

# Jewels for the Shoulders

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—(Special Correspondence.)—"You can have no idea what a shock it was to my preferences and prejudices this morning when my tailor insisted that my new cloth walking gown must be finished off with a long cloak."

"Yes," continued the woman in the Morris chair, turning back her fawn-colored cloth skirt over her knees, to bring into view a bewitching petticoat of pale rose Pekin satin garnished, like a silver willow tree, with deeply fringed pearl gray silk flounces. "Yes," he insisted, "and the worst of it was I had to give in and order a long coat; not a coat to my hips or my knees, my dears, but clear to my feet, a box body coat, and how my figure and my bill are going to look when it is all done I shudder

but if you can't have a fine bit of bric-a-brac for the purpose then buy a slim, sleek slender silk-covered frame with a long ivory ostrich feather curling out for a handle, or one of ebony or teak wood similarly carved. The handle must be quite long and the feather effect is quite the newest thing. Another motif, much admired in ebony, is the carved head of a black poodle, one of the kind whose hair grows in long cords. Two star rubies, or star sapphires, imitations of the true stones, of course, are set in the eyes. Pretty Miss Stuveasant Fish and the little McK. Twombly debutante I have seen carrying umbrellas with silver handles ending in broad, thin disks. When you touch a spring at one side of such a disk a half of it slides back to reveal a little

gled a pretty pink and white thing, toasting her feet on the low brass fender. "It's my contribution to the sum of the style that you have all been reckoning up. I saw the sweetest little actress in town do it and I have already followed her suit with sterling success in my venture. She, poor dear, has a very thin neck, young, you know, but the collar bones do show; so that she is obliged to wind many strings of beads about her throat to hide nature's niggardiness. Now her back is distinctly plump and pretty; so at the rear of her pearl collar she has hung a skeleton heart of brilliants. It is a lovely ornament that sparkles against the pretty pink shoulders, draws inevitable attention to the incipient dimples in the top of her charming shoulderblades and makes you quite forget all about the provoking collar bones. That was a suggestion not to be overlooked and set one to wondering why, after all, women will hang their pretty ornaments upon their chests and have the shoulders bare. Well, at my next opportunity, a little dinner, I went proudly wearing my diamond heart a-hanging down my back, and if you will believe me, every woman at that meal had evidently been to that play and reasoned as I did. For seven hearts twinkled between seven pair of shoulderblades, and not one of us leaned back in her chair the whole feast through, though we felt the charm of the effect fully repaid us for our discomfort, and I'll promise you necklaces will be very much worn behind this winter."

MARY DEAN."

## Living Fashion Models

Thanksgiving fashions indicate the infusion of color into the season's styles, although the somber hues are most affected. The Bee's models show the latest and most approved designs from the dress centers. From Paris comes the elegant model of the very smartest toque of the season. The fur is of otter, soft as down and sheeny as satin, combined with velvet of a heavenly tone of silvery lilac. The design is the very perfection of simplicity, but is none the less rich and beautiful as a whole.

The splendidly handsome reception gown is another model from Paris. It is of cut velvet, a regal stuff, and both skirt and waist are broadly slashed to show the coral satin beneath. These slashings are filled with black lace insertion, applied at the edges with steel spangles. At the openings on the lower edge of the skirt coral chiffon frills, edged with black spangles, show, and the collar is a Parisian creation in coral, black lace and paillettes. A rosette of black tulle is fastened to the bosom with jeweled pins.

Gray in all shades of ash, pearl and stone is as popular as ever for headwear. The charming hat photographed here is of velvet in a silvery lichen tone with a rather narrow round brim and heavily shirred and folded crown. Snow white gulls are set close on either side of a tall velvet bow in front, and the combination of delicate white plumage and silver gray is very beautiful.

## What Great Men Require in a Wife

Wives of great men all remind us that no genius is ever satisfied with a mate whose talents are purely domestic, and to hold the affections of a gifted husband a woman must be something else than merely a good housekeeper. A dozen points to this moral may be cited and none will serve to clinch the argument more firmly than the case of Richard Wagner and his first wife. In his youth the great musician chose a partner from the stage; a plump, pretty and pleasing little person who was thoroughly devoted to her husband's physical well-being, who did not hesitate to stand at the washtub when the author of "Tristan" and "Isolde" couldn't afford a laundress, who kept his garret home in Paris the pink of cleanliness and contrived meals for him from the scantiest provisions that ever fell to a cook's lot. As a housekeeping wife, of the type St. Paul so highly recommends, she was near perfection, but she could not understand her husband's musical passions and yearnings, nor did she have much patience with his ever-changing piano, and after having devoted her youth and strength uncomplainingly to his service she found he bore her no more love than a man might feel for a faithful but stupid servant.

In very painful contrast to this tale of unrequited service and devotion is the matrimonial relations of Mozart and his wife. Poor, overworked genius! He wedded pretty, gay Constanze Weber, who loved to lie abed late, who kept her pink palms smooth as satin, who thought it no injustice for her busy, harassed husband to cook and serve his meals himself as best he might and who spent all the money he earned on her frills and furbelows. Well, he wedded her and loved her with a reverent, unselfish ardor and emotion that brings tears to your eyes as you read his story. He thought her much too fine and dainty to bother with dirty cooking utensils, he worshipped her beauty, arrayed in fine frocks, and he left little, tender missives pinned to her pillow in the morning when he sneaked out to pick up a meal as best he might. With all her selfishness and neglect he forgave and loved her because she was pretty, her ways were caressing and endearing and she satisfied his artistic temperament in the way a conscientious, hard-working, faithful Martha could never have touched or held him.

The same sad story is true of Andrea del Sarto, the perfect painter. He disgraced himself for a wife not even so



OTTER FUR TOQUE.

worthy as poor Mozart's, while Dante and Milton and Coleridge found the matrimonial yoke too heavy for endurance with wives who were capable cooks and admirable mothers, but whose souls were not attuned to poetry. The great exception to this rule is a no less important individual than Goethe. After long years of bachelorhood the independent poet took to wife a plain little German girl, a typical haus frau, to whom, nevertheless, he was uncommonly kind. Balzac, on the other hand, waited until his career was almost over before he screwed his courage up to the point of marrying and then chose a Russian lady whose esprit and good looks took his heart by storm.

Where great men have married happily they have chosen wives whose brains and hearts were equally balanced with domestic shrewdness. Bismarck, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Oom Paul are among the sensible geniuses who married at once good housekeepers and clever women. Mrs. Kruger, though her husband may be a millionaire, as his adversaries suggest, knits his socks, makes his coffee, tucks up her skirt to aid a little Kaffir girl, her sole maid servant, about the housework and contentedly wears a sunbonnet or "kapple," as the Dutch call it; but for all that, like the wife of German William, she knows the political situation in the country her husband governs as well as he knows it himself. Tante Kruger is Oom Paul's second brain and conscience, and in the privacy of the presidential mansion has been known to scold at his mistakes, suggest his next maneuvers, and she detests his enemies and the English with wholesome vigor.

Madame Thiers, like Mrs. Kruger, cared

nothing at all for the glories of her husband's position and was rather contemptuous of her lofty social position as first lady of France, but she thoroughly sympathized in his love of power and in his passion for saving. She economized, scrimped and screwed to help him add to his fortune, letting his guests go hungry from his table in order to save a few pennies and even went so far as to correct him for offering a visitor a whole peach when a half one would serve.

Quite an ideal combination of domestic talents and true intellect is exemplified in Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who, as a housekeeper, has very few rivals and who at the same time is a thoroughly sympathetic companion to her able and busy husband. Mrs. Roosevelt never finds herself too busy to see that her husband's favorite rice pudding is done to a turn. Her housemaids are pink of domestic precision, and her larder always fortified against the colonel's impromptu dinner parties got up by telephone. Indeed her smile of confident cordiality never wavers when a half dozen unexpected guests claim her hospitality at the shortest notice; but with uniquely varied domestic cares she finds time to keep pace with her husband's political as well as social and literary interests or packs up at a hint to go junketing about the country on speech making tours. By this ready responsiveness she has contributed not a little to his success in life; all of which goes to prove that when a great man does marry wisely and well he secures a simply invaluable assistant in helping him up the ladder of fame.

## Annexation.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, "did you know that Harold is an annexationist?"

"Oh, he is, is he?" growled the old man. "Well, I'll bet that Harold doesn't know any more about annexation than a cow knows about gunpowder."

"Oh, yes, he does."

"When he talks about annexation I don't believe he even knows what he wants to annex," persisted the old man.

"Yes," indeed, he does," asserted the beautiful girl.

"Well, what is it?"

"Me."

Naturally, after being thus made the victim of a confidence game, there was nothing for the old man to do except to say "Bless you, my children."

## Noon and Midnight

Somerville Journal.

The small boy sat at the well-spread board At dinner Thanksgiving day, And every one watched with great surprise While he put good things away. Turkey, and pies, and cranberry sauce, And nuts, and oranges, too, Ice cream and onions, plum pudding and cake, All swiftly vanished from view.

The small boy lay in his bed that night, And his dreams were weird and wild. The nightmares galloped, and kicked, and reared— Oh, he was a wretched child! And he thought, as he lay, all pale with fear, And watched them jump and prance: "I never will eat so much again!" And he won't—till he gets a chance.



WHITE GULLS AND ASH.

to contemplate. But you see there was no appeal, for everybody, positively everybody, is going to wear, or is already wearing, a long coat.

"However, we all have our burdens to bear, and mine is to be a box-shaped coat of gray unfinished worsted, just wide enough at the foot to enable me to step, because it will be slit up four inches in the side seams. Smoke gray satin will be the lining; I have to have a high up-turning collar and two little revers, folding to right and left, over the double-breasted front.

"The one scrap of silver lining to this gray cloud will be my pockets. I am allowed a large one on the right hand side. An inserted pocket that will really hold things, and I must wear one button gray gaiter kids with my tailor suit."

### Copying Mrs. Burke Roche.

"How cruelly trying those one-button gloves are to be sure," commented the hostess generally.

"Speaking of long coats, I admit that mine is a fragrant copy of one I saw worn by Mrs. Burke Roche at the collegiate foot ball match early in the month. Hers was rather ample in the skirt and fell about four inches below her knees. The shoulders were so stitched that in the back and front a heavy pointed yoke was formed and the cuffs were stitched and turned back. Naturally there was a towering collar and she wore her fur boa outside the collar.

"Giving her searching glances through my glass I observed that when the day grew warm and the boa, a long-tipped fox, was taken off, she pulled it through her muff so that the stuffed head hung out at one end and the tail and feet at the other, and the beautiful skin was quite aware from all possibility of slipping away unawares."

"What an eye you have for details, anyway," commented the inhabitant of the Morris-chair enviously. "Is there anything new lately in umbrellas?"

### Bric-a-brac Umbrella Handles.

"Really, now, you know," interrupted the hostess kindly, "metal is not at all the prevailing idea unless it is an antique gold or silver handle taken from an eighteenth century walking staff or verger's wand. To have an umbrella handle that ornamented one of Sheridan's Beau Brummel or Charles Fox walking sticks is a treasure indeed,

mirror set in the other half; a pretty idea for a debutante, I think.

### Seen at the Theater.

"Where I arrived at my conclusions concerning umbrellas the other day was at a crowded and distinctly fashionable matinee. At the best theaters one sees the women gowned in all the latest and most bewitching freaks of fashion. Sweeping the house with my glasses I observed two very momentous facts; firstly, that the small, black Liberty silk, or chiffon, or net boa is no more. It has been obliged to give way to a graceful and quite as useful a substitute. By this I mean the boa made of white, gray or black duck's down. My matinee friend informed me they were worn in Paris last, and instantly became one of the toilet fixtures, and if my eyes don't deceive me they will become part and parcel of every wardrobe in America.

"The deep feather down of an Arctic duck's breast is peeled off, cured and then mounted in a band that goes once about the neck, fastens under the chin and lets fall a bit of pretty ponpons, that resemble nothing so much as newly-fledged chickens, on the chest, or clear to the waist line. This down has the tenderest, most caressing touch to the skin imaginable, is warm as fur and just one-half as expensive; besides, I see that these black boas are counted as mourning and white ones set off a young girl's blooming complexion to the most dazzling advantage.

"My second find in the way of fashion was the new way the women have of doing their hair. For the theater they roll it up in a pompadour in front and draw all the back hair far forward, to meet the pompadour on the tiptop of the cranium. The idea is to display a long line over the crown to the nape, and the farther forward, without appearing grotesque, that one can pin one's hair the longer and therefore the smarter will the rear line be. But don't make a grievous mistake of allowing the back hair to drag tightly up from the neck, nor must you let tags and uneven hairs to straggle out behind. If your hair does not naturally wave give a slight ondule to the back hair, draw it up loosely but smoothly and insert some short-toothed combs in the base of the coil, in order to hold the rear sweep of hair firm and even."

"I took some notes at the matinee," gur-