

Woman's Domain.

CORRECT COSTUMES.

Stunning Stuff the Tailors Are Making for Wear During the Coldest Weather.

She was walking down Fifty-seventh street, New York, like Hamlet in his flowering hour, the observed of all observers.

Slit as a young reed, in her tight-fitting, severely plain tailor gown, she yet seemed the very model of correct form; and as she stepped by beautifully unconscious of her admiring audience, and sweetening the wintry air with a huge breast knot of violets, an eager young woman in her wake took in the glass of fashion.

Her costume was of heavy chinchilla wool, marked like a bird's egg with distant black and white specks. The smartly flared skirt was cut just long enough to be becoming to her little walking boots, and was just short enough to escape the ground all around.

The jacket, a sort of young Newmarket, came down half way between the waist and knees; and to flatten them on the shoulder after the present approved pattern, the tops of the big stiff sleeves were laid each in a heavy triple box pleat.

From one hand dangled a muff of black lynx, as large as a modest beer keg. The other slender, white-knitted member caressed by moments a huge black beast that served

as a throat muffer, or again tilted the skirt to show a rich white silk lining, and which, by the way, is a late fad in skirtdom.

A turban of black lynx, that came well down on the forehead and hid the tips of the ears, formed the head covering. It was trimmed only with a stiff plain brush agrette that stood straight up in front.

Altogether, the dainty winter's morning vision had reached a point of modish excellence that even the most ironclad supercilious might envy; but the question that distracted the woman behind her was not "How does she do it all?" but "Is she cold?"

And herein, considering the freezing moment, lies material for serious discourse.

FOR REAL PROTECTION.

One of the winter tricks to make the all-day popular tailor gown comfortable on bitter days is to interline the jacket throughout with chamol.

Again, where this cozy protection is only desired on occasions an entire snugly-fitting jacket of chamol will be worn under the outside one. Sometimes, over the coat, a short, full fur cape will be pressed into service; but the very up-to-date tailor girl prefers the leather interlining, with a muff and tip-top by way of additional wrappings. In this way the fiercest winds can be braved and the unity of the tailor gown preserved.

In lieu of flapping petticoats, cloth leggings and chamol lined riding breeches are sometimes worn under the flared outside skirt. It is too late of course to expect anything new in the way of winter dress materials, but to many, the stuffs that distinguish some of the stunning gowns that now dangle the streets will be entirely unfamiliar.

The English blanket serge, diagonals, and smooth faced cloths long known, are still used. Other and more elegant materials for plain gowns are brown and mouse colored corduroy, boucle cloth which is covered with curly rings of hair, and crepons grained and figured.

The rougher the crepon the more distinguished it is considered, but along with other coarse surfaced and hairy wools, will be seen sometimes an effective gown in shining black mohair serge.

The tailor-made costume may or may not be trimmed. Braids put on in stiff military fashion can be called into stylish account, and for bedecking as well as useful purposes, great buttons of tortoise shell, enamel, or hand-painted metal can be used. Again, on a gown of perhaps green boucle cloth, perhaps little animal heads may take the place of buttons for the jacket; and over these will be looped fringes of heavy silk or Persian sewed round to simulate cord.

SEVERELY PLAIN.

The most fetching street costume of the moment, however, has only a gay lining by way of ornamentation.

For example, a plain French walking suit of black crepon, as rough as sandpaper, will

reflect an entire petunia or magenta under surface.

A captivating English model, a shortish box coat and flared skirt of liquor brown corduroy has a lining of bright orange silk; a delicate mouse-colored cloth is made over white, or if more wear is desired than this

men either help or look on. Waiters who are liberally tipped stand about and seem rather to enjoy the novelty than disapprove of it. Organized society has heretofore looked down upon the habits of those known as conventional anarchists; but, lo, a change has taken place, now the cult of the Bohemians has become the cult of the social Brahmins.

CASTING HOROSCOPES.

Modish Women Deeply Engaged in Studying the Stars.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—(Special.)—Astrology is the dominant occult attraction in London at the majority of West End "At Home" No. 10, St. James's square, a success at such unless she provides an astrologer as one of the attractions.

In New York the art is practiced sub rosa, and although hosts of society women devote much precious time to the study of their fate, as revealed by sun, moon and stars, very little is said about it to the outside world. Intimate friends form a coterie which meets once a week, possibly more frequently, to listen to lectures on astrology and incidentally—so they say—have their fortunes revealed in the stars.

"On the signals just from Mars and And read their fate through the singing stars."

With many ladies it is simply a pastime; with others it might be called a matter of business; social life, philanthropy and dress being regulated for them by messages from the spheres.

To attend an astrological lecture, or seance, is at least to pass an entertaining hour, and so much are her services valued, that a seance, luxurious and sweet with burning incense, which lends an Oriental touch to the occasion, is often the rendezvous of half a dozen friends for whom everything cabalistic has a charm.

The high priestess is a woman who divides her time between Boston and New York, and so much are her services valued, that a seance, luxurious and sweet with burning incense, which lends an Oriental touch to the occasion, is often the rendezvous of half a dozen friends for whom everything cabalistic has a charm.

Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins is one of the most enthusiastic devotees of astrology. She even once put off a journey because, after consulting Madame, she was told that it would turn out unpleasantly; a shipwreck or some other little contretemps being indicated by Saturn, which is a malevolent planet; the other evil planets, by the way, are Mars and Uranus.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt is devoted to astrology. Perhaps considering the present unpleasantness in her domestic circle, she may be depending upon a combination of the moon with the fiery perturbation of Mars on each cheek, more often than not, even men relatives and friends exchange satirical remarks of chocolate or caramel.

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