IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

FASHION'S LATEST DECREE.

Sweeping Dresses and Conspicuous Pocket Holes Out of Favor.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The thrifty feminine mind, just now focused intently on the getting up of things comfortable for summer, is harrassed to a degree over the question of skirts. Women who do careful "shop gazing" are coming to the conclusion that there is no faith to be put in the present cut of skirt, with its lanky tail and close hip fit, and the fortune tellers of fashion advise very modified imitations of the wondrous petticoats worn by the wax women in the show windows. They don't believe it is exactly safe to run with one's expensive silk or satin to the present extreme, and as a matter of fact, it is not. Cling with cheerful conviction to your modified skirt if you would be wise, and if you wish to wear or make it over next season.

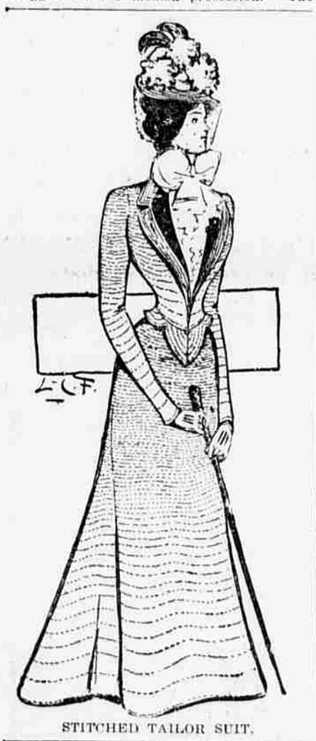
Let the rear width merely brush the floor, cut the front to easy stepping length, not as if you were making an old style riding habit, and don't, as your reputation for taste and elegance depends upon it, close your pockethole with ornamental pins or buttons. Let your frivolous friends waste their pin money and deface their gowns with such eccentricities, which no more than arrived in the arena of fashion before they became hopelessly vulgarized.

Avoid Extremes.

It is only right and generous also for one who assumes to give news of the mode to inform her readers that among well dressed women a skirt fitting without pleat or gather over the back is regarded as an excessively poor choice. It is all very well to quote that in Paris women wear their dresses so tight they dare not sit down in them, but such an accusation is not to be brought against the Parisian women. Felix, Paquin and the rest of their fellow artists make such abnormal costumes for actresses, but for the members of good society quite another cut is followed.

With all soft, thin goods, such as voile, crepe, silk mohair, etc., the back of the overdress is cut on the bias so artfully that from the belt a slight fulness commences and you are left in doubt as to whether there is a pockethole in that fulness or not. Its whereabouts are never proclaimed by buttons and pins and such.

Again, let it be known once and for all that no woman should cut her street dress with a flowing tail. There is nothing repulsive in the use of trains, but in their abuse, and she who drags a length of good material through the street mire is a straggler in the modish procession. The



STITCHED TAILOR SUIT.

smart woman has all but her house and evening gowns so cut that by catching a handful of goods just four inches below her belt in the rear and lifting and pressing her hand against her belt she holds the tail of her skirt absolutely clear of dust, displays a clean pair of heels, a glint of bright silk petticoat, and occasionally a trifle of prettily stockinged ankle.

The Chiffon Cont.

Perhaps the only genuinely novel article that the makers of fashions have evolved this spring is the coat of chiffon. Since last autumn lovely lace jackets have been to the fore, but they have always served as a fixed and essential part of any toilet to which they were attached, while the new chiffon wraps are put off and on as though they were worn for warmth and comfort.

In the trousseaux of Miss Virginia Fair and Miss Emily Sloan chiffon wraps of various shapes and sizes were provided. Some of them were circular capes that dropped to the heels behind, veiling but not concealing the lovely gowns over which they might be thrown. Others were short jackets and long blousy coats of summer green or cyclamen red chiffon, with rucked revers and yokes, and worn over gray or black frocks, thus bringing out each other's colors. Occasionally these diaphanous wraps are seen with belts of woven Russian gilt that gather in all the filmy fullness at the waist line, and again the pinafore-like fulness is allowed to hang quite free, rippling back prettily at every movement of the wearer.

Sparrow gray and sparrow brown are the two most recent developments in color for spring walking and traveling suits, whether of tweed or covert cloth. It is impossible not to remark the predominance of stitching used by way of decoration on the plain walking suit and also the unchecked sway of the tailless coatee to the utter discomfiture of the little old style jacket cut. Most of the coatees, as women love to call them, have double-breasted tongue fronts that are more interesting than strictly ornamental.

As to the stitching, you can't have too much of it, and some of the most attractive suits finished by the tailors this month show horizontal or perpendicular lines of machine stitching from hem to collar of coat and skirt, they are spaced rather widely up to the knees; from there on to the belt they grow closer and closer together, and revers, back, fronts and sleeves of the coat are stitched to harmonize with the skirt. When the lines run perpendicularly they ray out from the skirt's belt to hem and zig-zag or meet in fanciful points on the coat. Sewing silk of a color slightly contrasting with the goods is used for this purpose. That is, light brown or cream stitching is used on a dark brown gown, steel blue or white on a gray dress and black on a green suit, but sharp contrasts, as gold on black, are to be avoided.

Lace Neckties.

Around the towering collars of their new silk waists and their linen shirt collars the women who are first in at the goal of the mode are triumphantly wearing the loveliest lace four-in-hands. From the richest hand-wrought Duchess point to the serviceable and simple lierre these new scarfs will have a long lease of favor. Of course such neckties are sold already drawn into the approved knot, for lace will not bear much pulling and hauling. Their long ends are wedge-shaped and display lovely patterns, and occasionally their handsome tabs fall eight inches below a wearer's waist line.

In the evening the same women who patronize these new neckties have set the mark of their approval on that long-ignored ornament, the jeweled cross. It is usual to wear not the shape of cross popular twenty-five years ago, but a Maltese, a Celtic or a Jerusalem cross, and made of diamonds or pearls, or semi-precious stones. The Jerusalem cross is the least commonplace form, consisting of four jeweled bars arranged almost in diamond shape. Whatever shape of cross you may have, don't hang it about your neck by anything but a narrow black velvet ribbon. The jewels in the ornament and the neck about which it is worn gain by means of the simple velvet double brilliancy and whiteness.

Bonnet Strings.

A perfectly kind, but perfectly firm stand has been taken by the milliners on the question of bonnet strings. By coaxing their fashionable customers, using a little sternness with their country patrons and by fibbing industriously these artful milliners hope to inoculate women with the notion that strings are really the mode. A really sweet rose and bow bonnet that can't be worn save with the aid of strings has done more to help the milliners in their crusade than anything else.

This bit of perfection consists of two airy wired loops of tulle or lace joined in the middle by a big silk rose, or carnation, or orchid, and planted conspicuously on the very front of one's head and supported by the hair combed high and forward. The wing-like loops jut far to right and left and are held ostensibly in place by very narrow scarfs of tulle that pass down under the chin and knot in a tiny tuftlike bow right under the left ear. These bonnets promise to have a conspicuous place on the heads of spring and summer bridesmaids.

MARY DEAN.

GENUINE BEAUTY SLEEPS.

How, When and Where it May Be Wooed Successfully.

"Women nowadays lie in beds that are so soft, surround themselves with so many cushions and pile so much covering over them," said an eminent physician, "that the body gains no ventilation whatever. High pillows throw the head forward and interfere with healthful breathing, while all sorts of positions are taken with regard only to getting comfortable.

"A hard bed is the best thing in the world for making the flesh firm. I have known patients to apparently reduce their weight twenty or thirty pounds after sleeping so for several months, but on being weighed they would find that no flesh had been lost; it had simply hardened and lost its flabbiness.

"Sleeping on the back is not healthful. It results in a gravitation of blood to the brain. Persons who dream much and have nightmare usually sleep in this position. It also has a tendency to throw the palate back, causing mouth breathing, which in its turn is a frequent cause of throat trouble, as the air reaches the lungs without being purified and moistened by passing through the nose.

"Lying on the left side, with the arm thrown behind, is the best position for both giving a fine figure and promoting health. All animals sleep upon the chest as nearly as possible, with the back up, and they know pretty well the best methods in these matters. It will be found that in lying on the left side with the left arm thrown behind one brings the body nearly over the chest.

"As for sleeping on high pillows, it is the easiest thing in the world to grow dependent upon them, as they favor cerebral anaemia, which induces sleep; they also tend to contract the chest, and one desiring the best chest expansion possible must make up her mind to dispense with all but one very small pillow.

"A soft bed is enervating. It embraces the body and makes the tissues flabby, which, together with heavy covering, interferes with the circulation and prevents the body from throwing off impurities.

"The brain will receive more perfect rest if the sleeping room is more completely darkened, and for those who are bad sleepers this precaution should be especially taken. The morning light pouring in on the face of the sleeper is particularly bad for the eyes, and for this reason alone should not be tolerated. Parents should be mindful of this fact in arranging sleeping rooms for their children, and early accustom them to sleeping in a darkened room. Slumber under these conditions is always more refreshing."

A CHICAGO GENIUS.

Author, Painter and Wonderful Worker in Metals.

Fancy being able to go to your own forge and create miracles in gold, silver and enamel jewelry to match any scheme of color you choose to wear! This is exactly what Mrs. Wynne can do. You should see her wonderfully picturesque effects in filmy Oriental or iridescent textiles, set off by buckles, brooches, buttons, girdles, hair ornaments, etc., of her own design and manufacture, and this is but the alphabet of her metal work, for it embraces lampshades, sconces, boxes, ladles, spoons, tankards, bowls, trays—in fact, anything and everything that was ever made of gold, silver, copper or brass. Indeed, I doubt if since the days of Benvenuto Cellini any one has brought such love of handicraft, such a passion for creation and such individuality of expression into metal work.

She is without doubt the only woman silversmith in the world. There are a few clever women designers of jewels, but Mrs. Wynne actually does every bit of the work herself, from the time that the metal is crude ore until it is a finished work of art.

Mrs. Wynne's work is indeed a complete getting away from the conventional, smooth, artificial machine work of the present day, with its endless repetition of the same patterns. It has altogether an aboriginal air, reminding one of those wonders of prehistoric times, for which people in these days are willing to pay fabulous prices; yet it cannot be said to be Aztec, Byzantine, Renaissance or Florentine, but has a quality all its own—the individuality of its creator.

Mrs. Wynne's remarkable versatility offers a pleasing study in heredity. Daughter of the inventor of the Yale lock, she has inherited his mechanical skill along with his artistic tendencies, for he, too, was a painter. Moreover, as a little girl she had the same manual training as her brothers. When only 10 years old her father took her one day into his shop, saying: "My daughter, it is time that you learned to use tools," and presented her with a lathe. The next day she cut herself rather severely in the palm of the hand and upon showing the wound to her father he said: "Yes, that is the mark of a workman and you will carry that honorable scar to the end of your days." When she had mastered the lathe she had a long course in mechanical drawing and afterward, under her father's instruction, learned to draw buds, leaves and flowers in the most minute manner, so that as a young girl she was a good draughtsman. From her mother, who was a

CHIFFON COAT.

constant contributor to the periodicals, she inherited the literary talent which has voiced itself in her finely imaginative, most enticing and elusive stories. George Cable said of her paintings that they were like Hawthorne's stories, and a distinguished French artist upon seeing one of her ornaments in metal said: "Madam, one does not need a great canvas to make a picture; you have made a picture with this bit of enamel."

WOMEN LAWYERS.

Prominent New York Women Among Recent Graduates.

A law class of forty-eight women has just been graduated from the New York university. It is now nine years since this course was introduced, says Harper's Bazar, yet the public is just beginning to understand and appreciate its purpose. Its aim is not to make lawyers out of women, but to give them a practical knowledge of the laws which concern them, especially in the direction of the management of property.

Most of the women who have taken the course have had no idea of following the law as a profession. Helen Gould was one of the graduates several years ago. In this year's class were such women as Mrs. Washington Roebling, vice president of Sorosis and the wife of the famous engineer; Mrs. Bonner, the wife of the publisher; Miss Bessie Schlesinger, the daughter of a banker, Mrs. McKelway, wife of the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle; a daughter of ex-Mayor Gilroy, a daughter of Justice Leonard of the supreme court, a daughter of Chancellor MacCracken and other women of wealth and of position. About one-fourth of the number were married women who have, or are likely to have, property to manage.

The graduates from the university are by no means all the New York women who have been studying the laws which govern the transaction of business. There are other classes, composed in several instances of rich women, who meet in one another's drawing room, quite as if they constituted a sewing society or anything else traditionally feminine. They have an accredited lawyer as an instructor and are said to be bright and interested pupils.

TEMPERANCE THEIR TEST.

Long Island Girls Won't Marry Men Who Touch Liquor.

The white ribbon is the badge of a little settlement on Long island and temperance rules the town.

"We do hereby severally and collectively agree never to marry men who drink. They must sign the pledge before they ask us for our hands."

This platform has been adopted by the girls of the little Long Island town of Greenport. The men have dropped their drinking ways and they are all eating cloves. The saloon keepers, seeing nothing but ruin in sight, have appealed to the girls to change their minds, but they declare they will not.

The girl trust for the suppression of drunkards was organized at the home of Mrs. S. B. Horton in First street, Greenport. A total abstinence society was formed and the members announced that they had agreed to boycott drinkers matrimonially.

Mrs. Cora E. Sherry, the late secretary of the woman's work department of the Women's Christian Temperance union, made a speech, paving the way to this stand. Mrs. Horton said that the only pledge absolutely required from them was that of total abstinence, the other agreement being optional.

The young men of Greenport, it is said, are not especially bibulous, but more of their earnings go in liquor than the girl trust thinks right. A study will be made of the results of alcoholic marriages and lectures will be given showing the dreadful endings of homes in which the husbands are drinking men.

Mrs. Horton declares that the men must stop altogether, and would not admit that they could just take a "wee little sip."

"BIRDIE" FAIR'S MARBLES.

Reminiscences of One Who Played with Her When She Was a Girl.

Twenty years ago, more or less, I knew Miss Virginia Fair, now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, says a writer in the New York Journal. We met on an old waste dump on South B street of Virginia City, Nev. We were introduced by circumstances. A lot of small boys and girls were playing marbles on one of the few level spots on the Comstock when down the bank rolled a gorgeous marble, an agate, of size worth thirty china marbles of any boy's money. It was seized upon by a freckled boy with a skinned nose. If memory serves me right he was wearing the ragged remnant of his big brother's trousers.

Following the rolling marble came a fairy, a big-eyed baby girl, with black curls, dressed in a short white slip, with a big blue sash and with a sunbonnet hanging by its strings.

"Boy," she said, "bad boy, give Birdie marble!"

Virginia Fair was always "Birdie" in those days.

She got the marble, but she did not keep it. Her brother was with her, a plump boy in faultless knickerbockers, the pockets of which bulged with the most wonderful marbles ever seen. There was no caste among the Comstock young ones and soon those wonderful marbles were in a ring with many more plebeian ones and the pearl knickerbockers and the made-over trousers were being worn out at the knee together on the gravel. The Fair boys had their good points, but they could not play marbles. The bulging knickerbockers grew flaccid and the ragged trousers fattened.

Mrs. Vanderbilt-that-was-to-be watched the wreck of her brother's fortunes from her seat on a quartz bowlder. He tried to win at "Boston" what he lost at "fats," but it was a vain hope. At last Charlie Fair confessed himself "busted." Then he caught sight of the big agate clutched in the chubby fist.

"Gimme that tor, Birdie," he coaxed. "I'll give it back."

She yielded it without a word, and the other boy put up against it a tale of "chineys," "pureys" and "porties" that was wealth by itself. Before the sun went down the agate was lost to the Fair family, it seemed, forever. Charlie drifted away to get more marbles and the successful gambler remained to gloat over the big agate. He paid no attention to the forlorn little figure on the rock mourning over her loss until a tall shadow fell upon him. It was Father Monogue, the Comstock priest, whose attention was attracted by the wailing of the daughter of his millionaire parishioner.

"Bad boy took Birdie's tor," she explained through her tears, and then she flung herself down on the gravel and ruined her pretty dress in an abandon of woe. The boy tried to make the priest understand. Father Monogue died a bishop years after, but he was hopelessly dense in regard to

THE WINGED THEATER BONNET.

THE JERUSALEM CROSS.

the rules of marbles and held on to the boy's ear. He finally up-ended him, and as a cataract of marbles fell the little girl gathered them all—hers, her brother's and the boy's original capital—in her tiny petticoat, and holding them up as a farmer's wife holds eggs, she scampered off home as fast as her fat, pink legs would carry her.

The private school in the Fairs' yard was also attended by a few of the mining superintendents' children, and the young ones of Fred Tritle, who afterward was governor of Arizona, were also among the little Fair girls' first friends and schoolmates. The young pedagogue who taught in that school eloped with the rich and beautiful mistress of the mansion across B street, but, though the scandal almost wilted the sagebrush on the Nevada hillsides, probably Mrs. Vanderbilt does not remember it. The pedagogue, by the way, is a prominent minister in New England.

This woman's house, just across the way from the Fairs', was a wooden palace, high above the street. Leading down from it were long flights of stairs and a banister just made to slide down. We used to sneak up those stairs, clamber a-straddle of the banister, let out a yell of defiance to the Edginton family, who lived there, and toboggan to the bottom like meteors. Whether the damage to the Edginton varnish was greater than that to juvenile clothing is an unsettled problem.

One day half a dozen of the unregenerates were enjoying the convenience. The future Mrs. Vanderbilt was among them, having given nurse or governess the slip.

The portly form of her mother hung over the gate opposite.

"Birdie!" (Rising inflection.)

"Birdie, come here!" (Firmly.)

"Birdie, come in this instant!" (Imperatively.)

"Birdie, you'll catch it if you don't come here!" (Desperately.)

And still that precious baby girl straddled the banister and shot down the incline, screaming with delight. Finally Tessie Fair—Mrs. Oelrichs now—ambushed the child at the bottom and led her off shrieking.

Within half an hour she was back on the banister. Then out of the white Fair gate swarmed Mrs. Fair and swooped down upon her youngest, who, deplorable to tell, kicked and screamed in her arms. We saw her borne prisoner into the school house and waited awesomely for something dreadful. It came! A measured, regular tattoo, punctuated by repentant wails. Mrs. Fair's wealth had not made her too proud to do her own spanking.

Frills of Fashion.

Military effects decorate the yachting and cycling gowns this season.

Alpaca in the shades of dark blue, brown and gray is a popular material for traveling dresses.

Decorated quills are a striking feature in millinery. They have blossomed out in polka dots, golf sticks, tennis rackets and all sorts of suggestive designs.

Evening gowns in thin materials are lavishly trimmed with wreaths and vines of flowers made of quilled net or chiffon and mixed with lace applique.

White gloves are going out of fashion and in their place we have the delicate tinted shades of tan, cream, pink and tea color in suede. Dark tan suede gloves are worn for shopping.

Turbans made of glossy lacelike straw and trimmed with violets and roses are one variety of headgear, while still another is a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat trimmed with spring flowers and plaited lace.

A novel idea for the bridesmaid's costume is a long tulle veil fastened at one side of the hair with a rosette of tulle and an aigrette, or a bunch of flowers, presumably violets, as violet seems to be a fashionable color for weddings.

A fawn-colored English serge tailor skirt worn with a gray and violet striped and dotted taffeta silk shirtwaist affords a dainty contrast to its modernized Eton jacket of serge. This form of jacket is not quite as youthful in effect as the styles with shorter fronts.

The newest chenille trimmings of latticed-patterned bands, scrolls, bowknot designs, etc., are very attractive as well as becoming. Lightweight spring and summer tailor clothes are dotted with it; silks and veilings, grenadines and nets, striped or barred, with chenille lines of various widths.

Black and white silk-warp veilings and barèges have high-necked waists, fastened at the back with slightly full fronts laid in diagonal tucks. Bands of black lace insertion are laid between clusters of the tucks, forming a striped effect on the bodice, and pretty elbow sleeves which are finished with plaited black and white lace frills, laid one above the other, the upper black lace one being slightly shorter than the white lace frill nearest the arm.

The handsomest of the new satin foulards are striped with a line of heavier satin and polka-dotted between the stripes. These are very fine in quality, but the designs lack novelty under the present craze for spotted fabrics, and purchasers of these soft, clinging materials, who look for something uncommon in style, pass them by for the quaint weaves figured with small Persian devices showing a fine but bright melange of rich Oriental colors, on a ground of black, blue, green or brown.

Black and white effects are evidently a feature of dress not to be overlooked this season, as something in that line is brought out in nearly every gown. There are pretty braids for trimming in black and white mixtures, white laces run with a black thread, and black and white combinations of every conceivable kind. Narrow black velvet ribbon, gathered on the edge of heavy cream lace insertion, is very effective, and tiny ruches of black chiffon and net are also used for this purpose.

Feminine Personals.

Mme. Loubet greatly resembles her friend, Mme. Carnot, in her charitable tendencies. She disposes of large sums among the poor and is a regular visitor at the hospitals.

Miss Elizabeth Plankington of Milwaukee, daughter of the late John Plankington, has made a gift of $100,000 for a Young Woman's Christian association home in that city, to be built in memory of her father.

Miss Elizabeth Brown, the English astronomical observer, who has just died, observed several total eclipses of the sun, going in 1887 to Kineshma, near Moscow, in 1899 to Trinidad and in 1896 to Vadso, in Lapland.

Miss Helen Gould has been made an honorary member of the Cincinnati fire department. Perhaps the best way to show our appreciation would be to give her the freedom of the country at once. There is no danger that she would abuse it.

When Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was a small girl in Virginia City, Nev., her brothers, who were poor hands at marbles, would always call upon their sister when their fortunes grew low to redeem them. She was an expert player and never failed to win back with interest all the marbles that had been lost.

Anna Evreinoff, the Russian woman who has been speaking in this country in behalf of the disarmament conference, is a person of rank as well as culture. Her father, a general of the Russian army, was governor of the imperial palace during the reign of the present czar's grandfather, Alexander II. She studied at the University of Leipsic, graduated in law and has since given much attention to judicial studies and history.

Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt, daughter of the famous Abram S. Hewitt, has been elected school trustee in Pompton township, New York. Miss Hewitt, besides holding the position in society to which she is entitled, is an extremely busy person. She manages a 2,000-acre farm near Tuxedo. She can shoe her own horses and rides well. She is a practical road builder and has written a book on the subject. She also manages the restaurant in Cooper Union.