to emphasize this, not only balls and jeweled horns of every description are used, but also velvet choux and seal and sable heads.

A tiny saucer bonnet of flame pink crepe ruffled like a peony has an entire brim of baby seal heads, with two larger ones accenting the sides. Another, a minute triangle of scarlet felt braid, suggesting the headdress of the east, was bewilderingly beautiful, it fitting close to the head like a skull cap, and from the center of the flat crown rose two shadowy Mercury wings of black gauze starred with jet. Looped through the brim around the front and sides was a long scarf of thin white lace that fell in short headdress ends behind the ears, and projecting straight in front, and near together, like two large beetle horns, was a pair of dull silver ornaments richly set with red stones.

Another infinitessimal toque of turquoise blue velvet wrapped over wires had as its only trimming a cluster of tiny cut jet wings at each temple.

All of these bonnets, the confidential modiste informs us, can be worn at a pinch at the theater, but since license in bonnets points toward a sneaking in of hats as well—and maybe big ones, alas!—one can only hope the pinch may never come. Besides, everything else considered, if all women only knew it, there is no hat or bonnet on earth so becoming as a well groomed bare head.

Mme. Mode empties from her horn an inconceivable variety in color and shape. One marvels where she gets them all, and if they were designed for princesses, they are such precious luxuries; but any one of them abounds in valuable hints for the nimble fingers of a home milliner.

Brims, even of felt hats, are not necessarily of the same color as the crown; thus a yellow crown may own a black brim, or else the crown may be entirely of velvet flowers and the rim of felt. A charming Felix Conlin, fashioned in this way, had a brim of wavy brown felt and a crown of blue velvet roses, while a smart little English walking hat of pigeon gray felt and black wings had, curiously enough, a black silk brim. Huge white lace bows ornament black hats, and in some cases low crowns are made to look high with bands of silk or satin ribbon.

The best of possible tints, however, for a becoming and useful walking hat could be taken from the one showing the two views in the group drawing.

It was designed especially for a moon faced southern beauty, and was of bronze felt braid, mirror velvet of the same shade, and black wings.

NINA FITCH.

SIDE LIGHTS ON PALMISTRY.

Amateur Palmist Tells Some of the Secrets of Her Wonderful Art.

When I read a palm I always begin by shaking hands with my victim. This is my own idea, as far as I know, though I have recently heard that Desbarolles, the past master in the art of chiromancy, often began his readings with a hand shake. It is not, however, so set down in his book on the subject, or in any other work I have ever seen.

The mere touch of the hand gives you a certain intimate acquaintance with it that all the lines and bumps and even the general form of the palm and fingers can not tell one. For example, the pallid, slender, thin-skinned, loosely-knit, moist, cool hand of the woman who lives on her nerves indicates lack of health and lack of vitality. Such a hand belongs to a sentimental, morbid temperament, and is an invaluable key to the reading of the lines. It is easy also to detect from the feeling of the fingers the uses to which they are put. The violinist with his calloused finger-tips, the elastic spread of the fingers and the development of the muscles across the hand of the practised pianist, tell the tale of such occupations at once.

If the left hand is larger than the right, it is a strong presumption in itself that the owner is lefthanded. In this case ask to shake both hands. You can at once detect the lefthanded man by this means and that in spite of the fact that he is in the habit of giving the right hand for the purpose. The stronger muscular development and work-a-day feel of the left hand leaves you in no doubt.

A firm, strong, warm clasp, bespeaking health and heartiness, tells you of the unsuspicious, generous normal man or woman, and such a nature is free from certain petty faults. Even if you should see these very traits written in the palm lines, you realize that they are balanced or overbalanced by virtue of what the hand-shake implies, and you interpret the opposing lines and marks as inherited qualities. For, to the eye of the keen observer, each hand is a record, not only of itself, but of its forbears.

A careful examination of the general form, the consistency of the flesh and skin, gives you an idea of the admixture of nationality in a person. If there has been Latin blood, by which I mean French, Italian, Spanish, any of the southern races, with Anglo-Saxon, it betrays itself in a certain difference in texture, hard to explain, but easy of detection to one who knows it. There is a silkiness of the skin, and the flesh lies under it like the inside of a ripe peach. It is a more sensuous hand to hold, or to look at. Of such a type is the soft but firm woman's hand that slides slowly out of your clasp, like a white kitten; a hand suggestive of Romeo's words:

"For palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss."

The Turk, the Egyptian, the Greek have these qualities to a still more marked degree, and a deeper shade of color that helps the novice to recognize the trace of such blood more easily. It is extraordinary how one drop of foreign blood inherited from an antagonistic race will endure and show itself after generations of pure breeding. As an example of this, let me tell you the story of an artist, a very well known American artist, whose hand I read last winter, before I knew his name.

"You have Oriental blood in your veins; southern at least," I said. He gave me a quick glance, and asked:

"How do you know that?"

I smiled. I was not at the moment unraveling the mysteries of the art, as I am now doing!

"I have been American born and bred ever since the battle of Bunker Hill," he said, "on both sides, but my ancestor, who fought there—a mere boy—had a Spanish-Moorish name, inherited from a Spanish-Moorish father. He, the father, came over to New Orleans as a refugee, about the time when poor Manon Lescant made her tragic journey to the same place. This ancestor found his way Bostonwards. There he met, married a Puritan maiden, and their boy, at the age of thirteen, fought at the great battle—the Yankee boy with the Moorish name. In each generation ever since there has been a Yankee boy, with that same name, and I am the last of them."

So here was the strange Oriental blood showing itself in this man's hand after five generations, as it showed itself in his name and fame, too, peshaps, for he sees and depicts things as the descendants of a dweller on the Mediterranean shores do.

The general critical survey of the hand following the handshake will tell you, too, much about the tastes, the habits of the individual. The hand of the athlete is known at once; the hand of the sportsman, of the surgeon are most easy of detection, and every trade sets its seal upon the hand that practices it, only that it requires experience and observation, for experience and observation in this art, as in every other, are worth all the learning of the schools. There is a certain precision, firmness, yet delicacy of touch that makes it almost impossible for one to be deceived about a hand that is in the habit of working with the eye or mind.

I have never seen Buffalo Bill's hand, but I should not guess at it, if fifty hands were put hrough a hole in he wall at me and I knew that one of them were Mr. Cody's. His hand should be long, brown, firm, prehensile almost, with eyes in the finger tips like a blind man's, and the clasp of it should be like iron behind velvet.

The typical surgeon's hand—and it is very generally typical, I find—suggests the scalpel at once to the keen, practised eye; the turn of the wrist; its dextrous play and freedom, the development of muscle at the base of the thumb; the machine-like precision of movement, make it, of all hands, the most capable, the most human, the further removed from the elementary type with its short, thick fingers and inflexible hard palm.

Look at your friend's hands and try, if after a little feeling and gazing, you are not able to tell which girl is the girl who embroiders, who draws, which one is musical, which one goes in for tennis and paddling. The easiest hand to detect is the natural horsewoman's hand—a hand like Mrs. Beach's—the teacher of one of our fashionable riding schools in New York, and who has ridden many a stubborn, frightened, "green hunter" to safe victory in the annual horse show. Such a hand is light, light as eider down, but with whipcord nerves below.

The sweetest type of woman's hand is the "born" nurse's hard, the palm and fingers that soothe with a touch, that brush away with their magic aches and pains and griefs. Happy indeed the woman who has the blessed gift of laying on of hands.

All this is prologue and preface to your study of palmistry proper, to the lines and fingers, the joints, the stars, the crosses, the Mount of Venus, the Plain of Mars, all the pretty secrets of chiromancy, with their hidden and significant meanings.

M. M. M.

NEW PARISIAN TOILETS.

Worn by the Society Actress Miss Elsie de Wolfe in "The Baub'e Shop."

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Parisian fashions today are inaugurated by a few of the prominent French star actresses in the modern drama. Are American modes to be introduced by American actresses? It looks so. The majority of them now order their toilets from the world's leading artists in dress, and American taste has so impressed its exclusive elegance upon the designers of feminity's finest feathers, they plume themselves upon the beauty and originality of the creations they make for American women.

One of the most elegantly dressed women on the American stage today is Miss Elsie de Wolfe, New York's society actress, and one of the very few members of the Four Hundred who have added the grace of their gentle birth and breeding to the stage, and keep up their affiliation with the Brahmin set.

A trio of toilets that Miss de Wolfe wears in "The Bauble Shop" keeps her audience in a murmur of admiration. They are especially successful apart from their intrinsic style and beauty, because they suggest the refinement of a lady of fashion and family in her own drawing room, and nothing of the over accentuation of fashion that crowds a toilet over the line separating good taste from bad.

Immensely chic and extremely good form is a morning calling toilet in light blue sicilienne silk. It is not of the new bluet (cornflower blue) that is destined to be hopelessly common, but a clear, pale sky

A VISITING TOILET.

blue. The skirt is a marvel of fullness, yards and yards wide around the bottom, and yet not an extra inch of material round the waist save at the back.

Cut a circle from tissue paper. Make a hole in the center, and fit it upon a doll. This will give you the effect so far as the pattern of the skirt goes. About the foot of the skirt, which is so full it falls as it flares toward the bottom into overlapping and ever changing folds, there are flights of butterflies in black, little ones and large ones mounting nearly to the knees, and then falling back to one or two. These recherche decorations are not embroidered or appliqued on the silk, but are inserted in it. The silk under each butterfly, which is of lace, and of exquisite workmanship, is cut away to show the white silk petticoat beneath.

The bodice is also circular in shape with more fullness over the bust and between the shoulders than at the neck. It is made whole in front and fastens down the left shoulder, around the arm and under it to the sashes. There are two of these. One is of lovely lilac purple velvet of the shade of a pansy petal, and there is a crushed stock collar to match this ceinture, which is finished off at the left of the waist with some careless loops, and a cluster of velvet pansies. The second ceinture is of black velvet and this is tied into a jaunty upstanding bow at the back, and falls in two long narrow sash ends on the skirt. There is a flight of butterflies about the shoulders, and one perches piquantly on the inner edge of each sleeve. The sleeves are single balloonlike puffs to the elbows.

The half large hat has a straight brim of velvet and the crown is concealed with bouffant loops of blue ribbon and curling coq plumes.

Paquin of Paris created a superb dinner dress worn by Miss de Wolfe which has a flaring gored skirt, perfectly plain, of salmon pink satin. The under side of the satin is as yellow as gold, but although the yellow warp is not permitted to stamp its individuality very strongly upon the pink woof, nevertheless the pink surface shimmers in every ray of light with a faint golden flush. The silk manufacturers this season verily have wrested the last color secret from gems and skies.

The bodice is of white chiffon just covering the bust in a square line back and front. The shoulders are two crushed straps of apple green velvet. This velvet, which by artificial light is softened to look almost blue, forms the elbow sleeves that are large puffs, and the wrinkled ceinture. Old yellow lace forms deep epaulettes over the sleeves.

The opera wrap designed to wear with this gown is an exquisite creation of violet velvet shot with green and lined with ivory satin. The shape is circular, reaching to the wrists in front and at the back and shortened considerably over the arms. The shape and an interlining make the wrap sit all round in very smart style. A beautiful old lace scarf in ivory tints is draped about the collar, forming a short cape, and jabot falls down the fronts, where each corner is ornamented with a choux or rosette of velvet ribbon and long ends. A rosette of the velvet is set also on each edge of the collar to drape the lace. The entire lower portion of the cape is wrought by hand in yellow, repeating the pattern of the lace above.

Felix, who is the best fitter known to the fashionable world—Worth does not believe in fitting smoothly—made the dinner dress. He also created the carriage dress worn by Miss de Wolfe in another act.

This is a beautiful model of the latest new wrinkle for having the skirt and sleeves of one material and the bodice of another. Silvery gray Sicilienne forms the skirt and the sleeves, which are huge leg o' mutton affairs, also the pointed girdle and cape collar. The trimming is embroidery in silver done by hand on the silk, tiny spangles being introduced in the embroidery to heighten the effect.

The bodice is of white chiffon and the dress is a vision of refined elegance.

DRESS DESIGNERS.

The Possibility of a Good Business Opening for a Clever Artist.

"It is surprising," said the head of a large firm for supplying ready made gowns wholesale, "that there are so few women designers in New York. One sees women struggling to squeeze into already overcrowded occupations, but never stopping to think of something new. Now, one with natural ability for artistic and practical dressmaking or designing could make a good living selling ideas to great houses. There are men who supply this need, but never a woman."

"Does not each firm secure a designer?" I inquired.

"No," he replied. "The retail firms generally buy from the wholesale, and they copy or adopt foreign fashions. Some firms, of course, do employ women, and these can make anywhere from $35 to $75 a week, with a trip to Europe thrown in."

He went on to say that if a woman was clever and had some capital she could open an office and make a success. An abundant patronage could be secured of large wholesale firms, retail ones, modistes, etc. If her orders are only sufficient for her own time, she makes designs for all sorts and conditions of clothes, selling them for as much as an illustrator is paid single and double column drawings. If she cannot sketch well, let her make each model of colored tissue paper.

There are a hundred things to be done in this line. New York is a tremendous fashion mill, grinding all the grist that is thrown into it. A new collar or cuff, a shoulder arrangement, the manner of finishing the bottom of a gown, a new way to hook a bodice—these are all minor details that are eagerly caught up by the rapacious maws of the stores. This patronage could not be accomplished in a day or a year, but the business would pay as much in the beginning and better in the end than many on which women are now existing.

I know a woman in New York now whose fingers are nimble and taste exquisite, and three large firms have offered her their patronage if she will supply them. She assures me that she feels confident of $75 a week from these three should she have good talent at hand.

Even if the woman cannot alone supply orders or suggestions, she can have a corps of fashion artists, who may sell their work through her, she exacting a commission.

The very large retail firms that make a specialty of ready made gowns and bodices are the best to work for; they are kaleidoscopic in their rapid changes.

Again, prominent modistes are willing, frequently, to pay for good suggestions as well as the large furriers and cloakmakers. Taking it all in all, to quote again the business man, "it should be a most profitable undertaking."

The Best Winter Flower.

The pansy is no greater favorite for spring and summer than is the Roman hyacinths for winter. Small wonder that this is so. It is not a "fussy" plant, nor one usually troubled by insects, so that the beginner stands nearly as good a chance to succeed with it as does the expert. Its delicate fragrance is most delightful, while its abundant spikes of beautiful, pendant, snow-white bells are exquisite alike for window decoration, cutting or wearing. Last of all, as they cost but 60 cents a dozen, and two bulbs are sufficient to fill a four or five-inch pot, people of moderate means can afford to use them freely. They can be kept dry until midwinter without injury, so one can plant them at three-week intervals from September until January, and thus secure a constant succession of their lovely flower from December to April.

Lately many amateur gardeners have adopted the pleasant custom of buying a dozen or so bulbs in September or October, designing them for Christmas presents to flower-loving and invalid friends. Few expensive presents give as much pleasure and certainly none speak more plainly of loving care and forethought to minister to our friends' likings.

Like all Holland bulbs, the Roman hyacinth needs to take a sojourn in the dark, after planting, in order to form good roots to sustain the flower spikes that otherwise would prematurely spring up and as quickly perish from lack of nourishment. They are not at all particular as to soil, but that a little sandy and open best suits them. Cover them lightly, so that the tip of their crowns just show, water well and place in a cool, dark cellar or closet until well rooted. Early in the season this may require six or seven weeks time, later it will take but half as long, as the roots develop faster. After bringing to the light they require absolutely no special care, except to remove the spikes as they fade, when new ones will usually be sent up in their place. It is nothing unusual for a white Roman hyacinth to have from five to seven spikes of flowers, and to remain in flower from four to six weeks. Try a few potsful of them this winter, and my word for it, you will never be without them another season.

Fashion Notes.

There is still a great fancy for short jacket waists, the style even extending to those made of seal and other furs.

There is a large chance for seed pearl collars in numerous strands connected by bars so as to set well about the neck.

Black birds and wings, which are used in large numbers, are strewn with fine jet fragments that prove so enlivening.

Doe kid and chamois skins are again used on expensive gowns for vests, cuffs, collars, etc., and also on imported French bonnets.

Veiled bodices is a term applied to silk bodices veiled with accordion-plaited chiffon. It is a particular fashion just now and very pretty.

Baby astrakhan will be the favorite coat trimming for the season. It is both becoming and durable. It is used freely on dark brown and green cloths.

Changeable effects in satins, silks, moires, silk and wool mixtures and fancy velvets are still the correct fashion, notwithstanding their prolonged favoritism.

On some of the model walking skirts of covert or Venetian cloth is a band of Russian galloon woven in red, green (or black) and gold, with a very narrow line of fur each side of the gimp.

The French felt turbans, toques and round hats now exhibited by fashionable importers are dyed in lovely shades of color, in mauve, dove-gray, fawn, old rose, pale and dark greens, magenta, etc.

Very becoming opera cloaks are made of the fine cloths in light shades and lined with a white fur or thibet. Ermine, of course, will be the most luxurious opera fur, although it is not as becoming as the fluffier thibet.

Notwithstanding the slow progress that the French coat (half fitting and with a seamless back) made during its first appearance, it has come to be more generally favored than the ultra-English covert coat.

Pansy velvet sleeves are on dresses of fawn-colored and mignonette-green cloth, some of these elegant wool fabrics being perforated with silk underskirts or linings, the shade of the velvet sleeves showing through the fancy cut-work.

Tangerine, lemon topaze, maize, amber and bronze are among the new shades.

A new autumn basque that is graceful and not at all masculine-looking has flat postillion backs falling about five-eighths of a yard on the skirt, while the front is in open Eton shape, finished with a double-breasted vest.

The foolish fashion of draping every picture, chair, piece of statuary, table and shelf with some wondrous piece of fancy work is over with, and now one seldom sees drapery except on shelves or at the windows and doors.

For the street for the first cold days of the season are charming little collets of seal, otter, or moired astrakhan fur, called the "Duchess of York pelerines." They have a high collar and are lined with shot silk in gay color-blendings.

Feminine Notes.

New York women have organized in opposition to Tammany.

In Great Britain women vote for all elective officers except members of Parliament.

Miss Ellen Terry confesses to a new accomplishment—the power of turning pale at will.

Rosa Bonheur, although 70 years old, has recently taken up photography with enthusiasm.

The physician in charge of the Woman's hospital in Soo Chow, China, is Dr. Anne Walter, a Mississippi woman.

William Morris, the English poet, says any woman can learn mathematics, but it takes lots of skill to manage a house well.

Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett is laconically described in an article on women writers as "the mother of two sons and twenty-two novels."

The countries of the world where women already have some suffrage have an area of over 18,000,000 square miles and their population is over 350,000,000.

Miss Margaret Tupper, a sister of the once famous Martin Tupper, died suddenly in London the other day of heart disease. She was an artist of some repute, and was 56 years old.

Ladies' chalets are to be a new feature in London. They will provide at various points of the metropolis in little cottage buildings the advantages of a lady's waiting room in conjunction with a millinery shop.

The grave of Eve, which tradition places in a cemetery outside of the walls of Jeddah, is visited annually by over 40,000 pilgrims. The tomb is 50 cubits long and 12 wide. The Arabs believe that Mother Eve was the tallest woman that ever lived.

The mother of Abdul-Aziz, the new youthful sultan of Morocco, bids fair to have as much influence as the empress of China. She is a woman of great talent and infinite tact and her son is said to consult her before taking any political step.

About two years ago Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer had her portrait painted. She wore for the event a magnificent white and gold toilet, which she had made for a grand ball. While not strictly a beautiful woman, Mrs. Havemeyer has rather a distinguished air, and looks quite the grande dame.

Of the 155 women studying medicine in Paris only sixteen are natives of France. From Russia there are twice this number and five are from the United States. Of the 164 women attending the school of belles-lettres 141 are French women and two are Americans.

If the possession of almost an indefinite number of homes can make a woman happy, Mrs. Seward Webb should be that individual. Besides her Fifth avenue mansion, her hunting box in the Adirondacks and her Shelburne Farms castle, still another house, with all the magnificence of the other three and more, is being built.

As a memorial to the late Miss C. M. Tucker ("A. L. O. E."), the Christian Literature society of India has determined to raise a special fund of £500 to republish her eighty-seven works for Indian readers and to translate them into a much larger number of languages of India, with illustrations.

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Guaranteed to remove wrinkles and every trace of age. Price $1.50 and $3.00.

Excelsior Complexion Bleach.
Guaranteed to remove sallowness, moth patches and all skin blemishes. Gives a natural complexion of marvelous beauty. Price $2.00 per bottle; $5.00 for 3 bottles.

Excelsior Hair Tonic.
Turns gray hair back to its own natural color without dye. The first and only remedy in the history of chemistry known to do this. Stops hair falling in from 24 hours to one week; creates a luxuriant growth. Price $1.00 per bottle; six for $5.00.

Excelsior Bust Food.
Guaranteed to develope a beautiful bust and neck; gives firmness to the flesh and creates a natural condition of plumpness. Price $1.50 and $3.00.

Great Scott!
Mme. Yale's wonderful remedy for removing and destroying the growth of superfluous hair takes but five minutes to use; does not hurt, irritate or even make the skin red; removes every trace in one application. Price $5.00.

La Freckla and Freckles.
Mme. M. Yale's wonderful La Freckla is known to be the only cure for freckles. In from 3 days to one week after its first application every freckle will disappear and the complexion become as clear as crystal. Price $1.00 per bottle.

Excelsior Almond Blossom Complexion Cream
Refines coarse pores, keeps the skin smooth and lovely. Price $1.00.

Excelsior Hand Whitener
Makes the hands soft, lily white and beautiful. Price $1.00.

Mole and Wart Extractor
Removes and destroys forever moles and warts. Price $3.00.

Eye-Lash and Eye-Brow Grower
Makes the lashes grow thick and long, the eye-brows luxuriant and shapely, strengthens and beautifies the eyes; guaranteed pure. Price $1.00.

Elixir of Beauty
Cultivates natural rosy cheeks, a wonderful skin tonic. Price $1.00 per bottle.

Mme. M. Yale's Excelsior Fertilizer
Cures constipation. Price $1.50.

Excelsior Blood Tonic
Purifies the blood, acts on the liver, kidneys and builds up the system. Price $1.00 per bottle; six for $5.00.

Fruitcura.
Mme. M. Yale's wonderful cure for all kinds of female weakness. Price $1.00 per bottle; six for $5.00.

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